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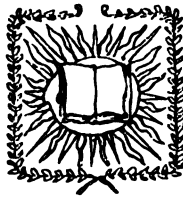
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THE CENTURY ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOL. LXXI

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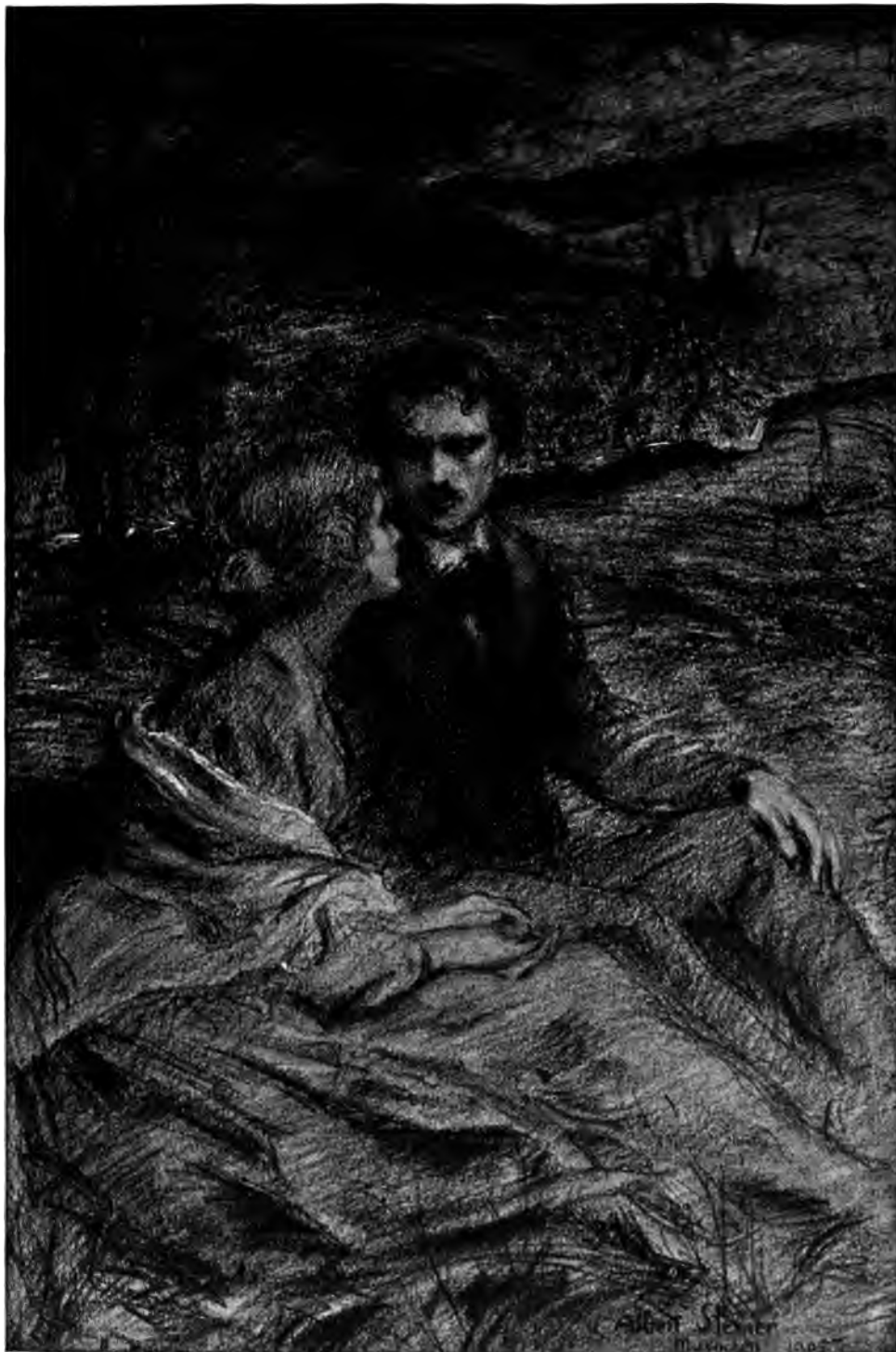
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Drawn by Albert Sterner. Illustration for "Fenwick's Career"

"ARE YOU GOING TO LET ME GO AND MAKE MY FORTUNE—OUR FORTUNE?"

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LXXI

NOVEMBER, 1905

No. 1

FENWICK'S CAREER¹

BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

Author of "The Marriage of William Ashe," "Lady Rose's Daughter," "Eleanor," etc.

I
"REALLY, mother, I can't sit any more. I 'm that stiff!—and as cold as anything."

So said Miss Bella Morrison, as she rose from her seat with an affected yawn and stretch. In speaking she looked at her mother, and not at the painter to whom she had been sitting for nearly two hours. The young man in question stood embarrassed and silent, his palette on his thumb, brush and mahlstick suspended. His eyes were cast down; a flush had risen in his cheek. Miss Bella's manner was not sweet; she wished evidently to slight somebody, and the painter could not flatter himself that the somebody was Mrs. Morrison, the only other person in the room beside the artist and his subject.

The mother looked up slightly, and without pausing in her knitting.

"It's no wonder you're cold," she said sharply, "when you wear such ridiculous dresses in this weather."

It was now the daughter's turn to flush;

she colored and pouted. The artist, John Fenwick, returned discreetly to his canvas, and occupied himself with a fold of drapery.

"I put it on because I thought Mr. Fenwick wanted something pretty to paint. And as he clearly don't see anything in *me*!"—she looked over her shoulder at the picture, with a shrug of mock humility concealing a very evident annoyance—"I thought anyway he might like my best frock."

"I 'm sorry you're not satisfied, Miss Morrison," said the artist, stepping back from his canvas and somewhat defiantly regarding the picture upon it. Then he turned and looked at the girl—a coarsely pretty young woman, very airily clothed in a white muslin dress, of which the transparency displayed her neck and arms with a freedom not at all in keeping with the nipping air of Westmoreland in springtime—going up to his easel again after the look to put in another touch.

As to his expression of regret, Miss Morrison tossed her head.

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"It does n't matter to me!" she declared. "It was father's fad, and so I sat. He promised me, if I did n't like it, he 'd put it in his own den, where *my* friends could n't see it. So I really don't care a straw!"

"Bella, don't be rude!" said her mother, severely. She rose and came to look at the picture.

Bella's color took a still sharper accent; her chest rose and fell; she fidgeted an angry foot.

"I told Mr. Fenwick hundreds of times," she protested, "that he was making my upper lip miles too long—and that I *had n't* got a nasty staring look like that—nor a mouth like that—nor—nor anything. It's—it's too bad!"

The girl turned away, and Fenwick, glancing at her in dismay, saw that she was on the point of indignant tears.

Mrs. Morrison put on her spectacles. She was a small gray-haired woman with a face wrinkled and drawn, from which all smiles seemed to have long departed. Even in repose her expression suggested hidden anxieties—fears grown habitual and watchful; and when she moved or spoke, it was with a cold caution or distrust, as though in all directions she was afraid of what she might touch, of possibilities she might set loose.

She looked at the picture, and then at her daughter.

"It's not flattered," she said slowly. "But I can't say it is n't like you, Bella."

"Oh, I knew *you* 'd say something like that, mother!" said the daughter, scornfully. She stooped and threw a shawl round her shoulders; gathered up some working-materials and a book with which she had been toying during the sitting; and then straightened herself with an air at once tragic and absurd.

"Well, good-by, Mr. Fenwick." She turned to the painter. "I'd rather not sit again, please."

"I should n't think of asking you, Miss Morrison," murmured the young man, moving aside to let her pass.

"Hullo, hullo! What's all this?" said a cheery voice at the door. "Bella, where are you off to? Is the sitting done?"

"It's been going on two hours, papa, so I should think I'd had about enough," said Miss Bella, making for the door.

But her father caught her by the arm.

"I say, we *are* smart!—are n't we, mama? Well, now then—let me have a look."

And drawing the unwilling girl once more toward the painter, he detained her while he scrutinized the picture.

"Do I squint, papa?" said Miss Morrison, with her head haughtily turned away.

"Wait a minute, my dear."

"*Have* I got the color of a barmaid, and a waist like Fanny's?" Fanny was the Morrisons' housemaid, and was not slim.

"Be quiet, Bella; you disturb me."

Bella's chin mounted still higher; her foot once more beat the ground impatiently, while her father looked from the picture to her, and back again.

Then he released her with a laugh. "You may run away, child, if you want to. Upon my word, Fenwick, you're advancing! You are: no doubt about that. Some of the execution there is astonishing. But all the same I don't see you earning your bread and butter at portrait-painting; and I guess you don't, either."

The speaker threw out a thin hand and patted Fenwick on the shoulder, returning immediately to a close examination of the picture.

"I told you, sir, I should only paint portraits if I were compelled," said the young man, in a proud, muffled voice. He began to gather up his things and clean his palette.

"But of course you'll be compelled—unless you wish to die 'clemmed,' as we say in Lancashire," returned the other, briskly. "What do *you* say, mama?"

He turned toward his wife, pushing up his spectacles to look at her. He was a tall man, a little bent at the shoulders from long years of desk work; and those who saw him for the first time were apt to be struck by a certain eager volatility of aspect, not perhaps common in the chief cashiers of country banks. A broad and handsome brow, under lightly grizzled hair; round blue eyes, set with great delicacy and clearness above a thin and shapely nose; and a skin of remarkable fineness, so that its very wrinkles were a beauty—these were all positive and charming features.

What was less positive, but not less apparent, was a general expression of weak or cunning urbanity; the result perhaps of the head's poise on the thin neck, of a

certain wavering trick in the eyes, of the small mouth and chin.

As his wife met his appeal to her, the slight habitual furrow on her own brow deepened. She saw that her husband held a newspaper crushed in his right hand, and that his whole air was excited and restless. A miserable, familiar pang passed through her. As the chief and trusted official of an old-established bank in one of the smaller cotton-towns, Mr. Morrison had a large command of money. His wife had suspected him for years of using bank funds for the purposes of his own speculations. She had never dared to say a word to him on the subject, but she lived in terror—being a Calvinist by nature and training—of ruin here and hell hereafter.

Of late, some instinct told her that he had been forcing the pace; and as she turned to him, she felt certain that he had just received some news which had given him great pleasure, and she felt certain also that it was news of which he ought rather to have been ashamed.

She drew herself together in a dumb recoil. Her hands trembled as she put down her knitting.

"I'd be sorry if a son of mine did nothing but paint portraits."

John Fenwick looked up startled.

"Why?" laughed her husband.

"Because it often seems to me," she said in a thin measured voice, "that a Christian might find a better use for his time than ministering to the vanity of silly girls, and wasting hours and hours on making a likeness of this poor body, that's of no real matter to anybody."

"You'd make short work of art and artists, my dear!" said Morrison, throwing up his hands. "You forget, perhaps, that St. Luke was a painter?"

"And where do you get that from, Mr. Morrison, I'd like to ask?" said his wife, slowly; "it's not in the Bible—though I believe you think it is. Well, good-night to you, Mr. Fenwick. I'm sorry you have n't enjoyed yourself, and I'm not going to deny that Bella was very rude and trying. Good-night."

And with a frigid touch of the hand, Mrs. Morrison departed. She looked again at her husband as she closed the door—a somber, shrinking look.

Morrison avoided it. He was pacing up and down in high spirits. When he and

Fenwick were left alone, he went up to the painter and laid an arm across his shoulders.

"Well!—how 's the money holding out?"

"I've got scarcely any left," said the painter, instinctively moving away. It might have been seen that he felt himself dependent, and hated to feel it.

"Any more commissions?"

"I've painted a child up in Grasmere, and a farmer's wife just married. And Satterthwaite, the butcher, says he'll give me a commission soon. And there's a clergyman, up Easedale way, wants me to paint his son."

"Well; and what do you get for these things?"

"Three pounds—sometimes five," said the young man, reluctantly.

"A little more than a photograph."

"Yes. They say if I won't be reasonable there's plenty as'll take their pictures, and they can't throw away money."

"H'm! Well, at this rate, Fenwick, you're not exactly galloping into a fortune. And your father?"

Fenwick made a bitter gesture, as much as to say, "What's the good of discussing that?" But Morrison persisted.

"No sign of relenting?"

"No; and never will be."

"Unless you force his hand by earning a better living than he,—eh? Well, now, Fenwick, and what are your plans? Can you live on what you make?"

"No," said the other, abruptly. "I'm getting into debt."

"H'm! That's bad. Well, but what's your own idea? You must have some notion of a way out."

"If I could get to London," said the other, in a low, dragging voice, "I'd soon find a way out."

"And what prevents you?"

"Well, it's simple enough. You don't really, sir, need to ask. I've no money—and I've a wife and child."

Fenwick's tone was marked by an evident ill-humor. He had thrown back his handsome head, and his eyes sparkled. It was plain that Mr. Morrison's catechizing manner had jarred upon a pride that was all on edge,—wounded by poverty and ill-success.

"Yes; that was an imprudent match of yours, my young man! However—however—"

Mr. Morrison walked up and down, ruminating. His long, thin hands were clasped before him. His head hung in meditation. And every now and then he looked toward the newspaper he had thrown down. At last he again approached the artist.

"Upon my word, Fenwick, I've a mind to do something for you—I have indeed. I believe you'd justify it—I do! And I've always had a soft heart for artists. You look at the things in this room." He waved his hand toward the walls, which were covered with water-color drawings. "I've known most of the men who painted them, and I've assisted a very great many of them. Those pictures—most of them—represent loans, sir!—loans at times of difficulty, which I was *proud* to make"—Mr. Morrison struck his hand on the table—"yes, proud—because I believed in the genius of the men to whom I made them. I said, 'I'll take a picture'—and they had the money; and the money saved their furniture—and their homes—and their wives and children. Well, I'm glad and proud to have done it, Fenwick!—you mark my words."

He paused, his eyes on the artist, his attitude grasping as it were at the other's approval,—hungry for it. Fenwick said nothing. He stood in the shadow of a curtain, and the sarcasm his lip could not restrain escaped the notice of his companion. "And so, you see, I'm only following out an old custom when I say, I believe in you, Fenwick!—I believe in your abilities—I am sorry for your necessities—and I'll come to your assistance. Now, how much would take you to London and keep you there for six months, till you've made a few friends and done some work?"

"A hundred pounds," said the painter, breathing hard.

"A hundred pounds. And what about the wife?"

"Her father very likely would give her shelter, and the child. And of course I should leave her provided."

"Well, and what about my security? How, John, in plain words, do you propose to repay me?"

Mr. Morrison spoke with extreme mildness. His blue eyes, whereof the whites were visible all round the pupils, shone benevolently on the artist—his mouth was

all sensibility. Whereas, for a moment, there had been something of the hawk in his attitude and expression, he was now the dove, painfully obliged to pay a passing attention to business.

Fenwick hesitated.

"You mentioned six guineas, I think, for this portrait?" He nodded toward the canvas on which he had been at work.

"I did. It is unfortunate, of course, that Bella dislikes it so. I sha'n't be able to hang it. Never mind. A bargain's a bargain."

The young man drew himself up proudly.

"It is so, Mr. Morrison. And you wished me to paint your portrait, I think, and Mrs. Morrison's." The elder man made a sign of assent. "Well, I could run up to your place—to Bartonbury—and paint those in the winter, when I come to see my wife. As to the rest—I'll repay you within the year—unless—well, unless I go utterly to grief—which of course I may."

"Wait here a moment. I'll fetch you the money. Better not promise to repay me in cash. It'll be a millstone round your neck. I'll take it in pictures."

"Very well; then I'll either paint you an original finished picture—historical or romantic subject—medium size, by the end of the year, or make you copies—you said you wanted two or three—one large or two small, from anything you like in the National Gallery."

Morrison laughed good-temperedly. He touched a copy of "The Art Journal" lying on the table.

"There's an article here about that German painter—Lenbach—whom they crack up so nowadays. When he was a young man, Baron Schack, it appears, paid him a hundred pounds a year *for all his time*, as a copyist in Italy and Spain." He spoke very delicately, mincing his words a little.

Fenwick's color rose suddenly. Morrison was not looking at him, or he would have seen a pair of angry eyes.

"Prices have gone up," said the painter, dryly. "And I guess living in London's dearer now than living in Italy was when Lenbach [which he pronounced "Lenbach"] was young."

"Oh! so you know all about Lenbach?"

"You lent me the article. However,"—Fenwick rose,—"*is that our bargain?*"

The note in the voice was trenchant, even aggressive. Nothing of the suppliant in tone or attitude. Morrison surveyed him, amused.

"If you like to call it so," he said, lifting his delicate eyebrows a moment. "Well, I'll take the risk."

He left the room. Fenwick thrust his hands into his pockets, with a muttered exclamation, and walked to the window. He looked out upon a Westmoreland valley in the first flush of spring; but he saw nothing. His blood beat in heart and brain with a suffocating rapidity. So his chance was come! What would Phoebe say?

As he stood by the large window, face and form in strong relief against the crude green without, the energy of the May landscape was, as it were, repeated and expressed in the man beholding it. He was tall, a little round-shouldered, with a large broad-browed head covered with brown straggling hair; eyes, glancing and darkish, full of force, of excitement even, curiously veiled, often, by suspicion; nose, a little crooked owing to an injury at football; and mouth, not coarse, but large and freely cut, and falling readily into lines of sarcasm.

The general look was one of great acuteness, rather antagonistic as a rule than sympathetic; and the hands, which were large and yet slender, were those of a craftsman finely endowed with all the instincts of touch.

Suddenly the young man turned on his heel and looked at the water-colors on the wall.

"The old hypocrite!" he thought; "they're worth hundreds—and I'll be bound he got them for nothing. He'll try to get mine for nothing; but he'll find I'm his match!"

For among these pictures were a number of drawings by men long since well known, and of steady repute among the dealers or in the auctions, especially of Birmingham and the northern towns. Morrison had been for years a bank clerk in Birmingham before his appointment to the post he now held. A group of Midland artists, whose work had become famous, and costly in proportion, had evidently been his friends at one time—or perhaps merely his debtors. They were, at any rate, well represented on the wall of this small Westmoreland house in which he spent his holidays.

For the rest, the room was ugly in all its furniture and appointments. The master of the house had furnished its walls; Mrs. Morrison was responsible for the carpet, the chairs and tables, the dingy covers and antimacassars. In these respects provincial taste could sink no deeper. Not a line was apt; not a color fitted. Fenwick looked round it, noticing and hating its defects. Beautiful rooms, luxury, costly and exquisite appointments—these were all among the longings in his own blood—longings which the future, and the work of his own brain, should satisfy.

Presently Mr. Morrison was heard returning. He placed an envelop in Fenwick's hand, and then, pointing him to a chair at the table, he dictated a form of I O U specifying that the debt was to be returned within a year, either in money or in the pictures agreed upon.

"Oh, no fine speeches, please, my boy,—no fine speeches!" said Morrison as the artist rose, stammering out his thanks. "That's been my nature all my life, I tell you—to help the lame dogs—ask anybody that knows me. That'll do; that'll do! Now then, what's going to be your line of action?"

Fenwick turned on him a face that vainly endeavored to hide the joy of its owner.

"I shall look out, of course, first of all, for some bread-and-butter work. I shall go to the editors of the illustrated papers and show them some things. I shall attend some life-school in the evenings. And the rest of the time I shall paint—paint like old Harry!"

The words caused a momentary wrinkling of Mr. Morrison's brow.

"I should avoid those expressions if I were you, Fenwick. But paint what, my dear boy?—paint what?"

"Of course I have my ideas," said Fenwick, staring at the floor.

"I think I have earned a right to hear them."

"Certainly. I propose to combine the color and romance of the pre-Raphaelites with the truth and drawing of the French school," said the young man, suddenly looking up.

Surprise betrayed his companion into a broad grin.

"Upon my word, Fenwick, you won't fail for lack of ambition!"

The young man reddened, then quietly nodded.

"No one gets on without ambition. My ideas have been pretty clear for a long time. The English Romantic school have no more future, unless they absorb French drawing and French technic. When they have done that, they will do the finest work in the world."

Morrison's astonishment increased. The decision and self-confidence with which Fenwick spoke had never yet shown themselves so plainly in the harassed and humbly born painter of Miss Bella's portrait.

"And you intend to do the finest work in the world?" said the patron, in a voice of banter.

Fenwick hesitated.

"I shall do good work," he said doggedly, after a pause. Then, suddenly raising his head, he added, "And if I were n't sure of it, I'd never let you lend me money."

Morrison laughed.

"That's all right.—And now, what will Mrs. Fenwick say to us?"

Fenwick turned away. He repossessed himself of the envelop and buttoned his coat over it before he replied.

"I shall of course consult her immediately. What shall I do with this picture?" He pointed to the portrait on the easel.

"Take it home with you and see if you can't beautify it a little," said Morrison, in a tone of good-humor. "You've got a lot of worldly wisdom to learn yet, my dear Fenwick. The women *must* be flattered."

Fenwick repeated that he was sorry if Miss Bella was disappointed, but the tone was no less perfunctory than before. After stooping and looking sharply for a moment into the picture,—which was a strong, ugly thing, with some passages of remarkable technic,—he put it aside, saying that he would send for it in the evening. Then, having packed up and shouldered the rest of his painter's gear, he stood ready to depart.

"I'm awfully obliged to you!" he said, holding out his hand.

Morrison looked at the handsome young fellow, the vivacity of the eyes, the slight agitation of the lip.

"Don't mention it," he said, with redoubled urbanity. "It's my way—only my way! When'll you be off?"

"Probably next week. I'll come and say good-by."

"I *must* have a year! But Phœbe will take it hard."

John Fenwick had paused on his way home, and was leaning over a gate beside a stream, now thinking anxiously of his domestic affairs, and now steeped in waves of delight—vague, sensuous, thrilling—that flowed from the colors and forms around him. He found himself in an intricate and lovely valley through which lay his path to Langdale. On either side of the stream, wooded or craggy fells, gashed with stone-quarries, accompanied the windings of the water, now leaving room for a scanty field or two, and now hemming in the river with close-piled rock and tree. Before him rose a white Westmoreland farm, with its gabled porch and moss-grown roof, its traditional yews and sycamores; while to his left, and above the farm, hung a mountain face, dark with rock, and purple under the evening shadows,—a rich and noble shape, lost above in dim heights of cloud, and, below, cleft to the heart by one deep ghyll, whence the golden trees—in the glittering green of May—descended single or in groups, from shelf to shelf, till their separate brilliance was lost in the dense wood which girdled the white farm-house.

The pleasure of which he was conscious in the purple of the mountain, the color of the trees, and all that magic of light and shade which filled the valley,—a pleasure involuntary, physical, automatic, depending on certain delicacies of nerve and brain—rose and persisted, while yet his mind was full of harassing and disagreeable thoughts.

There could be no doubt that Phœbe would raise difficulties; yet if he was ever to make anything of life in London as an artist, a life which would anyhow have to be begun late and at great disadvantage, he must be free to begin it without home cares, to bend all his man's strength to it, without wife and child to think of. Half-measures would merely land him in a hack's life for good, in a dingy mediocrity, glad to take any job that offered.

But that he would never accept! Either a good painter, a man on the level of the best, trained and equipped as they, or something altogether different—a foreman,

a clerk, perhaps, in his uncle's upholstery business at Darlington, a ticket-collector on the line—anything! He could always earn his own living and Phoebe's. There was no fear of that. But if he was to be an artist, he would be a first-rate one. Let him only get his training—give him time and opportunity—and he would be as good as any one.

Morrison, plainly, had thought him a conceited ass. Well, let him!

What chance had he ever had of proving what was in him? As he hung over the gate, smoking, he thought of his father and mother, and of his childhood in the little Kendal shop,—the bookseller's shop which had been the source and means of his truest education.

Not that he had been a neglected child. Far from it. He remembered his gentle mother, troubled by his incessant drawing; by his growing determination to be an artist; by the constant effort, as he grew to boyhood, to keep the peace between him and his irritable old father. He remembered her death, and those pictorial effects in the white-sheeted room,—effects of light and shadow, of flowers, of the gray head uplifted; he remembered also trying to realize them, stealthily, at night, in his own room, with chalk and paper,—and then his passion with himself, and the torn drawing, and the tears, which, as it were, another self saw and approved.

Then came school-days. His father had sent him to an old endowed school at Penrith, that he might be away from home and under discipline. There he had received a plain commercial education, together with some Latin and Greek. His quick, restless mind had soaked it all in; nothing had been a trouble to him; though, as he well knew, he had done nothing supremely well. But Homer and Virgil had been unlocked for him; and in the school library he found Shakspeare and Chaucer, Morte d'Arthur, and Don Quixote, fresh and endless material for his drawing, which never stopped. Drawing everywhere—on his books and slates, on doors and gate-posts, or on the whitewashed wall of the old Tudor school-room, where a hunt, drawn with a burnt stick and gloriously dominating the whole room, had provoked the indulgence, even the praise, of the head master.

And the old drawing-master!—a Ger-

man—half blind, though he would never confess it—who dabbled in oil-painting and let the boy watch his methods. How he would twirl his dirty brush round and dab down a lump of Prussian blue, imagining it to be sepia, hastily correcting it a moment afterward with a lump of lake, and then say chuckling to himself: "By Gode, dat is fine!—dat is very nearly a good purple. Fenwick, my boy, mark me—you vill not find a good purple novere! Somevere—in de depths of Japanese art—dere is a good purple. Dat I believe. But not in Europe. Ve Europeans are all tam fools. But I vill not swear!—no!—you onderstand, Fenwick; you haf never heard me swear?" And then a round oath, smothered in a hasty fit of coughing. And once he had cut off part of the skirt of his Sunday coat—taking it in his blindness for an old one—to clean his palette with; and it was thought by the boys that it was the unseemly result of this rash act, as disclosed at church the following Sunday morning, which had led to the poor old man's dismissal.

But from him John had learned a good deal about oil-painting—something, too, of anatomy—though more of this last from that old book—Albinus, was it?—that he had found in his father's stock. He could see himself lying on the floor, poring over the old plates, morning, noon, and night; then using a little lad, his father's apprentice, to examine him in what he had learned—the two going about arm in arm—Backhouse asking the questions according to a paper drawn up by John—"How many heads to the deltoid?"—and so on—over and over again—and with what an eagerness, what an ardor!—till the brain was bursting and the hand quivering with new knowledge, and the power to use it. Then Leonardo's "Art of Painting" and Reynolds's "Discourses"—both discovered in the shop, and studied incessantly, till the boy of eighteen felt himself the peer of any academician, and walked proudly down the Kendal streets, thinking of the half-finished paintings in his garret at home, and of the dreams, the conceptions, the ambitions, of which that garret had already been the scene.

After that—some evil days! Quarrels with his father, refusals to be bound to the trade, to accept the shop as his whole future and inheritance; painful scenes

with the old man, and with the customers who complained of the son's rudeness and inattention; attempts of relations to mediate between the two; and all the time his own burning belief in himself and passion to be free. And at last a time of truce, of conditions made and accepted; the opening of the new Art School; evenings of delightful study there; and, suddenly, out of the mists, Phœbe's brown eyes, and Phœbe's soft encouragement!

Yes, it was Phœbe—Phœbe herself—who had determined his career; let her consider that when he asked for sacrifices! But for the balm she had poured upon his sore ambitions,—but for those long walks and talks, in which she had been to him first the mere recipient of his dreams and egotisms, and then—since she had the loveliest eyes and a young, wild charm—a creature to be hotly wooed and desired,—he might never have found courage enough to seize upon his fate.

For her sake, indeed, he had dared it all. She had consoled and inspired him; but she had made the breach with his father final. When they met she was only a struggling teacher in Miss Mason's school, the daughter of a small farmer in the Vale of Keswick. Old Fenwick looked much higher for his son. So there was renewed battle at home, till at last a couple of portrait commissions from a big house near Kendal clinched the matter. A hurried marriage had been followed by the usual parental thunders. And now they had five years to look back upon, years of love and struggle and discontent. By turning his hand to many things, Fenwick had just managed to keep the wolf from the door. He had worked hard, but without much success; and what had been an ordinary good opinion of himself had stiffened into a bitter self-assertion. He knew very well that he was regarded as a conceited, quarrelsome fellow, and rather gloried in it. The world, he considered, had so far treated him ill; he would, at any rate, keep his individuality.

Phœbe too, once so sweet, so docile, so receptive, had begun to be critical, to resist him, now and then. He knew that in some ways he had disappointed her; and there was gall in the thought. As to the London plan, his word would no longer be enough. He would have to wrestle with and overcome her.

London!—the word chimed him from the past, threw wide the future. He moved on along the rough road, possessed by dreams. He had a vision of his first large picture: himself rubbing in the figures, life-size, or at work on the endless studies for every part; fellow-students coming to look, academicians, buyers; he heard himself haranguing, plunging headlong into ideas and theories, holding his own with the best of "the London chaps." Between whiles, of course, there would be hack-work—illustration, portraits, anything to keep the pot boiling. And always, at the end of this vista, there was success—success great and tangible.

He was amused by his own self-confidence, and laughed as he walked. But his mood never wavered.

He *had* the power—the gift. Nobody ever doubted that who saw him draw. And he had, besides, what so many men of his own class made shipwreck for want of—he had *imagination*,—enough to show him what it is that makes the mere craftsman into the artist, enough to make him hunger night and day for knowledge, travel, experience. Thanks to his father's shop, he had read a great deal already; and with a little money how he would buy books, how he would read them!—

And at the thought, fresh images, now in rushing troops and now in solitary fantastic beauty, began to throng before the inward eye, along the rich background of the valley; images from poetry and legend, stored deep in a greedy fancy, a retentive mind. They came from all sources—Greek, Arthurian, modern: Hephaistos, the lame god and divine craftsman, receiving Thetis in his workshop of the skies, the golden automata wrought by his own hands supporting him on either side; the maidens of Achilles washing the dead and gory body of Hector in the dark background of the hut, while in front swift-foot Achilles holds old Priam in talk till the sad offices are over, and the father may be permitted to behold his son; Arthur and Sir Bedivere beside the lake; Crusaders riding to battle—the gleam of their harness, the arched necks of their steeds, the glory of their banners, the shade and sunlight of the deep vales through which they pass; the Lady of Shalott as the curse comes upon her; Cēnone; Brunhilda; Atalanta. Swift along the May woods

the figures fled, vision succeeding vision, beauty treading on beauty. It became hallucination, a wildness, an ecstasy. Fenwick stood still, gave himself up to the possession, let it hold him, felt the strangeness and the peril of it—then, suddenly, wrenched himself free.

Running down to the edge of the river, he began to pick up stones and threw them violently into the stream. It was a remedy he had long learned to use. The physical action released the brain from the tyranny of the forms which held it. Gradually they passed away. He began to breathe more quietly, and, sitting down by the water, his head in his hands, he gave himself up to a quieter pleasure in the nature round him and in the strength of his own faculty.

To something else also. For while he was sitting there, he found himself *praying* ardently for success,—that he might do well in London, might make a name for himself, and leave his mark on English art. This was to him a very natural outlet of emotion; he was not sure what he meant by it precisely, but it calmed him.

II

MEANWHILE Phœbe Fenwick was watching for her husband.

She had come out upon the green strip of ground in front of Green Nab cottage, and was looking anxiously along the portion of highroad which was visible from where she stood.

The small whitewashed house, on this May day, more than a generation ago, stood on a narrow shelf that juts out from the face of one of the eastern fells bounding the valley of Great Langdale.

When Phœbe, seeing no one on the road, turned to look how near the sun might be to its setting, she saw it, as Wordsworth saw it of old, dropping between the peaks of those "twin brethren" which to the northwest close in the green bareness of the vale. Between the two Pikes the blaze lingered, enthroned; the far winding of the valley, hemmed in also by blue and craggy fells, was pierced by rays of sunset; on the broad side of the Pikes the stream of Dungeon Ghyll shone full-fed and white; the sheep, with their new-born lambs beside them, studded the green pastures of the valley; and sounds of water came from the fell-sides. Everywhere,

lines of broad and flowing harmony, molded by some subtle union of rock and climate and immemorial age into a mountain beauty which is the peculiar possession of Westmoreland and Cumberland. Neither awful, nor yet trivial; neither too soft for dignity, nor too rugged for delight. The Westmoreland hills are the remains of an infinitely older world,—giants decayed, but of a great race and ancestry; they have the finish, the delicate or noble loveliness,—one might almost say the *manner*,—that comes of long and gentle companionship with those chief forces that make for natural beauty—with air and water, with temperate suns and too abundant rains. Beside them the Alps are inhuman; the Apennines, mere forest-grown heaps—mountains in the making; while all that Scotland gains from the easy enveloping glory of its heather, Westmoreland, which is almost heatherless, must owe to an infinitude of fine strokes, tints, curves, and groupings, to touches of magic and to lines of grace, yet never losing the wild energy of precipice and rock that belongs of right to a mountain world.

To-day Langdale was in spring. The withered fern was still red on the sides of the Pikes; there was not a leaf on the oaks, still less on the ashes; but the larches were green in various plantations, and the sycamores were bursting. Half a mile eastward the woods were all in soft bloom, carpeted with wind-flowers and bluebells. Here, but for the larches, and the few sycamores and yews that guard each lonely farm, all was naked fell and pasture. The harsh spring wind came rioting up the valley, to fling itself on the broad sides of the Pikes; the lambs made a sad bleating; the water murmured in the ghyll beyond the house; the very sunshine was clear and cold.

Calculations quick and anxious passed through the young wife's brain. Debts here, and debts there; the scanty list of small commissions ahead, which she knew by heart; the uncertainty of the year before them; clothes urgently wanted for the child, for John, for herself. She drew a long and harassed breath.

Phœbe Fenwick was a tall, slender creature, very young; with a little golden head on a thin neck, features childishly cut, and eyes that made the chief adornment of a simple face. The lines of the brow, the

lids and lashes, and the clear brown eye itself, were indeed of a most subtle and distinguished beauty; they accounted perhaps for the attention with which most persons of taste and cultivation observed Fenwick's wife. For the eyes seemed to promise a character, a career; whereas the rest of the face was no more, perhaps, than a piece of agreeable pink and white.

She wore a dress of dark-blue cotton, showing the spring of her beautiful throat. The plain gown with its long folds, the uncovered throat and rich simplicity of her fair hair, had often reminded Fenwick and a few of his patrons of those Florentine photographs which now, since the spread of the later pre-Raphaelites and the opening of the Grosvenor Gallery, were to be seen even in the shops of country towns. There was a literary gentleman in Kendal who said that Mrs. Fenwick was like one of Ghirlandajo's tall women in Santa Maria Novella. Phœbe had sometimes listened uncomfortably to these comparisons. She was a Cumberland girl, and had no wish at all to be like people in Italy. It seemed somehow to cut her off from her own folk.

"JOHN is late!" said a voice beside her.

An elderly woman had stepped out of the cottage porch. Miss Anna Mason, the head-mistress of an endowed girls' school in Hawkshead, had come to spend a Saturday afternoon with her old pupil, Phœbe Fenwick. A masterful-looking woman, ample in figure, with a mouth of decision. She wore a gray alpaca dress, adorned with a large tatted collar, made by herself, and fastened by a brooch containing a true-lover's knot in brown hair.

"He 'll have stayed on to finish," said Phœbe, looking round. "Where's Carrie?"

Miss Mason replied that the child would n't wait any longer for her supper, and that Daisy, the little servant, was feeding her. Then, slipping her arm inside Mrs. Fenwick's, Miss Mason looked at the sunset.

"It's a sweet little cottage," she said, shading her eyes from the fast-sinking orb, and then turning them on the tiny house; "but I dare say you 'll not be here long, Phœbe."

Mrs. Fenwick started.

"John told Mr. Harrock he 'd pay him rent for it till next Easter."

Miss Mason laughed.

"Are you going to let John go wasting his time here till next Easter?"

The arm she held moved involuntarily.

"He has several commissions—people not far from here," said Mrs. Fenwick, hurriedly. "And if the weather's too bad, we can always go to rooms in Kendal or Ambleside."

"Well, if that's what you're thinking of, my dear, you'd better make a clerk of him at once, and have done with it! He told me his uncle would always find him work in the upholstery business."

Phœbe's soft cheeks trembled a little.

"Some day we 'll have saved some money," she said in a low voice; "and then we 'll go to London, and—and John will get on."

"Yes—when you stop holding him back, Mrs. Phœbe Fenwick!"

"Oh! Miss Anna, I don't hold him back!" cried the wife, suddenly, impetuously.

Miss Mason shook an incredulous head.

"I have n't heard a single word of his bettering himself,—of his doing anything but muddle on here—having a 'crack' with this farmer and that, and painting pictures he's a sight too good for,—since I came this morning; and we've talked for hours. No,—I may as well have it out,—I'm a one for plain speaking; I'm a bit disappointed in you both. As for you, Phœbe, you'll be precious sorry for it some day if you don't drive him out of this."

"Where should I drive him to!" cried Mrs. Fenwick, stifled. She had broken a sycamore twig and was stripping it violently of its buds.

Miss Anna looked at her unmoved. The gray-haired schoolmistress was a woman of ideas and ambitions beyond her apparent scope in life. She had read her Carlyle and Ruskin, and in her calling she was an enthusiast. But, in the words of the Elizabethan poet, she was perhaps "unacquainted still with her own soul." She imagined herself a Radical; she was in truth a tyrant. She preached Ruskin and the simple life; no worldling ever believed more fiercely in the gospel of success (but, let it be said promptly, it was success for others, rarely or never for herself); she despised the friend who could not breast and conquer circumstance; as for her own case, there were matters much more interesting to think of. But she was

the gadfly, the spur of all to whom she gave her affection. Phœbe, first her pupil, then her under-mistress, and molded still by the old habit of subordination to her, both loved and dreaded her. It was said that she had made the match between her protégée and old Fenwick's rebellious and gifted son. She had certainly encouraged it, and, whether from conscience or invincible habit, she had meddled a good deal with it ever since.

In reply to Phœbe's question, Miss Anna merely inquired whether Mrs. Fenwick supposed that George Romney, the Westmoreland artist, would have had much chance with his art if he had stayed on in Westmoreland. Why, the other day a picture by Romney had been sold for three thousand pounds! And pray, would he ever have become a great painter at all if he had stuck to Kendal or Dalton-in-Furness all his life?—if he had never been brought in contact with the influences, the money, and the sitters of London? Those were the questions that Phœbe had to answer. "Would the beautiful Lady This and Lady That ever have come to Kendal to be painted?—would he ever have seen Lady Hamilton?"

At this, Mrs. Fenwick flushed hotly from brow to chin.

"I rather wonder at you, Miss Anna!" she said, breathing fast: "you think it was all right he should desert his wife for thirty years, so—so long as he painted pictures of that bad woman, Lady Hamilton, for you to look at!"

Miss Anna looked curiously at her companion. The schoolmistress was puzzled—and provoked.

"Well, my dear, my people were acquainted with the Romneys," she said, with a pugnacious air. "My grandfather knew George Romney well. Their fathers farmed some land in Dalton side by side. My grandfather knew Mary Abbott, too,—the girl that George married. I don't want to say anything unkind, and she dead and gone; but I don't believe anybody knows for a fact whether Mary Romney ever *wanted* to go to London with her husband—whether she would have gone, to begin with, if he 'd asked her. *She* was n't a genius, my dear; she was just a homely girl, and very shy."

"Miss Anna! she was his *wife*!—Of course she knew very well he 'd have been

ashamed of her if she 'd gone! I dare say he told her so."

"Very likely," said Miss Mason, with what seemed an immoral composure. "She 'd had no education. She was just a servant in a lodging when he met her. Ah! she was a poor, ignorant country girl, was Mary Romney."

Phœbe interrupted her angrily. "He deserted her for thirty years! You do say such *things*, Miss Anna!"

"Well!—you don't suppose that John 's going to desert you for thirty years!" said the other, with an impatient laugh. "Don't be absurd, Phœbe."

Phœbe said nothing. She heard a cry from the baby Carrie, and she hurried across the little garden to the house. At the same moment there was a shout of greeting from below, and Fenwick came into sight on the steep pitch of lane that led from the highroad to the cottage. Miss Anna strolled down to meet him.

In the eyes of his old friend John Fenwick made a very handsome figure as he approached her, his painter's wallet slung over his shoulder. That something remarkable had happened to him she divined at once. In moments of excitement a certain foreign look—as some people thought, a *gipsyish* look—was apt to show itself. The roving eyes, the wild manner, the dancing step betrayed the inmost man, banishing altogether the furtive or jealous reserve of the north-countryman, which were at other times equally to be noticed. Miss Anna had often wondered how the same man could be so shy—and so vain!

However, though elation of some sort was uppermost, he was not at first inclined to reveal himself. He told Miss Anna, as they walked up together, that he had done with Miss Bella; that old Morrison praised the portrait, and the girl hated it; that she was a vulgar, conceited creature, and he was thankful to have finished.

"If I were to show it at Manchester next month, you 'd see what the papers would say. But I suppose Miss Bella would sooner die than let her father send it. Silly goose! Powdering every time, and sucking her lips to make them red, and twisting her neck about—ugh! I 've no patience with women like that! When I get on a bit, I 'll paint nobody I don't want to paint."

"All right,—but get on first," said Miss Anna, patting him on the arm. "What next, John—what next?"

He hesitated. His look grew for a moment veiled and furtive. "Oh! there 's plenty to do," he said evasively.

They paused on the green ledges outside the cottage.

"What—portraits?"

He nodded uncertainly.

"You 'll not grow fat on Great Langdale," said Miss Anna, waving an ironical hand toward the green desolation of the valley.

He looked at her, walked up and down a moment, then said with an outburst, though in a low tone, and with a look over his shoulder at the open window of the cottage: "Morrison 's lent me a hundred pounds. He advises me to go to London at once."

Miss Anna raised her eyebrows. "Oh—oh!" she said; "*that's* news! What do you mean by 'at once'?—September?"

"Next week—I won't lose a day."

Miss Anna pondered.

"Well, I dare say Phœbe can hurry up."

"Oh! I can't take Phœbe," he said in a hasty, rather injured voice.

"Not take Phœbe!" cried the other, under her breath, seeming to hear around her the ghosts of words which had but just passed between her and Phœbe; "and what on earth are you going to do with her?"

He led her away toward the edge of the little garden, arguing, prophesying, laying down the law. While he was thus engaged came Phœbe's silver voice from the parlor.

"Is that you, John? Supper 's ready."

He and Miss Anna turned. They neared the open window, through which streamed the light of the lamp just lit.

Fenwick exclaimed, "By Jove! I 'll paint that."

It was such a scene as might have been painted by Millais in his first pre-Raphaelite days. The little parlor, with its low ceiling crossed by beams of black oak, and its walls darkened by oak presses, made a rich setting for the white-spread supper-table, with its simple furnishings of glass and plates and china tea-cups, its cheap lamp, and tea-pot hidden in a woolwork "cozy." In the center of the white cloth stood a round pasty or potato-pie, of

goodly size, steaming hot. Phœbe was cutting it, and beside her a baby in a white pinafore, mounted in a high chair and brandishing a spoon, was watching its mother, sucking away the while at a piece of bread and jam that had been put into its hand. The child was lovely; so, too, was the tall young mother, as she bent over the table, or lifted her soft face to smile at or chide her baby. Their delicate forms shone out upon the dark background of wall and ceiling; the mingled lights of evening and the lamp played with their faces and hair, searched the deep tones and shadows of the low-ceiled room, amid which the two figures shone like jewels in a casket, and fell broadly on the enchanting blue of some wild hyacinths which stood, in a sparkling glass, on the white cloth.

Fenwick, laying a hand for silence on his companion's arm, sketched fast and eagerly—the main lines, the chief shadows, the two figures; made some notes of color and value—

"John!" cried Phœbe again. He put up his sketch-book.

"Hush, please!" he said to his companion, finger on lip; and they entered.

"You 'll have got the money from Mr. Morrison, John?" said Phœbe, presently, when they were settled to their meal.

"Ay," said Fenwick; "that 's all right. —Phœbe, that 's a real pretty dress of yours."

Soft color rose in the wife's cheeks.

"I 'm glad you like it," said Phœbe, soberly. Then, looking up, "John, don't give Carrie that!—it 'll make her sick."

For Fenwick was stealthily feeding the baby beside him with morsels from his own plate. The child's face—pink mouth and blue eyes, both wide open—hung upon him in a fixed expectancy.

"She does like it so—the little greedy puss! It won't do her any harm."

But the mother persisted. Then the child cried, and the father and mother wrangled over it till Fenwick caught up the babe by Phœbe's peremptory directions and carried it away up-stairs. At the door of the little parlor, while Phœbe was at his shoulder, wiping away the child's tears and cooing to it, Fenwick suddenly turned his head and kissed his wife's cheek, or rather her pretty ear, which presented itself. Miss Anna, still at table, laughed

discreetly behind their backs—the laugh of the sweet-natured old maid.

When the child was asleep up-stairs, Phœbe and the little servant cleared away, while Fenwick and Miss Anna read the newspaper and talked on generalities. In this talk Phœbe had no share, and it might have been noticed by one who knew them well that in his conversation with Miss Mason Fenwick became another man. He used tones and phrases that he either had never used or used no longer with Phœbe. He showed himself, in fact, intellectually at ease, expansive, and at times amazingly arrogant. For instance, in discussing a paragraph about the Academy in the London letter of the "*Westmoreland Gazette*," he fired up and paced the room, haranguing his listener in a loud, eager voice. Of course she knew—every one knew—that all the best men and all the coming forces were now *outside the Academy*. Millais, Leighton, Watts—spent talents, extinct volcanoes; Tadema, a marvelous mechanic without ideas; the landscape men, chaotic—no standard anywhere, no style. On the other hand, Burne-Jones and the Grosvenor Gallery group—ideas without drawing, without knowledge, feet and hands absurd, muscles anyhow. While as for Whistler and the Impressionists—a lot of maniacs, running a fad to death, but *clever*—by Jove!

No!—there was a new art coming, the creation of men who had learned to draw, and could yet keep a hold on ideas; men as technically competent as the French, without the suicidal notions of Whistler and his like, who made of painting a language with nothing to say, speaking to a people with nothing to remember.

"*Character!*—that's what we want!" He struck the table; and finally, with a leap, he was at the goal which Miss Anna, sitting before him, arms folded, her strong old face touched with satire, had long foreseen. "By George, *I'd* show them!—if I only had the chance."

"No doubt," said Miss Anna, dryly. "I think you *are* a great man, John,—though you say it. But you've got to prove it."

He laughed uncomfortably.

"I've written a good many of these things to the '*Gazette*,'" he said, evading her direct attack. "They'll put them in next week."

"I wish you had n't, John!" said Phœbe,

anxiously. She was sitting under the lamp with her needlework.

He turned upon her aggressively.

"And why, please?"

"Because the last article you wrote lost you a commission. Don't you remember—that gentleman at Grasmere—what he said?"

She nodded her fair head gravely. It struck Miss Anna that she was looking pale and depressed.

"Old fool!" said Fenwick. "Yes, I remember. He would n't ask anybody to paint his children who'd written such a violent article. As if I wanted to paint his children! Besides, it was a mere excuse, to save the money."

"I don't think so," murmured Phœbe. "And oh, I had counted on that five pounds!"

"What does five pounds matter, compared to speaking one's mind?" said Fenwick, roughly.

There was a silence. Fenwick, looking at the two women, felt them unsympathetic, and abruptly changed the subject.

"I wish you'd give us some music, Phœbe."

Phœbe rose obediently. He opened the little pianette for her, and lit the candles.

She played some Irish and Scotch airs, in poor settings, and with much stumbling. After a little, Fenwick listened restlessly, his brow frowning, his fingers drumming on the arm of his chair. They were all glad when it was over.

Phœbe, hearing a whimper from the child, went up-stairs. The two others were soon in hushed but earnest conversation.

MISS ANNA had gone to bed. Fenwick was sitting with a book before him, lost in anxious and exciting calculations, when Phœbe entered the room.

"Is that you?" he said, jumping up. "That's all right. I wanted to talk to you."

"I thought you did," she said, with a very quiet, drooping air; then going to the window, which was open, she leaned out into the May night. "Where shall we go? It's warmer."

"Let's go to the ghyll," said Fenwick; "I'll fetch you a shawl."

For, as both remembered, Miss Anna was up-stairs, and in that tiny cottage all sounds were audible.

Fenwick wrapped a shawl round his companion, and they sallied forth.

The valley lay below them. A young moon was near its setting over the furthest Pike, and the fine lines of the mountain rose dimly clear, from its base on the valley floor to the dark cliffs of Pavay Ark. Not a light was visible anywhere. Their little cottage on its shelf, with the rays of its small lamp shining through the window, seemed to be the only spectator of the fells; it talked with them in a lonely companionship.

They passed through the fence of the small garden out on to the fell-side. Dim forms of sheep rose in alarm as they came near, and bleating lambs hurried beside them. Soft sounds of wind, rising and falling along the mountain or stirring amid last year's bracken, pursued them till they reached the edge of the ghyll and, descending its side, found the water murmuring among the stones, the only audible thing in a deep shade and silence.

They sat down by the stream, and Fenwick, taking up some pebbles, began to drop them nervously into the water. Phœbe, beside him, clasped her hands round her knees; in a full light it would have been seen that the hands were trembling.

"Phœbe—old Morrison's offered to lend me some money."

Phœbe started.

"I—I thought perhaps he had."

"And he wants me to go to London at once."

"You've got the money?"

"In my pocket"—he laid his hand upon it. Then he laughed: "He did n't pay me for the portrait, though. That's like him. And of course I could n't ask for it."

A silence.

Fenwick turned round, and took one of her hands.

"Well, little woman, what do you think? Are you going to let me go and make my fortune—our fortune?"

"As if I could stop you!" she said hoarsely. "It's what you've wanted for months."

"Well, and if I have, where's the harm? We can't go on living like this!"

And he began to talk, with great rapidity, about the absurdity of attempting to make a living as an artist out of West-

moreland,—out of any place, indeed, but London, the natural center and clearing-house of talent.

"I could make a living out of teaching, I suppose, up here. I could get, in time, a good many lessons going round to schools. But that would be a dog's life. You would n't want to see me at that forever, would you, Phœbe? Or at painting portraits at five guineas apiece? I could chuck it all, of course, and go in for business. But, I can tell you, England would lose something if I did!"

And catching up another stone, he threw it into the beck with a passion which made the clash of it, as it struck upon a rock, echo through the ghyll. There was something magnificent in the gesture, and a movement, half thrill, half shudder, ran through the wife's delicate frame. She clasped her hands round his arm, and drew close to him.

"John!—Are you going to leave baby and me behind?"

Her voice, as she pressed toward him, her face upraised to his, rose from deep founts of feeling; but she kept the sob in it restrained. Fenwick felt the warmth and softness of her young body; the fresh face, the fragrant hair, were close upon his lips. He threw both his arms round her and folded her to him.

"Just for a little while," he pleaded—"till I get my footing. One year! For both our sakes—Phœbe!"

"I could live on such a little; we could get two rooms, which would be cheaper for you than lodgings."

"It is n't that!" he said impatiently, but kissing her. "It is that I must be my own master; I must have nothing to think of but my art; I must slave night and day; I must live with artists; I must get to know all sorts of people, who might help me on. If you and Carrie came up—just at first—I could n't do the best for myself—I could n't, I tell you! And of course I mean the best for *you*, in the long run. If I go, I must succeed. And if I can give all my mind, I *shall* succeed. Don't you think I shall?"

He drew away from her abruptly, holding her at arm's length, scrutinizing her face almost with hostility.

"Yes," said Phœbe, slowly—"yes; of course you'll succeed—if you don't quarrel with people."

"Quarrel!" he repeated angrily—"you're always harping on that—you're always so *afraid* of people. It does a man no harm, I tell you, to be a bit quick-tempered. I sha'n't be a fool."

"No, but—I could warn you often. And then you know," she said slowly, caressing his shoulder with her hand, "I could look after money. You're dreadfully bad about money, John. Directly you've got it, you spend it; and sometimes when you borrow you forget all about paying it back."

He was struck dumb for a moment with astonishment,—feeling at the same time the trembling of the form which his arm still encircled.

"Well, Phœbe," he said at last, "you seem determined to say disagreeable things to me to-night. I suppose I might remind you that you're much younger than I, and that of course a man knows much more about business than a young thing like you can. How, I should like to know, could we have done any better than we have done since we married? As far as money goes, we've had a hell of a time, from first to last!"

"It would have been much worse," said Phœbe, softly, "if I had n't been there—you know it would. You know last year, when we were in such straits, and all our things were nearly sold up, you let me take over things and keep the money. And I went to see all the people we owed money to; and—and it's pretty bad—but it is n't as bad as it was—"

She hid her face on her knees, choked by the sob she could no longer repress.

"Well, of course it's better," said Fenwick, ungraciously; "I don't say you have n't got a head, Phœbe,—why, I know you have! You did first-rate! But, after all, I had to earn the money."

She looked up eagerly. "That's what I say. You'd never be able to think about little things—you'd have to be painting always—and going about—and—"

He bit his lip.

"Why, I could manage for myself—for a bit," he said, with a laugh. "I'm not such an idiot as all that. Old Morrison's lent me a hundred pounds, Phœbe!"

He enjoyed her amazement.

"A hundred pounds!" she repeated faintly. "And however are we going to repay all that?"

He drew her back to him triumphantly.

"Why, you silly child, I'm going to earn it, of course—and a deal more. Don't you hinder me, Phœbe, and I shall be a rich man before we can look round, and you'll be a lady—with a big house—and your carriage, perhaps!"

He kissed her vehemently, as though to coerce her into agreeing with him.

But she released herself.

"You and I'll *never* be rich. We don't know how."

"Speak for yourself, please." He stretched out his right hand, laughing. "Look at that hand. If it gets a fair chance it's got money in it, and fame, and happiness for us both! *Don't* you believe in me, Phœbe? Don't you believe I shall make a painter?"

He spoke with an imperious harshness, repeating his query. It was evident, curiously evident, that he cared for her opinion.

"Of course I believe in you," she said, her chest heaving. "It's—it's—other things."

Then, coming to him again, she flung her arms piteously round him. "Oh, John, John—for a year past—and more—you've been sorry you married me!"

"What on earth's the matter with you?" he cried, half in wrath, half astonished. "What's come to you, Phœbe?"

"Oh! I know," she said, withdrawing herself and speaking in a low torrent of speech. "You were very fond of me when we married, and—and I dare say you're fond of me now, but it's different. You were a boy then, and you thought you'd get drawing-lessons in Kendal, and perhaps a place at a school, and you did n't seem to want anything more. And now you're so ambitious—so ambitious, John, I"—she turned her head away—"I sometimes feel when I'm with you—I can't breathe—it's just burning you away—and me too. You've found out what you can do—and people tell you you're so clever; and then you think you've thrown yourself away, and that I'm a clog on you. John"—she approached him suddenly, panting—"John, do you mean that baby and I are to stay all the winter alone in that cottage?" She motioned toward it.

He protested that he had elaborately thought out all that she must do. She must go to her father at Keswick for the summer, and possibly for the winter, till he

had got a footing. He would come up to see her as often as work and funds would permit. She must look after the child—make a little money, perhaps, by her beautiful embroidery.

"I'll not go to my father," she said, with energy.

"But why not?"

"You seem to forget that he married a second wife, John, last year."

"I'm sure Mrs. Gibson was most friendly when we were there last month. And we'd *pay*, of course,—we'd pay."

"I'm not going to plant myself and Carrie down on Mrs. Gibson for six months and more, John; so don't ask me. No; we'll stay here—we'll stay here!"

She began to pluck at the grass with her hand, staring before her at the moonlit stream like one who sees visions of the future. The beauty of her faintly visible head and neck suddenly worked on John Fenwick's senses. He threw his arm round her.

"And I shall soon be back. You little silly, can't you understand that I shall always be wanting you?"

"We'll stay here," she repeated slowly. "And you'll be in London making smart friends, and dining with rich folk, and having ladies to sit to you—"

"Phœbe, you're not jealous of me?" he cried, with a great good-humored laugh; "that would be the last straw."

"Yes, I am jealous of you!" she said, with low-voiced passion; "and you know very well that I've had some cause to be."

He was silent. Through both their minds there passed the memory of some episodes in their married life, slight but

quite sufficient to show that John Fenwick was a man of temperament invincibly attracted by womankind.

He murmured that she had made mountains out of molehills. She merely raised his hand and kissed it. "The women make a fool of you, John," she said; "and I ought to be there to protect you; for you do love me, you know—you do!"

And then with tears she broke down and clung to him again, in a mood that was partly the love of wife for husband, and partly an exquisite maternity—the same feeling she gave her child. He responded with eagerness, feeling indeed that he had won his battle.

For she lay in his arms, weak, protesting no more. The note of anguish, of deep, incalculable foreboding, which she had shown passed away from her manner and words; while on his side he began to draw pictures of the future so full of exultation and of hope that her youth presently could but listen and believe. The sickle moon descended behind the Pikes; only the stars glimmered on the great side of the fell, on solitary yews black upon the night, on lines of wall, on dim, mysterious paths, old as the hills themselves, on the softly chiding water. The May night breathed upon them, calmed them, brought out the better self in each. They returned to the cottage like children, hand in hand, talking of a hundred practical details, thankful that the jarring moment had passed away, each refraining from any word that could wound the other. Nor was it till Fenwick was sound asleep beside her that Phœbe, replunged in loneliness and dread, gave herself in the dawn-silence to a passion of unconquerable tears.

(To be continued)





From drawing by Sigmund Ivanowski.

AN AUTUMN REVERIE



INDIAN SUMMER

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL

THE stillness that doth wait on change is here,
Some pause of expectation owns the hour;
And faint and far I hear the sea complain
Where gray and answerless the headlands tower.

Slow falls the evening of the dying year,
Misty and dim the patient forests lie,
Chill ocean winds the wasted woodland grieve,
And earthward loitering the leaves go by.

Behold how nature answers death! O'erhead
The memoried splendor of her summer eves
Lavished and lost, her wealth of sun and sky,
Scarlet and gold, are in her drifting leaves.

Vain pageantry! for this, alas, is death,
Nor may the seasons' ripe fulfilment cheat
Our thronging memories of those who died
With life's young summer promise incomplete.

The dead leaves rustle 'neath my lingering tread,
Low murmuring ever to the spirit ear:
We were, and yet again shall be once more,
In the sure circuit of the rolling year.

Trust thou the craft of nature. Lo! for thee
A comrade wise she moves, serenely sweet,
With wilful prescience mocking sense of loss
For us who mourn love's unreturning feet.

Trust thou her wisdom, she will reconcile
The faltering spirit to eternal change
When, in her fading woodways, thou shalt touch
Dear hands long dead and know them not as strange.

For thee a golden parable she breathes
Where in the mystery of this repose,
While death is dreaming life, the waning wood
With far-caught light of heaven divinely glows.

Thou, when the final loneliness draws near,
And earth to earth recalls her tired child,
In the sweet constancy of nature strong
Shalt dream again—how dying nature smiled.



Drawn by Harry Tenn. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick
GARDEN FRONT OF THE GERMAN EMBASSY FACING THE QUAI D'ORSAY

HISTORIC PALACES OF PARIS

II. HÔTEL DU PRINCE EUGÈNE (THE GERMAN EMBASSY)

A FINISHED EXAMPLE OF THE EMPIRE STYLE

BY CAMILLE GRONKOWSKI

THE exterior of the Hôtel du Prince Eugène, a lofty and sober façade ornamented only by a sculptured pediment, large windows with mascarons, simple and noble lines, does not vary notably from several other seigniorial residences built in Paris during the eighteenth century. But the interior offers unexpected pleasures: it is the only complete specimen which is left us of authentic "Empire" style, that of the years 1803 to 1807. Its splendid decorations were executed for a semi-imperial

personage, Eugène de Beauharnais, stepson of Napoleon I. And the great Emperor himself did not disdain to occupy his time personally with the work on it, and very closely occupy himself, as we shall see.

THE palace is situated back of the Quai d'Orsay, which is separated from it by a great lawn in terraces. In order to permit a view the centuried trees on its grounds cast their shade only on the two ends of the garden, which consists solely of flower-beds and green strips of turf. The view is



Drawn by Jules Guérin. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

ENTRANCE TO THE GERMAN EMBASSY, NO. 78 RUE DE LILLE

indeed admirable. At the foot of the terraced lawn the Seine rolls its quiet flood along, and on the other bank one sees the park of the Tuileries, continued on the left by the emerald wedge of the Champs-Élysées, while on the right the enormous roofs of the Pavillon de Flore tell of the Louvre and its long galleries parallel with the river.

Here, then, is one of those corners of Paris where there are still some air and space, even a very large space. It is also the extreme northern limit of the aristocratic Faubourg Saint Germain. At the beginning of the eighteenth century the fashionable quarter came to a stop a little back of this, toward the rue du Bac and the rue Saint Dominique—up to the day that the architect Germain Boffrand had the idea of turning these indeterminate but marvelously situated grounds to use. First, in 1713, he built a great palace the garden of which ended at the "Frog Port" (Quai d'Orsay). The court of honor was prolonged backward as far as the rue de Bourbon, to-day the rue de Lille, and it is that which interests us now. Hardly had he finished this business than Boffrand, who seems in this case to have acted as a speculator, conveyed it to the Marquis de Torcy, and then built for himself another palace on the adjoining land. But very soon after he sold this to the Marquis de Seignelay. Seeing by this time that fashion had already turned decisively toward this quarter of Paris, he took two partners hardly less illustrious, Robert de Cotte and Lassurance; they continued the series with a third palace for the Dowager Duchess de Conti. Some others followed, and the last two of these seigniorial residences were ordered by the Duchesse de Bourbon, whose immense domain, so unfortunately transformed at the opening of the nineteenth century, became the Palais Législatif and the private palace of the President of the Chamber of Deputies.

Luckily, the palace has remained unrestored outside, with the exception of the roofs, which have been raised with very little judgment. For a long while the edifice kept the name of the Marquis de

Torcy, who had bought it in 1715.¹ Then the heirs of Colbert de Torcy conveyed it to Gabriel Louis Neufville de Villeroy, after which it passed to the families of Boufflers, d'Astorg-Roquépine, and de Toulangeon. The Revolution came, and obscure personages were its tenants, notably certain men called Pierre Joseph Garnier and Antoine Pierre Bandelier Bérfort, who sold it to Eugène de Beauharnais.

IF I have passed quickly over the various owners of this residence in the eighteenth century it is because the chief interest in the matter centers on the name of Beauharnais, that curious figure of a satellite in the imperial orbit, and on the very suggestive events which were called forth by the bills in payment of the new interior decorations of the palace, payments which Napoleon himself had undertaken to meet and which occasioned a tragi-comedy in which the actors were a trio of architects, Prince Eugène, and the Emperor.

WHEN he was born at Paris in 1781, nothing could have prophesied the astonishing fortune which Eugène de Beauharnais was destined to reach in the future. The Beauharnais family, which had its roots in the Orléans province, could show ancient quarterings in its coat of arms. A Jean de Beauharnais figures in the trial of Joan of Arc; he testified in favor of the heroine. But the family lived obscurely as petty squireens of the province until the day that Louis XV raised the property of Ferté-Aurain into a marquisate under the name of Ferté-Beauharnais.

This high distinction, far from laming the energy of the family by fixing its members in the empty and sedentary existence of the court circle, gave them, on the contrary, the idea of flaunting their venturesome spirits through the world. Thus we find Alexandre de Beauharnais, the father of Prince Eugène, born in Martinique, faring forth to war in America under the command of Rochambeau. He fights courageously in the War of Independence for the colonies, travels much, returns to France with his young wife Josephine Tas-

¹ The Marquis de Torcy was no other than Jean Baptiste Colbert, nephew of the great minister of Louis XIV. He became in turn ambassador to Denmark, Portugal, and England; then Secretary and Grand Treasurer of State. In 1688 he had be-

come Minister of Foreign Affairs, and in 1709 Upper Intendant-General of Posts of the kingdom. It was after his election as member of the Academy of Sciences (1715), the very year of the death of Louis XIV, that the Marquis de Torcy bought the palace.

cher de la Pagerie—the future Empress—and in 1789 pours forth flames of eloquence over ideas of liberty. Sent to the States-General as deputy by the seneschaldom of Blois, he works ardently, during the famous night of August 4, for the suppression of privileges, equality before the

does not prevent him from understanding just how to preside over assemblies with the mastery of a man of race. "Gentlemen," said he to the Deputies, having suddenly heard of the flight of Louis XVI to Varennes, "gentlemen, the King has left to-night—let us pass to the order of the day."

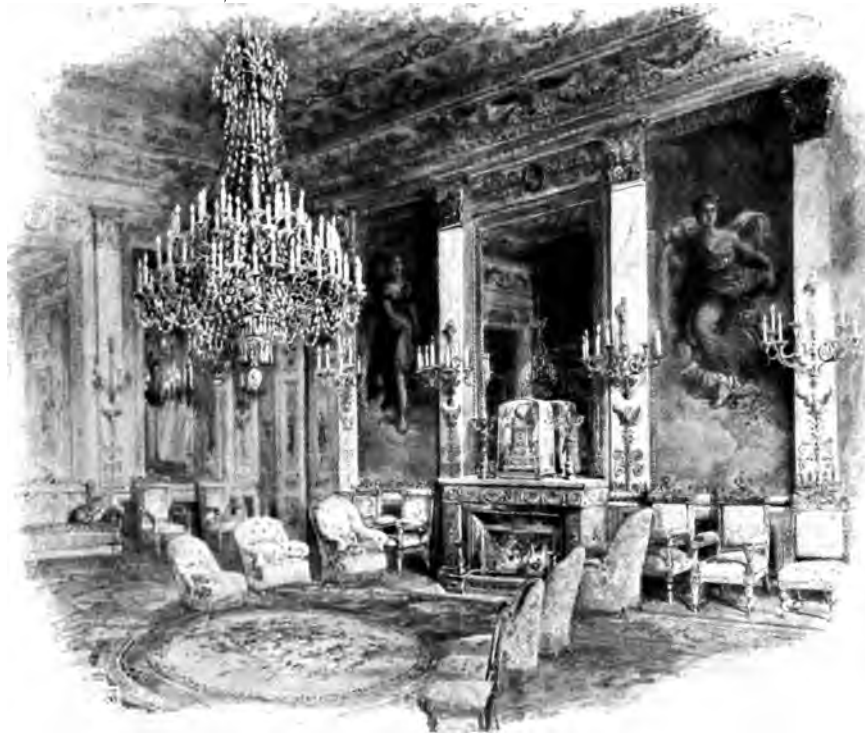


From a photograph by Moreau Frères

HONOR BEDROOM - CHAMBER OF QUEEN HORTENSE

law, and free accession of all citizens to public office. Better still, he joins example to theory, and while the preparations are being made for the Fête de la Première Fédération on the Champs de Mars, he sets to work along with the plain workmen. Says Mercier: "He was seen harnessed to the same cart as the Abbé Sieyès." But this

But the time came when the excesses of the demagogues seemed to him to pass the limits; so, after having valiantly fought in the armies of the North, when the decree appeared which removed the nobles from all military employment, he sent in his resignation. Then he retired to his domain of Ferté-Imbault and imagined that he was



Drawn by Harry Fenn

SALON OF THE FOUR SEASONS

to end his days there in quiet, when, a victim to the mania for spying which then ran riot, he was denounced as a suspect under the fallacious plea that he had helped in the surrender of Mayence by remaining fifteen days inactive at the head of his troops. Condemned to death by the revolutionary tribunal, he was guillotined on the Place Louis XV.

Besides his widow Alexandre de Beauharnais left two children, Eugène and Hortense, all three in the greatest penury, the property of the nobles having been confiscated. They were left so poor that the future viceroy, then aged fifteen, was forced to hire himself out as an apprentice to a carpenter! But this boy, who had small taste for the plane and square, was dreaming of battles. One day he dared to present himself before a young general concerning whom people were beginning to talk, and claimed again the sword belonging to his father which had been seized during a recent disarmament of the people. The sword was found and given back to the child and his mother; and so it came about that the negotiations tended to bring

these three persons together, to such a degree, indeed, that very soon the young widow, putting off her black veils, agreed to marry the man—the coming man Bonaparte—who had helped to rehabilitate the honor of her husband.

Eugène lived in the path he cut. The stages on Bonaparte's way of glory, allowing for difference in proportion, were the same followed by his stepson. Having enlisted at first in the Guards, he soon passes into Italy and is given a mission to Campo Formio, where he "pays with his person" in a certain meeting in which he comes near losing his life. Bonaparte, who liked this way of acting, names him his aide-de-camp in Egypt, and there again Beauharnais makes himself talked about; he is wounded under the walls of St. Jean d'Acre. Both return to France in 1799, and behold, here comes the 18th Brumaire, the proclamation of the Consulate and the campaign in Italy! Eugène is then gazetted captain of Chasseurs of the Guard, chief of squadron at Marengo, then brigadier-general. And when Bonaparte became Napoleon I he did not forget the son of Josephine: he

made him Viceroy of Italy—at twenty-four!

SUCH honors demanded a princely residence for quarters in the capital. One fine day the former apprentice cast his eyes on the Hôtel de Torcy, that big seigniorial seat with the fine terraces which was reflected in the waters of the Seine, and the 30th Floréal of the year XI (May 20, 1803) he bought it for the modest sum of 194,975 francs.

The old residence of the Colberts de Torcy and the Villeroys could scarcely fail to add a special luster to the lucky man who had accumulated so many honors in so few years. For it does seem that a peculiar atmosphere hangs to the present day about these old hôtels and surrounds their inhabitants with an impalpable network of ancient traditions, a prestige which only those things possess that have long endured and have seen illustrious events and noble persons. Still the interior decoration of the hôtel, very dilapidated since

the Revolution, required a complete renewal. Eugène resolved to finish it according to the taste of the day, according to the ritual of the "Empire" style, which began to harden its lines and gave rise to great artistic expectations. I shall analyze and describe it later; but at the moment I affirm that no period could have been more favorable to such a project from the artistic point of view.

Eugène de Beauharnais could not gain possession of his domain before the 1st Germinal of the year XII (March 22, 1804) owing to certain liens agreed to by the former proprietors. But this delay was utilized by preparing plans and designs for the luxurious decoration of the apartments, which was committed to the decorative architect Bataille, under the direction of Calmelet, the former surrogate tutor of Beauharnais, and of Soulangue, nephew of Calmelet. The quiet palace was soon invaded by an army of artists and laborers. The garden was planted in the English style with exotic trees and rare plants



From a photograph by Moreau Frères

SALON NAMED FOR THE PAINTER HUBERT ROBERT



Drawn by A. Castagne. Half tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

IN THE THRONE ROOM A DIPLOMATIC CONVERSATION

brought from Egypt. A humming like that of a beehive filled the old residence, and Eugène, very much absorbed by the work, was superintending it all himself, when, with his usual suddenness, Napoleon sent him across the Alps at the head of a detachment of the Guards, creating him Prince Arch-Chancellor of State and while on the way Viceroy of the Kingdom of Italy, where he was to establish his residence—at Milan.

The decorative work and the changes of the interior were finished in 1805. Beauharnais being away, the bills had been imprudently sent to his father by marriage. They amounted to a million and a half of francs. At the sight of this sum the Emperor flew into one of those terrible fits of wrath which were usual with him. And since he did not do things by half, he resolved to crush the architects to the extent of his power. The correspondence that ensued between him and Eugène throws a peculiar light on Napoleon's psychology. Here are the letters:

Paris, 18 January, 1806.

To Prince Eugène.

MY SON: I cannot give my approval to M. Calmelet or to your architect; I have driven them both from my presence. It is absurd to suppose that they expended 1,500,000 francs on so small a house as yours, and what they have done to it is not worth one quarter of that sum. Be careful, therefore, to undertake nothing unless all the specifications and estimates are fixed. For the rest, do not bother yourself about your house; I have placed my embargo on it. When you return to Paris you shall lodge in my palace.

Napoleon.

But the Emperor did not stop there. He wrote to the chief of police to watch the architects, and, if one were to read between the lines, one might even think that he would not have been sorry to obtain some discovery favorable to his suspicions. Listen to this:

Paris, 31 January, 1806.

To M. Fouché.

MONSIEUR FOUCHÉ, MINISTER OF POLICE: M. Calmelet and a certain Bataille, whom he uses as architect and decorator, are suspected to have an understanding with each other contrary to my interests, and I am inclined to give credence to various hints which come to my ears when I consider that they have presented a bill of a million in expendi-

tures for the house of Prince Eugène, which they have been engaged upon, and where of a certainty they have not expended 200,000 francs. I wish that you would give some one an order to observe the alterations made during the last four or five months in his house in Paris and on the country-seat which is on the Fontainebleau highway; find out public talk as to his [Calmelet's] character, and discover where his papers are and the actual state of his affairs, so that if these suspicions are confirmed I may make a severe example of him to others. Since my return the wastefulness which goes on is such that one ought to consider the squanderers enemies of the state. Calmelet for my house, Roger for the public treasury and, for the administration of war, a certain Gau, who is state counselor, are the men to watch.

I beg you to consider it an important matter to surround these persons with special detectives, so that a fortnight hence you can give me the public's opinion and whatever else may add to my knowledge on this matter.

Napoleon.

Nevertheless, despite the ill-concealed wishes of the Emperor, the Minister of Police himself could not find out anything against the three artists. On the other hand Prince Eugène took up their defense with courage, going even so far as to dare to write this:

It is what I owe to truth to say to your Majesty that in my private affairs Messrs. Calmelet, Soulanges and my architect are not in any way culpable. I have known them a long time, and the friendliness they have shown to my family in times less fortunate gives me the boldness to recommend them to your Majesty.

So it was that the Emperor, having made a mistake, was forced to resign himself to the inevitable, though cursing and letting his bad temper go in this last letter:

Paris, 3 February, 1806.

To Prince Eugène.

MY SON: You have arranged your affairs very badly in Paris. They have again presented to me the bill of 1,500,000 francs for your house. This sum is enormous. Messrs. Calmelet, Bataille and the little surveyor whom you appointed are rascals, and I see that they have so mixed everything up that it will be impossible to avoid paying a great deal. I see this with pain, and I thought you put more order in your business. One should never do anything without an estimate and a specification that it shall not be overrun. You have

done just the contrary; the architect has put in just as much as he wished, and there are immense sums thrown out of the window. I have ordered Bessières to look after these matters himself. Put more attention and knowledge into the business of my civil list in Italy;¹ architects are everywhere the same.

Napoleon.

After all, as we have seen, he had to pay, although with a bad grace. Only the curious point in all this matter is this: the sovereign having, according to his own expression, "placed his embargo" on this palace, Prince Eugène could never live in it. When he returned to Paris in 1809, 1810, 1811, and 1812, he always found foreign princes installed in his domain, so that it was never possible for him to enter it. In 1814, the year of the invasion, the hôtel served as lodging to a person who was not invited, this time, by the Emperor—Frederick William III, King of Prussia! This prince retained such a pleasant memory of it that he asked permission to lease the place for the future to lodge the Prussian legation. He resolved finally to buy it from Eugène de Beauharnais. The sale took place October 30, 1817; after appraisal and inventory in detail, the price was fixed at 290,444 francs for the ground and buildings, plus 296,710 francs for the wall-decorations within, for the doors, chimneys, and certain pictures, plus another sum for the furniture and hangings. A certain number of pieces of furniture having been reserved by Eugène, the purchase amounted in all to 575,000 francs.

When the Empire fell Eugène retired into Bavaria to the father of his wife, who created him Duke of Leuchtenberg and Prince of Eichstadt. As we have already seen, he had just sold his hôtel to the Prussian legation. He died at Munich in 1824 of an attack of apoplexy, aged only forty-four. Already he had become one of the forgotten ones, one of those persons alive who have long ceased to exist. He did not return again to Paris save once, for the funeral of his mother; and on that occasion he thought it his duty to make a visit to King Louis XVIII, to whom the meeting gave the occasion for a *bon mot*. Since the stepson of the Emperor had very discreetly caused himself to be announced under the name of Mar-

quis de Beauharnais, the brother of Louis XVI, greatly flattered, corrected the announcement of the official introducing him. "Let Prince Eugène enter," quoth he. And he asked him to remain in France with the title of Marshal, but in vain.

SINCE it was purchased for Frederick William in 1817 the palace has continued to be the home at Paris of the envoy of Prussia and later of Germany.

In 1830 an alarm of a pretty serious nature occurred, followed by several others. One fine day it was observed that the building was cracking everywhere, and most disquieting reports announced that the beams of the floors, rotting these many years, were in danger of collapse. A strange thing for an edifice scarcely one hundred and twenty years old! In 1837 the principal walls were gone over and new beams were added to the floors—an insufficient treatment. The slow ruin of the hôtel continued inexorably, and the repairs revealed only greater and greater disintegration. An energetic remedy was indispensable. In 1843 the French architect Hittorf calculated that an outlay of 240,000 francs would be necessary. This was approved by Helfft, the inspector of buildings in Berlin, who even came to Paris to make an exhaustive study. This architect, who was at once an artist of fine quality and a diplomat, knew how to deploy the greatest energy in order to preserve from demolition the admirable interior decoration in Empire style. For the Berlin authorities, aghast at the large sums required, had come to the conclusion that the splendid gilt ornaments of the ceilings should be destroyed, as well as other accessories equally costly to keep. This most undesirable and barbarous plan was energetically fought by Helfft, who obtained 74,000 francs for the first costs and 156,000 later, by order of cabinet of July 28, 1843.

These outlays were heavy for the little Prussian monarchy about the middle of the nineteenth century. Would one believe that the same sort of difficulties were made quite recently by the powerful German Empire on the occasion of a renovation of the hôtel which was adjudged necessary eighteen months ago? Thanks to the energy

¹ The Administration of Prince Eugène in Italy was exemplary. When he resigned the management in 1813, he left ninety-three millions of savings in the state exchequer.

and artistic feeling of Prince von Radolin, the German ambassador, however, everything was arranged and the necessary and in fact indispensable 250,000 francs was obtained. The architect Chatenay undertook the work and carried it out with excellent taste reinforced by a respectful study of the past. Unhappily it was not possible to preserve the ceiling of the big salon in its original materials; the beams were reduced to powder, the pretty heavy casing that supported the gilded ornaments had fallen away from the iron supports placed in 1843, and the safety of the inhabitants of the palace was actually menaced. I hasten to add that the new decoration of this ceiling reproduces the old with the most scrupulous care. The motives are faithfully molded, the designs exactly copied, and such ornaments as remained in good condition were utilized. Nothing was neglected to restore to this salon its former splendor; and the visitor who has not read what I have just written would never imagine that the ceiling is not old.

In the other rooms the restorations have been confined to the work of cleansing, consolidating, and hanging the walls, without any addition except in what concerns a ground-floor apartment having three windows which look out on the court. There also the beams threatened disaster. But in this case it was possible to verify once more the ingeniousness of the old architects; this ruinous ceiling was nothing but a sham, built later, in order to prevent this room of narrow area from looking out of proportion through its relatively exaggerated height. I believe that by a careful examination a good many other discoveries of this sort could be made in the old palaces, so full are they of corners and hidden nooks, secret closets and concealed stairways.

There remained the important matter of the stuffs to cover the walls, the former hangings being faded and belonging to every style except that of the Empire! One room on the ground floor alone was found to contain an aged bit of silk which was seized on as a precious thing and served as model. As to the other rooms, those, at least, of which the decorations were neither pictures nor lambrequins, it was necessary

to compare the stuffs kept in the national Gardes-Meubles or in the château of Compiègne in order to obtain the perfect and harmonious ensemble which characterizes these apartments to-day, apartments truly worthy of a great embassy.¹

THE veritable Empire style, a style which was at once sumptuous and elegant, lasted exactly four years—from 1803 to 1807. During the period just preceding a dryness ruled in the arts and often also a clumsiness due to a pale and untrue imitation of the antique. Then, from 1807 onward, a heaviness descended with crushing effect owing to unnecessary richness, and the natural result was bad taste. Instead of furniture people got monuments.

Production did not cease, however. In order to bear perfect fruit, culture and art require before everything else calm and prosperity. And alas! many of the masterpieces were pitilessly destroyed. Despite the establishment of the Muséum Central by the Convention, despite the brave efforts of Alexandre Lenoir, the marvels of art accumulated for centuries in palaces and churches were pillaged, destroyed, or for the sake of insignificant sums thrown into the melting-pot.

Nevertheless, when the new political waves were stilled, two men put a little order into that chaos, and true luxury into that specious simplicity, namely, Percier and Fontaine. At the beginning of the imperial reign they began to design furniture for the government and plans for monuments. Their work is of importance and their success was great. At once they were imitated; others felt the inspiration, and a "veritable style" blossomed out during the first years of the Empire, a style the finer qualities of which I attribute, however, to the survival of some of the great artisans of the reign of Louis XVI, the last remnant of the good old corporations and "mysteries" of the eighteenth century. As I have said, this art was very rapidly falling into complete decadence through forgetfulness of principles, a striving for too heavy richness, and a prodigal use of bronze ornaments, those famous "bronzes" in Empire style of which people were so prodigal that, in order to stick still more of them on a piece of furniture,

¹ I owe to the kindness of M. von Miguel, counselor of embassy, most of the details which are here given concerning the restoration of the hôtel.

the designer squared his forms to the point of fabricating a kind of edifice covered with a veritable flood of gold! Let us take advantage of the short space of time in which this style was really in bloom in order to describe its finished example—the Hôtel of Prince Eugène, whose decoration goes back to the years 1804 and 1805.

No sooner does one cross the tall portal on the rue de Lille beneath the imperial German eagles than one sees at the first step into the court of honor how the old Hôtel de Torcy has submitted to the Napoleonic influence. Against the simple Louis XIV façade Prince Eugène caused a monumental portico to be erected, decorated with hieratic figures and Oriental emblems in which one easily recognizes a souvenir of the campaign in Egypt. One enters a grand vestibule belonging to the eighteenth century, like the stairway a noble design; this shows a fine gilded ramp and higher up the great wall-painting by Hubert Robert. These, however, are almost the sole remaining vestiges of the first epoch of the palace. All the salons into which we now shall pass underwent the restorations and changes devised by Prince Eugène. Their fine procession is lighted from the garden which runs down toward the Seine.

In this suite are, especially, five salons which, owing to their perfect and finished decorations, each of its kind, deserve to be considered as the most complete and classic examples of the Empire style.

First comes the Salon des Quatres Saisons. It takes its name from the gigantic allegories which decorate the chief panels. These paintings, attributed to Boisfremont, retain a very decided elegance despite that "emphasis" which already begins to invade art. They prove that between David, the cold and pompous renovator of pseudo-antique forms, and Prud'hon, that delightful French Correggio, the last heir of the graces of the eighteenth century, there exists a place in all the early years of the nineteenth century for some talented artists who tried, as in this case, to strike a middle term between the two schools. Notably interesting is the figure of Winter, the partly nude woman who has pulled her draperies shudderingly round her to meet the first coldness of the autumnal gale.

High pilasters make monumental divisions for the room and in the happiest fashion isolate the three windows, the doors, and the mirrors. I may note that these pilasters do not support anything; the frieze that runs above them remains absolutely independent. They are there for the pleasure of seeing them, merely for the ornament they offer. That is a license which architects of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries would not have allowed themselves. At the base their white surfaces are clothed with an elegant carved and gilded design, in which at highest relief is the inevitable conventionalized swan, so dear to the decorators of the epoch.

And the doors, how they betray their era! In the little salons of the Hôtel de Crillon certain casements covered with painted arabesques and delicate motives on a gold ground are in the style of Lavallée. That was a direct imitation of the Pompeian frescos. But in the Hôtel of Prince Eugène they show themselves, if I may employ the term, more Romanizing than at Rome or at Naples! Each panel of a door is occupied by a "floating allegory," a long outline of a woman who seems to be dancing on clouds. The upper and lower panels are covered with antique emblems; the entablature shows Roman chariots and winged dragons; and finally the fan-lights, or the wall above the doors not framed in, transport us back two thousand years to triumphant generals crowned with laurel, warriors in helmet and chlamys, women in peplums, to sacrifices to the gods, and distributions of eagles to legions.

Oh, those eagles! What a prodigality, what a debauch of eagles! The imperial bird of Augustus and Napoleon spreads itself along the grand frieze that runs about the hall. They rise from palmettos, twine garlands of laurel, and perch above Victories overthrown. At the key-stone of the vaulted and sumptuous ceiling soars the last and greatest eagle, with spread wings and convulsively grasping talons from which stream bolts of lightning, that eagle which Bonaparte adopted as a crest for his coat of arms.

This admirable ceiling is a veritable symphony in dull gold and brilliant gold, in white and very pale rose and pearly gray, with some portions cleverly wrought in

silver, so as to throw the others into relief. The latter are made up of a light paste of paper covered with dull gold-leaves. The arrangement of the main design follows the diagonals of two squares; the compartment which results is pointed in the middle with a very large rosette in relief. As to those of triangular shape which decorate the sides of the ceiling, their handling is very rich indeed; nothing but garlands, arabesques, cornucopias, caducei, laurel branches, and always, always the winged Victories and the eagles.

Gold shines everywhere, that solid gold of the First Empire, so firm during the past hundred years that it has never taken on a patina. It gleams from the monumental clock, massive and allegorical, and from the antique vases on either side; from the elegant applied bronzes on the chimney-piece and from the severe-lined fire-dogs; from the sides of the rare bracket between "Winter" and "Spring," that masterpiece of cabinet-work, or rather of the chaser's art, for the metal has encroached everywhere, supported in lieu of feet by winged chimeras all in gold, which carry candlesticks in gold whose shafts are crouching women in gold and whose bases offer Egyptian bas-reliefs, always in richly gilded bronze.

Some twenty wall-sconces and five grand chandeliers in Empire style have been arranged for electricity. How can one describe the effect of these metallic and vibratory streams of light at the night-time receptions at the embassy? That is the time to see the harmony which emanates from all this setting and lends a new splendor to the jeweled dresses of the women, the fine feathers of diplomats and officers. Assuredly these old-time splendors of the palaces of the past are the only frames that suit the display of truly grand luxury. In Paris people praise very much the receptions given by foreign ambassadors. It is well they do. But let us render unto Cæsar that which is Cæsar's, and to our last palaces that part which belongs to them in the splendor of these festivities.

Other salons that follow in line, the Cherry-colored Salon, the Music Room, also show magnificent ceilings designed on the same general principle and following a style of decoration the rhythm of which regulates itself, in a way, according to that

of the Salon of the Four Seasons. Still, the compositions are entirely different. Thus, in the Green Salon the *Leitmotif*, if I may say so, consists especially in palmettes and medallions joined together by very light garlands formed of small leaves. In the Music Room, on the contrary, the leading note is given by twining plant-forms recalling happily enough the First Renaissance and by winged sphinxes whose long line forms a beautiful frieze below the modillions.

This Cherry-colored Salon may be considered in a way the most curious one of all the apartments in the hôtel. The great mural paintings are perhaps by Prud'hon, at any rate by one of his best pupils. For a long while they were thought to be works by Hubert Robert; but this attribution is absurd. Doubtless it had its origin in the fact that several panels in the old Hôtel de Colbert-Torcy were actually decorated by that painter, but they disappeared with all the earlier decorations of the palace. In any case they are charming in their urbane and kindly conventionalism, and especially by reason of the decorations surrounding them, showing dancing girls and women playing instruments, forever soaring in the air according to the ritual. Pretty groups of Cupids and Zephyrs above reach out their garlands and wreaths. This salon formerly served as dining-room, but now the ambassador takes his meals in a large hall which has in it nothing remarkable save the portraits of sovereigns which fill the panels, Catherine II, Frederick the Great, Peter the Great, etc.

The Honor Bedroom, whose interior is shown in the illustration, will hold our attention longer. For some time it was used by Queen Hortense, sister of Prince Eugène de Beauharnais, when she lived separated from her husband, Louis Bonaparte, King of Holland, after 1810.¹

The queen's monumental bedstead strikes one at the first glance. An immense canopy supported by four double columns is fitted up inside with blue satin studded with stars; so studded are also the curtains and tent. The twin columns, the lower part of the bases, and the capitals are almost entirely covered with fine bronzes, gilt and chased. On the less projecting portions of the bedstead, on the other hand, the ornament is more reserved

¹ At this time her last son, the future Emperor Napoleon, was two years old.

and rolls itself along in fine arabesques which make a frame to the delicate miniature there inlaid representing "Night Covering the Earth." I have discovered that a large mirror formed the foot of the bedstead and completed its characteristic design; at present it is entirely covered by a satin curtain. This bedstead cost 18,791 francs. Let the reader imagine what it would bring to-day at public sale!

The decoration of this room is somewhat of a surprise at first, owing to its many colors. The bluish ceiling is here again a work of elegant learning; it closely recalls the models from Pompeii. But this influence is particularly strong in the paintings of the doors, this time very light in decoration, which are real marvels of taste in their blue and pearl-gray harmonies. The ground is formed by several sorts of rare wood—mahogany, now light, now dark, ebony, and violet-wood in a natural state. On the furniture, which is too heavy to suit my taste, are painted medallions, a rare instance for that epoch.

As a part of this royal chamber I must not forget to mention the extraordinary bath-room, all columns and looking-glasses, whose design is the last word of illusion by the aid of mirrors—and also of ingenious voluptuousness. By means of reflections produced in every direction the spectator imagines himself transported into a palace of the Arabian Nights, magical in its distances. Small in fact, this room seems of infinite extent, and it troubles the senses. The delicate little columns painted and inlaid, the ceiling and the floor in mosaic, seem to afford glimpses into a distance, as it were a mirage, a flow of stalactites, or a grotto full of sapphires and topazes in some distant palace, far off in the realm of Golconda.

Very much inferior is the Turkish cabinet close to this bath-room; one may say without hesitation that its noisy and heterogeneous decorations belong to some pretty recent period; but let us not linger over this.

THIS great palace, which Napoleon called a "little house" when it suited him to haggle over the price of the decorations, contains a great number of other remarkable rooms.¹

Particularly I should like to mention a sober and elegant working-cabinet whose Empire decorations, very lightly wrought, harmonize beautifully with the panels painted in the eighteenth century, which have remained in their settings of carved wood. It contains several choice pieces of furniture, and especially some fine examples of fire-gilt chased work in metal. What a pity that the palace no longer contains in its former completeness the furniture of the past, that magnificent ensemble which, having gone out of fashion under Louis Philippe, was sold or thrown into the rubbish-heap! By a mere chance I have learned the curious story of a long-headed dealer, who foresaw that taste would return toward the Empire style and had the audacious tenacity of will to open a shop for that very purpose in the rue de Lille, over against the embassy, in order to obtain little by little and without attracting attention, and also at absurdly low prices, these despised pieces of furniture, which were at once replaced by others in the odious *capiton* or waste-silk style.

Nowadays there is no danger of vandalism. Prince von Radolin is a connoisseur, and his solicitude for the building is not only preservative but reparative. The large bookcases on the ground floor may be witness. Each one of them, measuring four meters twenty in length by three meters ninety-five in height, is ornamented with tall columns set with gilt bronzes of the rarest and most elaborate sort. During the recent restorations in the palace, seeing that these cases were literally falling to pieces, the prince directed that they should be taken apart and secured an appropriation of 3500 francs for the restoration of each. In 1805 each bookcase had cost 23,200 francs. Oddly enough the bronze appliquéés were the only parts which did not require any repairs; though more than a century old, this fire-gilt, when simply scoured with a sponge, came out just as brilliant as it was at first.

The number of surviving arm-chairs and other chairs being limited and more scattered through the garrets, maybe, than the salons, these precious models were carefully collected and scrupulously copied; and thus it happens that we can admire,

¹ Nowadays we can reckon better how unjust were the estimates, and especially the suspicions, of the Emperor with regard to the architects and decorators who knew so well how to rearrange the interior of the palace.

notably, that delightful set of swan chairs." The chandeliers had been spared in a higher degree and on the whole were intact; the old inventories tell us that all the crystals were cut in Bohemia. Only the chandelier in the bed-chamber of Queen Hortense is not ancient; it was copied from a piece in Empire style at Fontainebleau. Finally certain very delicate restorations were undertaken and successfully carried out, such, for example, as the lining of two big decorative paintings in the Music Room, whose original canvases showed holes and rents.

All this has been done with a reverent care which does the greatest honor to those who undertook and carried out the work of restoration. To-day the palace presents without a blemish the complete and magnificent whole which I have tried to describe. Doubtless I shall have to reproach myself for some omissions, but they have been intentional. What is the use of describing certain rooms without character, and what interest could I take, for example, in telling the reader that the first salon of the ground floor contains the portrait of the Kronprinz over against that of the

Empress Augusta, and the likeness of Frederick William III near the portrait of William I? I may notice, however, the Throne Room, because of the singular portrait of the present German Emperor by Köhner, standing in a theatrical attitude, which makes one think at once of Rigaud's likeness of Louis XIV. A velvet canopy overshades it, and at its feet is the imperial throne, turned to the wall—thus attesting by its position the absence of the sovereign.

The presence of these portraits is natural in an embassy and adds no artistic luster to a residence, whether it be seigniorial or contents itself with the machine-made decorations of modern buildings. Moreover, the interest in the subject does not lie there. For in the annals of Paris hereafter the Hôtel of Prince Eugène will be always famous, not for having housed the Colbert-Torcy's and the Villeroys or the German ambassadors, but because it remains the masterpiece of the Empire style during its short and good period. For that reason it constitutes an interesting historical souvenir of a memorable epoch, and especially a document of the arts as rare as it is priceless.



THE SEASONS

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY

WHEN comes Spring?
When blithest the robins sing,
And the violet has her hour?
Not till the heart 's in flower
Is it Spring.

When comes June?
At the time of the thrush's tune,
Of all beauties below and above?
When reddens the rose of love,
Then comes June.

Autumn 's when?
When grasses rasp in the fen,
And the face of the field is wan?
When joys are faded, gone,
Autumn 's then.

Winter hoar,
Comes he with the storm-wind's roar
And all lorn Nature's ruth?
'T is Winter when love and youth
Are no more.

A DEPUTY TO THE WORLD

BY OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR

WITH PICTURES BY C. D. WILLIAMS

DO you mean that you don't intend to send away any box next week?" The petulant voice came from the rocking-chair that all day oscillated substantially beside the sitting-room window.

"Not while Sarah—Sally's here." Cora Packard spoke firmly, then watched the lines in her mother's face eloquently arrange themselves. After a moment or two she supplemented:

"Oh, I can easily make up for it afterwards. And I don't see why it is any more necessary to tell Sally than to tell any of the other people that we have kept it from so long. Do you, mother? And, then, I can't have anything spoil Sally's visit. She's young, and full of interest in the kind of things college people are interested in, and she is fond of me, and I think I prefer matters to stay as they are as long as possible."

"You've always had your own way, Cora," commented her mother, and believed it.

Such commerce as was openly conducted within the village of Higbee, in the gentle grasp of its one comprehensive provisioner to public necessities, was a lax, personal, even intimate thing. The village was unresistingly monopolized by the learned professions in the persons of one clergyman, one "family doctor," and one lenient executor of the law—Constable Shinn. So that for a matter of fifteen years trade, in its severer, impersonal form, had found its only representative in Cora Packard, who was understood to be the independent manufacturer, by processes discreetly veiled, of an article of commerce whereof Higbee might gossip to its idle heart's

content, but which it could at least not boast that it had looked upon. Acute as was its collective power of penetration, Higbee, under oath, would have been forced to admit that the evidence of that secret industry which the innocent white walls of the Packard cottage were popularly supposed to screen was all too meagerly circumstantial. From this fact the manufacturer herself had for years derived what bleak comfort she could.

Yet Cora Packard knew, quite as well as did the moral guardians of her native village, that concealment is likely to imply a sense of shame; and she even traced a connection, based on the notorious profits in the sale of alcoholic liquors, between the ignominy of her own occupation and its disconcerting success. But poor Cora, at this stage, after so long a series of personal disappointments and irritations, was scarcely capable of a normal vision. She brooded persistently, resentfully, on the fact that the trivial venture she had once spent all her force in opposing had ironically turned to gold within her unwilling fingers; while now the detested trade imprisoned her every year more firmly, and she felt herself growing stiffly old within the precise contours of its hated shape.

What Higbee, with all its relentless observation, had never known was that at nineteen Cora Packard had left school with the exultant conviction that there awaited her a lusty combat with the world where stalwart deeds are done. Her disappointment at not going to college had been lived through some years earlier, but she still ached with the need to exercise, afar off somewhere in the heart of things, her intellectual and spiritual muscle. All

her youth, it had since seemed to her, had once died during an hour of passionate and futile pleading, while Mrs. Packard, still plump and pretty, sat comfortably in her easy-chair, smiled, and shook her head.

"Not so long as I am alive," she had repeated with that sweet obstinacy that Cora dreaded. "A girl's place is with her parents. Other girls, as you say, may leave their homes and go to live in that adventurous, unladylike way. No daughter of mine ever shall."

"But matters are not looked at as they were when you were young, mother." It was the argument eternally offered by youth to age. "Girls don't have accomplishments now. They do things. Of course I have n't any education to speak of, but must you prevent my doing the best I can? It is not what I should like, but there is the primary school at Eastport—"

"In which case you could live by yourself, I suppose, Cora, and leave your mother to depend on strangers."

"But we need the money so!"

"If you wish to earn money at home," magnificently conceded Mrs. Packard, "neither your father nor I will object. But try to remember, Cora, that you may be useful to your parents without making an outlaw of yourself. There was the Miss Briggs who made those pretty little shawls, crocheted in shell-stitch, so nice to throw over your shoulders if you feel a little chilly or if you run across the road in the evening. You could do that,—why, I could show you how, myself. And no one need ever know anything about it. Or those bed-shoes that your Aunt Jennie makes are very ladylike work, and you could sell them at the Exchange. Or you could make jellies, though that would be a great nuisance in the kitchen, I am afraid. Or what was it that the Wilson girl made?—those little stuffed dates. Delicious, I think they are, and you know you liked them yourself, Cora."

Mrs. Packard had never looked prettier, more benignly maternal, than when she flung out this last triumphant suggestion. So apposite did it seem to her, indeed, that she found occasion often to repeat it, and, in order to strengthen its impressiveness, even sought reinforcement from her husband. In general, the carrying power of Mr. Packard's opinions was affected, at

least in his own household, by his nullity as an economic factor; but there were crises in which he was summoned to symbolize, as it were, an augmentative force. Meanwhile the girl's struggle acquired complexity from the fact that she did not understand herself. The tradition of filial docility was strong within her, and she admitted its propriety, aware that in her case, ignorant and alone as she was, it would weigh in the end against that passionate, misunderstood desire to "do things" which had plainly no connection with any of the domestic virtues as inculcated and to some extent practised by her mother. Mrs. Packard, to whom restless ambitions might not be confided, continued sweetly immovable, and the family necessities pressed uncomfortably upon the family nerves. With an air of individual martyrdom, the mother eliminated dessert from the common diet, and Mr. Packard spent his days writing letters to "men of influence," to the effect that his pension should be increased. It ended in Cora's spending ten dollars for a quantity of dates, walnuts, and sugar.

The girl herself rather enjoyed the experimental stage of her new industry; it reminded her of her year at boarding-school. Mrs. Packard was enchanted with each stage of the enterprise, and participated to a disconcerting extent in the finished product. In a few days Cora made a timid trip to the city, returning at night soberly to announce that she had orders for more. After this, Mrs. Packard came to wear habitually a pink flush of satisfaction and to dissemble with cheerful particularity to her visitors as to her daughter's reasons for remaining so much at home. Providence itself had manifestly approved her design, and few mortals are superior to so flattering a coincidence of opinion. Again and again Cora assented to the proposition that her success was the fruit of her mother's originality. What the patient confectioner found much more difficult to endure was a certain maternal habit of eating the largest, sweetest dates from the boxes arranged to be sent away. Yet she knew that to a dutiful daughter it should have been a pleasure to minister to an appetite so capricious.

"What a blessing it is," Mrs. Packard would sometimes benevolently remark, "that they have n't to be cooked. You



Drawn by C. D. Williams, Halfstone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"SALLY'S AIR OF RADIANT CONTENTMENT WITH LIFE ALTERED ONLY WHEN AUNT CORA LED HER TO TALK OF THE FUTURE."

could never keep it from your cousin Martha if there was always a kettle of sweet stuff steaming in the kitchen. Mrs. Haines thinks you are engaged, Cora, because when I feared she suspected something, the other day, I told her you were beginning to relieve me of the housekeeping. It's just as well."

While Cora assented, willingly enough, to the secret import of her material and the secret export of her manufactures, that eternal vigilance which alone sufficed to baffle the neighborly interest of Higbee bored and chagrined her; to her mother, whose strategic powers ripened in the stress of an imagined necessity, it was incomparably congenial. Failing to become what her mother called "resigned," Cora sustained herself, during the early years of her date-stuffing, by persistent thoughts of escape and of the vague, sweet possibilities that lay beyond. She had need of the girlish dreams she so delicately cherished, for to the literal facts of her life she could never grow accustomed. The sweet, sticky fruit that she had daily to handle became more and more abhorrent. She loathed the sight or scent of it, and felt a swift drop in filial affection whenever she saw her mother unconcernedly move toward the closet where the filled boxes were kept. The one beloved liberty that her drudgery gained her was a subscription to magazines and newspapers that told of the doings of that busy, thinking world of which she still felt herself made to be a part. Her intellectual ideal may not have been definite, but it was surprisingly potent. There were times when Higbee made up its mind that Cora Packard was preparing to be an intellectual old maid, as a kind of spiteful sequence of an alleged disastrous attachment. Meanwhile it was a matter of conscientious insistence with her mother that Cora should live in outward conformity to the etiquette of ladylike young spinsterhood as Higbee conceived it; and, in decorous detachment from her unmentioned industry, she therefore assumed a part in all the social phases of the village life.

Behind its shutters, and in lowered tones, Higbee maintained its scantily fed interest in Cora Packard. It watched her hats grow sedater from year to year, while her young back acquired a more subdued outline; it grasped alertly at each fresh straw of rumor as to Cora's mysteri-

ous candy-making, and it speculated with tireless ingenuity as to the nature of her romantic sorrow. There are conditions in which one can, even at twenty-five, become almost elderly. When Cora had stealthily applied herself for some half-dozen years to the making of "stuffed dates," she seemed to know only that hope and buoyancy were dead and that she violently hated sugar. So it was perhaps partly in the nature of a reaction that she had come so intensely to interest herself in her niece Sally.

An elder brother whose image had by this time become a little faded in the family consciousness had in his youth gone to the extreme West, married, and settled; and it seemed that almost every year there was one more chubby face in the group of photographs dutifully sent from Oregon by Rufus's unknown wife for grandmotherly inspection. But semblances, on highly glazed paper, of round-faced youngsters who quite defiantly failed to resemble their lean father interested the grandmother but ephemerally. Without any protest, Mrs. Packard allowed Cora to appropriate the portraits as they came, and to arrange them, almost devotionally, about her own bedroom. When Cora was twenty-five, Sarah, the eldest niece, was thirteen. Her grandmother distinguished her by the fact that in her case the family roundness of face had suddenly become modified to a square, and the family turbulence of hair confined by ribbons of self-conscious pose. But what Cora saw was a child of her own race who would soon be a woman. Was this child also to know life as a narrow, bitter, thwarting thing?

A conviction that the child was not without understanding led Cora to write her, one day, an impulsive letter, full of affectionate questionings. The little girl replied with a blithe unconventionality, narrating incidents of family life, and mentioning, to her aunt's enchantment, that she was preparing for college. Cora did not allow the correspondence to drop; and four years later Sarah partly bridged the space between them by entering a college in the Middle West. With all the girl's youthful zest for this experience, it is not too much to say that Cora's joy in it was even greater. It was a pity, she felt, that Rufus could not afford to educate his daughter in the East, for Cora knew that

all true learning is a distillation of Atlantic brine; yet she conceded that there must be a certain uniformity in academic

real to her, that through this child if she loved she herself was to have another chance at life; ecstatic was her sense



Drawn by C. D. Williams. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"SALLY, PLEASE GO BACK TO BED, AND I WILL TELL YOU"

instruction, and bore in mind that a later contact with coast traditions would easily perfect the ripeness of Sarah's wisdom. In any event, there stood the fact, palpably

vicarious triumph, of retribution. The fortune-blessed young Westerner would not have to stay at home and stuff date and provide a subject of speculation fo

an idle village. Sarah, at least, would march forth into a world that was not Higbee; she would be strong, honor-crowned, unfettered.

This generous ambition, it is true, was scarcely fostered by the modest tenor of the young collegian's correspondence. Her full, eloquent confidences were not of letters, arts, or sciences, let Cora coax however adroitly. Sarah—or Sally, as she had now become—adored golf and basketball, loved the gymnasium, and, as her own individual specialty, excelled, she admitted, in high jumping, a trying bit of news for Aunt Cora. On the other hand, occasional items to the effect that she was secretary of this or chairman of that fed her aunt's pride inordinately. Sally appeared also to have a well-developed social nature, and the number of friends who were more to her than sisters was too long for even Aunt Cora to learn by rote. Upon these various facts Cora would meditate of mornings, adding fond elaborations of her own, while her hands prepared the eternally brittle walnuts or the infinitely sticky dates; flushing, now and then, with the fear that Rufus might know, or Sally suspect, her secret. From which it will be seen that, unreserved as they were in sentimental matters, Cora's letters to her niece were in others hardly candid. But the habit of suppression was so strong that she had never thought of herself as deceiving Sally.

By the time that the girl entered upon her fourth year at college, her aunt had become slowly but thoroughly convinced that college life for young women, in the lax West at least, was, to a far greater extent than seemed desirable, the academic equivalent of beer and skittles. She believed, nevertheless, that certain frivolities which were possibly a necessary relief in a cloistered existence would later be firmly put away, and that Sally would then serenely come into her own as a gifted and learned woman. Cora's Christmas present that year, a check sufficient to enable Sally to spend her Easter vacation in Higbee, was the fulfilment of many affectionate hints. The matter once settled, Cora lay awake night after night, evoking grotesque, piteous fears. Would Sally pity her if she knew, or would she despise her? And had it been wise to risk this meeting, to grant herself this dear indulgence? Would their

affection prove ample enough to veil the discrepancy between the poor putterer with dates and the young woman who was shortly to become that wonderful thing, a bachelor of arts?

It was April when Sally Packard arrived. Higbee quite disinterestedly left its supper-table, one night, to watch, through dusk-shadowed windows, the meeting at the Packard gate between a small woman with pale hair and a scant, flat-toned dress and that other, more vigorous young figure with broad shoulders and crinkly brown hair tied with a black bow under her trim hat. Aunt Cora believed that nothing could have defeated her recognition of the pretty snub nose and innocent blue eyes that she had known in so long a series of child pictures.

"Sally,—dear child!—I believe you have not changed since you were a baby!" But this was only a phrase of affection; the girl that she had tremblingly drawn to her, and held and patted,—her Sally, her discovery,—was really a far more splendid creature than even Aunt Cora had foreseen.

"I'm glad this is you," observed the girl, in her slow, comfortable voice. "We are going to have our good time at last, are n't we?" And she took the lead in the intimacy at once.

Cora had prepared herself, by a kind of fasting and prayer, to live up to Sally, as the loved embodiment of all that she had herself missed. It seemed to her nothing short of providential that somebody should be lecturing in Eastport, on the day after her niece's arrival, on "Labrador and its People." Eastport, it is true, was twenty miles away; but this distance had lately been spanned by a trolley-line, the patronage of which seemed to Higbee an economical blending of intoxicating adventure and complete safety. A day spent in Eastport was now considered sufficient relaxation for any honest man, those who went farther for their pleasure being regarded with a perfectly just suspicion. If only Sally had not seemed so sleepy at the lecture her aunt would have considered the day triumphantly spent; even as it was, she felt happier than she had for years. A day or two later, Cora, making a bolder plunge, took Sally to "the city," the girl's first introduction to an Eastern "center." When they reached home, Mrs. Packard

drew Cora aside for a whispered consultation. A fresh order for dates had come. Cora assented hastily; if only Sally might not suspect!

She did not swerve from her consistent course, and the next morning took the visitor to the public library. Higbee, she feared, had little that would interest a scholar; however, let the scholar take what little there was. But Sally said that she still felt a little tired from her journey, and that she would begin with something light. That evening the minister and his wife were invited to tea, and the next morning the Packards went to church. Cora kept abreast of her new responsibilities inflexibly.

A cheerful characteristic of Sally's was that she seemed to enjoy everything indiscriminately, and, as her grandmother daily hinted to Cora, she looked precisely the kind of girl who would like stuffed dates. Cora hoped this was not true, and knew she could not bear to see Sally eat one. Daily Mrs. Packard reminded her daughter that the date orders were accumulating hopelessly. Daily Cora grew more reckless in the neglect of duty. Sally's visit could last only two weeks. Surely for this little time she might yield to her passionate absorption in the girl.

Sally's air of radiant contentment with life altered only when Aunt Cora led her to talk of her future. Following the academic custom, Sally expected, when she should get a position, to teach, and Cora preferred not to see that the girl was irked by this anticipation. "What shall you teach, dear?" Cora asked her, on the occasion when they first talked of it.

"I wish I knew, Aunt Cora," said Sally, suddenly concerned.

"I had hoped it would be English literature," anxiously suggested Cora, true to her ideals.

"But I don't know anything about it," protested the product of academic education; and Cora tried not to show that she was shocked.

Two days later Sally was in bed with a severe cold. Cora was enchanted that the girl's visit was to be prolonged on any terms; but she could not understand Sally's indifference to the pedagogical treats that she was missing. One day, when Sally went so far as to declare that she was tired of college and text-books, and wished that

after commencement she might never see another, Cora flushed deeply, and did what she conceived to be her duty.

"My dear," she said gently, "you have had what I would have given half my life for. Think of that, dear, the next time you are disposed to undervalue it. It is very painful to me to hear you speak in that way. You did not mean it, did you, dear?"

"I'm afraid I did mean it," said Sally, with a droll expression; "but I wish I had n't. I'm not at all the kind of niece you ought to have, Aunt Cora. I'm too commonplace."

When, the next day, the doctor condemned Sally to another day in bed, Mrs. Packard took Cora aside and whispered urgently. For the dates, in a locked closet, a sticky, repellent mass, awaited attention, and it seemed that the day had come when they could no longer be ignored.

"Very well," agreed Cora, finally. "If you will stay with Sally, I will attend to them." And, wretched, with a sick distaste of her secret trade, she slipped down-stairs.

Two hours later, Mrs. Packard had comfortably gone to sleep in her rocking-chair, and Sally, conscientiously bundled in two wrappers, was running about the house to find her aunt and inquire about her medicine. In the back kitchen, the windows of which opened on the orchard, she found a shrinking figure surrounded by tables piled with dates in each stage of the "stuffing" process. As soon as she saw the girl, Cora felt that she had known this would happen, yet none the less did she grow faint with despair and shame.

"Why, Aunt Cora!" exclaimed Sally, "who is going to eat all that candy? Surely you have n't made it for me to take back to college, you dear thing!"

Cora could not speak. She felt frightened and impotent before this big, sensible girl with the honest eyes. One could not tell to Sally even what Cora called a fib. Her hands dropped feebly in her lap and she looked away.

"I believe you are ill, dear," said Sally. "Tell me just how you feel, and I shall know exactly what to do for you. I dose all the children at home."

"Sally, please go back to bed, and I will tell you," said poor Cora, faintly. "You ought to know. I should have told you before. I make these things all the time. I've done it for years. And I sell them."

"And you did not want to tell me? I don't understand."

So Cora faltered through her explanation, and ended: "I could not have lived if people had known it. I did not suppose I could bear to have you know it. But you are different, dear, are you not?"

"I think I must be," Sally was very grave. "I am so sorry you hate it, Aunt Cora; and still I don't quite understand. They look so good, too!" she could not help adding.

"You baby!" smiled Cora, and led her away to bed.

That afternoon, with the door shut, they had a further talk. Sally, having thought it over, believed that she understood. It was quite evident that Cora would have preferred to discuss something else, but the girl persisted.

"You know, Aunt Cora," she began, "that I shall have to earn my living, just as you do. I know I shall hate teaching, it's so—stereotyped. Won't you let me come into your date business instead? And then we would not have it secret any longer, but we would be a firm,—Packard & Company, or something like that,—and we would have a salesroom done up in blue. With my little bit of capital we could manage that. And right here on the trolley-line, as we are, we could establish quite a commercial center. And we would be the fashion, and make lots of money, and defy all these stupid Higbee people quite openly, by the mere fact of our success. Do take me, Aunt Cora!"

Was her idol to commit its own destruction? Cora spurred herself to resist, though when had she spent her energy otherwise than in resisting? Meanwhile, the grandmother, foreseeing the usefulness of Sally's young efficiency, supported the girl's plea. And indeed, as Sally outlined it, with Mrs. Packard's eager additions, it seemed an easy, plausible, and delightful plan—Sally, sweet, lovable, competent, and resourceful, always to be of the household; the means of earning the family bread raised from a secret drudgery that almost smacked of disgrace to a publicly acknowledged enterprise, agreeable, prosperous, even, as Sally represented it, picturesque; the yearly revenue increased; her own starved life made happy instead of hateful; nothing to be risked and everything to be won,—

on what ground could she reject this dream-like possibility?

Mrs. Packard and Sally already considered the future settled, and Sally, convalescent, insisted, while she packed her trunk, that she would definitely return with it in the autumn.

"Now Sally is more like my own child," observed Mrs. Packard to her daughter, on the eve of the girl's departure. "Sally is practical and sensible. I can understand her. Of course you see now, Cora, that you might have told her about the dates long ago, except that you always look at things so strangely."

All that night—Sally's last night at the cottage—Cora lay awake, her aching, hot-lidded eyes facing, in the darkness, the uncouth shapes of her conjecture. By a paradox that her soul's simplicity made possible, the woman knew the issue of her struggle even before it was begun. To her, indeed, there was but one issue; what she strove for, there in the darkness, was the calm strength to seize and hold it. Her human need for Sally sharpened, of course, immeasurably that sense of loneliness from which she saw no other chance of reprieve. But the temptation to keep the girl was so sweet, so near, so urgent, that in these very qualities it offered a warning and a defense. It was the narrow, the spare, the savorless, that it had always behooved poor Cora to choose; and she chose it now.

Not long after it was light Cora came into her niece's bedroom and with a passionate gentleness lifted the girl's crinkly hair from her flushed face. Then, tenderly, she wakened her.

"I have decided, Sally,"—she spoke quickly and excitedly, as if saying the words would be a relief to her,— "that you are not to come back. I cannot be responsible for your wasting your life. I should so love to have you with me, dear. Still I shall prefer to think of you as doing what I cannot do. For my sake, Sally, you must go out and use your brain; you must count in the world. There is no need of another sacrifice. And even if teaching is not what you would most care about, think that you are doing it for me."

"I think fate mixed us up, Aunt Cora," lamented Sally; "you and I." But she promptly yielded; not from conviction, but from the quick, ardent sympathy that was her peculiar gift. Almost with solemn-

nity, the cheerful, practical young creature gave her promise not to shirk what Cora still devotedly believed the higher destiny. And when, a few hours later, the girl was irrevocably gone, Cora, serene

once more, was able to assure herself that it mattered little in what fashion her ambition was to be fulfilled. That its fulfillment was at last assured was, after all the supreme matter.



EMBLEMS OF LONGEVITY MUCH USED BY THE EMPRESS DOWAGER

WITH THE EMPRESS DOWAGER

BY KATHARINE A. CARL

WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR

IV

THE EMPRESS DOWAGER'S THRONE-ROOM —SOME PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS



I arrived at the palace in good time the next morning, as the Empress Dowager and suite were coming out of the great audience-hall. She greeted us with a charming smile, and made her usual inquiry for my health. We joined her suite and went along to the throne-room, where the portrait had been begun. This throne-room is a very spacious and lofty hall, one side of which is almost entirely of glass, with only the wooden columns that support the roof between the windows, the lower half of plate-glass, the upper of lattice-work with Korean paper as shades. In the center of this side of windows is a huge plate-glass door, reaching from ceiling to floor. The other three sides of the hall, which separate it from the apartments at the side and back, are of the same beautiful, open woodwork carving I have mentioned as serving as partitions in my pavilion. Those in her Majesty's throne-room were, however, of greater delicacy of workmanship and were more beautiful as to the painted panels. The poems written on white silk, and alternating with the

painted panels, were from the Empress Dowager's favorite authors—original poems written by an emperor or empress, or laudatory verses dedicated to her Majesty. There were satin portières at the doorways, and blue silk curtains over the plate-glass windows. Blue, being the Empress Dowager's favorite color, is used for all the hangings in the palaces that are not intended for official purposes, where yellow is the color.

On the right of the throne-room is a small chapel with an altar, over which presides a figure of the contemplative Buddha seated on the lotus. This altar was always sweet with offerings of fresh flowers and fruit. In front of the figure of Buddha stood the incense-burner, with perfumes constantly burning. On the left of the throne-room are the Empress Dowager's sleeping-apartments, and behind the open-work partition at the back of the hall is a large antechamber where the attendants and ladies await their turn to make their entrance into the throne-room. In the rear of the hall is a magnificent five-leaved screen of teakwood, inlaid with lapis lazuli, chalcedony, and many other semi-precious stones. In front of this screen, on a dais, stood an immense, couch-like throne, with a large footstool. These couch-like thrones, where their Majesties may recline when

holding audiences, are not at all favored by the Empress Dowager, who always sits extremely erect, without leaning upon a cushion or the back of the throne. Except in the great audience-hall, where she uses the traditional throne of state of the dynasty, she prefers a much lighter and quite modern one, which she has introduced into the palaces. The thrones favored by her Majesty are of open carved teakwood, circular in form, with cushions of imperial yellow. One of these stood in the front part of this hall, on which she sat for the portrait.

The great throne which I have described above was therefore relegated to the back of the throne-room and kept for the sake of tradition, but never used by her. On each side of it stood two immense, processional fans of peafowl feathers, with ebony handles placed in magnificent cloisonné supports. Superb cloisonné vases stood at each side of these ceremonial fans; and huge bowls of rare old porcelain held pyramids of fruits—apples, sweet-smelling quinces, and the highly perfumed “Buddha’s-hand.”¹

There were flowers everywhere. It was the season of the year when bloomed a sort of orchid, of delicious fragrance, of which the Empress Dowager is very fond. These were growing in rare porcelain jardinières, placed at intervals about the hall. There were also vases of lotus-flowers and bowls of lilies. The combined odors of all these fruits and flowers gave a subtle, composite perfume quite indescribable and delightful, but not at all overpowering; for the Empress Dowager is so fond of fresh air that there are always windows open in the palace, even in the coldest weather.

Aside from the fruits and flowers, clocks were the dominant feature of this throne-room, as well as of every other one I ever went into in any of the Chinese palaces. The love of the Chinese for clocks and timepieces is well known, and there are thousands in each of the palaces I visited. In this throne-room there were, as I have said before, eighty-five: magnificent jeweled and gold clocks, and specimens of all the varieties that were ever made; some with chimes, some with crowing cocks and singing-birds, some with running water, some with musical-box attachments, others with processions of figures that came out

at every hour and moved around the dial—some rare works of art and some commonplace examples of the clockmaker’s trade. There are many foreign ornaments in the palace; but, aside from the clocks and watches, the Empress Dowager does not seem to care much for European *objets de vertu*. Unfortunately, what they have at the palaces, aside from a few presents from European sovereigns, are generally very poor specimens of European art, and compare but lamentably with the beautiful Chinese curios. They are principally cheap modern stuff bought by the Chinese nobles when abroad and sent as presents to their Majesties. These presents, when they are accepted, are placed in apartments of the palace not in general use.

When the Empress Dowager had her official garments removed (she always changed her dress after the morning audience), and when the portrait had been placed upon the easel, she came over to look at it. After studying it for some time, she concluded that the nail-protectors on both hands were not artistic, and that she would have the gold ones set with pearls and rubies taken off, and show the uncovered nails on the right hand. I was delighted at this decision, for the nail-protectors destroyed the symmetry of the hand and hid the beautiful tips of her fingers. I had, of course, not presumed to make any suggestions as to her costume or ornaments. As the nail-shields are characteristic of the high-class Chinese ladies, it was well to have them on one hand.

After this change had been decided upon, she went over to a great vase standing near, and took from it a lotus-flower, held it up in a charmingly graceful way, and asked me if that would not be pretty in the portrait, adding that the lotus was one of her attributes. As the color did not harmonize with the general scheme, I did not care for this suggestion, but temporized by saying I was not ready to put it in then. After a little more than an hour’s work, with the usual interruptions, she decided that enough had been done for that morning. When I suggested that I might work even after her Majesty was tired, she said, “No”; that if she were tired sitting still, I could not fail to be more so doing the work and standing as I did. She said there was no hurry, that I had plenty of

¹ A very fragrant fruit of the lemon family in the form of a hand.

time to finish the picture, and must not run the risk of making myself ill.

After a short sitting in the afternoon her Majesty ordered the boats, and we went out to the marble terrace, beneath which lay moored the palace fleet, manned by blue-gowned oarsmen. We again took the imperial barge, the Empress Dowager in the center, on her yellow chair, the young Empress and princesses sitting about, Turkish fashion, on cushions. The barge, drawn along by two great boats, glided as gently as a swan over the still waters of the lake. The air was soft and balmy. Two of the eunuchs were ordered to sing, and the minor chords of a curious air mingled their rhythm with the soft swish of the water. Beyond us lay the hills, the beautiful Western Hills, unchanging in form, but ever varying in color—sometimes blurred and gray, or a soft, warm violet; again a clear, deep blue, as if hewn out of lapis lazuli; and now and then, as a cloud passed over the sun, dark and almost threatening. I drank in deep breaths of delight.

The quaint picturesqueness of the marble-terraced banks, the summer-houses, the green and yellow tiled roofs, the vermilion walls and lacquered columns of the buildings, the camel-back bridges, the curious fleet silently moving along, the eunuchs singing, the Empress Dowager sitting in state surrounded by her ladies—everything was strange; and, stranger still, I formed a part of this curious pageant. Only the beautiful hills beyond seemed familiar.

After drifting about for some time, we landed and went into the orchards and among the apple-trees. The apple is a favorite fruit of the Chinese, and esteemed as much for its fragrance as its taste. It is emblematic of peace and prosperity, and is always placed among the offerings to Buddha, hence has also a sacred quality; but, though beautiful in form and color, the apple has very little taste and the least savor of any of the Chinese fruits.

Her Majesty walked about among the trees and ordered several apples gathered, which she ate with a greater relish than I could; for she graciously offered me one, and then told me to pick some for myself. A eunuch brought a basket and took them as I gathered them, and she told me to have them taken to my own apartments.

From the orchard she continued her

walk to the flower-gardens, where she picked some small blooms and placed them behind her ears, Spanish fashion, telling the ladies to do likewise, and herself choosing some for me and placing them over my ears. I knew these little marks of favor she showed me were not due so much to regard for me as to her desire to make the "stranger" feel at home. She hoped, by showing me these special favors, to insure a similar treatment of me by the ladies and eunuchs.

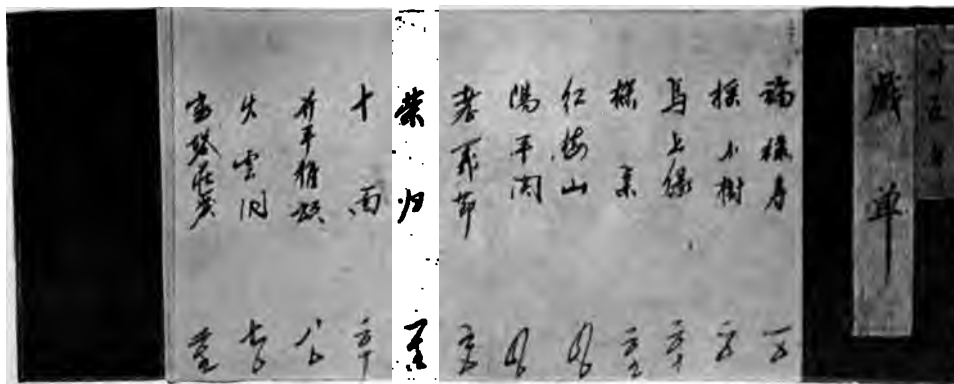
I have already referred to her Majesty's love of flowers. This was the one of her characteristics which seemed most incompatible with the idea I had formed of her from what I had heard, and her love of flowers and all nature caused me first to change that idea. It seemed to me no one could love flowers and nature as she did and be the woman she had been painted.

She had flowers always about her. Her private apartments, her throne-rooms, her loge at the theater, even the great audience-hall, where she went only to transact affairs of state and hold official audiences—all were decorated with a profusion of flowers,



THE EMPEROR'S PROGRAM FOR THE PALACE THEATER, THIRD MONTH (APRIL, 1904)

cut and growing, but never, though, of more than one kind at a time. She wears natural flowers in her coiffure always, winter and summer; and however careworn or harassed she might be, she seemed to find solace in flowers. She would hold a flower



LADIES' PROGRAM FOR THE PALACE THEATER

to her face, drink in its fragrance, and caress it as if it were a sentient thing. She would go herself among the flowers that filled her rooms, and place, with lingering touch, some fair bloom in a better light, or turn a jardinière so that the growing plant might have a more favorable position.

The Chinese do not place certain cut flowers in water, but keep them dry in bowls or vases to get their full fragrance. The Empress Dowager had some quaint conceits about the arrangement of these. She would have the corollas of the lily-bloom or the fragrant jasmine placed in shallow bowls in curious, star-like designs, beautiful to look at, as well as most fragrant.

Her passion for flowers being generally known among the courtiers, princes, and high officials, they send daily offerings to the palace of all that is rare and choice in the way of plants and flowers; for they know this is one present her Majesty will always accept and appreciate.

There are some quaint customs in the palace as to flowers and fruits that grow within the precincts. Though the princesses and ladies have the freedom of the gardens and may pull as many flowers and cull as many fruits as they wish, it is not etiquette for them to gather the smallest flower or to touch a fruit when in the presence of the Empress Dowager, unless they are specially told to do so. When her Majesty tells them to pull a flower or fruit, the permission is gratefully accepted and that special flower or fruit religiously kept. The first fruits of every tree and vegetable, the first flowers of every plant and growing shrub in the palace grounds, are considered sacred to their Majesties, and no

princess, attendant, or eunuch would touch a flower or fruit until the Empress Dowager had been presented with the first of them. All these apparently trivial marks of respect to the sacred persons of their Majesties were religiously observed.

V

THE LITERARY TASTES AND ACCOMPLISHMENTS OF THE EMPRESS DOWAGER

WHEN her Majesty the Empress Dowager was Empress of the Western Palace, co-regent with the Empress of the Eastern Palace, who died in 1881, the Empress of the Eastern Palace was known as the "literary Empress." All state affairs were left to the stronger executive ability of the Empress of the Western Palace, while she of the Eastern Palace gave herself up to literary pursuits and led the life of a student. She was a woman of such fine literary ability that she herself sometimes examined the essays of the aspirants for the highest literary honors in the University of Peking. She was also a writer of distinction.

During the long co-regency of these two remarkable women, widows of the Emperor Hsien-Feng, one led the life of a student, the other the active, militant life of the ruler. For the present Empress Dowager has been the real ruler of the great Chinese Empire for the last forty-five years. Had the Empress of the Eastern Palace not been such an exceptional light as a literary woman, and had not her Majesty Tze-Hsi possessed so many other and more remarkable qualities, the latter's name might also go down to history as a "literary Empress," for the Empress Dowager has liter-

ary qualities of no mean kind. She writes a graceful poem, and is able to express herself in elegant Chinese as well as in the ruder, more forcible Manchu language. She can write, in literary style, fine idiomatic Chinese, and this is a rare accomplishment for a woman. The written Chinese language is quite different from that spoken by even the most cultivated. Imagery and figure abound to such a degree, literary form is so important, that many fine scholars are unable to write the language acceptably, except for practical purposes. Aside from her Majesty's literary acquirements, she has an enlightened taste, is a great reader of the classics, and a fine critic. She also loves poems of heroic adventure. One of her favorite historical characters is the Chinese Jeanne d'Arc, the warlike maiden Whar-Mou-Lahn, who went forth to battle in masculine guise, had many heroic adventures in her twelve years' military service, and through them all remained a virgin pure.

The Empress Dowager has a wonderful verbal memory. Memory, so highly esteemed by the Chinese, is most carefully cultivated, and is generally better developed with them than with us. Her Majesty's memory is, however, considered exceptional even among the Chinese. She can repeat pages not only of the classics, but of her favorite authors. One of the widows of her son (the Emperor Tung-Chih), who came regularly every week to pay her respects to the Empress Dowager, is a very clever woman and a great favorite of her august mother-in-law. This lady also possesses a remarkable memory. On her visits to the palace I used to hear her Majesty and this Empress quoting from some of their favorite classics or poems. The quotations would pass from one to another, sometimes for a half-hour without stopping, and at times they would repeat in concert some favorite phrase. I shall never forget how they looked: her Majesty sitting at her throne-table with her flowers or some light occupation, her daughter-in-law standing beside her, their faces lighted up with pleasure as they repeated line after line.

When the Empress Dowager went to her own apartments for her siesta, her reader would come, bringing volumes of her favorite authors. Some days I could hear his voice rising and falling in regular

cadence during the whole time she was resting in her apartments. When she was particularly interested in what had been read to her, she would have the book taken out when she went for her daily promenade, and would sit and read as she was carried along in her open chair, or was rowed along on the barge. This did not often happen, however; for she took such keen delight in all its manifestations that she preferred to read in Nature's book when out of doors.

She is a great lover of the theater, and prefers the classic, the old plays, to the modern Chinese drama. She had one new play staged while I was in the palace with which she seemed to be much pleased. She studied the play for several days before it was given for the first time, and at the first representation she followed every line with intense interest. She sent her eunuchs several times to the stage to suggest changes in the rendering of certain parts and in the interpretation of certain lines. The performance generally begins with a short play, which is often a light farce. She seemed sometimes to enjoy these very much, and would laugh heartily at the good hits, which were often original additions by the actors—allusions to some passing event. Contrary to my preconceived idea as to the Chinese, they are witty and appreciate humor in others. The Empress Dowager has a fine sense of humor. She not only sees the point of a joke, but she can turn one very cleverly herself.

She is very particular about the way Chinese is spoken, a great stickler for purity of expression and elegance of style. There are as many dialects in China as there are provinces in the great empire; and although the literati and gentry speak what is called Mandarin Chinese, some of the most highly educated of the literati from the provinces speak it with an accent. Her Majesty, who has a musical ear and great discernment as to sounds, gets very impatient when listening to Chinese spoken with an accent. It is said, other things being not quite equal, she will give the preference, in an appointment, to an official who speaks perfect Chinese and who has a good voice, especially if his office brings him often into her presence. However, particular as she is, bad Chinese in a man of merit is not a bar to advancement; for Li Hung Chang, whom she ap-



From a photograph by Yamamoto

MISS KATHARINE A. CARL IN A COSTUME GIVEN TO HER BY THE EMPRESS DOWAGER

preciated highly, and to whom she gave great preferment, is said to have spoken very indifferent Chinese.

Whether it be that her Majesty's musical and exquisitely modulated voice, so fresh and silvery, so youthful, adds to the charm of her Chinese when she speaks it, it sounds like beautiful rhythmic poetry. She speaks it so graphically, with such expression and graceful gestures, that it charms even one who does not understand the language.

One day, when she was out for a walk, one of the directors of the gardeners was brought up to explain something to her—some change in the laying out of new flower-beds. She listened a few moments, when I saw her frown and begin to look impatient. After a few more words from the poor man, who was evidently overcome by timidity and probably speaking worse Chinese than usual, her Majesty turned to the chief eunuch and said, "Let him tell you, and you can translate to me; I can't stand any more of that language," and she walked away, still frowning.

Another day I heard the Empress Dowager tell one of the ladies at court (her daughter-in-law), who was also a great purist in the matter of language, about her own Chinese having been misunderstood by one of the eunuchs. There are many Chinese words almost exactly alike in sound which are differentiated only by the inflection or tone. Thus there must be great accuracy of enunciation, and there must also be great accuracy of ear. Her Majesty had given an order to one of the eunuchs. The stupid fellow had misunderstood the inflection and had done the exact opposite. She was so amused and astonished when she found that *her* tone had been misunderstood that she did not reprove him for his stupidity.

One day she corrected one of the princesses for the pronunciation of a word, and she said in an aside it was not strange this princess did not speak better, for her father's Chinese was "execrable," thus showing that even princes do not always speak the language correctly.

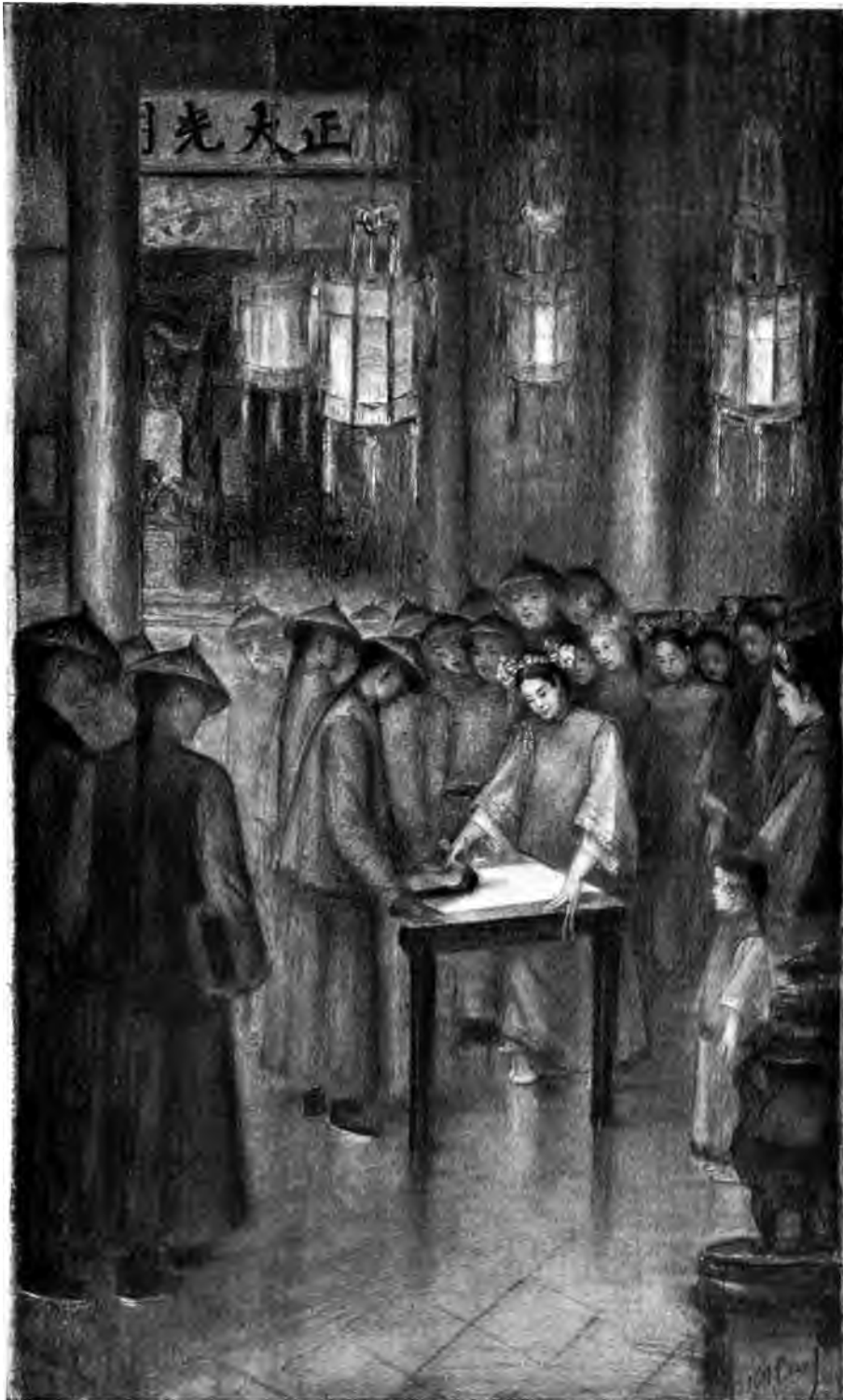
One of the most precious gifts the Empress Dowager makes, and which is sacredly treasured by the recipients of it, is a scroll with a single great character written upon it by her Majesty's own hand. This considered one of the most difficult feats

of a Chinese writer. These characters are sometimes four feet long. One day we were invited to go into the throne-room to see her Majesty make some of these characters. When I went into the great hall, her Majesty and the ladies were already there. She was stirring a great bowl of India ink, for she is very particular as to its consistency and fluidity. When the ink suited her, she took from a eunuch standing near, who held a number, a huge short-handled brush, which she could hardly clasp in her small hand. She tried two or three before she found one that pleased her, and, turning to me, said, "You see, I also have my choice in brushes." I asked Lady Yu-Keng to tell her that I thought her large brushes were more suitable for my hands, and that my smaller ones would have been more appropriate for her. She laughingly replied that she preferred the Chinese brush, and that her hands, small as they were, were able to wield it very satisfactorily, which was no vain boast.

When all was ready and the huge scroll spread out before her on a table, she dipped her brush into the bowl of ink held by the eunuch, and began the first stroke of one of these famous characters, in which she is said to equal the most proficient writers in China. I was amazed to see the firmness of her wrist and the beautiful clearness of her stroke, which deviated not a hair's-breadth from the line she wished to follow. She made six great characters on six of the scrolls. These characters meant "Peace," "Prosperity," "Longevity," etc. When she had finished these, she said she feared her hand had no longer the firmness necessary for doing another.

While she was writing, the young Empress, the princesses, and the eunuchs stood around, watching her with intense interest. They seemed to take great pride in her firmness of touch and her accuracy of line.

The Chinese written character must be made in a certain way. It must begin at a given part. The strokes must follow a given direction. The transverse strokes must be placed with mathematical precision. Nothing is left to the caprice or individuality of the writer. Any one, knowing the Chinese written characters, can tell you whether these complicated



From a drawing by Katharine A. Carl. Half-tone plate engraved by S. Davis

THE EMPRESS DOWAGER MAKING A "GREAT CHARACTER" IN THE AUDIENCE-HALL



From a drawing by Katharine A. Carl. Half tone plate engraved by C. W. Underwood.

THE EMPRESS DOWAGER AND HER SUITE IN THE GARDENS OF THE SUMMER PALACE.
THE EMPRESS CALLING A BIRD

hieroglyphs were begun at the proper place or made in the proper way. They may look perfectly correct to the uninitiated observer who has a most accurate eye, and still not be so considered by the connoisseur.

The firmness of her Majesty's touch is also apparent in her painting, for she is very artistic and paints flowers in a charming way; in fact, she is remarkably clever with her fingers. She does not embroider now, as she formerly did, nor does she paint so much, for she says her eyes are not so good as they were, though she does not wear, and has never worn, glasses. There are a great number of artificial flowers made in the palace, as no Manchu lady's coiffure is considered complete without flowers. Her Majesty is very particular about the way these flowers are made, and when they were brought to her for inspection, with a deft touch she would give a defective flower the required form.

She often makes new designs for the flowers, having them woven into quaint figures or having a number of small blooms made into a representation of some large flower. She sometimes had her diadem made of the snowy blooms of the fragrant jasmine, set with leaves and other small flowers representing jewels, and she would wear this instead of her real jewels.

She is a great believer in one of the rules that Confucius lays down for the attainment of "illustrious virtue": she "cultivates her person." She is always immaculately neat. She designs her own dresses, and has her jewels set according to her own directions. She is very artistic in the arrangement of her flowers and jewels, and sees that they harmonize with her toilet. She has excellent taste in the choice of colors, and I never saw her with an unbecoming color on, except the imperial yellow. This was not becoming, but she was obliged to wear it on all official occasions. She used to modify it as much as possible by the trimmings, and would sometimes have it so heavily embroidered that the original color was hardly visible.

She is a great epicure, and often designs new and dainty dishes. She has perfumes and soaps for her own use, made in the palace. Although there are quantities of French and German soaps and perfumes bought for the palace, she prefers an almond paste that she has made, and often

uses the soap made in the palace. The maids would make these under her supervision. I have frequently seen them bring the mortar in which they were stirring it to her Majesty, that she might see its progress, and she would energetically stir it herself. She is also a great lover of perfumes, and she combines the oils of different flowers so as to produce most subtle and delightful perfumes. The Chinese say, "Colors, odors, and perfumes are good for the soul." The Empress Dowager's soul was certainly well cared for in this respect.

The Chinese are so near to nature, so simple in every way, that their influence over animals and birds is extraordinary, and seems to us almost magical.

They are very fond of all animals, and especially so of birds. They train and teach these latter in wonderful ways. I have often seen a Chinese go near a singing-bird's cage and tell it to sing, and it would pour forth its little heart in melody. Birds never seem to have any fear of them. In the afternoons in early spring, or on a fine day in winter, one may see hundreds of well-dressed and dignified men, each carrying a covered bird-cage, taking the birds out for the air. When they arrive at some open space in the city, or beautiful spot in the environs, they uncover the cages and hold them aloft, or simply sit with them on their knees, and the bird will sing as if its little throat would burst. They have absolutely no fear, and, though caged, seem to have a perfect understanding with their owners and obey their voices. They are often let out of the cages when taken out for exercise, but they will return to them at the call of their owners; and these birds are not hatched in cages, but are taken from the forests and trained.

Two of the religious precepts of the Chinese—"Hurt no living thing," "Protect all living things"—are carried so far that they will allow an animal to live in misery rather than put him out of it by a speedy death. They love all animals and fear none. They say that if you do not attack an animal, however dangerous it is, it will not harm you.

The Empress Dowager seemed also to possess this almost magical power over animals. Her dogs never paid the slightest attention to any voice but hers, and would obey her slightest gesture; but, fond

as she was of them, she rarely caressed them; and she was so particular about her hands that when she did stroke or fondle one of her pets, she would immediately after have a cloth wrung out of hot water brought to wipe her fingers. I never saw a dog in her arms but once, and this was a puppy which she took a fancy to when visiting her kennels one day, and she brought him back to the throne-room in her arms and played with him for some time.

On one of our promenades in the park I saw a curious instance of her wonderful personal magnetism and her power over animals. A bird had escaped from its cage, and some eunuchs were making efforts to catch it, when her Majesty and suite came into that part of the grounds. The eunuchs had found it impossible to entice the bird back into its cage; nor would it come upon a long stick, with a perch attached, which they held up near the tree where it rested. The eunuchs scattered at the approach of her Majesty, and she inquired why they were there. The chief eunuch explained what they were doing, and the Empress Dowager said, "I will call it down." I thought this was a vain boast, and in my heart I pitied her. She was so accustomed to have the whole world bow to her that she fancied even a bird in the grounds would obey her mandate, and I watched to see how she would take her defeat. She had a long, wand-like stick, which had been cut from a sapling and freshly stripped of its bark. She loved the faint forest odor of those freshly cut sticks, and in the spring often carried one when she went out. They

were long and slender, with a crook at the top. I used to think she looked like the pictures of fairies when she walked with these long, white wands. She would use them for pointing out a flower she wished the eunuchs to gather, or for tracing designs on the gravel when she sat down. To-day she held the wand she carried aloft and made a low, bird-like sound with her lips, never taking her eyes off the bird. She had the most musical of voices, and its flute-like sound seemed like a magnet to the bird. It fluttered and began to descend from bough to bough until it lighted upon the crook of her wand, when she gently moved her other hand up nearer and nearer until it finally rested on her finger.

I had been watching with breathless attention, and so tense and absorbed had I become that the sudden cessation when the bird finally came upon her finger caused me a throb of almost pain. No one else, however, of her entourage seemed to think this anything extraordinary. After a few moments she handed the bird to one of the eunuchs, and we continued our promenade.

I saw another instance of her magnetic power—this time with a katydid. One of the princesses, seeing one on a bush, tried to catch it, but in vain. Her Majesty held out her hand toward the beautiful insect, made a peculiar sound like its own cry, and advanced her outstretched finger until the katydid rested upon it. She stroked it gently for a few moments, and then removed her fingers, and the katydid made no effort to fly until she put it down.

(To be continued)



THE SELMA PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION

BY CARROLL WATSON RANKIN

WITH PICTURES BY F. R. GRUGER



As a mistress young Mrs. Payson left little to be desired. Her maids always adored her; yet, one after another, her servants deserted her with distressing invariability. It was not sickness that carried them off, for the work was so light and the maids were so tenderly cared for that each successive incumbent grew plump and rosy in the Payson kitchen. Offers of higher wages

seemingly had no power to charm them, for considerate Mrs. Payson had the reputation of being "a lovely lady to work for," and she deserved it; her manners were gentle, her kitchen and the maids' bedroom were models for convenience and comfort, and the domestic machinery at all times ran smoothly.

It was matrimony that made all the trouble; not merely courtship, but out-and-out matrimony. No sooner was one maid



CHRISTINE GIVES WARNING



ISABEL EXPLAINS HER PLAN

comfortably married off and her successor installed, than a suitor, armed with a wedding-ring, appeared on the premises.

"If I were running a matrimonial agency," sighed Mrs. Payson, despairingly, "I could n't make a greater success of marrying off cooks. It makes no difference whether I take them fresh from their native land and green as grass, or whether they're American-born, old, toothless, and ugly, they all go in the selfsame way."

"You might," suggested Richard Payson, "compel them to sign a contract, when they come, binding them to forfeit all wages in the event of their becoming engaged before the year is over."

"They 'd forfeit *anything*," declared Mrs. Payson, "rather than break the record. It's my belief that more than half of them come here for the sole purpose of getting married."

"When you advertise," said Richard, who refused to take the domestic problem seriously, "why don't you insert this clause: 'Only the already married need apply'? But why bring up the subject to-day? Surely, with Christine—"

"But that's it precisely. Christine has just given warning. She has lost all her teeth, she's hump-shouldered and any-

thing but beautiful, but it seems that a widower, with four children, who drives the grocer's delivery wagon—"

"I suspect you mean *horse*," interrupted Richard.

"Well, horse," amended Eleanor, patiently—"has set his affections on Christine, ugly as she is. I declare I would n't have bought groceries from Bennett's if I'd dreamed that that delivery-man was a widower."

"It's the hours you keep," said Isabel, Mrs. Payson's quick-witted younger sister, who lived with the Paysons and taught kindergarten. "Your maids have very little to do during the afternoon, and all their evenings are free. I believe if you'd just use a little diplomacy you could manage to circumvent Cupid. When does Christine go?"

"Two weeks from to-day."

"Good! If you don't mind upsetting all your present housekeeping arrangements, I'll guarantee to keep the next cook single for at least six months."

"It usually takes only three," sighed Eleanor, "to marry off the moderately plain ones. In extreme cases six months is the outside limit. I *did* think that Christine was immune, but—"

"Well," comforted Isabel, "your troubles are over if you 'll just help me carry out my scheme."

"I 'll help you carry out *anything*," averred the discouraged Eleanor, "if it keeps my next cook a spinster."

"I hope that 'rough on rats' has no part in your scheme," said Payson, teasingly.

"It has n't," explained Isabel, with delightful earnestness. "The plan is this: We 'll keep the new maid so excessively busy during courting-hours that no one shall have a chance to court her. For one thing, we must have dinner at night and give the children their tea by themselves at five o'clock."

"But I abandoned that plan," objected Eleanor, "because it made so much extra work."

"Bless you, dearie! You 've got to spend all your time making extra work, or you 'll have that new girl snapped up before she learns to set the table."

"Well, have your own way," said Eleanor. "Anything to break this fearful run of matrimony."

Applicants for Christine's about-to-be-vacated place were numerous—they always were when Mrs. Payson wanted a cook. Isabel was so confident that her plan would prove a success that she persuaded Eleanor to abandon her first choice, an elderly, well-recommended, but decidedly unprepossessing spinster named Matilda McGillicuddy, in favor of an attractive young Swedish girl, whose first name was Selma, but whose surname was both unspellable and unpronounceable.

"I *could n't* devote hours to occupying the leisure of that dreadful, square-jawed Matilda," explained Isabel, feelingly; "but it will be a real pleasure to keep that pretty Selma so much engaged—"

"Don't use that word," pleaded Eleanor.

"Well, so occupied," amended Isabel, "that she won't have time for court-

ship and subsequent marriage. I foresee a glorious triumph—Selma forever single and the Paysons happy with a permanent cook."

"If you *have* a fault," said Isabel's brother-in-law, diplomatically, "I should say that that fault was over-confidence. Still, if you succeed in this case, I can promise you our lasting gratitude—and a two-pound box of candy."

"Make it five."

"I meant five, of course. Moreover, lady, I 'll agree to forget certain other occasions when your over-cocksureness plunged a too confiding family into difficulties. You remember—"

"I think you 're mean, Dick Payson," said always-too-confident Isabel, blushing crimson.

"I am," acknowledged Payson; "but here 's your chance to atone nobly for all past misdeeds."

Certainly neither Isabel nor Eleanor left anything to be desired in the way of energy during the following weeks. On the day of Selma's arrival, the strong, wholesome young girl had been subjected by the sisters to a rigid catechism. Her replies, made cheerfully in broken English, were highly satisfactory. She was a stranger in the place, she was not betrothed, she was not fond of company, she would not like to be married—oh, dear, no, not for many years. Yes, she would like to stay with Mrs. Payson always, she was such a "kind meesis"; no, she could n't afford to get married "anyvay," for she owed her cousin sixty dollars for her passage to America, which must be paid back, but so far all her earnings had gone to the dentist, because sweet-voiced Selma had had so much "toot'ache on mys toot's."

"We 've fallen on our feet this time," said Isabel, triumphantly, when the interview was over. "I see my candy coming—ten pounds strong."

"It certainly does sound



SELMA

reassuring," admitted cautious Eleanor; "but, then, only one of them ever owned at the outset that there was a man in the case. Selma is so pretty that we'll have to take extra precautions."

"Eternal vigilance," paraphrased Richard, "is the price of cooks."

"We'll be vigilant," promised Isabel. "You said fifteen pounds of chocolates, did n't you?"

Selma proved not only pretty, but surprisingly competent. Her only fault was her tireless industry. She rose at an incredible hour in the morning and worked uncomplainingly as long as there was work to do. The scheming but conscience-stricken sisters were hard pressed to find tasks enough to keep the strong, swift-moving maid busy. The family found itself leading a strenuous life on Selma's account; urged by enthusiastic Isabel, the Paysons cheerfully altered their life-long habits whenever by so doing they could furnish occupation for good-natured Selma during the hours that they considered most dangerous.

The Paysons were not early risers. When they strolled downstairs at eight o'clock, indefatigable Selma, apparently as fresh as if she had n't lifted a finger, always had the house in order, her dessert made, and the vegetables prepared for the six-o'clock dinner. Indeed, her mania for early rising was the only unmanageable trait about Selma; she *would* get up at daybreak. Her afternoons and evenings, owing to

her tremendous matutinal energy, were perilously empty.

Isabel, helped by her kindergarten training, devoted herself to remedying this.

Selma liked to read; Isabel brought her Swedish papers and even succeeded in unearthing a few battered copies of Swedish books, Eleanor hoping fervently that they were not love-stories. Selma's fingers, in spite of the roughness engendered by housework, were clever. Accomplished Isabel taught the willing maid to sew, to embroider neatly, and to make dainty garments for herself, although Eleanor had doubts about the wisdom of teaching her to make bewitching collars and shirt-waists, because they added so greatly to Selma's already sufficient attractiveness.

Of course the maid had to have an occasional afternoon out. Fortunately, the latter part of the winter was stormy, and Selma disliked wet weather. As the days grew warmer, Isabel self-sacrificingly escorted the somewhat bewildered Selma, who had not dreamed that any employers could be so kind, to several mat-

inées. As spring advanced, Selma unwittingly furthered the schemes of the Selma Protective Association, as amused Richard playfully dubbed the earnest sisters; for the country-bred girl began to show a gratifying interest in gardening.

Until this time the surroundings of the Paysons' back yard had always displeased



THE ICE-HOUSE TABLEAU

Eleanor, but now she thoroughly approved of them. On the left, close against the dividing fence, was the Browns' big barn—an inexcusable eyesore. On the right, equally huge and equally close, was the Spencers' carriage-house. Directly back of the Payson lot stood a huge ice-house, painted dark red and relieved by only one solitary aperture, which might as well have been left out, since it was always closely shuttered by a rough door, also painted red. The sheltered garden, however, was now just exactly the place for tender young seedlings and for Selma, who was never so happy, apparently, as when, her indoor work done, she was down on her knees transplanting infant pansies and youthful lettuces.

Four months and three weeks had slipped away. Industrious, early-rising Selma, still single and apparently unattached, was as happy as a child, with her housework, her reading, her sewing, and, most of all, with her gardening. She seemed to crave no other society than the house afforded.

"I just love that girl," said Isabel, enthusiastically. "She's as guileless as an infant—such a sweet, wholesome creature. I'm tremendously proud of myself. It takes *me* to straighten out domestic difficulties and to circumvent Cupid. Man does n't exist so far as Selma is concerned."

It certainly seemed as if Isabel were right. Eleanor, too, was thoroughly satisfied, and even Richard ceased to scoff. He was to have his reward—a greater reward, perhaps, than he deserved.

Payson was devoted to fishing—the one pursuit, his wife declared, that could induce him to leave his bed before 8 A.M. It was an expedition of this nature that made him rise at five one balmy morning to survey, from the hall window overlooking the back yard, the northern sky, in order to determine if the weather were propitious. The sky proved cloudless. Payson's satisfied eyes involuntarily strayed toward things earthly and rested carelessly on the red ice-house. He gave a sudden, surprised whistle.

The next moment, the half-dressed fish-

erman, now smiling broadly, was rapping at his sister-in-law's door.

"Get up! Get up, Isabel!" he cried excitedly. "Get on your duds at once—don't waste a second!"

"Is the house on fire?" demanded startled Isabel, springing from her bed.

"Worse, far worse! Don't ask questions, but hurry into your clothes," cried the fisherman, hastening to rouse Eleanor in the same peremptory manner. Exasperating Richard would answer no questions, although Eleanor was almost reduced to tears because of his obdurate silence.

Within a very few moments, the S. P. A., picturesquely clad and wild with curiosity, was ready to follow Payson down-stairs. He led the wondering sisters through the house, to the back door, which stood conveniently open, and pointed in silence to the ice-house. The hitherto shuttered aperture was no longer shuttered, for the rough door, supported by strong hinges, was flung back against the building. On the threshold, some eight feet above the ground, sat pretty Selma, a study in pink and white against a ruddy background, and very close beside her sat a sturdy young ice-man, with an arm about her waist. Selma leaned contentedly against the ice-man's shoulder and the Paysons' step-ladder rested, with a similar slant, against the red ice-house.

Selma blushed a beautiful crimson on beholding the astonished trio in the doorway, but the matter-of-fact ice-man did not flinch.

"I tank I have to tole you, meesis," said happy-eyed Selma, leaning forward and speaking earnestly, "that I'm is going to get married by Eric on first of Yune. She come from same place I leeve in on Sveden, and she always have to sleep after-noon, vor she is night-vatchman on dock, so she don't can see me only in the morning—but my and Eric, we like each odder pooty goot."

"Yaw," assented Eric; "dot iss so."

"You merely watched the wrong end of the day," said Payson, chuckling wickedly, as he drew the speechless S. P. A. inside and gently closed the door. "One has to get up early to outwit Cupid in *this* house."

A GREAT DISCOVERY IN EGYPT

THE TOMB OF THE PARENTS OF TII

BY HENRY COPLEY GREENE



From a photograph owned by Mr. Theodore M. Davis

THREE USHAPTI FIGURES, IN POSSESSION OF MR. DAVIS

The figure on the left is of Turkish pine; the central figure is of a reddish wood, as is also that on the right with the gilded head

THE excavation in the Valley of the Kings, undertaken by Mr. Theodore M. Davis for the benefit of the museum at Cairo, and directed by Mr. Quibell, the government archaeologist superintending the Theban district, revealed early in Feb-

ruary a flight of rock-hewn steps half hidden by ancient debris from the neighboring tombs of Ramses III and Ramses XII. (See plan on page 75.) By the afternoon of the twelfth the overhanging hillside was so far cleared away that one could go



JOSEPH LINDON SMITH
1905.

Color drawing from the original by Joseph Lindon Smith

GILDED CHAIR ("EMPIRE" STYLE), FROM A TOMB IN THE VALLEY OF THE KINGS

safely down the steps to a wall closing the entrance of a corridor leading to an unknown tomb. A break was found in the wall just under the corridor ceiling, and a boy was sent in, who discovered, just inside, a partly gilded chariot-yoke, a scarab, and a slender, long green staff circled with gilding near the top. Now, these things, which no modern thief would have slighted, had clearly been dropped by a robber of long ago when only jewels and solid gold were worth the stealing; and as chippings from the neighboring tomb had been found on the steps, apparently in the very piles thrown there by the eighteenth-dynasty workmen, it seemed certain that this tomb had lain undisturbed through the thirty subsequent centuries.

Expert hopes therefore ran high that the tomb would prove rich in all but the most costly of funeral offerings, and native rumor swept from valley to valley with stories of a staff of solid gold taken from a tomb full of hoarded gold and silver, and glimmering with the light of a thousand jewels. This was regrettable; for the neighboring villagers, tempted generation after generation by the presence of

royal tombs, are now, by habit and inheritance, the most inveterate of thieves. Let one of them drop his turban, and you may be sure that, when he winds it again about his head, the folds will hide a scarab which he

has spied on the ground. Nor are the natives capable of peccadillos only. When prospects of rich loot dazzle their imagination, it is well to guard against sins. So, after the yoke and staff and scarab were taken from the corridor, six *gaffirs*, or native guards, were set to watch over the tomb, and, for fear some venality should lurk even in these, an Englishman with two Americans stayed through the night, on the desert sand, watching now the semicircle of natives around them, now the ancient steps that led, between the piled-up sand and debris, down out of the starlight into darkness.

The night passed in tense speculation. There was never a sign of a thief; but for the English and American watchers hope as to what the tomb might contain was followed by fear. Of the kings buried in this valley the tombs of almost all had been discovered already. If this tomb belonged to one of the rest, was it likely, then, to have escaped the



From a photograph

GILDED MUMMY-CASE FOR THE
BODY OF TIOUA

rapacity of modern robbers? And even if the expert's comforting answer was to be trusted, might not the supposed ancient thief have carried away everything but

The gaffirs, lying on the ground, stirred, stood up, then, facing the sun, knelt on their garments, bowed their heads to the ground, and stood again, praying. On a



From a photograph

VEILED MASK FROM THE HEAD OF TIOUA

The mask is covered with gold; the eyebrows are of lapis lazuli; the inlaid necklace is of jasper, lapis lazuli, and carnelian. The veiling is of fine mummy-cloth dyed black.

the yoke, staff, and scarab dropped in the corridor?

Only daylight and exploration could settle such doubts; and the night dragged on. Little by little, however, the stars faded. One by one they disappeared. Day dawned.

sheer bare hilltop to the east an Arab figure appeared, then another; and followed by four or five more, they came down the valley. The night before, under the direction of Reis Mahommed and Ahmed Mahbut, they had already removed the rubbish

from the lower steps, and searched it for objects of value; they had taken down the wall; they had removed and searched a little pile of debris found inside. They now cleared away whatever sand was left, and by nine, when Mr. Davis arrived from his dahabiyeh, only the absence of Mr. Quibell and of M. Maspero, official head of all such explorations in Egypt, delayed



From a photograph

**"SLEDGE" FOR CANOPIC JARS CONTAINING
THE VISCERA OF IOUA**

Except for the figures, inscriptions, and ornaments of gold, the "sledge" is covered with bitumen

the final entrance into the tomb.

II

MR. QUIBELL was detained by official duties. M. Maspero, however, soon arrived. Joining Mr. Davis, the famous Frenchman who selected the site for digging went down the steps and slowly on through the rock-hewn descending corridor. It was barren. No works of funeral art strewed



From a photograph

"SLEDGE" FOR THE BODY OF IOUA

Except for the gilded figures and stripes, the whole "sledge" is covered with bitumen

the floor; and the walls, unlike those of other tombs, were bare of both carving and painting. At the end of the corridor, where a second staircase was flanked by shelves, a mere bundle of ancient onions lay on the rock. But on one of the steps a roll of papyrus met the explorers' eyes. Just beyond it they found a wall plastered with mud and sealed with the priestly seal. This alone separated them

the wall to the left stood a chair, and beyond it a gilded coffin-cover lay upside down. In it was a conventional mask that gleamed golden through dark veiling; and the mummy whose head this mask had covered lay farther off, its body partly incased in gilded openwork. Against the wall to the right leaned two "Osiris beds," flat surfaces on which seed had been sown, which, in sprouting, had outlined the figure



From a photograph.

BAGGAGE TRAIN STARTING FOR CAIRO WITH THE CONTENTS OF THE TOMB

from the tomb itself; and the top was so broken that they could peer over into what for centuries on centuries no eye had seen: a confusion of dark forms, shimmering mysteriously here and there with a touch of gold or of silver.

Squeezing their way between the wall and the rock ceiling, M. Maspero and Mr. Davis were soon in the midst of such a medley of tomb furniture that, in the glare of their lighted candles, the first effect was one of bewilderment. Gradually, however, one object after another detached itself from the shimmering mass, shining through the cool air, dust-free and golden. Against

of the god. Not far off, along the wall opposite the door, stood a row of boxes, like tiny closed sentry-boxes, each containing a statuette. In front of these rose, shoulder-high, the oblong black mass of a "sledge," the outermost case for a mummy. To the left stood a bed. Nearer again lay a silvered mummy-case; and on this, and on a mummy beyond it, the second in the tomb, a shaft of cold blue light struck down from the outer day.

By daylight, then, mingled with the light of flickering candle flames, the discoverers examined the second mummy. By candle-light alone they searched the first. Both



From a photograph

EMBROIDERY STAND

On the top of this stand, which is inlaid with ivory, are the names of Amenhotep III and Queen Tiï in gilded hieroglyphics on a blue ground



From a photograph

IMITATION VASES

These small vases are of plaster and solid, not hollow

had been plundered by the thief of long ago. First breaking one of the "sledges" and throwing mummy-cases hither and yon, he had taken from both mummies everything of intrinsic value except a plate of gold closing the aperture through which the heart of one had been removed by the embalmers. Not a jewel, and only part of

second bed, on which it now lay beside a superb gilded chair. Near by, where the floor suddenly fell one deep step to a lower level, he had thrown, among a multitude of sealed jars, half of the gilded openwork casing which had encircled one of the mummies. Near these jars again he had propped a coffin-cover against one corner



From a photograph

BLACK CHAIR

The gilded animal carving on the side represents a gazelle; the carvings on the back, also gilded, represent the god Bes between two figures of the goddess Taurt. The cushion in the chair is stuffed with feathers.

one necklace, remained of all those with which the dead must once have been bedecked. But if such trophies were lacking, others of surpassing splendor and significance still packed the tomb chamber from wall to wall. In the bottom of a mummy-case, from which the thief had moved the cover, he had left a cushion and a graceful alabaster vase. In another mummy-case he had neglected an alabaster jar and the cover of an embroidery-box which he must have carried across the chamber to a

of the tomb. Here, too, he had left a third bed and one of the most important of a finds in the tomb, a chariot, the curving front and wheel-rims of which shone through the darkness golden and scarlet.

Except for its broken pole and the partly bare spokes of its gilded wheels, this chariot was in perfect condition; with the yoke already found in the corridor and a whip soon to be discovered, it lacked nothing to be complete; and, as M. Maspero lately pointed out, it illustrated a dashing theory

of his about the ancient Egyptians' funeral rites and their views of the life after death. But significant as the chariot might be, certain aspects of the tomb itself had, for the moment, a keener—indeed, almost a tantalizing—interest. Not only were the walls wholly undecorated, but this lower level of the floor was marked with chisel gashes, suggesting that here was the beginning of a shaft. A mass of chippings piled against the step from the higher floor-level confirmed this suggestion of unfinished work. But why the work had been abandoned, and why the workmen's debris had not been removed, were problems to which the hewn rock and the chippings gave no clue. Luckily, the modern Egyptologist is a detective of varied resource. Blocked on one path, he turns to another. So M. Maspero, baffled by the tomb itself, went back to the mummies of its occupants; and, candle in hand,



From a photograph

CANOPIC JAR OF ALABASTER

This jar, ornamented with an inscription from the Book of the Dead, contains mummified viscera of one of the parents of Tii. The top of the little mummy is covered with a head of gilded metal, here seen appearing above the mouth of the jar. When the jar is closed the little head is concealed by the large head of alabaster.



From a photograph

ALABASTER VASE AND PITCHER

In the oval to the left of the inscription on the vase is the name of Amenhotep III; in the oval on the right is that of Queen Tii. The pitcher, the mouth of which was formerly covered by the torn cloth still hanging from the neck, is said to contain honey.

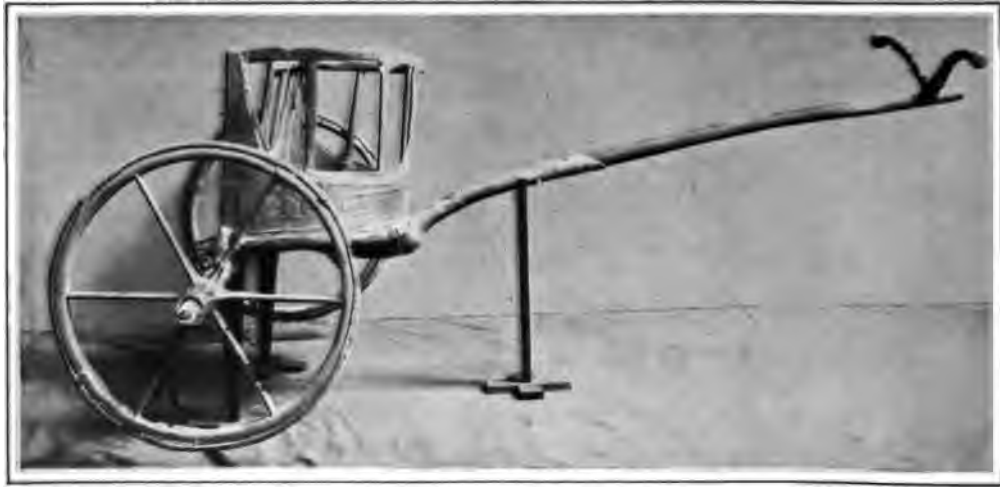
studied the hieroglyphics on their gleaming mummy-cases.

III

"Tioua," he read after a time; and after further study he went on, "Ioua, hereditary prince, chief friend among the friends of the sovereign."

Ioua and Tioua—these were the names of the dead in the tomb; and these dead, as M. Maspero therefore knew, had been the father and mother of Tii, a much-discussed queen of the eighteenth dynasty, whose changing of the national religion had once caused such uproar and violence that the burial of her parents in the sacred Valley of the Kings would have had to be hasty and secret.

The probable history of the tomb, accordingly, was clear. During a period of unrest Queen



From a photograph

CHARIOT WITH POLE AND YOKE

The open front of this chariot, which is about three and a half feet high, should be covered with a piece of stamped and gilded leather, not shown in this picture

Tii, who wished a royal burial for her father and her mother, either chose an old tomb on which work had been abandoned, or stopped work on one which was being specially hewn out. In it she had placed the mummies, with their funeral offerings, till the tomb could be reopened and finished, or its contents transferred to a fitter resting-place. Quiet times had perhaps never returned during her reign; and however that may be, the tomb had been reopened not by Queen Tii, but first by a robber, and now, at last, by modern archaeologists.

Their wish, of course, was less, like the thief's, to seize on treasure, than, like Queen Tii's, to move the funeral offerings and mummies of the dead to a place of honor and safety. The first survey over, M. Maspero and Mr. Davis left the tomb, accordingly, in charge of Mr. Quibell. With one of the Anglo-American guard of the night before, he got the necessary records in hand; and, with the same and other helpers, both English and Italian, he was soon carrying the objects in alabaster, bronze, and gilded or silvered wood cautiously out into the dazzle of Egyptian sunlight.

After such long burial, alabaster is at first curiously fragile, then firm again and strong; and gold leaf is so delicate that it may peel off at a touch. Yet alabaster and gold leaf—cloth, too, and veiling—were almost absolutely uninjured. The graceful alabaster vase, three beds, three chairs, the mummy-cases, came glowing, flashing and

glittering into the day. A box containing "canopic" jars of alabaster—jars, that is, in which the viscera of the dead are preserved; the little sentry-boxes, each of them holding a *ushapti* figure, or image of a servant for the dead; tarred objects of vague form, recognizable by archaeologists as the boxes containing mummies of ducks, legs of mutton, and other meats; seventy-two sealed jars full of fruits,—all these things and more emerged from their long burial, as fresh and dustless as when the tomb had first been closed. And as a certain alabaster pitcher appeared, a wasp came buzzing up and sipped what M. Maspero maintained was the still fluid honey poured into it more than three thousand years ago to satisfy the immortally human cravings of Ioua and Tioua.

Such munificent provisioning has hardly been surpassed, unless in the tomb of Ptahhotep at Sakkâra. There the walls are superbly carved with a pictorial bill of fare, stating how many ducks, geese, and so forth are at Ptahhotep's disposal. Of the geese, for instance, there are just five thousand and six; but as they consist of one stone goose in bas-relief, plus the hieroglyph for five thousand and six, the larder suffers the eclipse of a certain unreality when compared with these solid meats, these fruits, and this perennially fluid honey.

So a trivial onlooker might have reflected. But when the mummies of Ioua and Tioua were carried up the steps,

their faces bare to the sky, their closed eyes warmed by the sunlight, then even a hardened triviality must have failed. Dark and somewhat shrunken as they were, their look compelled awe. So living was it in its stillness, so changeless in its vitality, that death seemed only the sleep of immortality. Each face, as in life, was individual: the woman's delicate, almost wistful; the man's strong-featured and keen, with a smile of strange adroitness. And the contrast was not transient, but immutable. The essence, the very soul of each, was stamped on the body as if for eternity.

Not reverence, however, but efficiency was the need of the moment; and valiantly it was met. With important sight-seers, some of them almost royal, pressing to view the "loot," with native thieves of genius on the alert to plunder, and only two or three English and Americans to ward them off, Mr. Quibell separately and tenderly swathed and wrapped, packed firmly and boxed, Loua and Tioua, his chariot, her jewel-box, the mummy-cases of both, their larder, their beds, their chairs, and their servant-statuettes—in short, each and all of the thousand trophies with which the tomb had been crammed; and these he loaded on the backs of six camels and the shoul-

ders of one hundred and fifty men. Guarded by soldiers, they came through the winding valley of rock and sand and over stretches of fertile flatness to the Nile; always under the soldiers' oversight, they were ferried to Luxor. There the boxes, transferred to freight-cars, were closed in behind sealed doors; and so, with only a few inches of mummy-cloth stolen, they came safe with their guard to Cairo and the museum.

IV

THERE for the first time one could see at leisure the whole of a find more nearly unprecedented than even the feat of moving it safely through a land where every third native is a thief and every thief a juggler. And great was the wonder and many were the controversies which it aroused. Into these last, the sport and the dueling of archæologists, only a curiosity akin to malice could have prompted one to hurry. But some study of the treasures themselves and of their meaning was too alluring to postpone.

After the sheer mass and splendor of the whole, the importance of individual specimens was what most impressed the mind. Four of the alabaster canopic jars,



From a photograph

TRUNK OR PROVISION-BASKET

This ventilated trunk or provision-basket, which contains a tray, is made of wood and of rushes

the hard, dark blue lines of enamel eyebrows and eyelids inlaid in the gold surrounding them. The same blue inlaid with carnelian and jasper enriched a collar-like ornament like that of the veiled mask, but ending at each shoulder in a chubby little bird's head, with deep blue eyes and bill. Where the clenched hands were crossed on the breast, this color, with carnelian and jasper again, was inlaid in a bracelet-like design, emphasizing the glow of the surfaces around; and these stretched to the figure's very feet, smooth, golden, untouched with color, yet varied with delicate, very flat reliefs: first, below the breast, Osiris, kneeling with arms outstretched and wings spread beneath them; then, like the binding-cloths of a mummy, one longitudinal and three widely separated transverse bands, all curiously wrought with hieroglyphic eyes, tools, owls, and stars.

The skill through which such strange charm and splendor had been achieved showed itself also in the inlaying of enamel and of semi-precious stones in the vigorously drawn vulture of another superb mummy-case. This skill was evident again in a little embroidery-box, the surfaces of which, tinted with sky-like blue, had been



From a photograph owned by Mr. Theodore M. Davis

HEAD OF THE BED, INSIDE

partly covered with gilded plaster *las-reliefs*—among them the kneeling Osiris—framed with wood and ivory in a design whose straight brown and white lines bordered and separated alternate gay squares of bright blue and red. A more homely skill appeared in the perfection of many minute implements, models of hoes, water-buckets, and tiny yokes to carry them. Finally, with an aspect of startling modernity, this varied Egyptian skill cropped out in the build of a ventilated rush trunk and of a large blue embroidery-box, each of which was upheld not merely at the corners by legs, but at intervening points by wooden rods in the truss-like forms of a steel bridge.

This identity of forms more than three thousand years ago and to-day made time seem to shrink and shrivel; and as one turned from trunk or embroidery-box to the blue, glazed pencil of hollow earthenware from which *Tioua* may have taken paint for her toilet, or to the goose-feather pillow against which she may have leaned, or the chair on the worn arms of which *Ioua's* hands may have rested; then she and he seemed alive again, their closed eyes seemed to open, and their gaze to meet the gaze of the mind's eye.

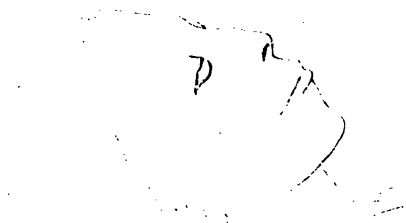
Fantastic as the impression was, it had a certain justification in one aspect of the objects which called it up. Unlike the vast majority of offerings found in Egyptian tombs, many of these were not mere models or symbols of meats, vases, beds.



From a photograph owned by Mr. Theodore M. Davis

HEAD OF THE BED, OUTSIDE

The gilded carvings here, and in the picture above, represent *Taurt*, the hippopotamus goddess, and the god *Bes*



Drawn by Joseph Lindon Smith

HEAD OF THE MUMMY OF TIOUA, THE MOTHER OF QUEEN TII

and chairs, but the things themselves. In contrast with the few small plaster models found in this tomb, the seventy-two sealed jars were hollow, real, and well filled with provisions. The vase and the honey-pitcher were equally genuine. While the charming little "Louis XVI" chair was obviously a model lightly built and covered with gilded low-reliefs in fragile and thinly gilded plaster, the "Empire" chair,¹ with its solid wooden back deeply carved with grotesque gods, was so strongly built that, in spite of light gilding, it was almost certainly real. The third chair was doubtful; but the graceful beds must all surely have

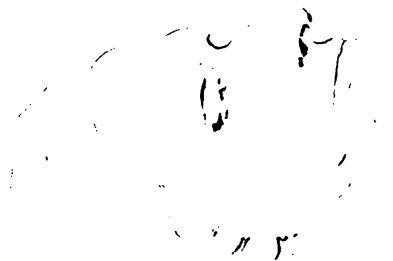
¹ On the outside of the left arm of the "Empire" chair (see page 61) are figures of the god Bes; on the inside of the right arm, maid-servants carrying rings of gold; on the inside of the back, Queen

come from a house of the living. In short, as M. Maspero put it, the find, on the whole, suggested that some store-room crowded with furniture had been emptied into the tomb.

v

TURNING at last from the find itself, what, one asked, was its meaning? What light did it shed on ancient days? What, for the future, was its promise? And though definite answers could only gradually be worked out, M. Maspero was ready with some tentative opinions.

First as to ancient funeral rites. From Tii and her daughter Set-Ammon. The inscription on the upper part of the back states that the gold with which all these figures are gilded came from south of Egypt, i. e., from Nubia.



Drawn by Joseph Lindon Smith

HEAD OF THE MUMMY OF IOUA, THE FATHER OF QUEEN TII

able, that many another princely personage might rest under its sands. A month ago only a short vista had opened before excavators in this region; for all but a few of the kings buried there had already been found. To-day the Valley of the Kings

lies open to Egyptologists, a place for discoveries perhaps even richer than this last. And in this hope the valley will be searched with a new energy and thoroughness that should receive a superb reward.



A SUMMONS HOME

BY ELEANOR H. PORTER

WITH PICTURES BY W. L. JACOBS



RS. THADDEUS CLAYTON came softly into the room and looked with apprehensive eyes upon the little old man in the rocking-chair.

"How be ye, dearie? Yer hain't wanted fer nothin', now, have ye?" she asked.

"Not a thing, Harriet," he returned cheerily. "I'm feelin' real pert, too. Was there lots there? An' did Parson Drew say a heap o' fine things?"

Mrs. Clayton dropped into a chair and pulled listlessly at the black strings of her bonnet.

"'T was a beautiful fun'ral, Thaddeus—a beautiful fun'ral. I—I 'most wished it was mine."

"Harriet!"

She gave a shamefaced laugh.

"Well, I did—then Jehiel and Hannah Jane would 'a' come, an' I could 'a' seen 'em."

The horrified look on the old man's face gave way to a broad smile.

"Oh, Harriet—Harriet!" he chuckled, "how could ye seen 'em if you was dead?"

"Huh? Well, I—Thaddeus,"—her voice rose sharply in the silent room,— "every single one of them Perkins boys was there, and Annabel, too. Only think what poor Mis' Perkins would 'a' given ter seen 'em 'fore she went! But they waited—waited,

Thaddeus, jest as everybody does till their folks is dead."

"But, Harriet," demurred the old man, "surely you 'd 'a' had them boys come ter their own mother's fun'ral!"

"Come! I 'd 'a' had 'em come before, while Ella Perkins could 'a' feasted her eyes on 'em. Thaddeus,"—Mrs. Clayton rose to her feet and stretched out two gaunt hands longingly,— "Thaddeus, I get so hungry sometimes fer Jehiel and Hannah Jane, seems as though I jest could n't stand it!"

"I know—I know, dearie," quavered the old man, vigorously polishing his glasses.

"Fifty years ago my first baby came," resumed the woman in tremulous tones; "then another came, and another, till I 'd had six. I loved 'em, an' tended 'em, an' cared fer 'em, an' did n't have a thought but was fer them babies. Four died,"—her voice broke, then went on with renewed strength,— "but I've got Jehiel and Hannah Jane left; at least, I've got two bits of paper that comes mebber once a month, an' one of 'em 's signed 'your dutiful son, Jehiel,' an' the other, 'from your loving daughter, Hannah Jane.'"

"Well, Harriet, they—they 're pretty good ter write letters," ventured Mr. Clayton.

"Letters!" wailed his wife. "I can't hug an' kiss letters, though I try to, some-



Drawn by W. L. Jacobs. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"THADDEUS, I GET SO HUNGRY SOMETIMES FER JEHIEL AND HANNAH JANE"

times. I want warm flesh an' blood in my arms, Thaddeus; I want ter look down into Jehiel's blue eyes an' hear him call me 'dear old mumsey!' as he used to. I would n't ask 'em ter stay—I ain't unreasonable, Thaddeus. I know they can't do that."

"Well, well, wife, mebbe they 'll come—mebbe they 'll come this summer; who knows?"

She shook her head dismally.

"You 've said that ev'ry year for the last fifteen summers, an' they hain't come yet. Jehiel went West more than twenty years ago, an' he 's never been home since.

Why, Thaddeus, we 've got a grandson 'most eighteen, that we hain't even seen! Hannah Jane 's been home jest once since she was married, but that was nigh on ter sixteen years ago. She 's always writin' of her Tommy and Nellie, but—I want ter see 'em, Thaddeus; I want ter see 'em!"

"Yes, yes; well, we 'll ask 'em, Harriet, again--we 'll ask 'em real urgent-like, an' mebbe that 'll fetch 'em," comforted the old man. "We 'll ask 'em ter be here the Fourth; that 's eight weeks off yet, an' I shall be real smart by then."

Two letters that were certainly "urgent-like" left the New England farm-house the



Drawn by W. L. Good - Half tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"'JEHIEL' HANNAH JANE! I'M HERE, RIGHT HERE - ALIVE!"

next morning. One was addressed to a thriving Western city, the other to Chattanooga, Tennessee.

In course of time the answers came. Hannah Jane's appeared first, and was opened with shaking fingers.

"DEAR MOTHER [read Mrs. Clayton aloud]: Your letter came two or three days ago, and I have hurried round to answer it, for you seemed to be so anxious to hear. I'm real sorry, but I don't see how we can get away this summer. Nathan is real busy in the store, and, some way, I can't seem to get up energy enough to even think of fixing up the children to take them so far. Thank you for the invitation, though, and we should enjoy the visit very much; but I guess we can't go just yet. Of course if anything serious should come up that made it necessary—why, that would be different; but I know you are sensible, and will understand how it is with us.

"Nathan is well, but business has been pretty brisk, and he is in the store early and late. As long as he's making money, he don't mind; but I tell him I think he might rest a little sometimes, and let some one else do the things he does.

"Tom is a big boy now, smart in his studies and with a good head for figures. Nellie loves her books, too; and, for a little girl of eleven, does pretty well, we think.

"I must close now. We all send love, and hope you are getting along all right. Was glad to hear father was gaining so fast.

"Your loving daughter,
"Hannah Jane."

The letter dropped from Mrs. Clayton's fingers and lay unheeded on the floor. The woman covered her face with her hands and rocked her body back and forth.

"There, there, dearie," soothed the old man, huskily; "mebbe Jehiel's will be different. I should n't wonder, now, if Jehiel would come. There, there! don't take on so, Harriet! don't! I jest know Jehiel 'll come."

A week later Mrs. Clayton found another letter in the rural delivery box. She clutched it nervously, peered at the writing with her dim old eyes, and hurried into the house for her glasses.

Yes, it was from Jehiel.

She drew a long breath. Her eager thumb was almost under the flap of the envelop when she hesitated, eyed the letter uncertainly, and thrust it into the pocket of her calico gown. All day it lay there, save at the times—which, indeed, were of frequent occurrence—when she took it

from its hiding-place, pressed it to her cheek, or gloried in every curve of the boldly written address.

At night, after the lamp was lighted, she said to her husband in tones so low he could scarcely hear:

"Thaddeus, I—I had a letter from Jehiel to-day."

"You did—and never told me? Why, Harriet, what—" He paused helplessly.

"I—I have n't read it, 'Thaddeus," she stammered. "I could n't bear to, some-way. I don't know why, but I could n't. You read it!" She held out the letter with shaking hands.

He took it, giving her a sharp glance from anxious eyes. As he began to read aloud she checked him.

"No; ter yerself, Thaddeus—ter yerself! Then—tell me."

As he read she watched his face. The light died from her eyes and her chin quivered as she saw the stern lines deepen around his mouth. A minute more, and he had finished the letter and laid it down without a word.

"Thaddeus, yer don't mean—he did n't say—"

"Read it—I—I can't," choked the old man.

She reached slowly for the sheet of paper and spread it on the table before her.

"DEAR MOTHER [Jehiel had written]: Just a word to tell you we are all O. K. and doing finely. Your letter reminded me that it was about time I was writing home to the old folks. I don't mean to let so many weeks go by without a letter from me, but somehow the time just gets away from me before I know it.

"Minnie is well and deep in spring sewing and house-cleaning. I know—because dress-maker's bills are beginning to come in, and every time I go home I find a carpet up in a new place!

"Our boy Fred is eighteen to-morrow. You'd be proud of him, I know, if you could see him. Business is rushing. Glad to hear you're all right and that father's rheumatism is on the gain."

"As ever, your affectionate and dutiful son,
"Jehiel."

"Oh, by the way—about that visit East. I reckon we'll have to call it off this year. Too bad; but can't seem to see my way clear.

"By-by, "J."

Harriet Clayton did not cry this time. She stared at the letter long minutes with

wide-open, tearless eyes, then she slowly folded it and put it back in its envelop.

"Harriet, mebbe—" began the old man, timidly.

"Don't, Thaddeus—please don't!" she interrupted. "I—I don't want ter talk." And she rose unsteadily to her feet and moved toward the kitchen door.

For a time Mrs. Clayton went about her work in a silence quite unusual, while her husband watched her with troubled eyes. His heart grieved over the bowed head and drooping shoulders, and over the blurred eyes that were so often surreptitiously wiped on a corner of the gingham apron. But at the end of a week the little woman accosted him with a face full of aggressive yet anxious determination.

"Thaddeus, I want ter speak ter you about somethin'. I've been thinkin' it all out, an' I've decided that I've got ter kill one of us off."

"Harriet!"

"Well, I have. A fun'ral is the only thing that will fetch Jehiel and—"

"Harriet, are ye crazy? Have ye gone clean mad?"

She looked at him appealingly.

"Now, Thaddeus, don't try ter hender me, please. You see it's the only way. A fun'ral is the—"

"A 'fun'ral'—it's murder!" he shuddered.

"Oh, not ter make believe, as I shall," she protested eagerly. "It's—"

"Make believe!"

"Why, yes, of course. You'll have ter be the one ter do it, 'cause I'm goin' ter be the dead one, an'—"

"Harriet!"

"There, there, *please*, Thaddeus! I've jest got ter see Jehiel and Hannah Jane 'fore I die!"

"But they—they'll come if—"

"No, they won't come. We've tried it over an' over again; you know we have. Hannah Jane herself said that if anythin' 'serious' came up it would be diff'rent. Well, I'm goin' ter have somethin' 'serious' come up!"

"But, Harriet—"

"Now, Thaddeus," begged the woman, almost crying, "you must help me, dear. I've thought it all out, an' it's easy as can be. I sha'n't tell any lies, of course. I cut my finger to-day, did n't I?"

"Why—yes—I believe so," he acknow-

ledged dazedly: "but what has that to do—"

"That 's the 'accident,' Thaddeus. You're ter send two telegrams at once—one ter Jehiel, an' one ter Hannah Jane. The telegrams will say: 'Accident to your mother. Funeral Saturday afternoon. Come at once.' That 's jest ten words."

The old man gasped. He could not speak.

"Now, that 's all true, ain't it?" she asked anxiously. "The 'accident' is this cut. The 'fun'ral' is old Mis' Wentworth's. I heard ter-day that they could n't have it until Saturday, so that 'll give us plenty of time ter get the folks here. I need n't say whose fun'ral it is that 's goin' ter be on Saturday. Thaddeus! I want yer ter hitch up an' drive over ter Hopkinsville ter send the telegrams. The man's new there, an' won't know yer. You could n't send 'em from here, of course."

Thaddeus Clayton never knew just how he allowed himself to be persuaded to take his part in this "crazy scheme," as he termed it, but persuaded he certainly was.

It was a miserable time for Thaddeus then. First there was that hurried drive to Hopkinsville. Though the day was warm, he fairly shivered as he handed those two fateful telegrams to the man behind the counter. Then there was the homeward trip, during which, like the guilty thing he was, he cast furtive glances from side to side.

Even home itself came to be a misery, for the sweeping and the dusting and the baking and the brewing which he encountered there left him no place to call his own, so that he lost his patience at last and moaned:

"Seems ter me, Harriet, you're a pretty lively corpse!"

His wife smiled, and flushed a little.

"There, there, dear! don't fret. Jest think how glad we'll be ter see 'em!" she exclaimed.

Harriet was blissfully happy. Both the children had promptly responded to the telegrams, and were now upon their way. Hannah Jane, with her husband and two children, were expected on Friday evening; but Jehiel and his wife and boy could not possibly get in until early on the following morning.

All this brought scant joy to Thaddeus.

There was always hanging over him the dread horror of what he had done, and the fearful questioning as to how it was all going to end.

Friday came, but a telegram at the last moment told of trains delayed and connections missed. Hannah Jane would not reach home until nine-forty the next morning. So it was with a four-seated carryall that Thaddeus Clayton started for the station on Saturday morning to meet both of his children and their families.

The ride home was a silent one; but once inside the house, Jehiel and Hannah Jane, amid a storm of sobs and cries, besieged their father with questions.

The family were all in the darkened sitting-room—all, indeed, save Harriet, who sat in solitary state in the chamber above, her face pale and her heart beating almost to suffocation. It had been arranged that she was not to be seen until some sort of an explanation had been given.

"Father, what was it?" sobbed Hannah Jane. "How did it happen?"

"It must have been so sudden," faltered Jehiel. "It cut me up completely."

"I can't ever forgive myself," moaned Hannah Jane, hysterically. "She wanted us to come East, and I would n't. 'T was my selfishness—'t was easier to stay where I was; and now—now—"

"We 've been brutes, father," cut in Jehiel, with a shake in his voice; "all of us. I never thought—I never dreamed—Father, can—can we see—her?"

In the chamber above a woman sprang to her feet. Harriet had quite forgotten the stove-pipe hole to the room below, and every sob and moan and wailing cry had been woefully distinct to her ears. With streaming eyes and quivering lips she hurried down the stairs and threw open the sitting-room door.

"Jehiel! Hannah Jane! I'm here, right here—alive!" she cried. "An' I've been a wicked, wicked woman! I never thought how bad 't was goin' ter make *you* feel. I truly never, never did. 'T was only myself—I wanted yer so. Oh, children, children, I've been so wicked—so awful wicked!"

Jehiel and Hannah Jane were steady of head and strong of heart, and joy, it is said, never kills; otherwise, the results of that sudden apparition in the sitting-room doorway might have been disastrous.

As it was, a wonderfully happy family party gathered around the table an hour later; and as Jehiel led a tremulous, gray-haired woman to the seat of honor, he looked into her shining eyes and whispered:

"Dear old mumsey, now that we 've found the way home again, I reckon we 'll be coming every year—don't you?"



Drawn by W. L. Jacobs. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"FIRST THERE WAS THAT HURRIED DRIVE TO HOPKINSVILLE"

WITH WALT WHITMAN IN CAMDEN

MR. HORACE TRAUBEL, one of Walt Whitman's literary executors, for some time kept daily record of the poet's conversation in his later years. From the manuscript we quote the following paragraphs and letters. They give pleasant glimpses of the old poet's last days, with occasional looks backward.—THE EDITOR.

April 15, 1888. Later at Harned's. No strangers present. "With each month that passes I feel more and more uncertain on my pins." "But you don't worry about the pins as long as you are all right at the top?" "I don't worry either way. But I guess I am all right at the top—at least as near right as Walt Whitman ever was. You know how crazy I have always been to some people." He talked with us a long time. "When I got up Monday morning last I had three sets of verses in hand. I sent one to the 'Herald,' one to the CENTURY, and one to the '——.' The CENTURY folks sent me a check at once. The piece sent to the 'Herald' was used according to our standing arrangement. The '——' editor rejected me. He wrote a note saying the poem did not attract him—he suggested that I should submit other matter." The poem refused was "To get the final lilt of songs."

April 16, 1888. Speaking of the "strain of American life," W. declared that "every man is trying to outdo every other man—giving up modesty, giving up honesty, giving up generosity, to do it: creating a war, every man against every man: the whole wretched business falsely keyed by money-ideals, money-politics, money-religions, money-men."

April 22, 1888. I took W. a volume of Goethe-Carlyle correspondence. "This Goethe-Carlyle business seems to have been an affair of respect rather than of love. It was not beautiful to me, like Goethe's love for Schiller, like Schiller's love for Goethe." I said: "You never seem to enter into such literary companionships." "No—I do not: they are hardly possible to me: I do not seek them. I do not value literature as a profession.

I feel about literature what Grant did about war. He hated war. I hate literature. I am not a literary West Pointer: I do not love a literary man as a literary man, as a minister of a pulpit loves other ministers because they are ministers: it is a means to an end, that is all there is to it: I never attribute any other significance to it. Even Goethe and Schiller—exalted men, both, very, very—were a little touched by the professional consciousness." "Then you do not accept the notion of art for art's sake?" "Not a bit of it—that would be absurd on the face: the phrase seems to me to mean nothing. Take Tolstoi: there are things about him that do not attract me—some that are even offensive—his asceticism, for instance—and yet Tolstoi comes to about the right amount: he counts up to a high figure."

April 25, 1888. Some anarchist was in to see W. to-day. Whitman did not know his name. "He was a stranger to me—a Russian, I think: clean, earnest, with a beautiful face—but too insistent: he would have me, whether I would or would not, say yes to his political, or revolutionary, program. We had no quarrel—I only made it plain to him that I was not to be impressed into that sort of service. Everybody comes here demanding indorsements: indorse this, indorse that: each man thinks I am radical his way: I suppose I am radical his way, but I am not radical his way alone. Socialists, single-tax men, communists, rebels of every sort and all sorts, come here. I don't say they should n't come—that it's unreasonable for them to come: the 'Leaves' is responsible for them, and for more than them. But I am not economically informed; I do not see the fine—

even the coarse—points of difference between the contestants. I said to the Russian to-day: 'Don't ask me for too many definitions. Be satisfied with my general

was more patient, was more willing to wait their talk out."

May 3, 1888. W. said: "My taste has been modeled on another theory—in the

Harrington,
Frankwater,
Isle of Wight.

Dear old man,

I the elder old man have received your Article in the Critic, & send you in return my thanks & New-Year's greeting on the wings of this East-wind, which, I trust, is blowing softlie & warmlie on your good gray head then here, where it is rocking the elms & ilexes of my Isle of Wight garden.

Yours always
Tennyson

Jan^y. 15th

1887

LETTER FROM LORD TENNYSON TO WALT WHITMAN, GIVEN BY
THE LATTER TO MR. TRAUBEL

assurance. My heart is with all you rebels—all of you, to-day, always, wherever: your flag is my flag. Why should you want me to give you more?' The fellow was sensible—said he had learned a thing or two—and went away. I think Emerson was sweeter with such men than I am—

school of Scott, of Cooper, of some others of the older writers. How much I am indebted to Scott no one can tell—I could n't tell it myself—but it has permeated me through and through. If you could reduce the 'Leaves' to their elements, you would see Scott unmistakably

active at the roots. I remember the 'Tales of My Landlord,' 'Ivanhoe,' 'The Fortunes of Nigel'—yes, and 'Kenilworth'—its great pageantry; then there's 'The Heart of Midlothian,' which I have read a dozen

times. Is all this old-fashioned? I am not sworn to the old things—not at all—that is, not to old things at the expense of new; but some of the oldest things are the newest. I should not refuse to see and

It will give me real
 pleasure to make your
 acquaintance long here.
 I think, one of the first to
 welcome you into our great
 old world literature...

I am
 very truly
 Yours
 Wm. Houghton

NOTE FROM LORD HOUGHTON TO WALT WHITMAN

"It will give me real pleasure to make your acquaintance, having been, I think, one of the first to welcome you into our great old world literature."

times and more. I might say just about the same thing about Cooper, too. He has written books which will survive into the farthest future. Try to think of literature, of the world, of boys, to-day, without 'Natty Bumppo,' 'The Spy,' 'The Red Rover'—O 'The Red Rover'! it used to stir me up clarion-like. I read it many

welcome any one who came to violate the precedents—on the contrary, I am looking about for just such men; but a lot of the fresh things are not new—they are only repetitions, after all: they do not seem to take life forward, but to take it back. I look for the things that take life forward—the new things, the old things, that take

life forward. Scott, Cooper, such men, always, perpetually, as a matter of course, always take life forward—take each new generation forward.”

May 6, 1888. W. said: “I believe in immortality, and by that I mean *identity*. I know I have arrived at this result more by what may be called feeling than formal reason—but I believe it: yes, I know it. I am easily put to flight, I assure you, when attacked, but I return to the faith, inevitably—believe it, and stick to it, to the end. Emerson somewhere speaks of encountering irresistible logic and yet standing fast to his conviction. There is judgment back of judgment—defeat only seems like defeat: there is a fierce fight: the smoke is gone—your enemies are nowhere to be seen—you are placidly victorious, after all—the finish of the day is yours. Logic does very little for me: my enemies say it, meaning one thing—I say it, meaning another thing.”

May 7, 1888. W. spoke of material successes in civilization. “What do they show? Not necessarily much: we make a big noise about the things we have done, accumulated—what we can do and will do: with some of this I have some sympathy: but, after all, the main question is, what is all this doing for the men, women, children of America? The goods are worthless alone: they might demonstrate failure as well as success. Do you think goods can succeed and men can fail? They must succeed or fail together—they are damned or saved together. Against the things we call successes I see other, counter, tendencies working—an increased indisposition of certain classes to do the honest labor of the world, and the solidification of the money powers against the fraternity of the masses. Either one of these might, both of them are sure, to ruin the republic if nothing appears to contravene them.” . . .

Whitman handed me an envelop marked as follows—“Sent about Aug 15 or 16 '63—letter to S B Haskell Breeseport Chemung Co N Y”—and said: “I promised to give you some sample memoranda about the hospitals. Here is a letter—the draft of a letter—I sent to the parents of a boy who died. It was a pitiful, though after all only a specimen, case: they died all about us there just about in the same way—noble, sturdy,

loyal boys. I always kept an outward calm in going among them—I had to, it was necessary, I would have been useless if I had n't—but no one could tell what I felt underneath it all—how hard it was for me to keep down the fierce flood that always seemed threatening to break loose.” I read the letter. I must have shown I was much moved. W. said gently: “I see that you understand it. Well, I understand it, too. I know what you feel in reading it, because I know what I felt in writing it. When such emotions are honest they are easily passed along.” I asked W.: “Do you go back to those days?” “I do not need to. I have never left them. They are here, now, while we are talking together—real, terrible, beautiful days!” W. was in a very quiet mood. “Kiss me good-night!” he said. I left. The Haskell letter was this:

Washington August 10 1863.

MR. & MRS. HASKELL,

Dear Friends I thought it would be soothing to you to have a few lines about the last days of your son Erastus Haskell, of Company K 141st N Y Vol—I write in haste, but I have no doubt anything about Erastus will be welcome.

From the time he came into Armory Square Hosp until he died there was hardly a day but I was with him a portion of the time—if not in the day then at night—I am merely a friend visiting the wounded and sick soldiers). From almost the first I felt somehow that Erastus was in danger, or at least was much worse than they supposed in the hospital. As he made no complaint they thought him nothing so bad. I told the doctor of the ward over and over again he was a very sick boy, but he took it lightly, and said he would certainly recover; he said, “I know more about these fever cases than you do—he looks very sick to you, but I shall bring him out all right”—Probably the doctor did his best—at any rate about a week before Erastus died he got really alarmed, and after that he and all the doctors tried to help him but it was too late. Very possibly it would not have made any difference. I think he was broken down before he came to hospital here—I believe he came here about July 11th—I took to him. He was a quiet young man, behaved always so correct and decent, said little—I used to sit on the side of his bed—I said once, jokingly, “You don't talk much, Erastus; you leave me to do all the talking.” He only answered quietly, “I was never much of a talker”—The doctor wished every one to cheer him up very lively—I was always pleasant and cheer-

ful with him, but never tried to be lively. Only I tried once to tell him amusing narratives &c but after I had talked a few minutes I saw that the effect was not good, and after that I never tried it again—I used to sit by the side of his bed generally silent, he was oppressed for breath and with the heat, and I would fan him—occasionally he would want a drink—some days he dozed a good deal—sometimes when I would come in he woke up, and I would lean down and kiss him, he would reach out his hand and pat my hair and beard as I sat on the bed and leaned over him—it was painful to see the working in his throat to breathe.

They tried to keep him up by giving him stimulants, wine &c—these affected him and he wandered a good deal of the time—I would say, “Erastus, don’t you remember me—don’t you remember my name, dear son?” Once he looked at me quite a while when I asked him, he mentioned over a name or two, (one sounded like Mr. Satchell)—and then he said, sadly, quite slow, as if to himself, “I don’t remember,—I don’t remember,—I don’t remember.” It was quite pitiful—One thing was he could not talk very comfortably at any time, his throat and chest were bad—I have no doubt he had some complaint besides the typhoid. In my limited talks with him he told me about his brothers and sisters, and his parents, wished me to write to them and send them all his love—I think he told me about his brothers being away, living in New York city or elsewhere. From what he told me I take it that he had been poorly for several months before he came. The first week in July I think he told me he was at the regimental hospital, at a place called Baltimore Corners, down not very many miles from White House, on the Peninsula. For quite a long time previous, although he kept around, he was not well—did n’t do much—was in the band as a fifer—while he lay sick here he had the fife on the little stand by his cot,—he once told me that if he got well he would play me a tune on it, “but,” he says, “I am not much of a player yet”—

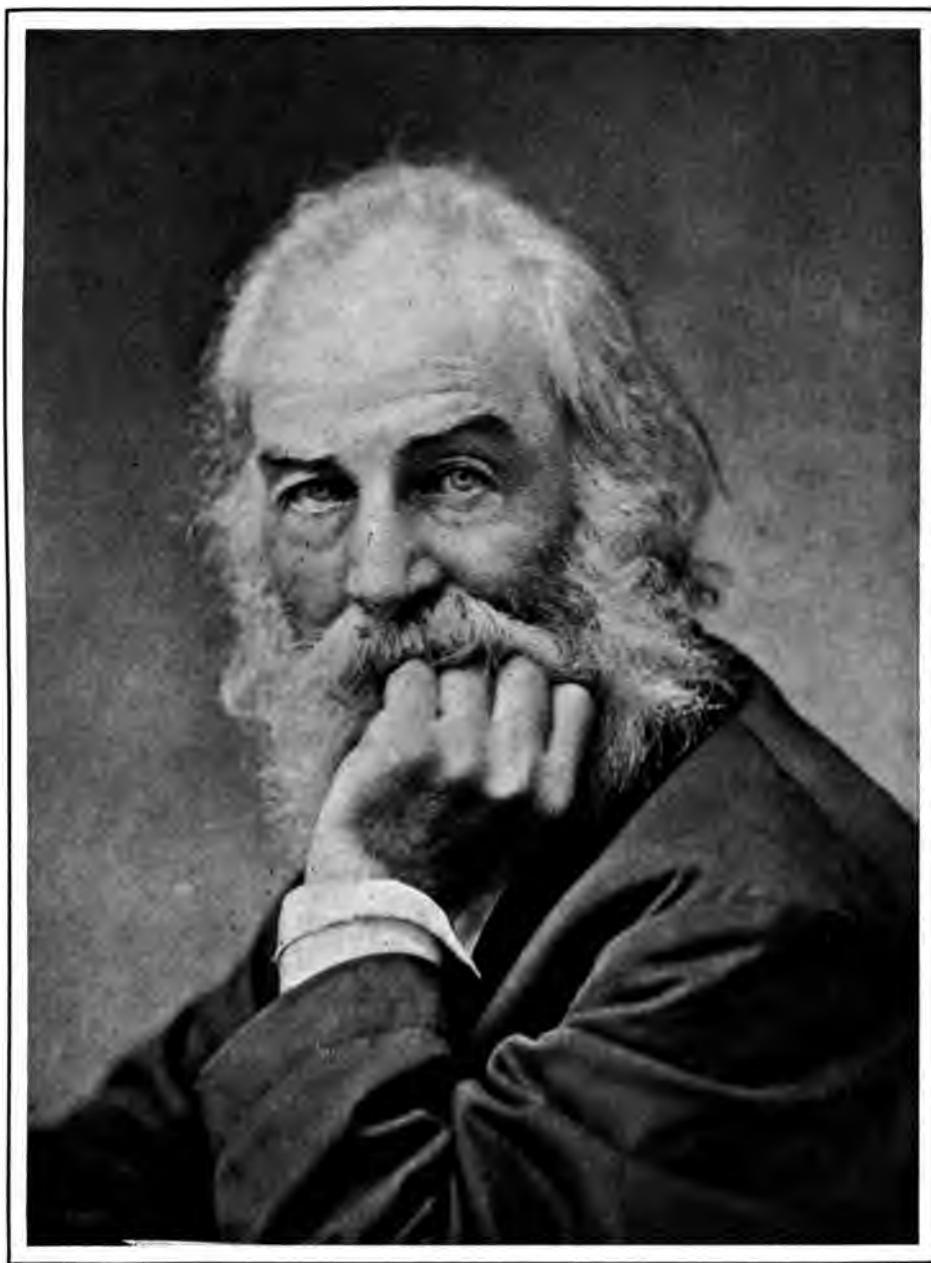
I was very anxious he should be saved and so were they all—he was well used by attendants—he was tanned and looked well in the face when he came, was in pretty good flesh, never complained, behaved manly and proper—I assure you I was attracted to him very much.—Some nights I sat by his cot till far in the night, the lights would be put out and I sat there silently hour after hour—he seemed to like to have me sit there, but he never cared much to talk—I shall never forget those nights, in the dark hospital, it was a curious and solemn scene, the sick and wounded lying all around, and this dear young man close by me, lying on what proved to be his death-bed. I do not know his past life, but what I saw

and know of he behaved like a noble boy. I feel if I could have seen him under right circumstances of health &c I should have got much attached to him—he made no display or talk—he met his fate like a man—I think you have reason to be proud of such a son and all his relatives have cause to treasure his memory. He is one of the thousands of our unknown American young men in the ranks about whom there is no record or fame, no fuss made about their dying unknown but who are the real precious and royal ones of this land, giving up, aye even their young and precious lives, in the country’s cause. Poor dear son, though you were not my son, I felt to love you as a son, what short time I saw you, sick and dying there.—But it is well as it is—perhaps better. Who knows whether he is not far better off, that patient and sweet young soul, to go, than we are to stay? Farewell, dear boy,—it was my opportunity to be with you in your last days,—I had no chance to do much for you, nothing could be done—only you did not lay there among strangers without having one near who loved you dearly, and to whom you gave your dying kiss.

Mr. & Mrs. Haskell, I have thus written rapidly whatever came up, about Erastus, and must now close. Though we are strangers, and shall probably never see each other, I send you and all Erastus’ brothers and sisters my love.

I live when at home in Brooklyn, New York, in Portland Avenue, 4th door north of Myrtle.

May 12, 1888. By ———’s Boston “Herald” letter it would look as though W. had recited lines from his own poems on the occasion of her visit. W. demurred positively. “There was nothing at all like that: I never do quote, repeat lines—indeed, could not do it even if I wished to: I remember very few things out of the mass I have written—I could repeat but very few complete lines. Any one of you fellows knows more about my book than I do myself. I wrote the book—why should I be expected to remember it? The best people will tell you I ought to forget it as fast as I can. Anyway, I am not a reciter. Every now and then some woman or man comes in here and chats a while with me—doing most of the chatting themselves, most of them—and then go off and picture me as standing out in the middle of the room and spouting my own poetry. I am not a poetic acrobat—not in the least. When the visitors come—you see lots of ’em yourself—I sit very still and try to be good—don’t I? But they



From a photograph by Spier. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

WALT WHITMAN

cathedrals, especially those down in Rome—in St. Peter's. It is grand, grand—O how grand! Yet it has one defect: it lacks simplicity—it has allowed too much to the environment. I could tell you of a wonderful counter-experience—of an incident in which all the elements were simpler—were more directly related to life. It was in Washington, during the war, in one of the wards of a hospital—a poor room, with cheaper furniture than this you see in my parlor, which is poor enough: a three-legged stool for an altar-piece—no light but the light of a candle: then a priest came and administered the sacrament to a poor soldier. The room was spare, blank—no furnishings: the hearers in the other beds seemed altogether incredulous or else altogether convinced: there was an element of quackery, humbuggery, in the whole performance: no one among the observers except me was respectful. I stood aside and watched, aroused in places to sympathy, though mainly impressed by the spectacular features of the event—by its human emotional features. All of it was

done solemnly, without noise—done in a way to appeal to your sense of right weight and measure—proportion, proportion. It is necessary for you to know with what sort of emphasis such an incident affected me if you want to get a just perception of my esthetics. No magnificent cathedral could quite so well have rounded up my simple picture. I remember another scene—a regiment, once made up of a thousand or twelve hundred men, returned from the war—from the battles, sieges, skirmishings, halts, marches, goings on—coming into Washington, perhaps on an errand only, for provisioning—God knows what: only there on duty for a day or more: now reduced from its proud twelve hundred to its humble one or two hundred men, trailing in, as it may be said, what remained of it, with their colors in rags and their faces emaciated, worn, but with their hearts true. Don't that beat a cathedral picture? I think it does—God! it does, it does! It makes your heart bleed. Then you worship—get down on your real knees."

After a brief pause W. went on: "I



From a photograph owned by Mrs. Talcott Williams

PORTRAIT OF WALT WHITMAN IN HIS CAMDEN HOME

have seen the preparations for the great dinners of state at Washington—then the sumptuous fare: the swell military grantees, the political fol-de-rol, the brilliant good to eat, in a house that was perfectly plain, telling their stories—stories of things done and missed being done, stories of heroism and cowardice, stories of mean-



From a photograph. Copyright, 1887, by George C. Cox. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

WALT WHITMAN IN 1887

lights—social form and superficial manners: it is all very staggering in a hollow sort of way. But I have seen something more convincing than that—a simple group of half a dozen veterans gathered about a plain board table, with plenty and

ness and generosity—stories, yes, of death, of suffering, of sacrifice: all told so quietly, too, with no feathers, no tufts, no one wanting to call special attention to himself—everything being kept on a level lower than false ostentation, higher than

false humility. Don't you think that, too, beats the cathedral picture? I do—I do!"

After ruminating: "I may have written these pictures in words somewhere: have I? at any rate, they show what I mean. You know, Horace, I don't object to the refinements—to finger-bowls, to napkins, to fresh linen, to glassware, to costly china, to laces—I don't object to them: I only ask them some questions. I ask them why they think they are of equal importance with human affection—with what is directly and irrefragably the initialing root of the social organism. And as to the priesthood—well, I have nothing against the priesthood except my general objection to any class as a class. The priests—Protestant, Catholic, secular, I don't care which—don't study man as though they were themselves men, but as though they were themselves priests. Now, I never object to a man—any kind of a man—but I object to a priest—any kind of a priest. The instant a priest becomes a man I am on his side—I no longer oppose him."

May 15, 1888. . . . Brinton had said to W.: "You give us no consistent philosophy." W. replied: "I guess I don't—I should not desire to do so." I put in: "Plenty of philosophy, but not *a* philosophy." To which W. answered: "That's better—that's more the idea." W. again: "Stedman thinks I should be happy to have my Lincoln poem classed with Lowell's ode. I am happy, of course—am bound to be happy—but not for the reason Stedman cites, I can assure you: and yet I do not myself consider the Lincoln poem the best of them." . . .

Referring to "Passage to India": "There's more of me, the essential ultimate me, in that than in any of the poems. There is no philosophy, consistent or inconsistent, in that poem—there Brinton would be right—but the burden of it is evolution—the one thing escaping the other—the unfolding of cosmic purposes." . . .

Again: "I have something of Shelley's distaste for history—so much of it is cruel, so much of it is lie. I am waiting for the historians who will tell the truth about the people—about the nobility of the people: the essential soundness of the common man. There are always—there have been always—a thousand good deeds that we say nothing about for every bad deed that we fuss over. Think of the things in every-

day life—we see them everywhere—that never are exploited in print. Nobody hunts them up—nobody puts them into a story. But let one base thing happen and all the reporters of all the papers are on the spot in a moment. That don't seem to give goodness a fair deal—though I don't know: maybe goodness don't need a fair deal—maybe goodness gets along on its own account without the 'historian.'" Harned asked: "Have you ever had any experiences to shake your faith in humanity?" "Never! Never! I trust humanity: its instincts are in the main right: it goes false, it goes true, to its interests, but in the long run it makes advances. Humanity always has to provide for the present moment as well as for the future: that is a tangle, however you look at it. Why wonder, then, that humanity falls down every now and then? There's one thing we have to remember—that the race is not free (free of its own ignorance)—is hardly in a position to do the best for itself: when we get a real democracy, as we will by and by, this humanity will have its chance—give a fuller report of itself."

May 16, 1888. W. again: "There was a kind of labor agitator here to-day—a socialist, or something like that: young, a rather beautiful boy—full of enthusiasms: the finest type of the man in earnest about himself and about life. I was sorry to see him come: I am somehow afraid of agitators, though I believe in agitation: but I was more sorry to see him go than come. Some people are so much sunlight to the square inch. I am still bathing in the cheer he radiated. O he was a beautiful, beautiful boy!" "What was his name? Where did he come from?" "I could not catch the name—he was from the West. He said he just came in to say, 'How d'ye do,' and go again: that he was sure 'Leaves of Grass' would do more for the new dispensation than anything else he knew. I don't see how anything could do more for the new dispensation than such a boy himself. Horace—he had your blue eyes: there was a flavor of the German in him: he said he was the son of an emigrant. Well—you might crowd this room with emperors and they would only be in the way, but that boy—O he was a beautiful boy—a wonderful day-beam: I shall probably never see his face again—yet he left something here with me that I can never

quite lose. Cheer! cheer! Is there anything better in this world anywhere than cheer—just cheer? Any religion better?—any art? Just cheer!"

I give Mrs. Harper twenty dollars (20).
 I give Mrs. Nancy Whitman, my brother's widow, fifty dollars (50).
 I give to the orphan of my writing my name
 Walt Whitman
 In testimony of the following witnesses present
 Mary O Davis., Nathan M. Barker

THE CONCLUSION OF WALT WHITMAN'S DISCARDED WILL

hoggish, cheating, bedbug qualities, but also the spiritual—the noble—the high-born." Harned said: "Democracy, while abstractly right, is a hard doctrine to practise." W. shook his head. "I do not find it so." H.: "But you are rather an exceptional man." W. would not have that. "That is not the explanation, Tom. Democracy is the thing for us—for America: that's what we're here for—individuals, all of us: yes, and these States. America will not dare to be false to its promised democracy. We're heaping up money here in a few hands at a great rate—but our men? What's becoming of our men in the meantime? We can lose all the money and start again—but if we lose the *men*? Well, that would be disaster. But I have no fears. We will have our troubles getting on, but the end, the victory, is sure. I should feel like warning the moneyed powers in America that threaten to stand in the way: history will deal in a very drastic way with opposition like that, should it become too stubborn." I related a couple of recent night experiences in the street. W. said: "That all goes to corroborate my argument—it proves my own experience—my own excursions everywhere among what were called the common people, even in the rather notoriously criminal circles. You have heard what Horace says, Tom? He goes everywhere—he has never had any sort of encounter with anybody. That was exactly my case. It is the respect men pay to a young man who goes quietly about without the spirit of bravado: observing, sharing, absorbing the general life. I must insist upon the masses, Tom—they are our best, they are preservative: I insist upon their integrity as a whole—not, of course, denying or excusing what is bad. Arnold is all wrong on that point: it is good, not bad, that is common. The older I grow the more I am confirmed in what I have done—in my earliest faith—the more I am confirmed in my optimism, my democracy."

May 22, 1888. W. alluded to Carlyle as "that terrible fellow—that terrible octopus, who kept forever growling out to us that we were all going wrong here in America—all the democrats—all the radicals: all going after a mistake—a delusion: all, all: going only to come back. Well, I am holding myself under restraint; as they

May 18, 1888. Discussed good and bad in men. Harned seemed to be in a skeptical mood. W. protested: "He's got it all, Tom,—not only the cruel, beastly,

say out West, I 'hold my horses': perhaps that best expresses me—radicalism plus philosophy. Tennyson is constantly saying the same things with regard to us—bringing us up against our conceit, perhaps: he seems to have no faith in our democracy. My leanings are all toward the radicals: but I am not in any proper sense of the word a *révolutionnaire*: I am an evolutionist, and not in the first place a *révolutionnaire*."

May 23, 1888. W. gave me what he called a "document" to go among my "war records"—the rough draft of a letter written by him (marked on the envelop, "sent Oct 1 1863") to W. S. Davis, Worcester, Massachusetts. "It will help along some other memoranda you have—give you some more material. I clean house from time to time: save you the bits, hunt them, that I think will be of service to you—service or interest. The rest (the most of things) go into the fire." He laughed quietly: "I know you are jealous of that fire," he added. "Well—that stuff is trash, notwithstanding your appetite: I know best what it is: trash, trash, trash." This is the Davis letter, which I stopped right where we were to read.

The noble gift of your brother Joseph P. Davis of \$20 for the aid of the wounded, sick, dying soldiers here came safe to hand—it is being sacredly distributed to them—part of it has been so already—I may another time give you special cases—I go every day or night in the hospitals a few hours—As to physical comforts, I attempt to have some—generally a lot of—something harmless and not too expensive to go round to each man, even if it is nothing but a good home-made biscuit to each man—or a couple of spoonfuls of blackberry preserve—I take a ward or two of an evening and two more next evening &c—as an addition to his supper—sometimes one thing, sometimes another, (judgment of course has to be carefully used)—then after such general round I fall back upon the main thing, after all, the special cases, alas too common—those that need some special attention, some little delicacy, some trifle—very often far above all else, soothing kindness wanted—personal magnetism—poor boys, their sick hearts and wearied and exhausted bodies hunger for the sustenance of love or their deprest spirits must be cheered up—I find often young men, some hardly more than children in age yet—so good, so sweet, so brave, so decorous, I could not feel them nearer to me if my own sons or your brothers—Some cases even I could not

tell any one, how near to me, from their yearning ways and their sufferings—it is comfort and delight to me to minister to them, to sit by them—some wind themselves around one's heart and will be kissed at parting at night just like children—though veterans of two years of battle and camp life—I always carry a haversack with some articles most wanted—physical comforts are a sort of basis—I distribute nice large biscuit, sweet crackers, sometimes cut up a lot of peaches with sugar, give preserves of all kinds, jellies, &c. tea, oysters, butter, condensed milk, plugs of tobacco, (I am the only one that doles out this last, and the men have grown to look to me)—wine, brandy, sugar, pickles, letter-stamps, envelops and note-paper, the morning papers, common handkerchiefs and napkins, undershirts, socks, dressing-gowns, and fifty other things—I have lots of special little requests. Frequently I give small sums of money,—shall do so with your brother's contribution—the wounded are very frequently brought and lay here a long while without a cent. I have been here and in front 9 months doing this thing and have learned much—the soldiers are from 15 to 25 or 6 years of age—lads of 15 or 16 more frequent than you have any idea—seven-eighths of the army are Americans, our own stock—the foreign element in the army is much overrated and is of not much account, anyhow. There are no hospitals (there are dozens of them in and around Washington) you must understand like the diseased half-foreign collections under that name common at all times in cities—in these here, the noblest cleanest stock I think of the world, and the most precious.

When I was through W. said: "There is some history in that letter. Sometimes I am myself almost afraid of myself—afraid to read such a letter over again: it carries me too painfully back into old days—into the fearful scenes of the war. I don't think the war seemed so horrible to me at the time, when I was busy in the midst of its barbarism, as it does now, in retrospect."

May 28, 1888. Spoke of Hugo. "I do not like his insularity. He never said a good word for us—was rather inclined toward the Carlylean point of view with respect to America. Hugo was full of contempt for all things not Parisian—at least, not French. Castelar: oh! how much greater—how quickly, surely, through his poetic insight, did he catch our points—do us justice. And I think of Garibaldi—a beautiful character—nobly noble—the most unworldly man of them all. How

~~much~~ comes from the South—from Italy, from Spain—that is rich and permanent! I have such vast love for Mazzini—he, you, was so unworldly, so sacrificing, full of dreams, dreams of human progress—full you, of courage, courage!" . . .

Whitman gave me a Dowden letter. "That last passage hits me very hard—is memorable for letter-writing. 'You make no slaves, however many lovers.' Dowden has divined the whole secret. Any love that involves slavery is a false love—any love. If I wished to put a final signature upon the 'Leaves,' a sort of consummating entablature, some phrase

8 Montserrat
Cork, Ireland.

Sept. 5, 1871

MY DEAR SIR It was very kind of you to send me the photographs of yourself, which I value much. I had previously received one, carte de visite size, from Mr. Rossetti, in which you wear your hat. These I like better, though I liked *that*.

I will name some of your friends on this side of the water whom I know myself. I wish I could make it appear how various these natures are which have come into relation with you. There is a clergyman who finds his truth halved between John H. Newman (of Oxford celebrity) and you. There is a doctor

Please before very long, if it is
convenient, let me somehow
hear of your health.
And dear friend believe me
always affectionately yours,
Edward Dowden.

PART OF A NOTE FROM EDWARD DOWDEN TO WALT WHITMAN

to round its story—give it the seal, sanction of my motive—I would use that epigram of Dowden: 'To make no slaves, however many lovers.' Dowden is a confirmed scholar—the people who call my friends ignoramus, unscholarly, off the streets, cannot quarrel with the equipment of Dowden. Dowden has all the points they insist upon—yet he can tolerate Walt Whitman. There is something to be explained in that. "Explain it." "I don't have to—let the other fellows explain it." Again: "That is one of Dowden's early letters—one of the first: he has lasted, still firmly adheres to his original view. I have seen many defections—have had quite an experience of that sort: young fellows who take to me strong, then, as they get older, recede—sometimes come to entirely disavow me."

—a man of science, and a mystic—a Quaker; he has had a wish to write on the subject of your poems, and may perhaps accomplish it. There is a barrister, an ardent nature, much interested in social and political principles—he overflows with two authors, Carlyle and yourself. There is a clergyman, the most sterling piece of manhood I know—he has I dare say taken you in more thoroughly than any of us, in proportion to his own soundness and integrity of nature. There is Tyrell whom I named before (a fellow of Trinity College, an excellent Greek scholar). There is a woman of most fine character and powerful intellect, ——. She, I hope, will at some time write and publish the impression your writings have made upon her, as she is at present about to do in the case of Robert Browning. Then I know three painters in London, all men of decided genius, who care very much for all you do: —, — (who has, I believe,

in MS. some study of your poems, which at some time may come to be printed)—and Nettleship, whom Rossetti knows, and who has published a book on R. Browning. I have been told that Nettleship at one time when "Leaves of Grass" was out of print and scarce, parted with his last guinea or two to buy a copy.

All I have named, (and I myself may be included) are young, and may, I think, be fairly taken to represent ideas in literature which are becoming, or which will become, dominant.

One thing strikes me about every one who cares for what you write—while your attraction is most absolute, and the impression you make as powerful as that of any teacher or vates, you do not rob the mind of its independence, or divert it from its true direction. You make no slaves, however many lovers.

Very truly yours

Edward Dowden

May 30, 1888. . . . "Arnold always gives you the notion that he hates to touch the dirt—the dirt is so dirty! But everything comes out of the dirt—everything: everything comes out of the people, the every-day people, the people as you find them and leave them: not university people, not F. F. V. people: people, people, just people!" W. laughed. He had handed me a folded sheet of paper. I opened the paper and read it. It contained the penciled draft of a note written by W. to Miss Gregg, a hospital worker, during the war. "Read it," said W., "if you can: it is a chirographic mix-up, but you are a printer and will get through with it. It cuts to the marrow—at least to my marrow: is a sort of confession of faith on my part. Can you imagine Arnold going into such work, standing all its wrenchings, wreckings—coming out whole?" Before I started to read, W. added: "I don't mean that for egotism: I mean it only as indicating a distinction which it is entirely proper for us to make. You of course understand that plenty of others then did and always will do as I did: I do not admit that we will ever fall short of that simple first sympathy, man for man, which drove me as it drove others into hospital work during the war. What I did object to in so much that we call education, culture, scholarship, is that it seems to invest its avatars with contempt for the elemental qualities in character. The hospitals put our feet right on the

ground—put us into immediate association with the bottom facts of virtue." I read W.'s note.

Sept. 7, '63

DEAR FRIEND. You spoke the other day, partly in fun, about the men being so undemonstrative. I thought I would write you a line as I hear you leave the hospital to-morrow for a few weeks. Your labor of love and disinterestedness here in Hospital is appreciated. I have heard the ward A patients speak of you with gratitude, sometimes with enthusiasm. They have their own invariable ways (not outside éclat, but in manly American hearts, however rude, however undemonstrative to you). I thought it would be sweet to your tender and womanly heart to know what I have so often heard from the soldiers about you as I sat by their sick cots. I too have learnt to love you, seeing your tender heart, and your goodness to these wounded and dying young men—for they have grown to seem to me as my sons or dear young brothers.

As I am poor I cannot make you a present, but I write you this note, dear girl, knowing you will receive it in the same candor and good faith it is written.

June 10, 1888. A long day of unspeakable anxieties. W. had written on the Dowden envelop: "from Dowden Feb. 6 & Feb 16 1876." Sorry I could not talk with him more about it. I recall this further note on Dowden by him to me some days ago: "Dowden represents the English literary élite—not the caste élite but the spiritual élite: the finer development of that English consciousness which articulates itself these days in the language of the international democracy. Dowden is a book-man: but he is also and more particularly a man-man: I guess that is where we connect."

July 3, 1888. . . . I handed him some proofs. He was happy over it. "This looks like getting on the move again"—asking me: "Does Ferguson make any comments on my snail-like method of work?" Osler was over to-day. Says: "Do not take a gloomy view of Whitman's case—he will come around." W. says of Osler: "He's a fine fellow and a wise one, I guess: wise, I am sure—he has the air of assurance. Doctor Bucke was to select a man—selected Osler: said Osler was at the head of the band. Osler goes to the University, or somewhere—lectures students." Some one set some fire-crackers off right under his window. W. said of it:

"Don't that beat the devil? Mary wanted to go out to-day and raise a racket about the firing, but I would not let her. I would rather have a headache than interfere with the boys."

Whitman pulled out of a pile of letters on the table a Burroughs envelop. "It is a June letter—worthy of June: written in John's best out-of-doors mood. Why, it gets into your blood and makes you feel worth while. I sit here, helpless as I am, and breathe it in like fresh air. I enjoyed it better reading it to-day than I did when it came, which was during the worst of my very bad spell. It was salvation to John to get back on the land: he was fast getting useless, as he says: he took the bull by the horns—made the jump."

West Park, N. Y., June 11, '88.

DEAR WALT: I hear through Kennedy that you are ill or were so last Monday. I do hope you are well again. Drop me a card if you are able and tell me how you are. I want to find time soon to come down and see you, if company does not bore you. I shall think of you as able to be out occasionally enjoying these June days. The world has not been so beautiful to me for a long time as this spring; probably because I have been at work like an honest man. I had, in my years of loafing, forgotten how sweet toil was. I suppose those generations of farmers back of me have had something to do with it. They all seem to have come to life again in me and are happy since I have taken to the hoe and crowbar. I had quite lost my interest in literature and was fast losing my interest in life itself, but these two months of work have sharpened my appetite for all things. I write you amid the fragrance of clover and the hum of bees. The air is full these days of all sweet meadow and woodland smells. The earth seems good enough to eat.

I propose for a few years to come to devote myself to fruit-growing. I have 17 acres of land now, nearly all of it out in grapes and currants and raspberries. I think I can make some money and maybe renew my grip upon life.

I was glad to see Kennedy. I like him much.

How I wish you were here, or somewhere else in the country where all these sweet influences of the season could minister to you! Your reluctance to move is just what ought to be overcome. It is like the lethargy of a man beginning to freeze.

We are all well. Julian goes to school in Po'keepsie, and is a fine boy. He goes and returns daily on the little steamer. I hope

O'Connor is no worse. Do drop me a line. With much love,

John Burroughs.

"You see," said W., "John writes letters—real letters. He does not strike you as a maker of phrases. I get so many letters that are distinctly literary—written for effect—labored over—worked upon to be made just so, just so: every phrase nicely balanced—all the words in place. John has the real art—the art of succeeding by not trying to succeed: he is the farmer first, the man, before he is the writer: that is the key, index, anything you may call it, of his success." I quoted a remark made by Stoddard to Brinton or a friend of Brinton (Brinton repeated it to me): "Whitman is sore on the literary class." W. laughed: "It's the other way about—the literary class is sore on me." "Does it make you feel bad?" "Not at all. If it did I should go and train with them instead of staying and training with myself."

July 5, 1888. . . . "There are all the fellows about everywhere to write to—I must neglect them all: you must do what you can to get, keep, in touch with them, for yoursake, for mine. In all this world there's nothing so precious—in all this world, nothing. Good night! Good night!"

July 6, 1888. . . . When he felt ready he went on about Burroughs: "John is one of the true-hearts—one of the true-hearts—warm, sure, firm—I feel that he has never wavered in his friendship for me: never doubted or gone off—that I can count on him in all exigencies: and I think affection plays a great part in John's regard for me, as it does in mine for him. John is making an impression on his age, has come to stay—has veritable, indisputable, dynamic gifts." Referring to Frank Harned's kindness in repeatedly making photos to please him, W. said: "Frank has *kindness* as a first quality: and kindness should be first—should not be only incidental."

July 7, 1888. 7:45 P.M. W. sitting by the window fanning himself. Greeted me heartily. And his health? "Oh, I am improved just this minute, but I have been bad all day!" Adding, after looking in my face: "Don't feel bad about it—I don't." I said to W.: "That was a mine of great treasure you gave me last night."

"Do you think so? Well—so do I. Love is always a great treasure—always: these fellows have been very dear to me when I most needed adhesion. They may be wrong in what they say of my book, but they are not wrong in their love: love is never wrong. I never get the feeling of being bad off without getting the feeling of being well off—extra well off: for what I have missed in one thing I have gained a thousand times over in another thing. Was n't one of those letters from Dowden? O yes! Dowden: dear man—truly steadfast through the thick and thin of my darker days: I have got to sort o' look to him for good will: and there was Noel, too: Noel says he wants to be counted in always—always: and Rossetti—what can I say of Rossetti? When I think of the friends I have had I forget the enemies I have made."

July 8, 1888. . . . "As I said to you yesterday, the best thing about all these fellows—yes, about any fellows—is the noble quality of their love. When some people were here awhile ago, and one of them said he was sorry I was poor, I made a kick. Who was poor? Not I. I thought of just a few of the fellows—William, John, Dowden, Symonds, others: thought of them—the thought of them almost choked me with gladness. Was I poor? Others may be deceived because I have no money in the bank: I am not deceived."

July 9, 1888. . . . Then he said with a laugh: "Bless you!" Got a check for forty dollars from "New York Herald" last week. Returned it. Had not written anything for the past month. The check reappeared. "That 's what I call very unbusinesslike in the 'Herald,'" he said, adding, however, more seriously: "That was downright decent in somebody. Who is the somebody?"

July 12, 1888. . . . Our printer Mirick had been much interested in W.'s Bowery piece going into the book. "Whitman must have been one of the boys," said Mirick. "So I was," said W. "I spent much of my time in the theaters then—much of it—going everywhere, seeing everything, high, low, middling—absorbing theaters at every pore. That was a long, long time ago—seems back somewhere in another world. In my boyhood—say from nineteen on to twenty-six or seven—New York was in its prime for theatricals—still

possessed the fine old extra-efficient stock companies. In these days the stage is made up of giants and nobodies: back in that other time nobody was a nobody—there were reasons for the existence of everybody concerned in the production of a play. I gradually found myself alienated from the stage: there was the best justification for my withdrawal, too. The reality that was has ceased to be. The true old comedies and tragedies have given way to lightness, frivolity, spectacle, dazzle: the expression of power—of mind, of body—of stately manners, of noble bearing—is no longer required, called for, or approved if it appears." I spoke of Salvini. W. had not seen him. "I am willing to admit the exceptions—all that I have heard of Salvini seems to confirm your view—I feel somehow as if he must be our man—a 'Leaves of Grass' man: tell me more about him." And after I had spent ten minutes obeying his injunction he added: "I feel that all you say is true: it sounds like correct criticism—discrimination. Oh! I have seen just such combinations of power—of tremendous force—with delicacy, in the same persons. It is rare, but it occurs. The elder Booth was an example. I do not regard Edwin as quite the same grade of man: he never moved me: I saw him often and often—but never—except in 'Richelieu,' perhaps—have been much drawn to his work or excited in his presence. There are moments in 'Richelieu'—it is so great, so subtle, so fine—which incline me to regard it as Booth's most palpable hit. I always found that I respected Booth: he had the quality of good wine—it is clean, it is uplifting—but Edwin was never supreme—had for me no supermundane moments—never unreservedly carried me away. But, as I said, I am no longer a theater-goer—perhaps I have lost the theatrical perspective—I have not seen plays for a long time. I mean this concerning Edwin: that he always left me about as you see me now—never made me forget everything else and follow him, as the greatest fellows, when they let themselves go, always do. Perhaps that was the one defect of Booth—that he did not let himself go. I never met Forrest personally, but of course saw him act—often saw him: and we had mutual friends: I watched his career with both my eyes."

In lifting the letter off the table I caught

along with it a little slip of paper which dropped at my feet. I stooped to pick it up. W. saw what I was doing. "Did you lose something?" he asked. "I threw this off the table." Holding the slip in the air. "What is it?" There was little light over by the bed. I moved toward the lowered gas jet. Read the memorandum. W. had preserved a "for sale" advertisement from the "Natchez Free Trader" of May 11, 1848. I read it aloud:

NEGROES FOR SALE

I have just arrived from Missouri with ten Negroes, which I will sell at a bargain for cash. I have several boys about 21 years of age that are very likely, strictly No. 1. One fine seamstress and house servant, very likely. Those who wish to purchase and will buy the lot I will most certainly give a great bargain.

Ans L. Thomson.

Forks Road, Natchez, May 2, 1848.

When I had finished W. at once spoke out: "I recognize it. Don't you think it's a wonderful specimen case? Such a thing means enough to make you both laugh and cry. And all in the 'Free Trader,' too! What a lot of nonsense has got current in the world with that word; it has been made to stand for both the most devilish and most divine of human instincts. The way Mr. Thomson expresses himself is very cute. You might think he was handling a line of reduced goods in a department store: a bargain, so much off, for one day only. How would it sound to say: 'I have a couple of scribblers of doubtful ages that are very likely, strictly No. 1? Stand forth, Walt Whitman and Horace Traubel!' How would that sound? Horace, a thousand years of history has been lived in the forty years since Mr. Thomson advertised his bargains in human souls. Tragedy and comedy both have been lived. We still suffer slaveries of one sort or another particularly industrial slaveries—but nothing quite so raw as this could be quoted in America to-day. It is a good thing to keep around as a reminder yes, a warning."

July 14, 1888. . . . "The French have wonderful knack in certain directions—for extreme finesse, often—why, it is so good sometimes it seems almost natural. Here is a thing from Joubert: 'Where there is no delicacy there is no literature.' How much there is in that! Don't you think so? Oh! how subtle! You feel it—it gets into you and spreads about!" W. said again: "The French writer contradicts himself on several points. Here is another of his magnificent phrases: 'Virility is a fine thing, but the ideal is finer.' I have long thought of literature by just such light as this man throws on it. The easy touch of French writers does not necessarily come from frivolity, insincerity: Arnold was wrong if he ever thought that. There are incomparable things in Hugo—in some others of the French litterateurs: immense, immortal things: things that belong to every day of all time. I have often pointed to—always adhered, referred to—Millet. Millet was a new world in himself: was long doubted, but finally came to his own. O'Connor, who reads French, who is perfectly at home in its literature, stands by the French—insists upon French supremacy: and William, you know, of all my friends and supporters, seems to me the most scholarly—the best possessed in literary treasures—the love of books: and William has this added fact to his credit—that his bookishness, tremendous, even extreme as it may appear, has in no way affected, reduced, his individuality: he towers over all the books: he is always a vital being. I often say of Emerson, that the personality of the man—the wonderful heart and soul of the man, present in all he writes, thinks, does, hopes—goes far toward justifying the whole literary business—the whole raft good and bad, the entire system. You see, I find nothing in literature that is valuable simply for its professional quality: literature is only valuable in the measure of the passion—the blood and muscle—with which it is invested—which lies concealed and active in it."



THE SPIRIT OF SCHOOL AND COLLEGE SPORT

II. ENGLISH AND AMERICAN FOOTBALL¹

BY RALPH D. PAINE



AN ancient alumnus of Phillips Andover Academy recently returned to the campus of his youth and sadly made comment:

"In my old school-days every boy able to run could play football, and everybody used to take a hand in the crude baseball

of the time. The sports have changed their character, and the evolution has transformed the simple into the complex, a healthful recreation into a *tour de force* no longer open to the whole school. It is not an edifying spectacle to old-fashioned prejudice to see a score of young fellows in fantastic costume have the play all to

¹ See the first article, on "American and English Rowing," in THE CENTURY for August.



From a photograph by James Burton

A CHEERING FACTION AND ITS LEADER AT AN AMERICAN CHAMPIONSHIP GAME



From a photograph by Harr McIntosh

THE "KICK-OFF"—THE VALE-PRINCETON CHAMPIONSHIP MATCH AT PRINCETON, NOVEMBER, 1904

themselves, while two hundred of their comrades sit about and look on the whole afternoon."

This critic would have been more disturbed in mind if he had been informed that the "Athletic Committee" of his preparatory school found it necessary to distribute the following circular letter:

The influences thus hinted at, which threaten the welfare of youth even in its school years, are wafted straight from the American college world. There would be no vexing "athletic problem" among the secondary schools if the intensity of rivalry among the older heroes of the gridiron and the diamond could be kept within whole-



From a photograph by James Burton

PRACTICE WITH THE "TACKLING DUMMY," TO TOUGHEN THE HUMAN FRAME

DEAR SIR: In order to protect ourselves against possible professionalism in our athletic teams, we are sending copies of this letter to various persons who are acquainted with the men that may represent us on our teams. Do you know anything about — which may be counted against his strictly amateur standing as it is understood in American schools and colleges? This letter does not imply that any suspicion is alleged against the man. It is being sent with respect to all athletic candidates entering the school during the coming year.

some bounds. The lad in his teens, however, hears echoing from those universities in which the standards of gentle manhood and ideals of conduct are supposed to be nurtured, such attacks upon honor, habitually occurring, as would bring penalty of expulsion from any reputable club. Every autumn rings with accusations flung between famous seats of learning associated in football rivalries, which mean nothing less than this:

"We believe that So-and-So, who is

playing on your eleven, has no right to be there. Either he is paid for his services in cash or in other unlawful inducements, or his previous athletic career puts him under the ban. Therefore you are trying to deceive us, or he is deceiving you by lying



LONDON WELSH AGAINST NEWPORT, AT QUEEN'S CLUB, LONDON. A TACKLE

about his right to play on your team."

Thus the lie is passed between individuals, or between the managements of athletic interests. It has come to pass that candidates for university teams must answer on honor long lists of printed questions which search,



LONDON SCOTTISH AGAINST CAMBRIDGE. A SCRIMMAGE



ENGLAND AGAINST WALES, AT SWANSEA. AN ATTEMPT TO PASS THE BALL



From photographs by Bowden Brothers
A RUSH (SHOWING THE OPEN GAME), QUEEN'S CLUB GROUNDS

ENGLISH "RUGBY FOOTBALL," WHOSE BEST FEATURES HAVE BEEN "IMPROVED"
OUT OF THE GAME BY AMERICAN COLLEGIANS



TACKLED IN THE AIR



END RUN BEHIND INTERFERENCE



HURDLING THE LINE



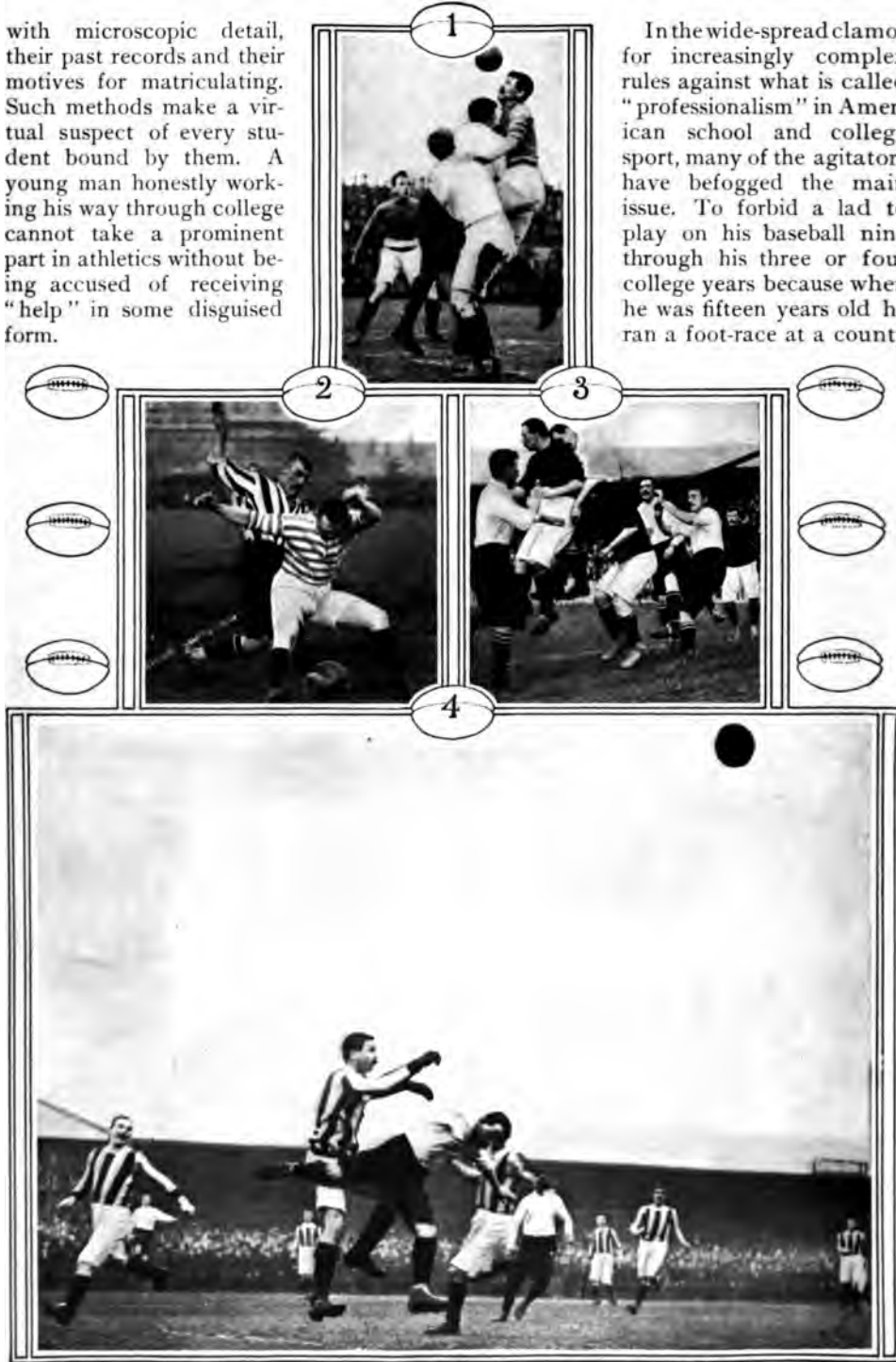
From photographs by James Burton and R. W. Tebbs

A PLUNGE THROUGH TACKLE

AMERICAN COLLEGE FOOTBALL, WITH ARMOR-CLAD PLAYERS, IN DESPERATE
ATTACK AND DEFENSE BY CLOSELY MASSED GROUPS

with microscopic detail, their past records and their motives for matriculating. Such methods make a virtual suspect of every student bound by them. A young man honestly working his way through college cannot take a prominent part in athletics without being accused of receiving "help" in some disguised form.

In the wide-spread clamor for increasingly complex rules against what is called "professionalism" in American school and college sport, many of the agitators have befogged the main issue. To forbid a lad to play on his baseball nine through his three or four college years because when he was fifteen years old he ran a foot-race at a county



From photographs by Bowden Brothers

1. BUTTING THE BALL. 2. CLEVERLY TAKING AWAY THE BALL. 3. A CORNER. 4. FOUR MEN IN THE AIR—
THE PLAYER FALLING FORWARD HAS BUTTED THE BALL.

"ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL," REQUIRING FLEETNESS AND AGILITY,
IN PLACE OF WEIGHT AND BRAUN

fair for a cash prize of two dollars, and to inflict no penalty upon a football rusher who consistently plays a brutal and unfair game, is to reduce the control of college athletics to an absurdity.

The best and worst features of campus sport are found most sharply defined in football. Now, the fact seems often over-

He finds, however, that players, trainers, and coaches are thinking of nothing else than welding together eleven brawny giants into certain battering-ram formations the impetus of which shall be more deadly and lasting than that of a rival mass of beef and muscle on a certain afternoon three months distant. The freshman, standing



From a photograph by Kimball

A TYPICAL AMERICAN SCHOOL-BOY ELEVEN AT GROTON, MASSACHUSETTS

looked that the average American youth is both honest by instinct and keen for fair play. He enters college with a normal fondness for outdoor pastime. As one of his first impressions, he learns that the football team is a "complicated machine of infinite exactitude," from which the youth of average physical equipment is well-nigh barred. Then he discovers that the kind of game played by the few picked heroes is so difficult and exhausting that the three months' season suggests slavery far more than sport. He grasps the fact that rowing is a pursuit which demands a long and arduous training period in order to drill eight men into absolute harmony of action, and he does not see how working for the crew could be made any easier. But football, in bracing autumn weather, looks as if it ought to offer a fair field to any strong and plucky youth willing to endure hard knocks. Really, there ought to be much fun in it, he thinks.

in disconsolate idleness on the side-lines, perceives also that in a university of perhaps two or three thousand students it is not considered possible to assemble eleven men of the standards of physique and intelligence required to form a "championship team," wherefore it is necessary to recruit among the preparatory schools, and to throw out drag-nets for promising material among the smaller colleges. And this youngster of ours may be wise enough to glimpse the fact, which has eluded most of his perplexed elders busy with making more "rules," that the problem of keeping football clean in school and college rests not so much with the player as with the game itself.

In other words, a pastime which is so hard to play well, which contains so few of the essential elements of sport, and which cannot find its raw material among thousands of willing young men within its own bounds, is certain to breed perverted



From a photograph

ANDOVER-EXETER CHAMPIONSHIP FOOTBALL GAME AT ANDOVER, MASSACHUSETTS, 1904



From a photograph by Kimball

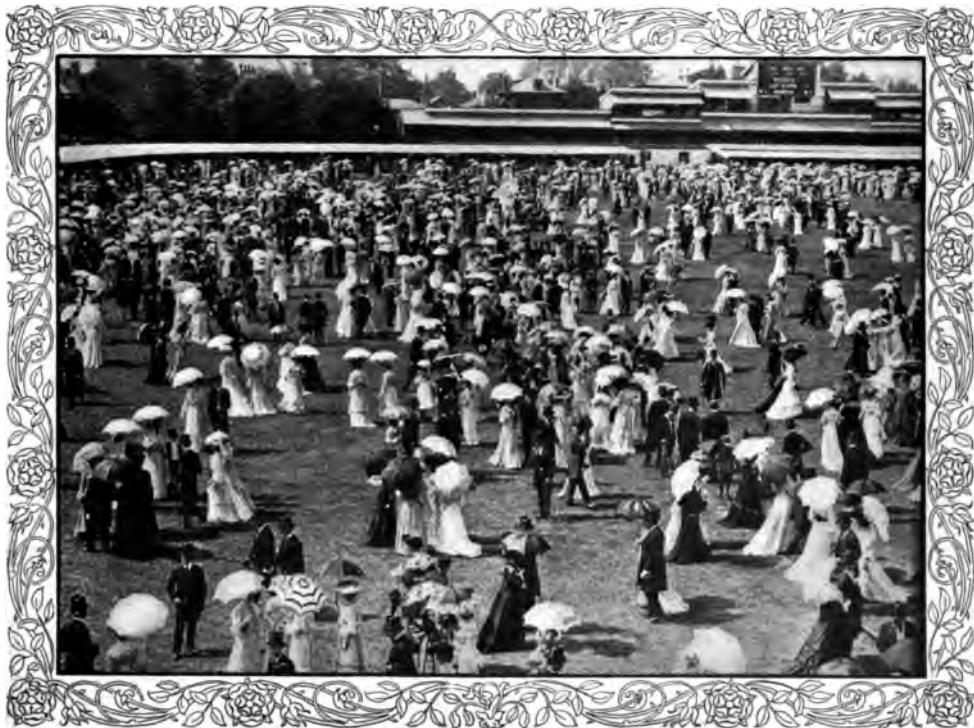
HOCKEY AT ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL, CONCORD, NEW HAMPSHIRE

American school-boys are snow-bound at a time when English youth continue to play football

ideas of the spirit and object of normally conducted athletics for the benefit of the greatest possible number. "Professionalism" in football would be shorn of its

temptations to "win at any cost" if the game were such as the average student could learn to play well and to enjoy.

When the English Rugby game was



From a photograph

ETON AND HARROW CRICKET MATCH AT LORD'S

The scene at the luncheon interval illustrates the holiday spirit of English school sports

introduced at Yale and Harvard thirty years ago it was a primitive pastime in which natural strength and agility were the qualities needed. There was little, if any, "team play," and the ball emerged to the hovering "backs" from a mob-like scrimmage which kicked it out in a cheerful, haphazard fashion. When the ball was clear of this formless struggle, it was run with, passed, or kicked until a "down" was made (that is, until the ball was brought to earth with the runner), when another scrimmage was formed to get the ball in play again.

Unhampered by tradition or knowledge of the rules, the American pioneers were free to set their inventive talent at work. They wished to organize the pastime, fired by the same kind of zeal which infused the crude game of "rounders" with method and system and made baseball of it. This Rugby football offered the most tempting opportunities for improvement along the lines of team play, in combining the muscle and intelligence of the side which held the ball. Without knowing it, the early football leaders were employing the talent

for combination, concentration, and economy of effort which has been shown in the wider field of American business methods. They were no more than following their natural bent when they began to "tinker with" the imported article of football.

It was soon discovered that the attack could be vastly strengthened if the team knew where the ball was going and who was to get it, instead of leaving all to chance. Step by step, then, an "eleven" was evolved in which every man knew how the play was to be directed before the ball was passed out of the scrimmage, which became a "rush-line" working like a machine. It was necessary to devise a signal-code to indicate to his comrades which man was to run with the ball, in order that they might help clear a path for him. This kind of aid was flatly forbidden by the English rules, but it could not be checked in the logical development of the American game, and was therefore made lawful as "interference."

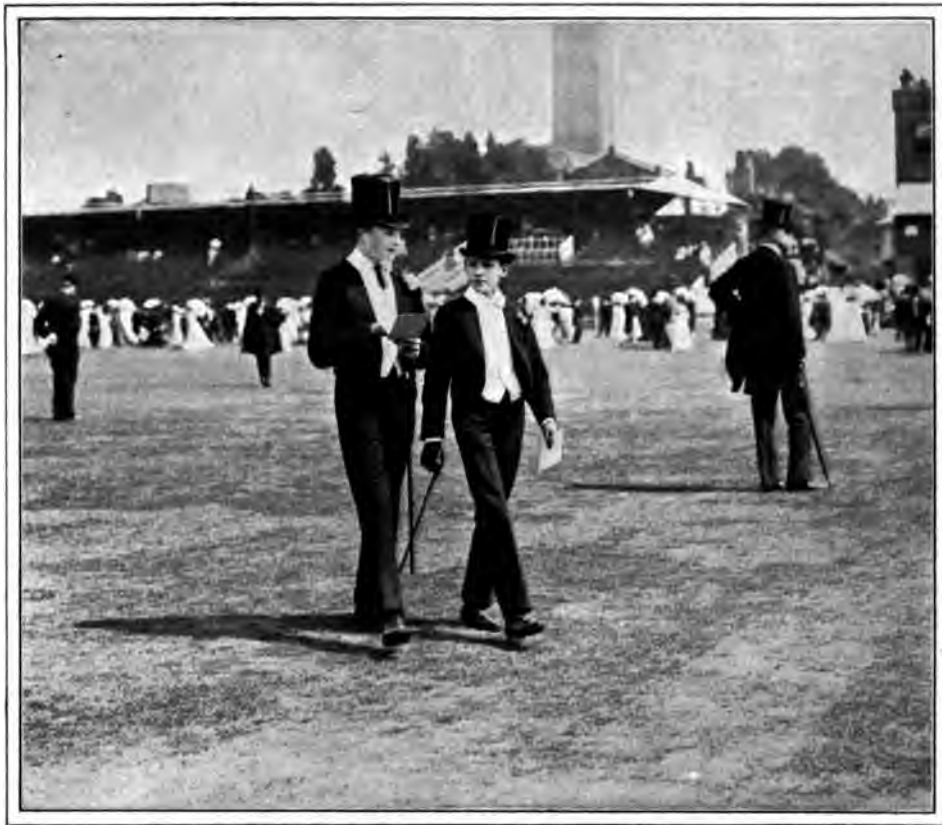
As soon as it became possible to group the heaviest players around the ball by prearranged signal, and then to charge for-



From a photograph

THE AMERICAN SCHOOL-BOY ABSORBED IN THE ISSUE

The grand stand at a baseball championship game between the Lawrenceville (New Jersey) and Hill (Pennsylvania) Schools



From a photograph by Bowden Brothers

THE DIGNIFIED ENGLISH SCHOOL-BOY AT A CRICKET MATCH BETWEEN
ETON AND HARROW AT LORD'S

ward in a compact mass to protect the runner behind a flying screen of this interference, American football was ripe for the application of the shrewdest rules of military strategy and tactics. The attack could be unexpectedly directed against the weakest point of the enemy's line, or one flank could be menaced by a feint attack while the real onslaught was hurled elsewhere. Then a Napoleon of the game discovered that by getting this human battering-ram under way before the ball was put in play, a terrific momentum was gained against the foe, whom the rules compelled to wait in their tracks. The side on the defensive must fight by diving under, over, or through this hurtling mass, while the one or two men directly opposed in the rush-line must bear the shock of collision with half a dozen interlocked assailants.

It was ruled that the side having the ball could keep it as long as they advanced toward the opposing goal a total distance

of five yards in three "downs." Therefore a team would not kick the ball until forced to by failure to gain this distance, and advancing it by sheer weight of massed attack became the chief end of football tactics. Twelve years ago public outcry compelled a modification of this style of play, which had become excessively brutal in execution and most wearisome to behold. Nothing daunted, strategic talent worked out even more cunning and scientific methods of concentrating weight in machine-like formations which hit the opposing line with great violence. The premium upon weight and momentum was really increased, and these formations, by which four or five powerful men were hurled against one man of the other side with the open intent of battering him into a helpless condition, were perfected by means of the most complex signal-systems.

The training for successful interference

required months of exhausting preparation, and equally hard work of course was needed to make ready to oppose and check it. More and more weight was demanded until fit men for the back-field and end-rush positions, where speed and agility were once the essentials, were sought among the two-hundred-pound candidates. Practice was begun during the spring term before the autumn campaign, and football squads were mobilized in the mountains or at the sea-shore during the summer months.

Mechanical devices were invented to help harden the human frame against the shocks of this pastime. The "tackling-dummy" is still in common use. A football suit stuffed with straw is suspended from a

wooden gallows, and the player is taught to hurl himself at this figure and bring it to earth with the fury of a terrier after a rat. A "charging-machine" is reaping profits for its inventor. The player throws himself against its padded frame, and the foot-pounds, or -tons, of his impact are automatically recorded on a dial.

As the wear and tear on the football hero increased the padding of his garments

was elaborated until he became armored in head-gear, nose-guard, shoulder-pieces, elbow-guards, monstrously swollen hips and knees, shin-plates and ankle-braces, all for an afternoon's recreation. Not long ago a rule was passed that American collegians should not wear steel



THE FIELD GAME BETWEEN MASTERS
AND OLD ETONIANS



From photographs by Howden Brothers

THE WALL GAME BETWEEN COLLEGGERS AND OPPIDANS. THE BALL COMING OUT OF "BULLY"
ST. ANDREW'S DAY AT ETON

and copper plates under the padding of their heads, thighs, and shins. While this heroic protection was most effective, it was too disastrous to the opponent against whom the human projectile was launched.

The highly specialized squad of athletes, set apart to fight for a very admirable something called the glory of their alma mater, must take the game as they find it. From early in September they are steadily keyed up until the great matches late in November. The professional coach receives exorbitant wages for his services, and is greedy of his personal reputation as a man who can be relied upon to turn out winners. The work of the class-room cannot hold its normal importance in his point of view. While the amateur coach is no less severe in his methods, he is content to give the team and the institution some share of the glory.

The rewards of victory before thirty thousand raving spectators, the honor of winning a championship, and the newspaper notoriety which magnifies the feat, breed in coaches and players a feverish desire to win. Nothing else counts. Here, for example, is the way in which a prominent head coach would have the university eleven exhorted on the eve of a championship game:

"Each man is wrought up to the highest pitch. The test of skill for which he has trained for months, perhaps for more than one season, is about to be made. He is to stand before his college bearing its colors, and to fight for them with all his resource and courage. A good time to have a quiet talk with them is in the evening of the day before the game. Picture to them exactly what defeat must inevitably mean. Give them a realizing sense of the fact that the game cannot be played over again, but that the defeat must be final, and will stand as a record for all time to come. The suggestion, skilfully made, of what victory will mean is a fitting accompaniment to the portrayal of the significance of defeat."

This is the spirit that fills the whole training season until the strain upon the players' nerves is sometimes more than they can bear. That they perform wonders of pluck and daring, that their combined skill is a triumph of faithful effort, and that their headlong contempt of danger to life and limb is truly splendid, cannot cover the

fact that what ought to be a pastime has become a dogged and trying business.

At the close of the football season of 1904, public sentiment rose in an impressive protest against a game which had become so exacting and scientific that it was stupid for the layman to witness and a caricature of sport for the player. The championship matches which Yale played with Harvard and Princeton, for example, were little more than repeated collisions of seemingly confused masses of men, varied by an infrequent glimpse of the ball during a compulsory kick. The demand for a radical overhauling of the rules came from every corner of the country, and voiced the overwhelming sentiment of an interested public, which saw football enlisting its tens of thousands of players on every school and college field. It was reinforced by experts in an aftermath of intelligent discussion that lasted through the winter. There was every reason to expect that the gentlemen who have been intrusted with the important duty of molding this pastime would pay heed to this uprising, which was one of the most notable expressions of opinion in the history of college athletics.

This authority is vested in a "Football Rules Committee," consisting of Mr. Walter Camp of Yale, Mr. John C. Bell of the University of Pennsylvania, Mr. R. D. Wrenn of Harvard, Professor J. B. Fine of Princeton, Professor L. M. Dennis of Cornell, Professor Paul Dashiell of the United States Naval Academy, and Professor A. A. Stagg of the Chicago University. Most of them were famous players in their college days, and all are presumed to be technically competent to deal with the most intricate football problems. This committee did valuable work in bringing college football under a common set of playing-rules, but since the achievement of that first large task its policy has been one of the most timid and even harmful conservatism. The climax of this ineffectiveness was reached during the present year, when the seven experts could not agree upon one solitary amendment in response to public demand. They left the rules as they were, except for a few changes so trifling as to invite laughter.

The game of football, therefore, which is now in furious activity from one end of the country to the other, is, curiously

enough, of a kind heartily condemned by the opinion of the majority of those entitled to a hearing in the matter. The alterations which this opinion sought were both reasonable and feasible. They are summed up in the phrase "open game." This means that the massing of attack should be forbidden, that the individual should no longer be submerged in the team, and that the spectator should be permitted now and then to see the ball and the player trying to advance it. President Eliot of Harvard went so far as to couple with his sweeping condemnation of the present style of play a hint that Harvard students might not be allowed to take part in the game unless radical changes were made.

This physical evolution of American football has been interwoven with vital influences on the side of morals and ethics. So long as the game was open to the average youth of vigorous build and stout heart and its technic could be easily mastered, there was no temptation to enroll players by questionable methods. But the existing game, which requires such exceptional material and so much unremitting toil, makes the player who has won a reputation in preparatory school or minor college vastly preferable to the raw recruit. The "recruiting system," by which players were seduced from their college allegiance, and even from the mines and factories, to take "special courses" of instruction and regular courses in football, infected the game so rapidly that a flood of restrictive legislation began to rise as far away as the early nineties.

But these "eligibility rules" hack at the branches and not at the root of the trouble. Last year one of the leading university elevens was taken from the class-rooms for two weeks of the autumn term in order that the players might recuperate at health resorts before their championship contests. This episode, standing by itself, would seem to show that the question at issue is whether the game is "eligible" for the players, and not whether a player here and there is "eligible" to take part in the game.

To the American "tackle" or "plunging half-back" who recalls his three months at the training-table, the defensive armor in which he incased himself, the bruising shock of daily practice, the small army of trainers and attendants, and the swarm of

angry coaches, the following opinion of an eminent English football authority sounds like jesting:

"It is the duty of the football captain to urge upon his men the importance of keeping fit. University or school captains need have no fears on this score. The great danger in their case is that they may get too much training. It is difficult to find a reason, but it is certain that Rugby football does not require her devotees to train by the hard-and-fast rules of a university crew or athletic team. It is better to come to the scratch short a few gallops than to be too finely drawn. To varsity men, then, and boys at school, I would say most emphatically, do not deviate from your ordinary ways of living, provided they be healthful, and beware of staleness."

Every college of Oxford and Cambridge supports both a Rugby "fifteen" and an Association "eleven," and many of them turn out second teams. In the university, therefore, nearly fifty teams are playing. Their practice is of the most casual and happy-go-lucky kind, and they put most of their playing energies into contests with one another. To the American campaigner "contest" is a stiff word for these encounters. There is almost no coaching, for the players are presumed to have learned the rules of the game in school, while such team play as there is can be picked up in a few afternoons. Even the varsity fifteen is selected with a like cheerful indifference to system. Two matches are played to sift the candidates, with perhaps one or two informal games besides. These "varsity blues" are chosen chiefly on public-school reputation, or for good work on their college fifteens. The painful process of developing players is unknown, and of course recruiting material is undreamed of. Practice need not be jammed into the autumn months, for the mild English winter permits as long a season of play as the athletes wish to make it.

After the university Rugby team has been picked, its training consists of a game or two a week against the strong club fifteens of England, with some informal kicking practice beetween times. When the weather is disagreeable the team does not practice. As the result of these easy-going habits, you will not see American standards of football in an Oxford-Cambridge Rugby match. The deadly and

concerted aggressiveness, the clean-cut interdependence of the team, the swift, sure tackling, the deft handling of the ball, and the superb endurance are lacking, and often the play seems crude and even bungling. But English Rugby has remained a pastime, and this counts mightily in its favor.

The heavy work falls in the scrimmage, or "scrum," as they call it; but this mass of rushers does not try to slam half a dozen close-locked giants over one particular victim and stamp him into the landscape. In a grunting, swaying mob the forwards push with heads down until the ball pops out of the ruck. An able-bodied British youth with good wind and weight can get into his "scrum" and learn the knack of shoving with the "pack" in a brace of afternoons. When the ball emerges to a waiting half-back, it is passed to one of the three quarter-backs, who tosses it to another comrade if he is menaced by a tackler. This swift passing on the run is the showiest feature of the game; and once out of the "scrum," all the play is in the open field, with kicking, running, passing, dribbling with the feet, tackling, and dodging always in sight.

This game has made little progress in tactics since the American experimenters overhauled it and made it something very different. Nor will English Rugby ever make any headway on American fields. But the Association game of football has been recently introduced at Harvard, and is already so popular that an intercollegiate league is forming. For brilliant and versatile "open play," which a long-suffering American public seeks in vain, the Association football merits the highest praise; and unless the college game is changed, it is not rash to predict that the English pastime will seriously invade its territory within the next five years. It is purely football, in that the ball is not touched with the hands, but is either kicked or butted with the head in amazingly skilful fashion. "Dribbling" the ball along the ground with the feet from one player to another is the shining art of the Association game; and nothing prettier can be seen in sport than a line of active forwards stretching half across the field as they deftly weave the ball out of danger, always rushing toward the distant goal. This is team play of a high order, but it requires

the training of the track athlete rather than that of the battering American warrior. And the English player, in trim jersey costume, with bare arms and knees, gives the impression of a young man bent on enjoying himself.

Oxford or Cambridge football is never afire with the flaming spirit of sacrifice and daring which our college game inspires in its champions. Football in the English student life is simply one feature of outdoor play, which draws its thousands also to the cricket-fields and river. The American youth prefers his kind of football, just as he would scorn the notion of substituting the placid and tedious rivalry of cricket for the swift crises compressed within nine sharp innings of baseball. From his standpoint, something vital is missing from sport where players can find cheerfulness in defeat, and where onlookers arouse to no more enthusiasm than at a *matinée*. When an American crew is training for a Henley invasion, or a track team dares try conclusions with the flower of Oxford and Cambridge, it would be rank disloyalty not to strain every effort, at whatever sacrifice, to be as fit as possible. On the other hand, English athletes have allowed the visitors to beat them time and again in such events as hammer-throwing, shot-putting, hurdling, and sprinting, because these are specialties demanding careful and intelligent training for first-class achievement. Therefore the young Briton thinks they are not worth learning to do very well, because the work is not worth the cost, and there is no fun in it. Of football it is especially true that the Englishman would see no sport in a style of game in which winning form is to be gained only by prodigious exertion and a very martyrdom of training. In the ordeal of American football are bred splendid qualities for manhood and a discipline which none will decry. That six feet of mighty youth should sob his heart out after defeat is not to his discredit, and he will fight life's battles the better for it. He takes his sport, as he does his business, far more seriously than the Briton, and with a fair field he excels him in both. Yet he can learn from his cousin across the water that play should not be all work, and that sport can flourish unmarred by eligibility squabbles.

The head masters and principals of American preparatory schools find that

even they must fight with eternal vigilance the spirit of trying too hard to win. Principal Stearns of Andover uses this story to point a moral:

"Last fall, just before the term opened, a young man walked into my office, dropped his grip on the floor, and said simply:

"'I 'm O'Brien.'

"He seemed slightly chagrined that I did not know him by reputation, and went on to explain with a pleasing frankness that he had come to enter the school, but that he had no money and saw no way of paying even the first term's tuition required of all students on entrance. I asked him what he expected to do, and whether he had planned for any self-supporting work around the academy or in the town.

"'No,' said O'Brien; 'not a bit of it. But I played tackle last year on such a team [naming a college in Maine], and I can run a hundred yards in ten and a fifth, and I had a dandy batting and fielding average last season. A pal of mine in Worcester told me to come up here, and it would be all right; that I could make some sort of an arrangement to go to school and play on the eleven and the nine. I 'm O'Brien, and you have n't got many lads in my class as an athlete.'

"O'Brien left town by the next train, and I don't know whether he found an opening for his unusual talents somewhere else. Now this boy got the impression that he could use athletics to put him through school from the common talk of such practices among the colleges, and you can scarcely blame him for getting his point of view twisted."

It is the outside rivalry with other schools which fosters this eagerness to win victories wholly for the sake of winning; and in order to make sport a means of recreation for the student body, it has been found necessary to stimulate rivalries within the school itself. Series of games among dormitories, classes, and clubs have helped to widen the interest which the enthusiasm of American youth, if left to itself, prefers to focus on one great championship match.

The task of wholesome control is specially difficult at Exeter and Andover because their boys have almost collegiate freedom from the close supervision exercised in most other preparatory schools.

But their sturdy democracy of spirit works for sane athletics because every lad feels bound in loyalty to rally to the support of the school teams with might and main.

The system of St. Paul's School, Concord, deserves special notice in this connection, because its three hundred and fifty boys have no contests with other schools. They show the liveliest ardor in all branches of sport, with no other stimulus than an inter-club rivalry. Half a century of tradition, however, bulwarks the hotly defended prestige of these organizations. The school rallies to the colors of the Isthmian, Adelphean, and Old Hundred clubs with such enthusiasm that eighteen elevens are on the football fields. This club competition flourishes also in baseball, cricket, track athletics, hockey, and tennis. The fun of the game and the honor of the club supply the incentive to outdoor play which the college cannot find without the spur of outside competition.

Groton School, even more closely modeled on English lines, also leads its hundred and fifty boys out of doors by means of the club system. In their football matches the boys are graded according to size and strength, and sturdy young fellows of twelve and fourteen play their hardest for "Wachusett" or "Monadnock." The older boys have their playing-fields set apart, and their masters play with them. Every boy in the school is expected to play football. With St. Mark's School, where sports are similarly organized, Groton plays an annual football match, but the first eleven has no more practice than the remainder of the little army of club players. The head master, the Rev. Endicott Peabody, believes that "football has many valuable qualities for training mind and body so long as outside influences are barred."

Lawrenceville School has cultivated competition within its own borders by means of the "House" system of games, in which the boys of the several residence buildings are matched through a stirring list of sports. The school teams are allowed to play a few matches away from home, and the championship rivalry is fought out with the Hill School of Pottstown. But the chief concern of the masters, in their attitude toward athletics, is that the "House" contests shall flourish, for these games take the average boy to

the playgrounds during his recreation hours, and he is not discouraged from sport because he fails to win a place on the "first team."

Hill School views the growing boy as so much raw material, and cultivates his physical well-being according to a precise and scientific system. The physical director will tell you:

"The school-boy should be assigned to the sport best suited for him. After our physical and medical examinations are tabulated, the records of physical defects are analyzed. A list of questions has been previously submitted to their parents to cover physical history and hereditary tendencies. Special classes take in hand those below the average standard, and soon the whole school is drafted, some to football or baseball, others to tennis, golf, or the track athletic squad, with a certain number of required hours for exercise in the week."

To the English school-boy such vigilant and complex paternalism as this would sound as forbidding as a lecture course on "Calvinistic Particularism." But those American schools which have best succeeded in sweeping all their boys out of doors have been forced to develop intelligent systems of supervision to combat the tendency to leave athletics in the hands of the first eleven and the first nine. This is the policy also of such institutions as the Mackenzie School at Dobbs Ferry, the Hotchkiss School at Lakeville, the St. Paul's School at Garden City, and many others which aim to surround sound minds with sound bodies.

By way of striking contrast, English school-boy life needs none of this fostering care in its athletic pastimes. The stimulus of outside rivalry is a rare factor, and interscholastic contests are almost unknown. Eton plays cricket-matches with Harrow and Winchester, and Rugby plays Marlborough; but these meetings are spectacular and leisurely gatherings of smart society, in which sport as pure pastime is seen in the bloom of perfection. Football, the climax of interscholastic rivalry in America, is played wholly on his home grounds by the English lad preparing for Oxford or Cambridge. This is perhaps because each of the leading public schools has its peculiar style of game fixed by ancient tradition.

The Wall Game at Eton could be played nowhere else in the world, because an an-

cient wall by the road to Slough is one boundary, another is a garden wall in which a door is used as one goal, while a third is a venerable elm. One might as well talk of transplanting Windsor Castle as of finding another field for this game. The chief glory of the Wall Game, the rules of which are so bewilderingly complicated that no American has yet mastered them, is the annual match on St. Andrew's Day between the Oppidans and Collegers of Eton. The Field Game is far more popular, and is played by the whole school during Michaelmas term. "It is indeed," said an old Etonian, "the one game which unites the whole school. In other terms different boys are attracted to different pastimes, and in the summer term especially the river and the playing-fields divide the school into two equal but wholly distinct parts. In the football season alone this distinction disappears, the terms 'wet-bob' and 'dry-bob' are laid aside, and every boy becomes a football-player, and a football-player only."

The spirit of rampant rivalry is confined among the "House" teams, which meet in a long series of preliminary matches in the sifting process for the final glory of playing for the "House Cup." This game is a mixture of Rugby and Association, with a "bully," or scrimmage, out of which comes much dribbling and passing, and the liveliest kind of compact formation play, yet without ever touching the ball with the hands.

At Westminster and Charterhouse schools the game is more closely akin to Association football. It is the game of the individual player instead of the mass, without any tackling or running with the ball. Winchester School plays a game in which one side of the field is bounded by a net, into which the ball may be kicked and played on the rebound. This game, as is true of other peculiar forms of English school football, was evolved because the fields were very narrow and ingenuity must overcome territorial handicaps. It has been said that tackling and running with the ball were early eliminated because clothes were dear and rough play had economic drawbacks. Rugby alone has preserved the essential features of the old English game, which inspired Carew to write in 1602:

"It makes their bodies strong, hard, and

nimble, and puts a courage into their hearts to meet an enemy in the face."

The English lad goes to the public school as his father did before him, and plays football, or cricket, or rows, not so much because the system requires it, as because he likes it and could not lead a normal life without it. He is out of doors through the winter, and there are no breaks in his year's program of activities. When football slackens, and before cricket begins, he is on the river, or following the pack of school beagles on foot, or panting along with the cross-country runners, or dancing about the fives-courts. The gymnasium, with its cut-and-dried air of business, and its enforced exercise by scale and chart, is not raising in his young breast a dis-

like for athletics, which, with the best intentions, the American system is apt to do.

The whole difference, then, lies in the fact that in England athletics are ruled by the spirit of sport; in the United States, by the spirit of competition. The sweeping popularity of American football is the most conspicuous feature of a national awakening to the importance of hardy, outdoor play as a vital part of modern education. It is true, however, that the young American is not genuinely fond of organized athletic sports unless they carry the chance of "whipping" somebody else, which is why he makes of them a "problem" instead of a pastime through his campus years.



THE NEXT OF KIN

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

ONE night they spake of me—my kin,
Wide-wandered from the earth!
The dew that fell was from her eyes,
Who here did give me birth;
My father's voice was in the wind:
"I sowed, but there is dearth,
Or bitterness, as of the ash
The gale lifts from my hearth!"

My little sister (flown in Spring)
Leaned past the evening star:
"Till now I waited for thee here
Beside the crystal bar;
But that which thou hast done, alas!
From thee removes me far;
And in the wreath I made for thee
The flowers all weeping are!"

They spake of me, of me,—my kin,
In lengthened line arrayed;
From one to other passed the word,
On blanching lips effrayed;
They mounted far,—an ancient host,
By scorn or pity swayed!
Of me they all together spake,
Yet none would give me aid.

Then from the lessening line, came one
With mine own form and face:
"Thy grandsire's grandsire knew me not,
Yet am I of thy race;
Thy good—thy ill—and all thou art,
To me mayst surely trace;
And, next of kin, I'll stand by thee,
In the dread Judgment Place!

"I best can say how that wild blood,
Which ruled thine erring will,
Ran, undiverted, from my spring,
Thy fragile cup to fill;
And, when the rest thy doom invoke,
From Heaven's midnight hill,
Thy next of kin for thee will plead,
And they shall hold them still!"



ALL GOLD CAÑON

BY JACK LONDON

IT was the green heart of the cañon, where the walls swerved back from the rigid plan and relieved their harshness of line by making a little sheltered nook and filling it to the brim with sweetness and roundness and softness. Here all things rested. Even the narrow stream ceased its turbulent down-rush long enough to form a quiet pool. Knee-deep in the water, with drooping head and half-shut eyes, drowsed a red-coated, many-antlered buck.

On one side, beginning at the very lip of the pool, was a tiny meadow, a cool, resilient surface of green that extended to the base of the frowning wall. Across the pool a gentle slope of earth ran up and up to meet the opposing wall. Fine grass covered the slope—grass that was spangled with flowers, with here and there patches of color, orange and purple and golden. Below, the cañon was shut in. There was no view. The walls leaned together abruptly and the cañon ended in a chaos of rocks, moss-covered and hidden by a green screen of vines and creepers and boughs of trees. Up the cañon rose far hills and peaks, the big foothills, pine-covered and remote. And far beyond, like clouds upon the border of the sky, towered minarets of white, where the Sierra's eternal snows flashed austerely the blazes of the sun.

There was no dust in the cañon. The leaves and flowers were clean and virginal. The grass was young velvet. Over the pool three cottonwoods sent their snowy

fluffs fluttering down the quiet air. On the slope the blossoms of the wine-wooded manzanita filled the air with springtime odors, while the leaves, wise with experience, were already beginning their vertical twist against the coming aridity of summer. In the open spaces on the slope, beyond the farthest shadow-reach of the manzanita, poised the mariposa-lilies, like so many flights of jeweled moths suddenly arrested and on the verge of trembling into flight again. Here and there that woods harlequin, the madrone, permitting itself to be caught in the act of changing its pea-green trunk to madder-red, breathed its fragrance into the air from great clusters of waxen bells. Creamy white were these bells, shaped like lilies-of-the-valley, with the sweetness of perfume that is of the springtime.

There was not a sigh of wind. The air was drowsy with its weight of perfume. It was a sweetness that would have been cloying had the air been heavy and humid. But the air was sharp and thin. It was as starlight transmuted into atmosphere, shot through and warmed by sunshine, and flower-drenched with sweetness.

An occasional butterfly drifted in and out through the patches of light and shade. And from over all rose the low and sleepy hum of mountain bees—feasting Sybarites that jostled one another good-naturedly at the board, nor found time for rough discourtesy. So quietly did the little stream drip and ripple its way through the cañon that it spoke only in faint and occasional gurgles. The voice of the stream was as a

drowsy whisper, ever interrupted by dozings and silences, ever lifted again in the awakenings.

The motion of all things was a drifting in the heart of the cañon. Sunshine and butterflies drifted in and out among the trees. The hum of the bees and the whisper of the stream were a drifting of sound. And the drifting sound and drifting color seemed to weave together in the making of a delicate and intangible fabric which was the spirit of the place. It was a spirit of peace that was not of death, but of smooth-pulsing life, of quietude that was not silence, of movement that was not action, of repose that was quick with existence without being violent with struggle and travail. The spirit of the place was the spirit of the peace of the living, somnolent with the easement and content of prosperity, and undisturbed by rumors of far wars.

The red-coated, many-antlered buck acknowledged the lordship of the spirit of the place and dozed knee-deep in the cool, shaded pool. There seemed no flies to vex him and he was languid with rest. Sometimes his ears moved when the stream awoke and whispered; but they moved lazily, with foreknowledge that it was merely the stream grown garrulous at discovery that it had slept.

But there came a time when the buck's ears lifted and tensed with swift eagerness for sound. His head was turned down the cañon. His sensitive, quivering nostrils scented the air. His eyes could not pierce the green screen through which the stream rippled away, but to his ears came the voice of a man. It was a steady, monotonous, singsong voice. Once the buck heard the harsh clash of metal upon rock. At the sound he snorted with a sudden start that jerked him through the air from water to meadow, and his feet sank into the young velvet, while he pricked his ears and again scented the air. Then he stole across the tiny meadow, pausing once and again to listen, and faded away out of the cañon like a wraith, soft-footed and without sound.

The clash of steel-shod soles against the rocks began to be heard, and the man's voice grew louder. It was raised in a sort of chant and became distinct with nearness, so that the words could be heard:

"Tu'n around an' tu'n yo' face
Untoe them sweet hills of grace

(D' pow'rs of sin yo' am scornin'!).
Look about an' look aroun',
Fling yo' sin-pack on d' groun'
(Yo' will meet wid d' Lord in d' mornin'!)."

A sound of scrambling accompanied the song, and the spirit of the place fled away on the heels of the red-coated buck. The green screen was burst asunder and a man peered out at the meadow and the pool and the sloping side-hill. He was a deliberate sort of man. He took in the scene with one embracing glance, then ran his eyes over the details to verify the general impression. Then, and not until then, did he open his mouth in vivid and solemn approval:

"Smoke of life an' snakes of purgatory! Will you just look at that! Wood an' water an' grass an' a side-hill! A pocket-hunter's delight an' a cayuse's paradise! Cool green for tired eyes! Pink pills for pale people ain't in it. A secret pasture for prospectors and a resting-place for tired burros, by damn!"

He was a sandy-complexioned man in whose face geniality and humor seemed the salient characteristics. It was a mobile face, quick-changing to inward mood and thought. Thinking was in him a visible process. Ideas chased across his face like wind-flaws across the surface of a lake. His hair, sparse and unkempt of growth, was as indeterminate and colorless as his complexion. It would seem that all the color of his frame had gone into his eyes, for they were blue eyes—startlingly blue. Also, they were laughing and merry eyes, within them much of the naïveté and wonder of the child; and yet, in an unassertive way, they contained much of calm self-reliance and strength of purpose founded upon self-experience and experience of the world.

From out of the screen of vines and creepers he flung ahead of him a miner's pick and shovel and gold-pan. Then he crawled out himself into the open. He was clad in faded overalls and black cotton shirt, with hobnailed brogans on his feet, and on his head a hat whose shapelessness and stains advertised the rough usage of wind and rain and sun and camp-smoke. He stood erect, seeing wide-eyed the secrecy of the scene and sensuously inhaling the warm, sweet breath of the cañon-garden through nostrils that dilated and quivered with delight. His eyes narrowed

to laughing slits of blue, his face wreathed itself in joy, and his mouth curled in a smile as he cried aloud:

"Jumping dandelions and happy hollyhocks, but that smells good to me! Talk about your attar o' roses an' cologne factories! They ain't in it!"

He had the habit of soliloquy. His quick-changing facial expressions might tell every thought and mood, but the tongue, perforce, ran hard after, like a second Boswell, repeating it all over again.

The man lay down on the lip of the pool and drank long and deep of its water. "Tastes good to me," he murmured, lifting his head and gazing across the pool at the side-hill, while he wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. The side-hill attracted his attention. Still lying on his stomach, he studied the hill formation long and carefully. It was a practised eye that traveled up the slope to the crumbling cañon-wall and back and down again to the edge of the pool. He scrambled to his feet and favored the side-hill with a second survey.

"Looks good to me," he concluded, picking up his pick and shovel and gold-pan.

He crossed the stream below the pool, stepping agilely from stone to stone. Where the side-hill touched the water he dug up a shovelful of dirt and put it into the gold-pan. He squatted down, holding the pan in his two hands and partly immersing it in the stream. Then he imparted to the pan a deft circular motion that sent the water sluicing in and out through the dirt and gravel. The larger and lighter particles worked to the surface, and these, by a skillful dipping movement of the pan, he spilled out and over the edge. Occasionally, to expedite matters, he rested the pan and with his fingers raked out the large pebbles and rocks.

The contents of the pan diminished rapidly until only fine dirt and the smallest bits of gravel remained. At this stage he began to work very deliberately and carefully. It was fine washing, and he washed fine and finer, with a keen scrutiny and delicate and fastidious touch. At last the pan seemed empty of everything but water; but with a quick semicircular flirt that sent the water flying over the shallow rim into the stream, he disclosed a layer of

black sand on the bottom of the pan. So thin was this layer that it was like a streak of paint. He examined it closely. In the midst of it was a tiny golden speck. He dribbled a little water in over the depressed edge of the pan. With a quick flirt he sent the water sluicing across the bottom, turning the grains of black sand over and over. A second tiny golden speck rewarded his effort.

The washing had now become very fine—fine beyond all need of ordinary placer-mining. He worked the black sand, a small portion at a time, up the shallow rim of the pan. Each small portion he examined sharply, so that his eyes saw every grain of it before he allowed it to slide over the edge and away. Jealously, bit by bit, he let the black sand slip away. A golden speck, no larger than a pin-point, appeared on the rim, and by his manipulation of the water it returned to the bottom of the pan. And in such fashion another speck was disclosed, and another. Great was his care of them. Like a shepherd he herded his flock of golden specks so that not one should be lost. At last, of the pan of dirt nothing remained but his golden herd. He counted it, and then, after all his labor, sent it flying out of the pan with one final swirl of water.

But his blue eyes were shining with desire as he rose to his feet. "Seven," he muttered aloud, enumerating the specks for which he had toiled so hard and which he had so wantonly thrown away. "Seven," he repeated, with the emphasis of one trying to impress a number on his memory.

He stood still a long while, surveying the side-hill. In his eyes there was a curiosity, new-aroused and burning. There was an exultance about his bearing and a keenness like that of a hunting animal catching the fresh scent of game.

He moved down the stream a few steps and took a second panful of dirt.

Again came the careful washing, the jealous herding of the golden specks, and the wantonness with which he sent them flying into the stream when he had counted their number.

"Five," he muttered, and repeated, "five."

He could not forbear another survey of the hill before filling the pan farther down the stream. His golden herds diminished. "Four, three, two, one," were his

memory-tabulations as he moved down the stream. When but one speck of gold rewarded his washing, he stopped and built a fire of dry twigs. Into this he thrust the gold-pan and burned it till it was blue-black. He held up the pan and examined it critically. Then he nodded approbation. Against such a color-background he could defy the tiniest yellow speck to elude him.

Still moving down the stream, he panned again. A single speck was his reward. A third pan contained no gold at all. Not satisfied with this, he panned three times again, taking his shovels of dirt within a foot of one another. Each pan proved empty of gold, and the fact, instead of discouraging him, seemed to give him satisfaction. His elation increased with each barren washing, until he arose, exclaiming jubilantly:

"If it ain't the real thing may God knock off my head with sour apples!"

Returning to where he had started operations, he began to pan up the stream. At first his golden herds increased—increased prodigiously. "Fourteen, eighteen, twenty-one, twenty-six," ran his memory-tabulations. Just above the pool he struck his richest pan—thirty-five colors.

"Almost enough to save," he remarked regretfully as he allowed the water to sweep them away.

The sun climbed to the top of the sky. The man worked on. Pan by pan, he went up the stream, the tally of results steadily decreasing.

"It's just booful, the way it peters out," he exulted when a shovelful of dirt contained no more than a single speck of gold.

And when no specks at all were found in several pans he straightened up and favored the side-hill with a confident glance.

"Ah, ha! Mr. Pocket!" he cried out, as though to an auditor hidden somewhere above him beneath the surface of the slope. "Ah, ha! Mr. Pocket! I 'm a-comin', I 'm a-comin', an' I 'm shorely gwine to get yer! You heah me, Mr. Pocket? I 'm gwine to get yer as shore as punkins ain't cauliflowerers!"

He turned and flung a measuring glance at the sun poised above him in the azure of the cloudless sky. Then he went down the cañon, following the line of shovel-holes he had made in filling the pans. He crossed the stream below the pool and dis-

appeared through the green screen. There was little opportunity for the spirit of the place to return with its quietude and repose, for the man's voice, raised in rag-time song, still dominated the cañon with possession.

After a time, with a greater clashing of steel-shod feet on rock, he returned. The green screen was tremendously agitated. It surged back and forth in the throes of a struggle. There was a loud grating and clanging of metal. The man's voice leaped to a higher pitch and was sharp with imperativeness. A large body plunged and panted. There was a snapping and ripping and rending, and amid a shower of falling leaves a horse burst through the screen. On its back was a pack, and from this trailed broken vines and torn creepers. The animal gazed with astonished eyes at the scene into which it had been precipitated, then dropped its head to the grass and began contentedly to graze. A second horse scrambled into view, slipping once on the mossy rocks and regaining equilibrium when its hoofs sank into the yielding surface of the meadow. It was riderless, though on its back was a high-horned Mexican saddle scarred and discolored by long usage.

The man brought up the rear. He threw off pack and saddle, with an eye to camp location, and gave the animals their freedom to graze. He unpacked his food and got out frying-pan and coffee-pot. He gathered an armful of dry wood, and with a few stones made a place for his fire.

"My!" he said, "but I 've got an appetite. I could scoff iron-filings an' horse-shoe nails an' thank you kindly, ma'am, for a second helpin'."

He straightened up, and, while he reached for matches in the pocket of his overalls, his eyes traveled across the pool to the side-hill. His fingers had clutched the match-box, but they relaxed their hold and the hand came out empty. The man wavered perceptibly. He looked at his preparations for cooking and he looked at the hill.

"Guess I 'll take another whack at her," he concluded, starting to cross the stream.

"They ain't no sense in it, I know," he mumbled apologetically. "But keepin' grub back half an hour ain't goin' to hurt none, I reckon."

A few feet back from his first line of

test-pans he started a second line. The sun dropped down the western sky, the shadows lengthened, but the man worked on. He began a third line of test-pans. He was crosscutting the hillside, line by line, as he ascended. The center of each line produced the richest pans, while the ends came where no colors showed in the pan. And as he ascended the side-hill the lines grew perceptibly shorter. The regularity with which their length diminished served to indicate that somewhere up the slope the last line would be so short as to have scarcely length at all, and that beyond could come only a point. The design was growing into an inverted "V." The converging sides of this "V" marked the boundaries of the gold-bearing dirt.

The apex of the "V" was evidently the man's goal. Often he ran his eye along the converging sides and on up the hill, trying to divine the apex, the point where the gold-bearing dirt must cease. Here resided "Mr. Pocket"—for so the man familiarly addressed the imaginary point above him on the slope, crying out:

"Come down out o' that, Mr. Pocket! Be right smart an' agreeable, an' come down!"

"All right," he would add later, in a voice resigned to determination. "All right, Mr. Pocket. It's plain to me I got to come right up an' snatch you out bald-headed. An' I'll do it! I'll do it!" he would threaten still later.

Each pan he carried down to the water to wash, and as he went higher up the hill the pans grew richer, until he began to save the gold in an empty baking-powder can which he carried carelessly in his hip-pocket. So engrossed was he in his toil that he did not notice the long twilight of oncoming night. It was not until he tried vainly to see the gold colors in the bottom of the pan that he realized the passage of time. He straightened up abruptly. An expression of whimsical wonderment and awe overspread his face as he drawled:

"Gosh darn my buttons! if I did n't plumb forget dinner!"

He stumbled across the stream in the darkness and lighted his long-delayed fire. Flapjacks and bacon and warmed-over beans constituted his supper. Then he smoked a pipe by the smoldering coals, listening to the night noises and watching the moonlight stream through the cañon.

After that he unrolled his bed, took off his heavy shoes, and pulled the blankets up to his chin. His face showed white in the moonlight, like the face of a corpse. But it was a corpse that knew its resurrection; for the man rose suddenly on one elbow and gazed across at his hillside.

"Good night, Mr. Pocket," he called sleepily. "Good night."

He slept through the early gray of morning until the direct rays of the sun smote his closed eyelids, when he awoke with a start and looked about him until he had established the continuity of his existence and identified his present self with all the days previously lived.

To dress, he had merely to buckle on his shoes. He glanced at his fireplace and at his hillside, wavered, but fought down the temptation and started the fire.

"Keep yer shirt on, Bill; keep yer shirt on," he admonished himself. "What 's the good of rushin'? No use in gettin' all het up an' sweaty. Mr. Pocket 'll wait for you. He ain't a-runnin' away before you can get yer breakfast. Now, what you want, Bill, is something fresh in yer bill o' fare. So it 's up to you to go an' get it."

He cut a short pole at the water's edge and drew from one of his pockets a bit of line and a dragged fly that had once been a royal coachman.

"Melbe they 'll bite in the early mornin'," he muttered, as he made his first cast into the pool. And a moment later he was gleefully crying: "What 'd I tell you, ch? What 'd I tell you?"

He had no reel, nor any inclination to waste time, and by main strength, and swiftly, he drew out of the water a flashing ten-inch trout. Three more, caught in rapid succession, furnished his breakfast. When he came to the stepping-stones on his way to his hillside, he was struck by a sudden thought, and paused.

"I'd just better take a hike down-stream a ways," he said. "There 's no tellin' what cuss may be snoopin' around."

But he crossed over on the stones, and with a "I really oughter take that hike," the need of the precaution passed out of his mind and he fell to work.

At nightfall he straightened up. The small of his back was stiff from stooping toil, and as he put his hand behind him to soothe the protesting muscles he said:

"Now what d' ye think of that, by

damn! I clean forgot my dinner again! If I don't watch out I 'll sure be degeneratin' into a two-meal-a-day crank."

"Pockets is the damndest things I ever see for makin' a man absent-minded," he communed that night as he crawled into his blankets. Nor did he forget to call up the hillside, "Good night, Mr. Pocket! Good night!"

Rising with the sun, and snatching a hasty breakfast, he was early at work. A fever seemed to be growing in him, nor did the increasing richness of the test-pans allay this fever. There was a flush in his cheek other than that made by the heat of the sun, and he was oblivious to fatigue and the passage of time. When he filled a pan with dirt he ran down the hill to wash it; nor could he forbear running up the hill again, panting and stumbling profanely, to refill the pan.

He was now a hundred yards from the water, and the inverted "V" was assuming definite proportions. The width of the pay-dirt steadily decreased, and the man extended in his mind's eye the sides of the "V" to their meeting-place far up the hill. This was his goal, the apex of the "V," and he panned many times to locate it.

"Just about two yards above that manzanita bush an' a yard to the right," he finally concluded.

Then the temptation seized him. "As plain as the nose on your face," he said, as he abandoned his laborious crosscutting and climbed to the indicated apex. He filled a pan and carried it down the hill to wash. It contained no trace of gold. He dug deep, and he dug shallow, filling and washing a dozen pans, and was unrewarded even by the tiniest golden speck. He was enraged for having yielded to the temptation, and cursed himself blasphemously and pridelessly. Then he went down the hill and took up the crosscutting.

"Slow an' certain, Bill; slow an' certain," he crooned. "Short-cuts to fortune ain't in your line, an' it 's about time you know it. Get wise, Bill; get wise. Slow an' certain 's the only hand you can play; so go to it, an' keep to it, too."

As the cross-cuts decreased, showing that the sides of the "V" were converging, the depth of the "V" increased. The gold-trace was dipping into the hill. It was only at thirty inches beneath the surface that he could get colors in his pan.

The dirt he found at twenty-five inches from the surface, and at thirty-five inches, yielded barren pans. At the base of the "V," by the water's edge, he had found the gold colors at the grass roots. The higher he went up the hill, the deeper the gold dipped. To dig a hole three feet deep in order to get one test-pan was a task of no mean magnitude; while between the man and the apex intervened an untold number of such holes to be dug. "An' there 's no tellin' how much deeper it 'll pitch," he sighed, in a moment's pause, while his fingers soothed his aching back.

Feverish with desire, with aching back and stiffening muscles, with pick and shovel gouging and mauling the soft, browned earth, the man toiled up the hill. Before him was the smooth slope, spangled with flowers and made sweet with their breath. Behind him was devastation. It looked like some terrible eruption breaking out on the smooth skin of the hill. His slow progress was like that of a snail, befouling beauty with a monstrous trail.

Though the dipping gold-trace increased the man's work, he found consolation in the increasing richness of the pans. Twenty cents, thirty cents, fifty cents, sixty cents, were the values of the gold found in the pans, and at nightfall he washed his banner pan, which gave him a dollar's worth of gold-dust from a shovelful of dirt.

"I 'll just bet it 's my luck to have some inquisitive cuss come buttin' in here on my pasture," he mumbled sleepily that night as he pulled the blankets up to his chin.

Suddenly he sat upright. "Bill!" he called sharply. "Now, listen to me, Bill; d' ye hear! It 's up to you, to-morrow mornin', to mosey round an' see what you can see. Understand? To-morrow mornin', an' don't you forget it!"

He yawned and glanced across at his side-hill. "Good night, Mr. Pocket," he called.

In the morning he stole a march on the sun, for he had finished breakfast when its first rays caught him, and he was climbing the wall of the cañon where it crumbled away and gave footing. From the outlook at the top he found himself in the midst of loneliness. As far as he could see, chain after chain of mountains heaved themselves into his vision. To the east his eyes, leaping the miles between range and range

and between many ranges, brought up at last against the white-peaked Sierras—the main crest, where the backbone of the Western world reared itself against the sky. To the north and south he could see more distinctly the cross-systems that broke through the main trend of the sea of mountains. To the west the ranges fell away, one behind the other, diminishing and fading into the gentler foothills that, in turn, descended into the great valley which he could not see.

And in all that mighty sweep of earth he saw no sign of man or of the handiwork of man—save only the torn bosom of the side-hill at his feet. The man looked long and carefully. Once, far down his own cañon, he thought he saw in the air a faint hint of smoke. He looked again and decided that it was the purple haze of the hills made dark by a convulsion of the cañon wall at its back.

"Hey, you, Mr. Pocket!" he called down into the cañon. "Stand out from under! I 'm a-comin', Mr. Pocket! I 'm a-comin'!"

The heavy brogans on the man's feet made him appear clumsy-footed, but he swung down from the giddy height as lightly and airily as a mountain goat. A rock, turning under his foot on the edge of the precipice, did not disconcert him. He seemed to know the precise time required for the turn to culminate in disaster, and in the meantime he utilized the false footing itself for the momentary earth-contact necessary to carry him on into safety. Where the earth sloped so steeply that it was impossible to stand for a second upright, the man did not hesitate. His foot pressed the impossible surface for but a fraction of the fatal second and gave him the bound that carried him onward. Again, where even the fraction of a second's footing was out of the question, he would swing his body past by a moment's hand-grip on a jutting knob of rock, a crevice, or a precariously rooted shrub. At last, with a wild leap and yell, he exchanged the face of the wall for an earth-slide and finished the descent in the midst of several tons of sliding earth and gravel.

His first pan of the morning washed out over two dollars in coarse gold. It was from the center of the "V." To either side the diminution in the values of the pans was swift. His lines of crosscutting

holes were growing very short. The converging sides of the inverted "V" were only a few yards apart. Their meeting-point was only a few yards above him. But the pay-streak was dipping deeper and deeper into the earth. By early afternoon he was sinking the test-holes five feet before the pans could show the gold-trace.

For that matter, the gold-trace had become something more than a trace; it was a placer-mine in itself, and the man resolved to come back after he had found the pocket and work over the ground. But the increasing richness of the pans began to worry him. By late afternoon the worth of the pans had grown to three and four dollars. The man scratched his head perplexedly and looked a few feet up the hill at the manzanita bush that marked approximately the apex of the "V." He nodded his head and said oracularly:

"It 's one o' two things, Bill; one o' two things. Either Mr. Pocket 's spilled himself all out an' down the hill, or else Mr. Pocket's that damned rich you, maybe, won't be able to carry him all away with you. And that 'd be hell, would n't it, now?" He chuckled at contemplation of so pleasant a dilemma.

Nightfall found him by the edge of the stream, his eyesight wrestling with the gathering darkness over the washing of a five-dollar pan.

"Wisht I had an electric light to go on working," he said.

He found sleep difficult that night. Many times he composed himself and closed his eyes for slumber to overtake him; but his blood pounded with too strong desire, and as many times his eyes opened and he murmured wearily, "Wisht it was sun-up."

Sleep came to him in the end, but his eyes were open with the first paling of the stars, and the gray of dawn caught him with breakfast finished and climbing the hillside in the direction of the secret abiding-place of Mr. Pocket.

The first cross-cut the man made, there was space for only three holes, so narrow had become the pay-streak and so close was he to the fountainhead of the golden stream he had been following for four days.

"Be ca'm, Bill; be ca'm," he admonished himself, as he broke ground for the final hole where the sides of the "V" had at last come together in a point.

"I 've got the almighty cinch on you, Mr. Pocket, an' you can't lose me," he said many times as he sank the hole deeper and deeper.

Four feet, five feet, six feet, he dug his way down into the earth. The digging grew harder. His pick grated on broken rock. He examined the rock. "Rotten quartz," was his conclusion as, with the shovel, he cleared the bottom of the hole of loose dirt. He attacked the crumbling quartz with the pick, bursting the disintegrating rock asunder with every stroke.

He thrust his shovel into the loose mass. His eye caught a gleam of yellow. He dropped the shovel and squatted suddenly on his heels. As a farmer rubs the clinging earth from fresh-dug potatoes, so the man, a piece of rotten quartz held in both hands, rubbed the dirt away.

"Sufferin' Sardanapolis!" he cried. "Lumps an' chunks of it! Lumps an' chunks of it!"

It was only half rock he held in his hand. The other half was virgin gold. He dropped it into his pan and examined another piece. Little yellow was to be seen, but with his strong fingers he crumbled the rotten quartz away till both hands were filled with glowing yellow. He rubbed the dirt away from fragment after fragment, tossing them into the gold-pan. It was a treasure-hole. So much had the quartz rotted away that there was less of it than there was of gold. Now and again he found a piece to which no rock clung—a piece that was all gold. A chunk, where the pick had laid open the heart of the gold, glittered like a handful of yellow jewels, and he cocked his head at it and slowly turned it around and over to observe the rich play of the light upon it.

"Talk about yer Too Much Gold diggin's!" the man snorted contemptuously. "Why, this diggin' 'd make it look like thirty cents. This diggin' is All Gold. An' right here an' now I name this yere cañon 'All Gold Cañon,' b' gosh!"

Still squatting on his heels, he continued examining the fragments and tossing them into the pan. Suddenly there came to him a premonition of danger. It seemed a shadow had fallen upon him. But there was no shadow. His heart had given a great jump up into his throat and was choking him. Then his blood slowly

chilled and he felt the sweat of his shirt cold against his flesh.

He did not spring up nor look around. He did not move. He was considering the nature of the premonition he had received, trying to locate the impact of the mysterious force that had warned him, striving to sense the imperative presence of the unseen thing that threatened him. There is an aura of things hostile, made manifest by messengers too refined for the senses to know; and this aura he felt, but knew not how he felt it. His was the feeling as when a cloud passes over the sun. It seemed that between him and life had passed something dark and smothering and menacing; a gloom, as it were, that swallowed up life and made for death—his death.

Every force of his being impelled him to spring up and confront the unseen danger, but his soul dominated the panic, and he remained squatting on his heels, in his hands a chunk of gold. He did not dare to look around, but he knew by now that there was something behind him and above him. He made believe to be interested in the gold in his hand. He examined it critically, turned it over and over, and rubbed the dirt from it. And all the time he knew that something behind him was looking at the gold over his shoulder.

Still feigning interest in the chunk of gold in his hand, he listened intently and he heard the breathing of the thing behind him. His eyes searched the ground in front of him for a weapon, but they saw only the uprooted gold, worthless to him now in his extremity. There was his pick, a handy weapon on occasion; but this was not such an occasion. The man realized his predicament. He was in a narrow hole that was seven feet deep. His head did not come to the surface of the ground. He was in a trap.

He remained squatting on his heels. He was quite cool and collected; but his mind, considering every factor, showed him only his helplessness. He continued rubbing the dirt from the quartz fragments and throwing the gold into the pan. There was nothing else for him to do. Yet he knew that he would have to rise up, sooner or later, and face the danger that breathed at his back. The minutes passed, and with the passage of each minute he knew that by that much he was nearer the time when

he must stand up, or else—and his wet shirt went cold against his flesh again at the thought—or else he might receive death as he stooped there over his treasure.

Still he squatted on his heels, rubbing dirt from gold and debating in just what manner he should rise up. He might rise up with a rush and claw his way out of the hole to meet whatever threatened on the even footing above ground. Or he might rise up slowly and carelessly, and feign casually to discover the thing that breathed at his back. There was much to be said for either method. His instinct and every fighting fiber of his body favored the mad, clawing rush to the surface. His intellect, and the craft thereof, favored the slow and cautious meeting with the thing that menaced and which he could not see. And while he debated, a loud, crashing noise burst on his ear. At the same instant he received a stunning blow on the left side of the back, and from the point of impact felt a rush of flame through his flesh. He sprang up in the air, but halfway to his feet collapsed. His body crumpled in like a leaf withered in sudden heat, and he came down, his chest across his pan of gold, his face in the dirt and rock, his legs tangled and twisted because of the restricted space at the bottom of the hole. His legs twitched convulsively several times. His body was shaken as with a mighty ague. There was a slow expansion of the lungs, accompanied by a deep sigh. Then the air was slowly, very slowly exhaled, and his body as slowly flattened itself down into inertness.

Above, revolver in hand, a man was peering down over the edge of the hole. He peered for a long time at the prone and motionless body beneath him. After a while the stranger sat down on the edge of the hole so that he could see into it, and rested the revolver on his knee. Reaching his hand into a pocket, he drew out a wisp of brown paper. Into this he dropped a few crumbs of tobacco. The combination was a cigarette, brown and squat, with the ends turned in. Not once did he take his eyes from the body at the bottom of the hole. He lighted the cigarette and drew its smoke into his lungs with a caressing intake of the breath. He smoked slowly. Once the cigarette went out and he relighted it. And all the while he studied the body beneath him.

In the end he tossed the cigarette stub away and rose to his feet. He walked to the edge of the hole. Spanning it, a hand resting on each edge, and with the revolver still in the right hand, he muscled his body down into the hole. While his feet were yet a yard from the bottom he released his hands and dropped down.

At the instant his feet struck bottom he saw the pocket-miner's arm leap out and his own legs knew a swift, jerking grip that overthrew him. In the nature of the jump his revolver-hand was above his head. Swiftly as the grip had flashed about his legs, just as swiftly he brought the revolver down. He was still in the air, his fall in process of completion, when he pulled the trigger. The explosion was deafening in the confined space. The smoke filled the hole so that he could see nothing. He struck the bottom on his back, and like a cat's the pocket-miner's body was on top of him. Even as the miner's body passed on top, the stranger crooked in his right arm to fire; and even in that instant the miner, with a quick thrust of elbow, struck his wrist. The muzzle was thrown up and the bullet thudded into the dirt of the side of the hole.

The next instant the stranger felt the miner's hand grip his wrist. The struggle was now for the revolver. Each man strove to turn it against the other's body. The smoke in the hole was clearing. The stranger, lying on his back, was beginning to see dimly. But suddenly he was blinded by a handful of dirt deliberately flung into his eyes by his antagonist. In that moment of shock his grip on the revolver was broken. In the next moment he felt a smashing darkness descend upon his brain, and in the midst of the darkness even the darkness ceased.

But the pocket-miner fired again and again, until the revolver was empty. Then he tossed it from him and, breathing heavily, sat down on the dead man's legs.

The miner was sobbing and struggling for breath. "Measly skunk!" he panted; "a-campin' on my trail an' lettin' me do the work, an' then shootin' me in the back!"

He was half crying from anger and exhaustion. He peered at the face of the dead man. It was sprinkled with loose dirt and gravel, and it was difficult to distinguish the features.

"Never laid eyes on him before," the miner concluded his scrutiny. "Just a common an' ordinary thief, damn him! An' he shot me in the back! He shot me in the back!"

He opened his shirt and felt himself, front and back, on his left side.

"Went clean through, and no harm done!" he cried jubilantly. "I 'll bet he aimed all right, all right; but he drew the gun over when he pulled the trigger—the cuss! But I fixed 'm! Oh, I fixed 'm!"

His fingers were investigating the bullet-hole in his side, and a shade of regret passed over his face. "It 's goin' to be stiffer 'n hell," he said. "An' it 's up to me to get mended an' get out o' here."

He crawled out of the hole and went down the hill to his camp. Half an hour later he returned, leading his pack-horse. His open shirt disclosed the rude bandages with which he had dressed his wound. He was slow and awkward with his left-hand movements, but that did not prevent him using the arm.

The bight of the pack-rope under the dead man's shoulders enabled him to heave the body out of the hole. Then he set to work gathering up his gold. He worked steadily for several hours, pausing often to rest his stiffening shoulder and to exclaim:

"He shot me in the back, the measly skunk! He shot me in the back!"

When his treasure was quite cleaned up and wrapped securely into a number of blanket-covered parcels, he made an estimate of its value.

"Four hundred pounds, or I 'm a Hot-tentot," he concluded. "Say two hundred in quartz an' dirt—that leaves two hundred pounds of gold. Bill! Wake up! 'Two hundred pounds of gold! Forty thousand dollars! An' it 's yourn—all yourn!"

He scratched his head delightedly and his fingers blundered into an unfamiliar groove. They quested along it for several inches. It was a crease through his scalp where the second bullet had plowed.

He walked angrily over to the dead man.

"You would, would you?" he bullied. "You would, eh? Well, I fixed you good an' plenty, an' I 'll give you decent burial, too. That 's more 'n you 'd have done for me."

He dragged the body to the edge of the

hole and toppled it in. It struck the bottom with a dull crash, on its side. The face twisted up to the light. The miner peered down at it.

"An' you shot me in the back!" he said accusingly.

With pick and shovel he filled the hole. Then he loaded the gold on his horse. It was too great a load for the animal, and when he had gained his camp he transferred part of it to his saddle-horse. Even so, he was compelled to abandon a portion of his outfit—pick and shovel and gold-pan, extra food and cooking-utensils, and divers odds and ends.

The sun was at the zenith when the man forced the horses at the screen of vines and creepers. To climb the huge boulders the animals were compelled to uprear and struggle blindly through the tangled mass of vegetation. Once the saddle-horse fell heavily and the man removed the pack to get the animal on its feet. After it started on its way again the man thrust his head out from among the leaves and peered up at the side-hill.

"The measly skunk!" he said, and disappeared.

There was a ripping and tearing of vines and boughs. The trees surged back and forth, marking the passage of the animals through the midst of them. There was a clashing of steel-shod hoofs on stone, and now and again an oath or a sharp cry of command. Then the voice of the man was raised in song:

"Tu'n around an' tu'n yo' face
Untoe them sweet hills of grace
(D' pow'rs of sin yo' am scornin'!).
Look about an' look aroun',
Fling yo' sin-pack on d' groun'
(Yo' will meet widd' Lord in d' mornin'!)."

The song grew faint and fainter, and through the silence crept back the spirit of the place. The stream once more drowsed and whispered; the hum of the mountain bees rose sleepily. Down through the perfume-weighted air fluttered the snowy fluffs of the cottonwoods. The butterflies drifted in and out among the trees, and over all blazed the quiet sunshine. Only remained the hoof-marks in the meadow and the torn hillside to mark the boisterous trail of the life that had broken the peace of the place and passed on.



Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by Robert Varley

"HIS BODY CRUMPLED IN LIKE A LEAF"

THREE
DUTCH TYPES
FROM
VOLENDAM



DRAWN BY
IRIS M. ANDREWS



Decorated by L. C. Gordon. Halftone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis



Drawn by Iris M. Andrews. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

MILKING-TIME



Drawn by Iris M. Andrews. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

WEATHER-PROOF



Drawn by Iris M. Andrews. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

ALWAYS KNITTING



Drawn by C. F. Underwood

THE MEN THEY USED TO BE

BY ARTHUR RUHL

WITH PICTURES BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

JUST around the corner from Madison Square, and only half a stone's throw from the avenue and the pattering hansom, is a little, low, brick stable-building in the face of which are two or three steps and a door. If you enter this door and climb up the old wooden stairs, you will come to a dingy-carpeted locker-room, the walls of which are hung with old framed photographs of groups of ancient athletes, with solemn faces and side-whiskers, like those who used to row when six men made a crew. If you climb up a ladder,—precisely like the ladders that grow on the sides of haystacks in the country,—you will emerge in an old gymnasium. The apparatus is of a pattern different from that in the gym at college; you bathe in a little sort of cupboard by filling pails from a faucet and pouring them over your head; and every time you covertly open a window in the hope of diluting an atmosphere in which are curiously balanced the smell of the stable and the vague but depressing odor of mere antiquity, it always closes mysteriously behind your back, like wounds in some invulnerable dragon.

Here, of a morning, you will find the brothers De Mar, from the music-hall a few blocks away, laboriously practising, in dingy negligé, the feats with which they

nightly electrify the simple audience on the other side of the footlights. Or, perhaps, Feveril Fortescue, idol of the matinees, is devoting his genius to his biceps, against his appearance in the winter, bare-armed, in the toga of Ben Hur. In the afternoon strange victims of avoirdupois or the latest method of physical culture trot stubbornly around the little padded track. Now and then enters a dark, devious, muscle-bound youth, with a strap about his wrist, who solemnly elevates an enormous iron dumb-bell over his head a dozen times or so,—a slowly smoldering cigarette hanging from the corner of his mouth the while,—and then as solemnly retires, his exercise and sport over for the day.

Speaking in the language of other juvenile ailments, you "get" Blank's Gymnasium in your first autumn after you have come down from college to town. With the first warm breath of the following spring, if not before, you get over it. Afterward, when some one tells you that he has solved the office slave's problem of continuing the undergraduate's regulation ante-dinner sweat-cold-shower-and-rub-down, and begins to describe that classic loft,—“hardly a step from one's room,” “right on your way up town,”—you have the serene pleasure of wagging your head sympathetically and saying, “Yes—yes, I know; I had it once.”

Hathaway was beginning to feel just about that way. He was an easy-going young man with a tall and very powerful body, with which he could do a great many things easily and exceedingly well. He was one of those men who are so valuable to their college that to go in for the teams is a matter not so much of pleasure as of duty; and what with playing half-back every autumn, jumping in the indoor winter games, and training on down to the intercollegiate to win his consistent firsts in the mile in the dual meet and at Mott Haven, Hathaway was quite glad enough to cut it all out when he came down to town, to live his own lazy way, eating as much and sleeping as little as he chose, and expending all his energy in rearing the foundations for the house in town and country, the stable and steam-yacht, which seem to lie just over the horizon when one is starting in the Street. It one day came across him, harrowingly, that he was actually getting fat; and as he was not particularly keen for the Seventh or the Squadron, and not temperamentally inclined for the "earnest-worker" gyms, he drifted into Blank's. It was only a couple of blocks or so from home, and, as Hathaway observed, "I suppose a man really ought to do something."

The winter was nearly over when he began to drop in of afternoons to juggle pulley-weights for a lonesome half-hour. Presently, as the days grew warmer, he decided that one day in the middle of the week, with thirty-six holes of golf at the end of it, was enough exercise for a city man. Then a day came when he decided that, after all, even that was n't worth while. It was a warm, pretty day, the tulips were blooming in Madison Square, and even in Broadway one could tell that the spring had come in the country.

Hathaway had swung over the old rowing-machines for an imaginary mile or two, taken a turn around the little thirty-lap track, and finally flopped down on one of the mats. As he flung his arms back over his head and closed his eyes on a couple of double-chinned hippopotami who were struggling with a medicine-ball, he thought of the days when it had seemed to him "work" to go out on a rolled cinder-path and run a fifty-yard trial. Yes, they were all out of doors now—the runners on the track; the nine was getting its

tan on the field; and the crew men were rowing on the river. He could hear the crack of the cricket-bats over under the Willows, and see the white figures of the tennis-players flashing in the afternoon sun, and breathe the odor of the fresh grass, and— The nervous, fretful squeaking of a rickety pulley-weight woke him back to daylight. Hathaway rolled over lazily and, with his head still resting on his bare arm, watched the man who was making the noise.

What an odd little windfall he was—undersized and knobby-jointed, with flat, thin arms and legs, like those of a boy mysteriously grown old! *Squeakity-squeak!* *squeakity-squeak!* went the pulley-weights; and, as his arms came up and the veins showed very blue through the white skin, the little chap stared down at his biceps with an air of mingled pride and grave concern. He was bald about the temples, there was a red spectacle-mark across his nose, and his face had that curiously gaunt, blue look which comes when a thick black beard, closely shaven, shows through a pallid skin. *Squeakity-squeak!* Hathaway watched the little chap's arms absent-mindedly, thinking of different folk's ideas of exercise and sport, and of how this man seemed to epitomize all that was mere muscle-making and lifeless and littless and leaden, when something in his motions caught his eye. Why, sure enough, it was! The solemn little man was doing the old Mott Haven pulley-weight drill. Every year, following some occult unwritten law, the men who lead the gym squads in the winter go through the same series of bore-some juggleries. And an old track-man will start off on the drill the moment his fingers touch the chest-weight handles, just as instinctively as a veteran brings his hand to his forehead when some one cries, "Salute!"

Presently the little man dropped the weights and went over to the track. The moment that he stepped off Hathaway saw that he knew how to run. There were several on the tiny oval already—a gray-haired, purple-faced ice-wagon, pounding round and round in an endeavor to reduce weight; a "strong man" in tights and velvet trunks and with a torso bowed and knotted with muscle, who scuffled along flat-footed and shamelessly, an irony in flesh; but the little windfall chap strode

daintily and, as it were, disdainfully past them all, his toes touching the track lightly, his arms and back in the rhythm, all of him well in hand. How potent an eloquence there may be in the mere holding of a pair of reins, the handling of an oar! What subtle signs strike the spark of sport's freemasonry when the "know" comes out in a man and proves him not a duffer! Hathaway watched the little man

The little fellow started, and a quick smile crinkled his wizen face. He looked like one who suddenly hears his own language spoken in a strange land. But he caught himself quickly.

"Never was timed," he said. "Half 's my distance."

"Oh," said Hathaway, respectfully, "I was n't quite sure. I thought your stride looked like a miler's."



Drawn by C. F. Underwood. Half-tone plate engraved by L. H. Wellington

THE RUBBING DOWN

until he had sprinted around the last two turns of his twenty-lap jog, and then he smiled to himself:

"Why, he 's not such a bad sort, after all!"

When he had taken his water-bucket shower and pattered back to his locker, he found the little man seated on the bench, solemnly lubricating his limbs with winter-green oil. Hathaway, burnishing off his left shoulder with a rough towel, looked down at him.

"What 's your time for the mile?" he inquired.

He meant that the little man was n't at all the sort to run a fast half-mile. He had neither the quick strength nor the stride. The little man nodded in a pleasant way.

"Well, you see, I 'm not much good," he explained. There was something reminiscent about his face, and Hathaway felt vaguely that he had seen him before. The little man pointed to the floor overhead, whence came the dull thumping of the exercisers, and shrugged his shoulders wearily.

"Beasts!" he whispered. "You 're the

first man—why, what made you think I could run?"

"I used to run a little bit myself. I know what it looks like, you know. And then I saw you at the pulley-weights," smiled Hathaway. "Nobody ever forgets that."

The little man's face lighted up with a "Then you were up there, too," and all at once Hathaway recalled the ridiculous two-mile handicap that was run in the last spring meet in his freshman year. At the limit—two hundred yards—was a gorilla-like hammer-thrower who was getting in shape for the all-round championships, and beside him a little unknown—one of those mysterious beings whom one meets in class-rooms and sees now and then in the yard, who come from nowhere, know nobody, and presently vanish, none knows whither. It was very droll to see the two start off side by side and be overtaken by the scratch man before the half-mile was run. And it was droll to see the big man fall back, and back, and come plowing in after every one had forgotten him. But the drollest part was to see the little man, not knowing at all when he was beaten, hook right on to the leaders as they passed him, and finish, all out and dead to the world, fifth or sixth, just missing a place.

"Yes," said Hathaway; "I was up there, too." The little man tossed his towel into the locker,—the second-tier lockers at Blank's are as high as one's head,—and something like a coin with a bit of ribbon attached to it dropped out on the floor. Before he could pick it up Hathaway had seen that it was a medal, and, as he looked over at the little man, the latter was blushing.

"I always keep it here," he said in an embarrassed way. "You see, I live in one of those hall bedrooms—in a boarding-house; and there's a corset drummer lives over me that's always coming down to borrow matches and ask questions about things in my room, and there's a fat woman in the room next to me who stays there all day and comes in and reads my letters when I'm gone. Oh, I know she does—I can smell her perfumery on 'em. Well, now, you don't want these women—well, — it all! there's some things you don't want these people to paw over and see. And besides," he added, after pausing for Hathaway's grin of assent, "I'd rather

have anything like that here. It kind of gives you a brace. It makes things seem more real."

"Sort of sporting shrine," smiled Hathaway.

"Yes," said the little man, looking hard at him; "that's about it. That just about says it." He took the medal out of the locker again and turned it over and over in his hand. "It is n't gold; the gilt is almost worn off on this side. I call it the tin medal. You see," he explained carefully, "they were n't—that is, they were mucker games." He waited again for Hathaway's nod of approval. "You see, I had run in a two-mile handicap and I finished fifth. That was from the limit—pretty near half-way around the track. Well, that was the best I'd ever run, and it was the last chance I'd ever have, and along came these mucker games. I saw a notice of 'em in the paper one day—open handicap—over in East Somerville. And so I went in, and on that last race—you know how they try to stick you if they know you're from out there—they put me at scratch." The little man wriggled his shoulders and grinned all over. "Think of that," he said—"scratch! And they had no policeman to watch the fence, and so everybody climbed over, and nobody paid at the gate, and there was n't any money, and—and so we got tin medals." There was quite a flush on the little man's face and a new look in his eyes. He was n't at all the little man who had been going through the pulley-weight drill with gritted teeth.

"And you won?" asked Hathaway.

"Yes," said the little man; "I won—from scratch. Do you know what that means—to win from scratch?"

"Yes, I know," said Hathaway. He had won his initial in his freshman year. "Great, is n't it!"

"You bet your life it's great!" said the little man.

He was almost dressed by this time, and he turned round from the glass in front of which he had been tying his tie and examined Hathaway for an instant to see that he was n't being laughed at. "That day," said he, "that race—why, that was the biggest thing that ever happened to me!" Hathaway nodded respectfully. There were n't very many big things happening to the little man nowadays, thought

Hathaway—the little man was n't exactly one of your Napoleons, and all that sort of thing—your man born to the purple.

"It's good enough just to be able to run," cried the little man—"just to have the strength and the wind and the spring and the stride, just to have the know and the feel of it. It's better yet to run in a good race and be beaten out by a better man; but to start off from scratch, with men just as good as you are, and you just as good as they are, and to jump out and run 'em off their feet—"

"That's something," assented Hathaway.

"You see, I had had plenty of the other thing, and—and I knew. I knew what it was to go in time after time, without a ghost of a show, and your heart going like a steam-riveter, and your mouth all cotton, and feeling about as game as a man who did n't know how to box would feel standing up in a twelve-foot ring against a heavy-weight pugilist. I knew what it was to run yourself out race after race and come wabbling in after the crowd had closed in across the track and the men who got places were trotting off to the locker-building. It does n't do you any good to tumble in a heap then. There is n't even a gallery to see it." The little man had grown flushed as he talked, and he shook his head and snapped his eyes excitedly as he rushed on.

"It was n't so much fun running in that handicap, on the limit-mark with a man twice your size, as though you were a Tom Thumb and the giant in a side show. I knew what the crowd thought, and I could hear 'em laughing across the field, while we waited there for the pistol. And every time we passed the stands they yelled, 'Go it!' and things like that. Oh, that was a whole lot of fun, *that* was!

"But this day—" he paused for a moment, affecting a fine air of carelessness as to what he was saying, and tossed his running-things into the locker—"this day," he repeated, and Hathaway thought he caught a bit of a quaver in the voice, "I was as good as any of 'em. I ran and I won, and I won from scratch. It was kind of a queer crowd there that day, muckers and all, straggling along the track. But they were mine, all mine, and the yells were mine, and the *thud-thud, thud-thud* of the shoes on the track, and the splashing

of the cinders against your legs, and the look of the men coming back toward me when I began to move up round the lower turn, and the little brush as I passed 'em, and the tape there across the track, with nobody in front of you; and the knowing, all at once, that I had 'em beaten and nothing on earth could stop me—that was mine, all mine!" The little man caught himself and stopped. "I'm no winner," he said; "I'm *not* much good. But that thing's done, and you can put your finger on it. And they can't take that away from me, can they? That's mine."

"You're right," assented Hathaway, smiling to himself as he thought of the many times that he had done what the little man had done but once, and of the mantelpiece lined with cups in his room at home which he had quite forgotten these many months; "they can't take that away."

They left the stuffy locker-room and walked together down the old wooden stairs. The warm spring sun was still bright, and Hathaway shook his shoulders and took a deep breath as they came into the open and he felt the gay flutter and patter of the avenue only half a block away. But the little man stared straight ahead of him, and a tired look crossed his eyes.

"No," he echoed; "they can't take that away. But this—" he swept his hand out bitterly toward the walls across the street, toward the wilderness of brick, and the dull, persistent roar of the city that hemmed them in—"this can take away something. It's an alarm-clock jerks you into it,—when you've forgotten,—and it's a desk and an electric light over your head when the sun is shining outside in the morning, and it's hanging on to a strap in the 'I.' train with the crowd reading the murders and suicides in the papers when the sun's going down—somewhere—out there behind the hills. And then—it's the boarding-house again and the people—and nobody can speak your language and nobody can understand. I come up here every afternoon,—it seems as though you ought to hang on to it somehow,—but it goes—it keeps a-going—and I can't make it feel the same."

They had just reached the avenue now, and, as the little man's voice ran down and paused, Hathaway took his arm—and very thin and queer it felt, too, against his

own solid one—and swung him along up-town.

"All you want is a little vacation," he said. "Work is an awful bore."

"Oh, it is n't that!" cried the little man. "It is n't the work: it's the forgetting. It's when you begin to lose interest. It's when you don't care whether you're stoop-shouldered or straight, when you don't care whether you've got any legs or not, when you think more of whether your trousers are pressed than whether the legs are right inside 'em. Oh, it's when you get to be just a clothes-figure with a thinking-machine on top, and let all the poetry in your body shrivel up and die! And your arms, and all the pull and thrust in 'em, and your legs, and all the spring and stride in 'em, become just baggage to carry around. You've run—you know what it is—just the feel of the lift and the spring as your toes catch the ground and swing you on, just the way a bit of level meadow where the grass is short, or a smooth stretch of soft roadway, will call out to you! Just the mere running!"

"And yet I've seen the day," said the little man, solemnly—"I've seen the day when I've envied some old bag of bones, with two feet in the grave, just because he rode up the sound every night in a steam-yacht; or some fat-faced object, who'd die of apoplexy if he ran a block, just because, when I was walking up-town some hot night after work, I'd meet him blowing down the avenue in an automobile—just in from the country, with a little tan on his face!"

Hathaway stopped suddenly and looked down at the little man.

"By the way," he said, "what have you got to do anything next Sunday? I mean—" He was thinking of their place on the sound, and the two saddle-horses in the stable, and the links just beyond the woods, and the knockabout floating in the cove—and that he did n't even know the little man's name. "I mean," stammered Hathaway, "we'll talk it over—and—and—come along in and have a little snifter."

"Thank you—but I don't believe—"

"Oh, yes, you do," laughed Hathaway. "It'll do you good." And he pushed the

little man in ahead of him—into a room the windows of which opened on the avenue, and where the men, sitting at little tables, to whom Hathaway nodded, glanced inquiringly at his companion, as though to ask who that might be he had in tow with the faded face and the spectacles and the quaint store-clothes. Hathaway tapped a bell and gave the orders, and, dropping into a broad-armed wicker chair, gazed out at the bright stream of carriages and hansoms and the people flowing by. For a moment they sat in silence, and then he turned toward the little man and then looked back, with a shrug of the shoulders, into the street.

"There they are," he said, "and there they'll always be, with their dinners and their *buzz-buzz* and their theaters and the rest. And here we are, in the cage, and we can't get out. And we've got to get rich and famous, and all that—and remember that we are n't antelopes or Indians—and forget that there's sunshine and blue water and a wind blowing, somewhere, across the moor. And they'll never learn to speak our language, and we've got to learn to speak theirs. And—" Hathaway smiled and shrugged his shoulders slightly—"it is n't such a bad one, either, when you get used to it; and the funny part is—the funny part is, how quick you do." He reached for his glass and twirled the stem slowly between his fingers.

"We're getting old," said he, and he smiled as he thought of his own freshness and lazy strength; of his father as he looked seated in his club window, ruddy, solidly powerful, and good-humoredly at ease; of his grandfather, smartest of the three in a way—gaunt, fine, erect, taking his hour each morning on the bridle path in the park. "We're getting old," repeated Hathaway, slowly, "and the bloom's going; but we'll hang on to what we have left, and—and here's to the men we once were!"

The little man stared hard at Hathaway, and raised his glass with a kind of timid smile.

"Sir, to you!" he said gravely. "'The men we once were!'"

THE PANAMA CANAL

BY WM. BARCLAY PARSONS

Member of the Isthmian Canal Commission of 1904-1905
Member of the Board of Consulting Engineers

THE story of a trans-isthmian canal begins on that day when Balboa, after struggling through a tropical jungle and up the steep flank of a mountain-range in what is now Darien, saw, to his astonishment, another great and unknown ocean. Since then there has been a steadily increasing pressure to complete the quest of Columbus and find, or, if it could not be found, then to make, a passage from the West to the far East. With the indomitable will of the freebooter of the Spanish Main, who

balked at no obstacle, Balboa solved the difficulty so far as he was concerned by carrying his ships piece by piece, spar by spar, across the isthmus and fitting them out on the Pacific. The modern ship cannot be treated so lightly; and since nature has failed to pierce the narrow neck of land separating the two great seas, it is left to the men of the twentieth century, not to carry their ships as did he of the sixteenth, but to provide an artificial river through which the modern leviathans can be navigated in safety.

As soon as Balboa's discovery had been



MAP OF THE ROUTE OF THE PANAMA CANAL



From a photograph

MEMBERS OF THE COMMISSION DISCUSSING THE GAMBOIA DAM, ON THE GROUND

This scene represents the reopening of the sea level project, for the Gamboa Dam is the key to the sea-level canal. General Davis holds the umbrella; toward the right, about the map, are Mr. Burr, Mr. Parsons, Major Black, and Mr. Grunsky

followed up so as to prove the unbroken continuance of land between the main continents of the two Americas, the attention of the early explorers was drawn to the possibility of constructing a waterway, and even Cortez made surveys for one at Tehuantepec. But the great task of cutting through the Continental Divide was quite beyond the powers of any appliances then existing, or even of such as were developed during the next three hundred and fifty years.

THE EAST END OF THE CANAL IS THE WEST END

BEFORE considering the canal and its details, it is well to fix in the mind the geographical location of Panama; for, extraordinary as it may appear, but few grasp the singular features of its position. The ordinary conception of North and South America is, that the two great continents are situated directly north and south of each other, and that Panama lies on about the median axis of the United States, or, say, south of the Mississippi Valley. A glance at a map, however, will show that South America does not lie due south of North America, but wholly to the east of

the meridian of Florida, so that the eastern coast of Brazil lies more nearly south of London than of New York. The result is that the Isthmus of Panama is not only east of Havana and Key West, but is about on a line with Buffalo. As the Isthmus of Panama lies east and west and not north and south, as it is popularly pictured; and as the canal runs from northwest to southeast, the east end of the canal lies west of the west end, so that the west end becomes the east end. These apparent geographical paradoxes have a most important bearing upon the commercial aspects of the canal, especially as they are related to the Pacific coast.

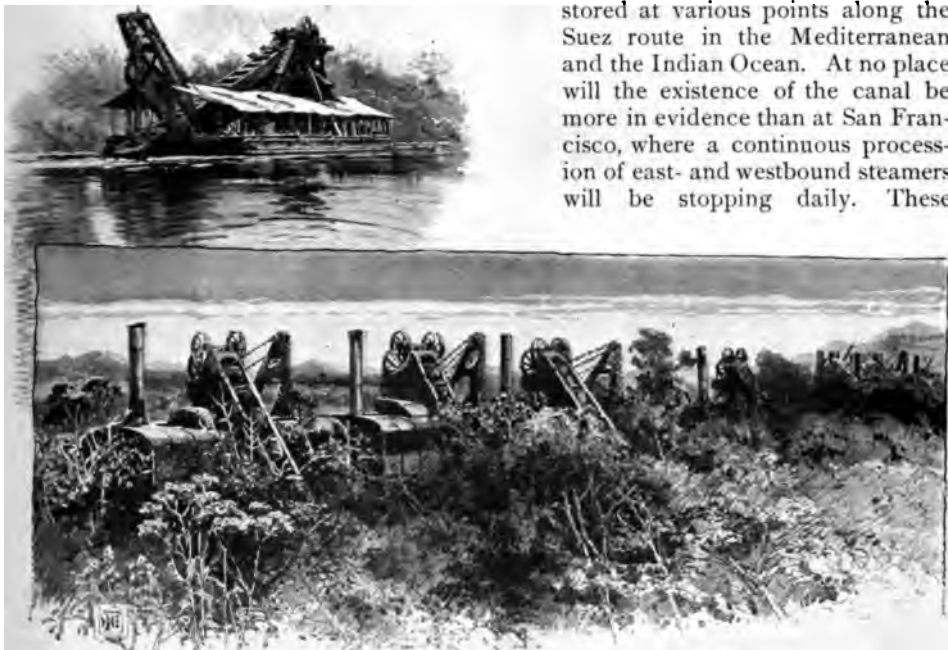
WHY SAN FRANCISCO WILL BE THE TRUE "KEY TO THE PACIFIC"

SOME years ago, when Hawaii was annexed to the United States, the advocates of annexation produced maps showing that straight lines drawn from San Francisco, or from Panama, to Japan, China, India, and Australia would intersect at or near the Hawaiian Islands, and that the bay of Honolulu would become, therefore, the "Key to the Pacific." This is true only when an ordinary map, which is

but a flat projection of a curved surface, is used. When the question of trans-Pacific routes is studied on a globe, a totally different state of affairs is found to exist, and we find that Hawaii lies near only a single trade route—namely, that from San Francisco to Australia. The shortest distance between any two points on a sphere is by a "great circle," that is, a line cut on the surface of the sphere by a plane passing through the two points in question and the center of the sphere itself. The great circle connecting Panama with Japan and China or any point on the eastern Asiatic coast passes through the Caribbean Sea, the Gulf of Mexico, Galveston, Denver, strikes the Pacific coast of the United States north of Seattle, and skirts the Aleutian Islands. The navigator will keep his ship as close to the above route between the isthmus and any port in the far East as land permits. That is, after passing through the canal, he will first go south, then northwest along the coast of Central America and Mexico, and, after clearing Cape St. Lucas, the southern end of Lower Cali-

fornia, he will take the great circle from there to Asia, and this great circle will carry him about 1700 miles to the east of Hawaii and only 300 miles west of San Francisco. As the ordinary tramp freight-steamer cannot, or will not wish to, carry enough coal to take her from the isthmus to Asia, she will have to stop at the most convenient intermediate point for coal and supplies. This point will be San Francisco, distant 3277 miles from Panama and 4536 miles from Yokohama; and in order to make such call, she will be lengthening her passage only 110 miles, or less than half a day in time, over the shortest possible course in a total distance of 7813 miles. The extraordinary result—one apparently not generally understood by the American public—is that San Francisco will become the "key" and gateway of the Pacific, where all vessels going to the far East, not only from the Atlantic seaboard, but from Europe as well, will stop for coal and supplies. This coal, if it be not found of satisfactory quality on the Western coast, will be brought in special

vessels from Alabama and West Virginia and stored, awaiting consumption, as Cardiff coal is now stored at various points along the Suez route in the Mediterranean and the Indian Ocean. At no place will the existence of the canal be more in evidence than at San Francisco, where a continuous procession of east- and westbound steamers will be stopping daily. These



Drawn by Harry Fenn, from a photograph. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

ABANDONED FRENCH DREDGE—ABANDONED FRENCH MACHINERY
STANDING ON A RAILWAY



Drawn by Harry Tenn, from a photograph. Half-tone plate engraved by Robert Vutley

LOW TIDE.— FRENCH DREDGES BEACHED TO PREVENT SINKING, BUT STILL AVAILABLE

steamers will make San Francisco a great competitive point for through freight shipments.

PROBLEM ONE: THE CHAGRES RIVER

GEOLOGICALLY speaking, the Isthmus of Panama is of volcanic origin, but volcanic activity has long since ceased. From ocean to ocean in a straight line is a distance of 42 miles, with the summit of the divide 10 miles from the Pacific side, whose altitude is about three hundred and forty feet where the line of the Panama Railroad and that of the proposed canal cross it. The southern slope of the divide toward the Pacific Ocean is drained by a number of streams, none of which is of great importance. The Atlantic side is drained by the river Chagres and its tributaries, the main stream being the only one that can lay any claim to extensive navigability. For a distance reaching nearly two thirds of the way across the isthmus it can be ascended by light-draft canoes at any stage of water. From the early Spanish days, through the gold excitement in California in 1849, down to the completion of the Panama Railroad in 1855, it was a part of the great highway across the isthmus. Boats ascended as far as the little village of Las Cruces, whence there was a land portage to Panama. Under Spanish domination treasure from South America was landed at what was then the city of Pana-

ma, carried overland to Las Cruces, and then shipped down the river and loaded under the guns of Fort Lorenzo, at the mouth of the Chagres, in vessels bound for Spain or destined for capture by Drake and his associates. In 1671 Fort Lorenzo was captured by Morgan and his bucanneers, and the city of Panama was sacked and destroyed, there standing to-day only the picturesque ruins of the old watch-tower and the walls of the cathedral that the Spaniards fortified and defended to the last with their wonted valor.

The isthmus, being only from eight to nine degrees north of the equator, lies within the belt of the trade-winds, the direction of which varies from northeast to northwest. These winds carry to the isthmus large quantities of moisture in suspension, which, on striking the mountains, is deposited as heavy rains. Although the year is supposed to be divided into a wet and a dry season, the former beginning in April and extending to November, rains are to be expected on the Atlantic side in all months, and heavy storms are to be looked for even during the so-called "dry" season. At Panama, on the Pacific side, the mean annual rainfall is sixty-seven inches, while on the Colon side it is one hundred and thirty inches, the former being nearly twice that on the Atlantic coast in the latitude of New York, and the latter being more than three times as great. Ordinarily the Chagres is a small and gently



Drawn by Harry Fenn, from a photograph. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

FRENCH EXCAVATOR AT WORK IN THE CULEBRA CUT AT THE PRESENT TIME

flowing river, and above Gamboa it is quite clear. The sudden violence of the storms—violent to a degree unknown in temperate zones—produces excessive floods that convert a stream, across which men can usually wade, into a madly rushing torrent. The Chagres has been known to rise nearly forty feet in a few hours and to pass at Bohio one hundred and forty thousand cubic feet of water per second; that is, a volume of water sufficient to fill a mile of canal, 300 feet wide on top and 35 feet deep, in five minutes, an enormous amount in view of the limited watershed. It is obvious that if such a flood were permitted to enter the restricted channel of a canal already full, it would so seriously damage the canal as to put it out of service and necessitate extensive repairs. It is not, therefore, the total discharge of the Chagres River that makes it such a formidable obstacle, the minimum discharge being very small, and even the average discharge being less than an amount that could be safely admitted directly to the canal, but

rather its enormous floods, rarely exceeding a day or two in duration, sometimes only a few hours, which, by their intensity while they last, carry such tremendous potentiality of destruction.

PROBLEM TWO: THE CUT THROUGH THE DIVIDE

THE second great difficulty is the huge cut through the divide. Of the length of the canal route of 49 miles, from deep water in the Atlantic to that in the Pacific, no less than 35 miles is ordinary dredging or land excavation, where, with the exception of an occasional spur, no cutting to mean tide level will exceed 30 feet, it all being work of simple character. The remaining 14 miles are across the mountain-range, where the original surface was 340 feet above ocean level, and where the average depth of cutting to the same level, exclusive of the depth of the canal, is still 140 feet, for a distance of eight miles, an excavation greatly exceeding in magnitude anything

heretofore undertaken. The geological composition of the range is variable, consisting of hard basaltic rock, a shale clay, resembling rock when first excavated, but which disintegrates on exposure, slippery clays and sand.

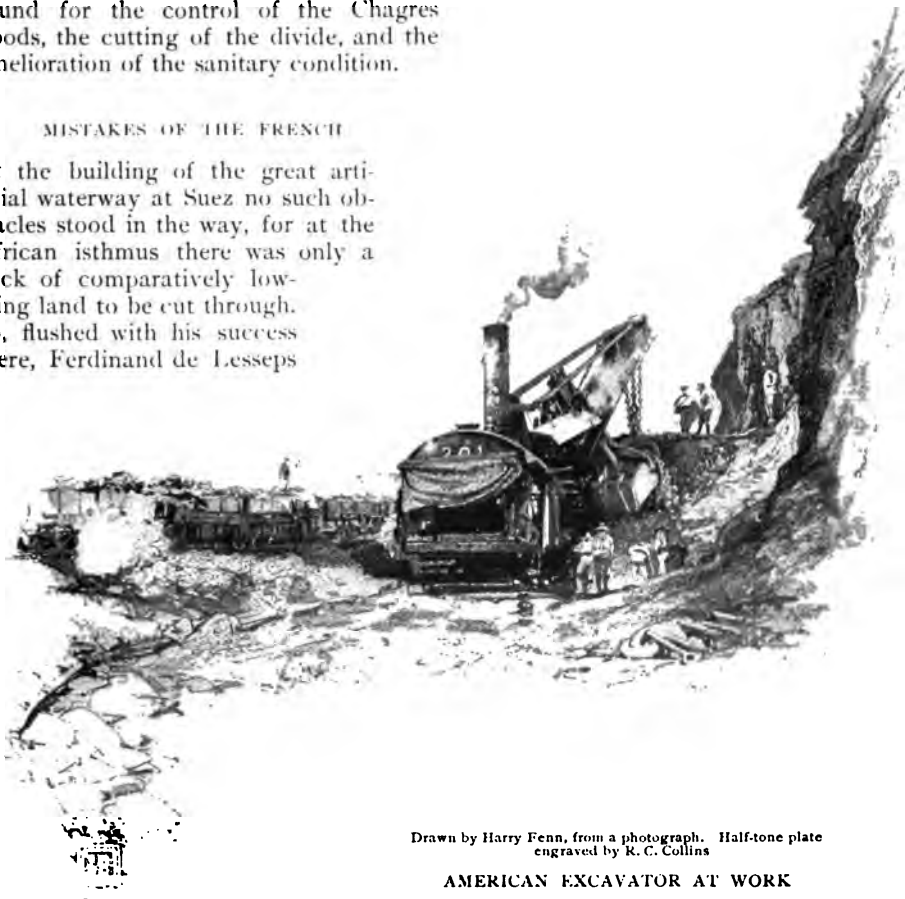
PROBLEM THREE: THE CLIMATE

THE third difficulty is the climate. Almost beneath the equatorial sun, deluged by tropical rains, with all the enervating conditions of a continually moist, hot climate, the country offers a fertile field for the development of disease. Consequently, the tropical fevers, such as yellow and malarial, to the virulent and malignant type of the latter of which has been given locally the name of Chagres fever, have always flourished, and have proved the deadly enemy to progressive foreigners. In order to complete successfully a trans-isthmian canal, a satisfactory solution must be found for the control of the Chagres floods, the cutting of the divide, and the amelioration of the sanitary condition.

MISTAKES OF THE FRENCH

IN the building of the great artificial waterway at Suez no such obstacles stood in the way, for at the African isthmus there was only a neck of comparatively low-lying land to be cut through. So, flushed with his success there, Ferdinand de Lesseps

turned his face to Panama. Having acquired a concession granted by the Colombian government to Lieutenant Wyse of the French navy, he set out to connect the Atlantic with the Pacific with all the light-hearted confidence begotten of a belief in his mission to correct geographical errors. Like Suez, the Panama Canal was to be *à niveau*,—that is, at sea level,—and all within a few years, and at a cost of a reasonable number of millions of francs. No plans were prepared for the great cut, no method was decided on for the control of the rampant Chagres, while yellow and Chagres fevers were treated with contempt. Contracts were made for useless machinery; locomotives and cars were delivered, built to the European gage instead of to five feet, that of



Drawn by Harry Fenn, from a photograph. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

AMERICAN EXCAVATOR AT WORK



From a photograph

GENERAL DAVIS AND ADMIRAL WALKER ON THE
INSPECTION CAR

the Panama Railroad, and equipment was bought far in excess of actual requirements. These contracts were made in order to enlist the influence, political and financial, of certain important interests in France in order to secure popular subscription to the canal company's stock. It is stated that beneath the spoil-banks there lie buried engines and machines of all kinds. They had served their purpose as the objects of corrupt contracts; they were unfitted for the work, and were not worth moving out of the way of the dumping of excavated material. Others were abandoned along the line of the canal, and soon were lost in the tropical jungle, where they became the homes of huge lizards and gaily plumed parrots. Instead of devoting their energies to that part of the work that would take the longest time to complete,—namely, the Culebra cut,—the French company pushed forward the easy and

rapid work of dredging through the low lands bordering on the Atlantic and in the bed of the river Chagres. This was done in order to be able to report to Paris that a great percentage of the total quantity of excavation had been completed. The end came soon, and with it a realization that the greater part of the invested savings of the thrifty and deluded French peasants was gone beyond reclaim.

This unfortunate phase of the canal's history need not be pursued further. The French courts have passed on the questions involved, and it is now a closed incident. It is not necessary to reopen the debate as to whether de Lesseps was the dupe or the deceiver. He can be left with the glory—and great enough it is—of having been the promoter and constructor of the Suez Canal. It is well, however, to recall the story as a warning against folly, incompetence, and extravagance, "lest we

forget" that the gravestones of the past are the milestones that measure the path to destruction followed by that first company—a path that still exists, and one that can be easily found, even by a great government, through recklessness, foolish legislation, or over-confidence.

After the complete failure of the efforts of de Lesseps, a new corporation was organized, and for the first time a systematic study of the whole problem was

undertaken. The new company found itself confronted with two great difficulties. First, the end of the concession granted by the Colombian government was in sight, and therefore a limited time only was at the disposal of the company. In the second place, the large debt inherited from its predecessor company, upon which an effort was undertaken to make some return. A board of eminent engineers promptly decided that, in view of the circumstances



From a photograph

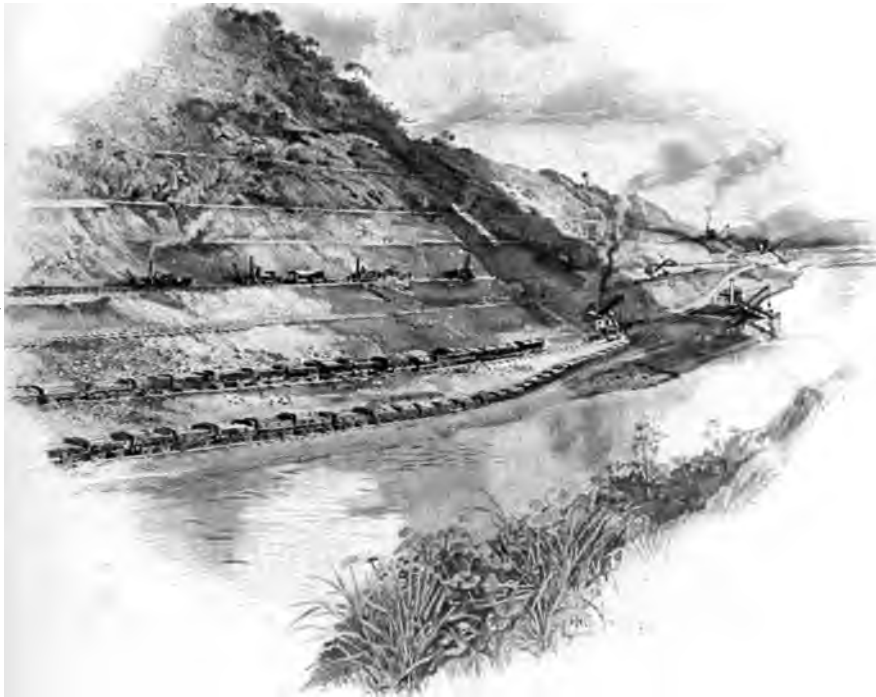
LUNCHEON AT THE ENGINEERS' HEADQUARTERS, CULEBRA CUT

General Davis is at the near end of the table, Admiral Walker at the farther end, with Mr. Burr and Mr. Parsons at the left

of the case, a sea-level canal was out of the question. The additional cost, added to the money already squandered, would make a total so large that it would be impossible to show any commercial profit. Therefore, with some reluctance, a decision was reached to construct a canal with locks and a high summit level.

Two plans were developed in order that

difference in the cost of the two plans was not large, the one with the high summit level being estimated, for works alone, at \$101,850,000, and the other at \$105,500,000. The additional locks in the one case nearly offset the increased amount of excavation in the other. The engineers estimated, however, that the plan with the high summit level could be completed



Drawn by Harry Fenn, from a photograph. Half-tone plate engraved by C. Schwarzburger

THE CONDITION OF THE CULEBRA CUT, CHRISTMAS EVE, 1904

an estimate of the cost, both in time and money, could be ascertained. One of these plans contemplated a summit level at an elevation of ninety-eight feet, with four locks on the Atlantic side and four on the Pacific. The other plan was for a summit level at sixty-two feet, with two locks on the Atlantic side and three locks on the Pacific. In either case a lake would have to be constructed artificially at an elevation at least as great as that of the Chagres River to receive the floods of that stream. It was decided that the plan with the lower of the summit levels was the better of the two, as it approached more nearly the "Ultima Thule" of the sea-level project. The

within a materially shorter time than the other, and that its use would render more certain the opening of the canal before the life of the concession expired. This latter consideration was admittedly the determining factor in adopting the less desirable plan with the high summit level. Under an efficient management, the efforts of the second, or New Canal Company, as it was called, were directed to the most laborious part of the work,—namely, the excavation of the Culebra cut,—and the dredging in the low-lying lands, where the work could be completed in two or three years at the most, was left to be taken up at a more appropriate time. Improved machinery

was brought from France, and a large force of men with tools was put to work.

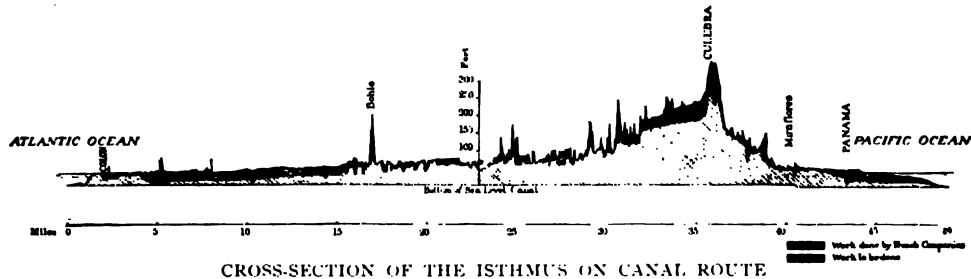
A glance at the profile of the canal line will enable the reader to appreciate the extent of the work accomplished by each of the French companies. The excavation in the low lands was that done by de Lesseps; that in the high ground, much the more difficult, was done by the new company.

Unfortunately, the problem of sanitation had not received the same careful consideration as the engineering problem, and yellow, Chagres, and other tropical fevers found their victims. In spite of all efforts, work could not be advanced with sufficient rapidity. South American politics barred any reasonable extension to the concession limitation, and finally the work, with all

point of view of returning a large profit on an investment, and as it can obtain the necessary funds at an interest charge certainly one half of what would have to be paid by a private organization, it is obvious that plans can be considered that will involve a much larger capital investment, and that will require more time for completion. In short, the American government is free from ordinary limitations. Therefore, the question before the government and its advisers is, What is the best type of canal to construct, and how should it be constructed?

SANITATION

ALTHOUGH the American government is free from the vexatious conditions of time



rights of the company, was transferred to the United States for \$40,000,000.

THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT IN CONTROL

FOR the third, and, let us hope, for the last time, a study of the Panama situation has begun. The conditions confronting the United States government differ radically, however, from those which confronted the French companies, or that would confront any private company that can be organized. For the outlay made by the American government, actual property or a full equivalent in work has been obtained, and no unnecessary capital of wasted money weighs down the enterprise. By the cession to the American government, by the new Republic of Panama, of a strip of territory ten miles wide from ocean to ocean, in perpetuity, all question of a concession life is permanently removed; and, finally, inasmuch as the American government will not have to consider a canal from the

and money that confronted and finally defeated the efforts of the French, it is not free from the difficulties attendant on the sanitary condition of the isthmus. If this great work is to be accomplished with credit to the American people, a solution of this problem must first be had, so as to insure such reasonable conditions of health as are possible in a tropical climate. Fortunately, on this score a great advance has been made in medical science and knowledge. The fevers prevalent upon the isthmus were formerly considered as either inseparably connected with tropical conditions or dependent upon a general lack of cleanliness, which it did not seem possible to remedy. Experiments conducted in recent years have proved that yellow and malarial fevers are not indigenous to the soil, are not infectious, are quite independent of cleanliness, but are carried from the ill to the well by means of certain mosquitos; and that by a reduction in the number of mosquitos the chance of contagion is reduced, and by



Drawn by Harry Fenn, from a photograph. Half-tone plate engraved by S. Davis

LAS CRUCES, PRACTICALLY THE HEAD OF NAVIGATION ON THE CHAGRES RIVER

Las Cruces is a typical village of the Republic of Panama, and is historic as the place where portages began on the way to Panama, before the building of the railroad

guarding the patient in the early stages of the disease the possible spread of the contagion can be prevented. An indication of the extensive presence of malarial fevers and consequent source of contamination to be carried farther by mosquitos was shown by an examination of the inhabitants of several of the villages in the zone last year, which indicated that sixty per cent. of the population had the disease parasites in their blood. The results already achieved in Havana, in Cuba generally, and in other parts of the world where malarial diseases are found, prove beyond any question the above conclusions.

To raise the general standard of health at Panama, as has been done in Cuba; to modernize the sanitary conditions; to remove filth; and to wage war against all mosquitos, have been the efforts of the government since it took possession of the canal zone eighteen months ago. To bring about these results, the same medical officers of the army and navy who achieved

such success in Havana have been detailed for similar duty at Panama.

To appreciate the magnitude of the task, the conditions existing at both Colon and Panama must be pictured. At neither place was there a system of water-supply or of sewers, except a small water-system maintained privately at Colon by the railway company for buildings owned by it. The population of twenty-five thousand persons in the city of Panama had to depend on cisterns and wells located close to unsewered houses, water from these wells being delivered from house to house by wagons and measured out in cans. Sewage and house refuse were caught in cesspools in the crowded city, or else thrown out in the streets to decay, dry, and blow away. The streets themselves were paved with small cobbles, rendering effective cleaning impossible, except by the rain deluges during the wet season. Fortunately, bubonic plague and other filth diseases are not endemic; but a chance case might at any time be brought in from abroad, and

if so, it would find a fertile field in which to develop.

Both cities were surrounded by swamps in which mosquitos could breed; but more threatening from a sanitary standpoint were the cisterns and water-containers near the houses, which served as excellent means for the propagation of mosquito life. As the mosquito which causes yellow fever is not migratory, such breeding-places among the population are more dangerous than the distant swamps.

WORK ALREADY DONE

WHAT has been done? A reservoir has been constructed in the mountains near Culebra, from which water has been piped to Panama and then to the houses by a distributing system of mains; a modern and well-designed system of sewers has been constructed; and orders have been issued for the permanent removal of cisterns and cesspools; and as soon as possible all wells

will be filled up. House refuse will be discharged by the sewers into the sea, a simple matter on account of the great rise and fall of the tide. So thoroughly is the war being carried on against breeding-places for mosquitos within the city limits that an examination was made even of the basins in the cathedral containing holy water; and on finding these fairly alive with "wrigglers," the church authorities were requested to place salt in them. A department of street-cleaning has been organized, which has been made as effective as the rough surface of the roadways will permit. To produce better results, steps have already been taken to repave gradually the streets with asphalt or some other material giving a smooth surface. At Colon a reservoir site has been selected, and the small existing water-system will be reinforced for general use; while, in addition, it is purposed to raise the whole surface of the city, now only about five feet above sea level, thus permitting efficient draining and



Drawn by Harry Fenn, from a photograph. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

HOUSES FOR WORKMEN ALONG THE LINE OF THE CANAL

sewerage. Between the cities swamps are being drained and low places filled to diminish mosquito life as far as possible. In addition to the above work, the old French hospital at Ancon, near Panama, has been put in repair and extended, the local hospital in Panama improved, and the Colon hospital made thoroughly serviceable; and new emergency hospitals have been established along the line of the canal, in which suspect cases can be immediately isolated from mosquitos, and then removed under cover to the main hospitals at either terminus. In order to control the introduction of disease from outside, a vigorous and efficient quarantine service has been established at both ports.

"MORE DIFFICULT THAN HAVANA"

THE problem at Panama is more difficult of solution than that at Havana, as the climate is more enervating, and the mainland is not so subject to control as an island; but a distinct advance has been made, and eventually success will be attained. No epidemic such as marked previous construction has appeared; and although workmen up to ten thousand at a time have been employed, the death-rate is nearly as low as it would be in the case of a similar number in the United States. Of yellow fever, the most dreaded scourge, there were only one hundred and sixty-one cases between July, 1904, and July, 1905, with a death-roll of fifty-two, of which only seventy-nine and fourteen respectively were employees of the commission.

The large number of men employed have been engaged partly in the work of sanitation, but chiefly in canal work itself, which has been in continuous progress since the canal was acquired by the government. Although the ultimate plans for the canal have not been determined, there remains so much excavation that actual work can be energetically pushed for perhaps two years more without running counter to any plan that may be hereafter adopted. New machinery of improved modern type has been installed, enabling the government engineers to prosecute construction pending decisions as to type of canal and the letting of contracts.

AT SEA LEVEL OR WITH LOCKS?

As to the canal itself and the attendant physical difficulties to be overcome, the

first question to be answered is, What shall be the type? Shall it be at sea level, or shall it have locks? On this answer depend the proper method of treating the Chagres floods and the extent of the task of cutting through the Culebra cut. At the outset, however, it must be premised that a true sea-level canal—that is, one without any locks—is an impossibility, owing to the variation in tidal levels in the two oceans.

On the Atlantic side the rise and fall vary from one to three feet, while on the Pacific side the variation is between fifteen and twenty feet, so that there may be a difference in level, depending on winds and local conditions, of about ten feet. When the first levels were run across the isthmus, a difference of several feet between high water in the two oceans was discovered, whence has come the popular fallacious belief that there was an actual variation in ocean level. The elevation of mean or half tide in the two oceans is exactly the same; that is, low tide in the Pacific is as much below low tide in the Atlantic as high tide is above high tide. Should a channel be cut through, the difference in height of ten feet in excess at the north end at low tide and at the south end at high tide would produce a current so rapid that vessels could not be handled with safety. Therefore, in any event, a tidal lock will have to be built on the Pacific side, probably at Miraflores, through which vessels south-bound will be locked down when the Pacific tide is low, and up when it is high. Twice a day at the period of mean tide, and for several hours at such period when the variation in level will not be great enough to set up a dangerous current, the lock can remain open; while during the neap tides, when the variation in level is the least, it is probable that for ordinary vessels such tidal lock will be open for more than half the day. At Suez a difference of four to four and a half feet in tidal levels in the Mediterranean and Red Seas is not sufficient to require a lock.

CONTROL OF THE CHAGRES

IN order that the remainder can be built without lock obstruction, a complete and absolute control of the Chagres River must be secured. This is possible by building a dam at Gamboa, where the Chagres

meets the route of the canal, and where in its course it makes a turn of about a quarter-circle, the hills approaching sufficiently close to permit the construction of a dam of large but reasonable dimensions. If a dam should be erected to a height of about one hundred and fifty feet above the river-bed, a lake would be formed so extensive as to require nearly a year's flow of the Chagres to fill it. Through under-sluices the mean flow of the river can be drawn off with safety into the canal, and under pressure of, say, one hundred feet its en-

connection with the canal and the Panama Railroad and leave a commercial surplus. By this scheme the floods of the Chagres, which have always been the great threaten-



ing obstacle to construction success, will not only be brought within control, but will be regulated and trained to be the greatest single factor in the success of future operations.

If, on the other hand, a plan

ergy can be converted into electricity. When the violent rains occur the Chagres floods will rush into the lake, the surface of which will slowly rise behind the dam. When the storms are over, the steady draft on the water for power will exceed the inflow and the surface will fall. There will thus be a continual changing of the lake level, according as the inflow of the Chagres is greater or less than the average flow, and the lake will be amply large, with sufficient reserve, to store any possible excess of flood. The power thus secured will suffice to light the canal from end to end, together with the cities of Panama and Colon, and the small towns along the line within the zone, and to furnish whatever power may be required to operate works in



Drawn by Harry Fenn, from photographs

HOSPITAL AT PANAMA, BUILT BY THE FRENCH AND REHABITED BY THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT.—PALAIS DE LESSEPS, COLON.—CANAL HEADQUARTERS, PANAMA, CONSTRUCTED BY DE LESSEPS.

with locks is determined on, the treatment of the Chagres River assumes a different aspect. The elevation of the bed of the river at Gamboa is about fifty feet above mean tidal level, so that by making the



Drawn by George Varian, from a photograph

A LARGE PART OF THE REVOLUTIONARY ARMY OF PANAMA

These troops were afterward disbanded, and set to work in the Culebra cut

elevation of the summit level at least as high as that, the floods will flow into the lake, forming part of the canal. The surplus water from this lake would be taken over a spillway located away from the line of the canal and led harmlessly to sea by the present channel of the Chagres River, which, from Gatun to the Atlantic, eight miles, forms no part of the canal. This lake, like the one behind a dam at Gamboa, would serve as a regulating reservoir with a fluctuating elevation of surface. A dam located at Bohio would form this summit-level lake, which in the various projects has been called Lake Bohio, and which, under several variations, has been the basis of the various lock plans heretofore proposed.

The control of the Chagres can be secured, therefore, for a sea-level canal by building a dam at Gamboa, providing a great receiving reservoir, supplemented by artificial diversion channels parallel with the canal to carry the flow of smaller streams entering below Gamboa; or for a lock canal by building an interior lake in which the floods can be received and discharged harmlessly. In neither case will the attending works be of extraordinary magni-

tude, but the designing and adjusting of the engineering details will require great skill.

CULEBRA CUT

THE crux of the construction, so far as unprecedented dimensions are concerned, is the cut through the divide, which at the south end is called Culebra and at the north Emperador, but which, as a whole, is referred to in this article as Culebra. The surface elevation where the French began was about 340 feet above sea level; to-day the surface is about 150 to 160 feet high, to which must be added the depth of the canal below sea level, say 35 to 40 feet. Approximately one half of the maximum depth has been cut away, though not one half of the total excavation has been removed. If this cut is to be completed to a further depth of nearly 200 feet and for a length of 8 miles, the enormous total of 250,000,000 cubic yards of rock and clay will have to be dug out and carried away. This would be as much material as would fill a city street 60 feet wide, lined with the ordinary city dwellings three and a half stories high, from house to house front,

and from pavement to roof, for a distance of 500 miles, or, say, from New York to Cleveland. To excavate this material will require the largest of digging-machines, and to remove it a thoroughly organized railway service will be required; for if it is to be done in ten years, no less than 5000 large railway-car loads of material must be hauled out every day during that period. To serve the machines and the trains will require probably 20,000 men; and as there are always absentees for some reason, to get an effective force of that number at least 25,000 names will have to appear on the pay-rolls. Such figures suffice to give a measure of the magnitude of the task, which is greater than any other engineering construction heretofore undertaken. If the canal is to be at sea level, the whole of the excavation must be removed; if with locks, only the amount down to the elevation of the summit level that may be arbitrarily fixed.

NAVIGATION OF THE CANAL

To make it possible to pass a ship from ocean to ocean, even by a high-level design, will require from six to eight years, and by one at sea level ten years, though possibly twelve. Which of the two types, all things considered, is the better is a question requiring great thought for the proper answer. On the one hand, there are required a greatly increased investment of capital and some delay in time, although the latter in the life of such an enterprise is probably of small amount. The deciding factor will probably be the practical usefulness of the type when completed. No matter what the design, the canal cannot be navigated its entire length by large steamers with the freedom that they pass up and down a broad river. It is contemplated that the width of the canal at the bottom shall be about 150 feet, giving a width on the surface of from 200 to 350 feet, according to the flatness of the side slopes, dependent on the varying local character of the rock or earth through which the canal will be dug. As large modern steamers have a beam of seventy-five feet, it is obvious that two such vessels cannot pass each other in the regular channel. On arriving at either terminus, the ship will report to the harbor-master for a permit to pass, and, if she be a sailing-vessel, for a tug to take her through. After

an inspection, the taking on of coal, supplies, and a pilot, and being measured for and paying toll charges, the vessel will then receive an order entitling her to proceed. This order will be like a train order on a single-track railway, giving authority to go to a certain point, and there either to meet and pass a ship coming from the other end, or to draw to one side and permit the other ship to pass, or to get other orders to proceed further. The passing of ships will be arranged by constructing "sidings"; that is, widenings of the channel into which a vessel can draw and moor to clusters of piles. When the passing is made, the vessel then advances to the next siding where a vessel is expected, all of which will be controlled by telegraphic orders from a central dispatcher's office, where there will be a chart showing the exact position of any ship at any time, corrected instantly by advices received from the local stations. Along the banks there will be semaphore signals by day, and lights by night, indicating the position of obstructions or vessels ahead so as to prevent collisions. On arriving at a lock, the steamer will find a structure similar in principle to the small canal-locks with which the reader is familiar, but vastly larger. These locks will have a length of about 1000 feet, and a width in the clear of 100 feet, in order to accommodate not only the steamers 800 feet long now building, but to allow for such increase in size as may be realized. The gates closing the locks at the down-stream end will have a height equal to the depth of the canal, the height of lift, and, say, ten feet of surplus, or a total of 75 to perhaps 100 feet, according to conditions—dimensions far in excess of those of any other lock gates in the world. As soon as the lock is entered and the ship made fast so that it cannot be moved about by the in- or outrushing water, and yet may rise or fall with the change in level, the great gates behind her will be closed and water admitted into the lock from the higher level or drawn off into the lower, as the vessel is ascending or descending. When the new level is reached the other gates are opened, and once more the vessel continues her journey between banks crowded to the water's edge with the wild tangle of a tropical jungle or the long-leaved banana-trees set out in regular rows in plantations. On arriving at the

far terminus, the pilot is dropped, and the vessel disappears at sea.

If the entry is made at Panama, it will be at a place whose white-walled houses and red-tiled roofs, surmounted by the towers of the old cathedral and the tops of the royal palms in the plaza, will suggest old Spain; then by the canal straight for the range of the Cordilleras, where, from the Pacific, there will appear no break. None was made by nature, and that made by man will not be visible from afar. After passing through this great cut, the towering sides of which will forever testify to the magnitude of the work, the level of the adjacent country will gradually fall away to the low lands at Colon. Here will be found the antithesis to Panama. Instead of old Spain, there will be a bustling place, filled with the life of the twentieth century, with its great piles of coal, warehouses with stores and supplies, and docks and shipyards for vessels needing repairs. Beyond will lie the Atlantic, whence first came those to seek, not a new world, but a way to the other side of the old.

At best the journey through the canal will be slow and subject to delays. The capacity of the canal to pass vessels, though great, will be limited, and every additional obstacle will not only increase the time of transit, but decrease the capacity. A lock, no matter how ingeniously designed or well built, is an element of delay and measurable danger. Time will be consumed not only by the mechanical functions of opening and closing the gates and filling and emptying the lock, but also in loss of vessel speed when approaching or leaving, and in the slow process of working a great ship into the basin. The shorter the time of transit, the fewer ships there will be in the canal at any moment, and so the greater will be the carrying power of the waterway. As to danger, there is always risk in drawing a great ship between masonry walls, with a clearance of only a few feet on each side, and admitting water to lift the great burden of perhaps 50,000 tons' weight, or withdrawing it to lower the burden from one level to another. Any accident puts the lock out of service, and, although the locks will be in duplicate, any interruption will be of serious moment. In the Manchester ship-canal, on at least three different occasions, steamers have been unable to check their speed on approaching locks,

and have gone crashing through the gates to the lower level. Fortunately, in all cases the upper gates were closed by the rush of water, and these, although so crippled as to require rebuilding, nevertheless temporarily held back the water in the upper level and so prevented disasters.

On the other hand, the lock advocates claim that the locks with their dams will create lakes, effectively increasing the channel section, and thus enabling vessels to make higher speed sufficient to counterbalance in part the loss of time in locking. Summed up, the sea-level plan will give a canal with the shortest time for transit, the maximum capacity, and the minimum danger; while a canal with locks will save a large increase in prime cost, some time in the beginning of operation, and, according to its friends, will have sufficient capacity to meet all actual requirements, and, by the means of proper safeguards, with lock dangers reduced to a negligible quantity.

CHANGE IN CONDITIONS

THE question is frequently asked, How are conditions so radically changed since the French failure to build a sea-level canal as to permit the United States to undertake it now with any hope of success? In the first place, the first French management was incompetent and extravagant almost beyond conception. Secondly, both it and its successor, the New Company, were private corporations working for a commercial profit, and obliged to pay at least six per cent. for their capital; whereas the American government, being able to borrow at almost one third that rate, can invest nearly three times the same capital without placing any greater annual burden on the enterprise. Thirdly, great progress has taken place in machine-excavators, by which the material can be handled more cheaply, while the previously unrealizable development of electric power at Gamboa will pay for that portion of the construction. Finally, as a justification if not a reason, ships have increased so greatly in size that what would have sufficed twenty years ago would be inadequate now, and still more so when the canal will be finished a dozen years hence.

That a canal at sea level is the desired solution, as giving a waterway with the maximum capacity, minimum of time for

transit, and with least risk to passing vessels, there is no question. The late chief engineer of the canal commission has reported that such a result can be attained at an extra cost of about \$80,000,000 in money and two or three years in time over a canal with locks. For an enterprise of such far-reaching influence, and to a government with great resources, \$100,000,000 is not an extravagant sum, and three years only a small time, as compared with the additional benefits secured.

A CANAL FOR AMERICA

THE greatest beneficiary of the canal will be the people of the United States, so that the Panama Canal will be essentially an American canal, except that until our navigation laws are either increased or decreased the American flag from vessels' peaks will not be seen as often as those of other nations. From north European ports to India, China, and Japan the distance by either Suez or Panama will be substantially the same; and therefore vessels will probably continue to use the established trade route, except in the case of very large ships that cannot pass over the restricted depth of the Suez Canal, which limits them to a draft of twenty-eight feet. From Great Britain and Germany to Australia and New Zealand there will be a saving in distance of about fifteen hundred miles over Suez—sufficient probably to be a determining factor. For American trade the shortening will be all-important. From New York to Manila the difference is small; but to Yokohama it amounts to

3729 nautical miles; to Shanghai, 1629 miles; and, as against the route via the Straits of Magellan, to Callao, 6343 miles; and to San Francisco, 7640 miles. It will bring the grain-fields of the northwestern Pacific States 6000 miles nearer Liverpool; and it will bring the iron and coal of the Gulf States shipped from New Orleans and Pensacola, 9500 miles nearer San Francisco; giving to the former a new great market not now open, and to the latter a cheap supply of the raw materials of manufacturing. In the past the great bulk of our foreign trade has been with Europe. Great as is the trans-Atlantic trade, the trans-Pacific presents greater possibilities. On the far shores of this ocean there are 400,000,000 persons eager to do business, and rapidly awakening to an appreciation of the benefits of foreign commerce. Of these people 8,000,000, or as many as the population of all the 20 states west of the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers, excepting Kansas, Missouri, and Texas, are, if not American citizens, at least under American protection and control. The value of annual imports and exports to and from the far East from the port of New York alone amounts to almost \$200,000,000, and is capable of being much developed by improved facilities. The Panama Canal will be second only to the trans-continental railways in developing American trade, both internal and foreign.

It has been announced that the American government is to give all nations equal terms and equal rights, and to levy toll without regard to commercial profit. Such a course, in bringing nearer the ends of the



Drawn by Harry Fenn, from a photograph

THE OLD WATER DEPARTMENT OF PANAMA

It was a great source of disease, and recently has been superseded by the United States Government water-works

earth and drawing closer the peoples thereof, is the greatest promise of universal peace, and a long step toward the time when disputes between nations, like those between individuals, will be adjusted without an appeal to arms.

When at last the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific are commingled there will be gathered the full fruits of the discovery by

Balboa, who not only lost his life upon the isthmus, but would also have been robbed of the glory of the discovery, in favor of Cortez, if the poet Keats could have had his way when he said:

Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific, and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise,
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.



TO NIGHT

BY GEORGE CABOT LODGE

THOU canst console our sad humanity
With dreams of everlasting loveliness,
Or cast the shadow of forgetfulness
Over the haggard eyes of memory.
Thou canst appease of man's infinity
The deep, divine unrest; thy stars confess
The living soul's imprisoned loneliness,
And heart finds liberty alone in thee.
Thus may we feel how changing avatars
Shall so complete us that, perchance, when we
Transcend the throes of spiritual strife
And learn the deep tranquillity of stars,
The ineffable presence of Eternity
Shall find a mansion in the House of Life.



TOPICS OF THE TIME

MARY MAPES DODGE

THE life-work of Mary Mapes Dodge was her work for children, and was summed up in her editorship of "St. Nicholas," that unexampled pleasure-house for the little people, and in her writings for the young. In the editorship of "St. Nicholas" she eagerly and unremittingly spent her talents: talents so great as to have—before "St. Nicholas" was begun—flowered in a masterpiece of world-acceptance, the ever delightful and already classical "Hans Brinker." In her writing and her editing for children were displayed from begin-

ning to end the wit, the vivacity, the brilliant inventiveness and the sympathy of a highly gifted nature, a nature of contagious cheerfulness even when laboring under heavy burdens.

Good humor, a sense of humor, and a mirthful wit were characteristic of her daily walk and conversation. These qualities were brightly shown in such an immediately successful sketch as "Miss Maloney on the Chinese Question" and in her writings for children, and also in her editing: for a mind like hers was necessarily provocative of endless good things from the choice spirits whom she

interested in her plans for the wholesome entertainment of her young audience.

The friends of Mrs. Dodge were always hoping that she would be moved to the composition of more masterpieces of literature for the young, or of brilliant fiction for older readers. She did write her warmly received and cherished "Donald and Dorothy," but it seemed as if she hesitated to take time enough away from the great circle of little readers, who were to her an actual presence, to lose herself in prolonged and absorbing imaginative work. So, for these many years, she entertained her young guests of "St. Nicholas" with all the energy and joyfulness of her indomitable spirit. The result, in such a magazine as "St. Nicholas," has proved a gift of inestimable value to generations of children. But the story of her editing has been told in "St. Nicholas" itself, better than we can tell it, by Mrs. Dodge's sympathetic and accomplished associate and successor, Mr. William Fayal Clarke.

Mrs. Dodge's literary talent cannot, however, be correctly estimated on the basis merely of her editing and her writing for children. Her success in this latter line has, perhaps, obscured her accomplishment as a poet. In the autumn of 1904 she gathered together and reëdited her poetical writings in a volume which she called "Poems and Verses." There is poetry of a fine quality in this small volume; and several of the poems have that novelty of thought concerning the deep, familiar things of life and death which strikes and convinces us in reading such poems as Blanco White's "Night" and Aldrich's "Apparitions." Of this class the best-known is her poem named "The Mysterries." The poem "Enfoldings," which we here reproduce, first appeared in THE CENTURY for October, 1876, and is given by its author the first place in her final collection:

ENFOLDINGS

THE snowflake that softly, all night, is whitening tree-top and pathway;
The avalanche suddenly rushing with darkness and death to the hamlet.

The ray stealing in through the lattice, to waken the day-loving baby;
The pitiless horror of light in the sun-smitten reach of the desert.

The seed with its wondrous surprise of welcome young leaflet and blossom;
The despair of the wilderness tangle, and grim, taunting forest unending.

The happy west wind as it startles some noon-laden flower from its dreaming;
The hurricane crashing its way through the homes and the life of the valley.

The play of the jetlets of flame where the children laugh out on the hearthstone;
The town and the prairie enswired in the glare of the red devastation.

The glide of a wave on the sands with its myriad sparkle in breaking;
The roar and the fury of ocean, a limitless maelstrom of ruin.

The leaping of heart unto heart with bliss that can never be spoken;
The passion that maddens, and blights the God-given love that enshrines us.

For this do I tremble and start when the rose on the vine taps my shoulder;

For this, when the storm beats me down, my soul groweth bolder and bolder.

THE PEACE AND WORLD-OPINION

THE tides of public opinion are often deplorably ill-directed, though seldom without an understandable origin; and, again, often such tides are as far from whim and as true to principle as the tides of the ocean to the laws of physical nature. As to the force of public opinion in every part of the world, each new year and each conspicuous event of current history illustrates anew that force--a force growing in apparent importance and effect as the mind of man works more freely and unhampered by authority and tradition.

The attitude of the peace envoys and their masters toward the public opinion of the world was a highly interesting illustration of this truth. The Russian envoys seemed to desire more than their opponents to appeal to current opinion; but in the final settlement it was seen that a "decent respect for the opinion of mankind" had a mighty influence with the magnanimous and astute Orientals.

There were times when the personal popularity of Mr. Witte in America may have deceived some as to the real opinion of the people; for the hint was thrown out that his longer stay might have endangered

Robert R. Hitt, Judge Lawrence Weldon (since deceased), and others; and he has made personal examinations of the court records, and other investigations, in the old Eighth Illinois Circuit, over which Lincoln traveled.

Few realize that Abraham Lincoln practised law for nearly a quarter of a century. Ambassador Choate said at Edinburgh that he laid great stress upon Lincoln's career as a lawyer and much more than his biographers do; and President McKinley declared that the great President's arduous experience as a lawyer was his "best training" for

the presidency. The authorized biographers accorded Lincoln a high place as a lawyer, but had comparatively little space for details of his legal experience and accomplishments. This new study of Lincoln as a lawyer, both in its record of his methods and doings, and in its analysis of his statesmanship from the legal point of view, constitutes a most attractive story—of interest far beyond the ranks of the profession. It gives a new understanding of the abilities, the character, and the gradual development of one of the most fascinating personalities the world has ever seen.



The Decline in the Use of Alcoholic Liquors in Medical Practice

AN interesting and important subject which has not been brought to the attention of magazine readers is the marked decline, during the last few years, in the prescription of alcoholic liquors by the medical profession. It is not more than two decades since heroic doses of brandy and wine were thought absolutely essential to recovery in typhoid and other fevers, and not much over one decade since diphtheria, *la grippe*, and pneumonia were somewhat similarly treated by many physicians. Indeed, there was scarcely a diseased condition of the body where whisky or some other form of alcoholic liquor was not thought a necessary adjunct to other remedies, or a cure in itself.

To-day a marked change of practice may be readily noted by those sufficiently interested to study and observe. Many of the most successful physicians, not only of America but also of England and continental Europe, have ceased to prescribe any form of alcoholic liquor, and some of them are outspoken against such practice. Indeed, it is stated upon so good authority as that of Dr. George M. Gould, editor of "American Medicine," that the majority of physicians do not now prescribe alcoholic liquors.

What influences have been instrumental in effecting so radical a change in so brief a time, is a question which naturally presents itself.

The beginning of the change may be attributed to the firm refusal of alcohol as

medicine by some reformed men and so-called "temperance fanatics," who preferred possible death to recovery with an entailment of the liquor appetite. The rapid return to health of such persons in cholera and fevers as compared with patients well dosed with brandy caused a few unprejudiced and thoughtful physicians, here and there, to distrust prevailing opinions of alcoholic treatment. Consequently, these physicians began to experiment with patients in jails and poor-houses and hospitals until they became convinced that what they had been taught in medical schools, and in writings upon therapeutics, of the remedial value of alcohol was very largely error.

With the courage of strong conviction they began to speak in medical meetings, and write for medical journals, of the much greater success they were having in subduing disease without the use of alcohol than they had when using it. A storm of opposition met their views; some of their brethren even spoke contemptuously of the most notable of them—Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson of England and Nathan S. Davis of Chicago, for example—as "cold-water fanatics." But, undaunted, they steadfastly continued to practise and preach the treatment of disease without recourse to alcohol, and they showed by comparative death-rates that their contention made better chance for recovery of the sick.

As some of the men adopting non-alcoholic views were connected with medical colleges and hospitals, they had opportunity to mold

the opinions of many young physicians, who, as they took their part in the world, influenced others in the profession to adopt their views.

Another potent factor in the dethroning of alcohol has been the spirit of scientific research of recent years. In the great laboratories scientists have been carefully studying the effects of alcoholic liquors upon the various organs of the body, and, although they differ in their conclusions upon some points, the result is that those physicians who have most closely followed these investigations have, almost or entirely, abjured alcoholics as a necessary part of their therapeutic outfit. These elaborate studies of alcohol have convinced many that the nourishing and strengthening properties formerly ascribed to alcoholics existed only in the imagination, and belong to the errors of an age which had no facilities for accurate observation. The food qualities of the grains and fruits, it is now believed by many authorities, are destroyed in the process of making alcoholic drinks. Even the stimulating qualities ascribed to alcohol are denied by many, who class it among the narcotics because of its depressant effect.

Scientific research has not stopped with showing the weakness of the claims made for alcohol: it has superseded alcohol by supplying the profession with a great array of new drugs, and old drugs in new and improved forms. It has made it possible to extract the different principles from the crude drugs and keep them in dry form as tablets, pills, and powders, so that alcohol is not even needed as a preservative, as it undoubtedly was needed formerly.

Among eminent physicians who have recently given strong public utterance against the use of alcoholic liquors for beverage or medical purposes is Sir Frederick Treves, the great surgeon who operated upon King Ed-

ward for appendicitis. Other great English physicians who speak against alcohol are Sir Victor Horsley, Dr. A. Pearce Gould of Middlesex Hospital, London, and Dr. Sims Woodhead, Professor of Pathology, Cambridge University. The latter visited this country about two years ago, by invitation, to speak before medical men upon tuberculosis. Of German physicians who write in favor of non-alcoholic treatment, possibly Max Kassowitz of Vienna University is best known in America. He says his patients fare much better since he ceased giving them alcohol. The great American leader of medical temperance, Dr. Nathan S. Davis, passed from earth in 1904, but he lives in the lives of hundreds of the graduates of "Northwestern," who revered him and accepted his views to their own great benefit, and, doubtless, to the saving of many lives. Prominent American teachers of the disuse of alcohol are Dr. H. D. Didama, dean of the medical college of Syracuse University, Syracuse, N. Y.; Dr. J. S. Cain, dean of the medical college of the University of the South, Nashville, Tenn.; Dr. Henry H. Hewes of Harvard Medical School, Boston; Dr. W. S. Hall of Northwestern University, Chicago; Dr. John Madden, Milwaukee Medical College; Prof. Frank Woodbury of Philadelphia; Dr. T. D. Crothers of Hartford, Conn.; Dr. George Dock of Ann Arbor, Mich.; and the editors of the "Alkaloidal Clinic" of Chicago.

The writer, as superintendent of the department of non-alcoholic medication for the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union since 1895, has had good opportunity to observe the change in sentiment to which reference has been made. If any readers of this article would like further information upon this subject, by sending to the address appended they can obtain it.

(Mrs.) Martha M. Allen.

ONEIDA, NEW YORK.



IN LIGHTER VEIN

Sick!

WHEN mother 's sick, the house is all
So strangely hushed in room and hall!
But mother never will admit
She 's suffering a single bit!
She won't let people do a thing—
There 's nothing any one can bring—
She just lies there, and tries to fix

Herself, by cunning little tricks!
And as for doctor—why, the word
She scouts as being most absurd.
And when he comes he has to guess
At symptoms that she won't confess;
And then he 's apt to frown and say:
"You should have had me right away.
I 'll come again this evening"—for
It 's bed, you see, a week or more!

When *father's* sick—I tell you, now
 You ought to hear the dreadful row!
 The talk of "dying," and the groans!
 The orders in convulsive tones!
 The hasty runnings to and fro:
 To rearrange the pillow—so;
 To fix hot-water bag and shade;
 For mustard-plaster, lemonade!
 Appeals to get the doctor, quick—
 And "Can't you see I'm awful sick?"
 And then the doctor sits and hears
 While father grunts his pains and fears.
 He leaves some drops, and tells us: "Hum!
 Unless I'm needed I sha'n't come
 Again. I think he'll do all right."
 And father's up, perhaps, by night!

Edwin L. Sabin.

Time's Prescription

DOCTOR TIME, you may be sure
 Never meant the world should cure
 Any ill by letting blood.
 He has been misunderstood;
 He prescribed not "Revolution"
 But a remedy benign—
 Place across the R a line
 And you have it:

R Evolution

Charles Love Benjamin.

Tales of a Traveler

WHEN Sir John Maundeville came home
 From travels oversea
 He said the world hung upside down—
 Which must be verity,
 For he had kissed the Sepulcher
 And he had been to Rome.—
 Yet still we gazed at him amazed
 When Maundeville came home.
 He told of cockodrils that weep
 While eating men they've slain;
 Of gourds that yield a little lamb
 When they are cut in twain;
 Of woolly hens; of phenix-bird
 Burnt neath the temple dome.—
 Yet still the lark sang down the dark
 When Maundeville came home.
 He told of seas where iron swims
 But feathers sink like lead;
 And on his word he sware to us
 The Red Sea is not red!
 He told of oceans boiling hot,
 And gulfs of gravelly foam.—
 Yet lads still slipped away and shipped
 When Maundeville came home.
 He told how diamonds bring forth young
 If they with May-dew blend;
 Of many Christian men so rich
 They know not how to spend;

Of ants that build great hills of gold
 Instead of sand or loam.—
 Yet beggars still besought as shrill
 When Maundeville came home.

And of the dragon-maid who waits
 A knight's transforming kiss;
 Eke of Andromeda a rib
 Forty feet long, I wis;
 Of mermaids with their faerie song
 And golden glass and comb.—
 Yet English girls still shook their curls
 When Maundeville came home.

Of isles where all live virtuously,
 Unvexed with tempest's breath;
 And of that well, whence whoso drinks
 Shall never taste of death.
 Of Paradise, not having seen,
 He told not in his tome.—
 So after all the change was small
 When Maundeville came home.

Samuel F. Batchelder.

Why Washington Retreated

1775

SAID Congress to George Washington:
 "To set this country free,
 You'll have to whip the Britishers
 And chase them o'er the sea."
 "Oh, very well," said Washington,
 "I'll do the best I can.
 I'll slam and bang those Britishers
 And whip them to a man."

1777

Said Congress to George Washington:
 "The people all complain;
 Why don't you fight? You but retreat
 And then retreat again."
 "That can't be helped," said Washington,
 "As you will quite agree
 When you see how the novelists
 Have mixed up things for me."

Said Congress to George Washington:
 "Pray make your meaning clear."
 Said Washington: "Why, certainly—
 But pray excuse this tear.
 Of course we know," said Washington,
 "The object of this war—
 It is to furnish novelists
 With patriotic lore."

Said Congress to George Washington:
 "Yes! yes! but pray proceed."
 Said Washington: "My part in it
 Is difficult indeed,
 For every hero in the books
 Must sometime meet with me,
 And every sweet-faced heroine
 I must kiss gallantly."

Said Congress to George Washington :
 "But why must you retreat?"
 Said Washington : "One moment, please,
 My story to complete.
 These hero-folk are scattered through
 The whole United States;
 At every little country town
 A man or maiden waits."

To Congress said George Washington :
 "At Harlem I must be
 On such a day to chat with one,
 And then I 'll have to flee
 With haste to Jersey, there to meet
 Another. Here 's a list
 Of sixty-seven heroes, and
 There may be some I 've missed."

To Congress said George Washington :
 "Since I must meet them all
 (And if I don't you know how flat
 The novels all will fall),

I cannot take much time to fight.
 I must be on the run,
 Or some historic novelist
 Will surely be undone."

Said Congress to George Washington :
 "You are a noble man.
 Your thoughtfulness is notable,
 And we approve your plan;
 A battle won pads very well
 A novel that is thin,
 But it is better to retreat
 Than miss one man and win."

Said Congress to George Washington :
 "Kiss every pretty maid,
 But do it in a courtly way
 And in a manner staid--
 And some day when your sword is
 sheathed
 And all our banners furled,
 A crop of novels will spring up
 That shall appal the world."

Ellis Parker Butler.



Drawn by Orson Lowell

AFTER THE RECEPTION

The Doctor and the Judge meet an hour after the Reception

THE JUDGE: "Doctor, what was the number of your hat check?"

THE DOCTOR: "M—hum—89, I think."

THE JUDGE: "That must account for it—mine was 68."

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CHRISTMAS NUMBER

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A CHRISTMAS HYMN

BY ALFRED DOMETT

It was the calm and silent night !
Seven hundred years and fifty-three
Had Rome been growing up to might ,
And now was queen of land and sea.
No sound was heard of clashing wars ;
Peace brooded o'er the hushed domain :
Apollo, Pallas, Jove and Mars
Held undisturbed their ancient reign ,
In the solemn midnight ,
Centuries ago .

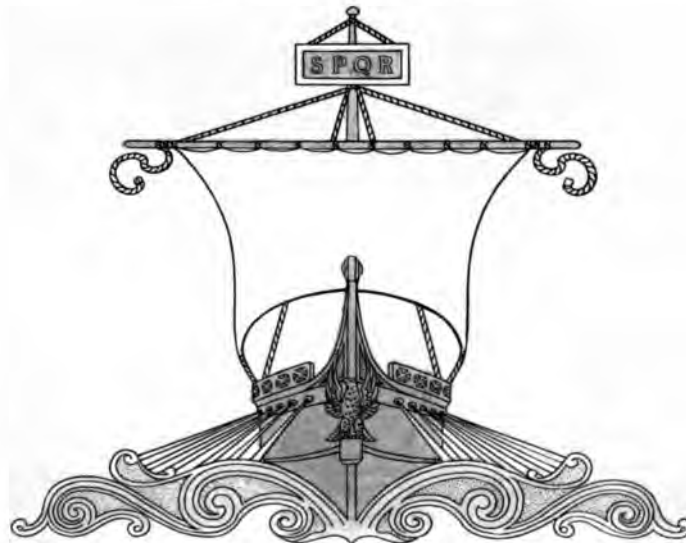


R. WEIR CROUCH





'T was in the calm and silent night !
The senator of haughty Rome,
Impatient, urged his chariot's flight,
From lordly revel rolling home ;
Triumphal arches, gleaming, swell
His breast with thoughts of boundless sway ;
What recked the Roman what befell
A paltry province far away,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago?



R. WEIR CROUCH





Within that province far away
Went plodding home a weary boor ;
A streak of light before him lay,
Fallen through a half-shut stable-door
Across his path. He passed—for naught
Told what was going on within ;
How keen the stars, his only thought ;
The air how calm and cold and thin,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago !



R. WEIR CROUCH





Oh, strange indifference! low and high
Drowns over common joys and cares;
The earth was still – but knew not why;
The world was listening, unawares.
How calm a moment may precede
One that shall thrill the world for ever!
To that still moment none would heed
Man's doom was linked no more to sever –
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago!

[It is the calm and solemn night!
A thousand bells ring out, and throw
Their joyous peals abroad, and smite
The darkness – charmed and holy now!
The night that erst no name had worn,
To it a happy name is given;
For in that stable lay, new-born,
The peaceful Prince of Earth and Heaven,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago!




STAR OF BETHLEHEM

BY MYRA KELLY

Author of "Little Citizens"

WITH PICTURES BY JAY HAMBIDGE

ORD God of Israel, hear my wrongs," the rabbi prompted; "grant me vengeance on the accursed Christian."

"No, grandpa; I don't needs I should say mine wrongs prayers," Isidore pleaded; "I don't needs them."

"Recite thy wrongs," the rabbi commanded; "stand upright and begin."

"'Lord God of Israel, hear my wrongs,'" Isidore began in measured and sonorous Hebrew. "'Let thine ear be attentive and thine arm swift to avenge. Look down upon thy servant and mark his suffering. Out of the town of a far country where we dwelt in love and peace with all men, out of the temple where my grandfather spent the years of his long life, out of the house wherein my mother was born and wherein she bore me, away from the friends who loved us, away from the friends we loved, the tyrant drove us. We came to the tyrant's land. Behold, there was no other place. With curses they received us; with indignities they welcomed us. And my mother—'" Rabbi Meirkoff covered his eyes with one long, thin hand and half sobbed, half groaned, "Thy mother!" Always at this point in the "wrongs prayers" he did these things, and Isidore, understanding as little of what he was saying as many another six-year-old understands of the Lord's Prayer, regarded this interruption as essential to the proceedings. So he resumed:

"'My mother, the only child and daughter of this old man, they carried off to be their plaything for such time as her beauty should endure. My father they foully slew, and there remains of our ancient house a man too old for vengeance and a child too young. Cast, then, thine eyes

upon me, and hasten the day of my strength.' Now can I go by the block?"

"Yea," said the rabbi, weakly; for no repetition could dull the agony which, at each new recital of his wrongs, tore his tired old heart with savage hatred and black despair. Each evening Isidore dragged him again through the scenes of that night whose evening left him in his stately library surrounded by his books and by his little family, and whose morning found him with other fugitives fleeing toward the frontier, a crying child beneath his cloak and a great fear in all his being. Five years had passed since then, and he was still afraid; still dazed; still, too often, hungry.

"Can I go by the block?" asked Isidore.

"If thou wilt shun the oppressor, hold no communion with him, and touch not of his food. And woe to them upon whom that monster of fire and flame which they call fire-engine comes suddenly! Go now, and with my blessing."

Isidore clattered out into the squalid hall, and a door at the farther end opened cautiously. With a rapturous chuckle he threw himself into the darkness beyond it, and was caught in a close embrace.

"Boy of my heart," whispered a fond old voice, "how are you to-night?"

"I 'm healthy," Isidore replied as his hostess closed the door and lighted an inch-long candle which shone upon them redly from the cracked sides of what had once been a sanctuary lamp. "I 'm healthy, and I guess I goes by the block."

"Is it like that you'd go?" Mrs. Keating demanded. "I will have to wash your face first."

"But you washed it yesterday," the boy objected. "I don't needs you shall wash it some more."



Halt-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

"NO, GRANDPA, I DON'T NEEDS I SHOULD SAY MY WRONGS PRAYERS"

"Then you can't go out."

"Then I 'll stay in."

Which was exactly what Mrs. Keating desired.

They spent a delightful evening. The hostess entertained the guest with reminiscences of far-off days in Connemara when her heart and her life were young. She was a relic of the time when East Broadway and all its environs had been a prosperous Irish quarter, and the years which had changed these stately homes to squalid tenements had changed her from the mistress of one of them to the worn and fragile sweeper of St. Mary's Church.

"My mother," she told the boy, "was a lovely girl; her hair was as black as the night, and her eyes were as blue as the sky."

"Mine mama had from the gold hair," the guest interrupted, "mine grandpa he tells me. From the gold hair, mit curls. On'y somethings comes by nights and takes my mama away."

"The saints preserve us! What kind of a thing?"

"I don't know what kind from a thing he was. I don't know the name from him out of English; on'y he kills my papa, and he takes away my mama, and he hits my grandpa a fierce hack. I guess maybe he had looks off the fire-engines. My grandpa he has a' awful fraid over fire-engines."

Mrs. Keating crossed herself devoutly. "And it was walking around alone?" she asked.

"Walkin' and yellin'."

"And it never touched you?"

"It ain't seen me; I sneaks behind my papa where he lays on the floor; they had a fraid from him, and while he was dead, blood comes out of him—it goes on mine dress. That 's what my grandpa says."

"That 's right, my dear; that 's right," said the old woman. "Your dress was stiff with it when I found you."

"Tell me about how you found me some more," Isidore pleaded; "it is a' awful nice story."

"Well, I will," Mrs. Keating promised.

"But first I must show you what I've got for you. I found it when I was sweeping the church." And she bestowed upon him a limp and shrunken paper bag containing six peanuts. As he rested happily on her knee and consumed this light refreshment, she began the story of which he, being the hero, never tired.

"It is five years ago this December, on a snowy night just like this, that I found you crying in the next room. You were all alone and very cold."

"Und I had a mad," the subject of this biography added with a chastened pride.

"You were as cross as two sticks," said his friend; "and you were dirty, and your dress was torn, and—"

"It had blood from off my papa?"

"Well, I did n't mind any of those things; I wanted a little boy, and I was glad to get him—glad to get even a dirty little boy."

Isidore's sensitive face flushed and his lip quivered. This was a digression and not at all to his mind.

"I was a baby," he urged; "a little bit of baby. I could n't to wash mine self, und mine grandpa he had a sad."

"Dear heart, that 's a joke. I was only too glad to see you. You were as welcome as the flowers of May; and I picked you up and brought you here, where I had everything ready for you, because I knew that you were coming. I had waited years for you, I had prayed to Holy Mary for you."

"Holy-Mary-Mother-Mild," said Isidore, devoutly.

"'Mother of God,' I used to pray to her, 'you see that I am lonely; you know that empty arms can ache. Send me something to take care of; send me—'"

"And she sent you kittens," the enthralled audience interrupted. "She sent six crawly kittens mitout no eyes and mit whiskers by the face. She was awful good."

"The woman on the next floor was moving and gave them to me. But they soon grew up, and I was as badly off as ever."

"So you prayed some more," he said.

"I did, indeed; and Mary—"

"Holy-Mary-Mother-Mild," he again insisted.

"Sent me a little boy to take care of."

"Und you lays me on your bed, und you gives me I should eat, und you makes me I should sleep, und by mornings comes my grandpa mit fierce mads."

"Glory be to God! he was the maddest thing I ever saw; I thought he would have had a fit. First he cried over you, and then he cursed me—I did n't know a word he said, but I knew by the look of him—until he was as weak as a kitten."

"On'y Holy-Mary-Mother-Mild ain't sent him!" the boy interposed again.

"Indeed, she did not. And then he took you away into the next room and warned me I did n't understand a word he said, but I knew by the look of him—never to go near you or to touch you again."

"And it makes mit you nothings?" said the boy.

"Nothing at all; when he was out I'd go and take care of you, and feed you, and dress you in the little shirts and things I made you out of Father Burke's old surplice and the tail of Father Jerome's cassock. And your grandfather, poor old gentleman! so queer in his head and so wild in his ways, walked up and down Grand street all day long—a sandwich-brother—God help him!—and came home too notice the clothes that were on you ask where they came from."

"He never says nothings on'y prayers," said Isidore, sadly. "All times he says prayers. I don't know what he says—they is out of Jewish; on'y they makes him awful mad."

"Dearie, you must n't bother him; you must be a good boy; because if you are good now, you'll grow up to be a good man."

"Und I'll go and kill that thing what kills my papa und steals my mama away—my mama what had from the gold hair, und a light face, und was loving so much mit my grandpa und mit me."

"Of course," said Mrs. Keating, "you must kill the beast—and oh, it must be a cruel beast to harm a lovely lady! I know she was a lovely lady," she explained as she laid her hand upon his golden head and turned his beautiful little face up to her own loving one; "I know she was lovely because a little bird told me so."

"I guess she was," Isidore agreed, "the while she was loving much mit us and my grandpa was loving much mit her; her name stands like that Leah, und all times my grandpa he makes prayers over it. By times he makes sad prayers over it; by times he makes mad prayers over it; by times he don't says no prayers at all, on'y 'Leah, Leah, Leah!' My poor grandpa! He has it pretty hard."

"He has, indeed," said the hostess; "and he'll be no better as long as the beast lives. So you must grow as strong and as fast as you can, and then go home and kill

it. And you'll never grow at all if you stay up late like this, talking to a foolish old woman. So come and say the prayer I taught you, and then go to bed. But first I'll light the altar."

Isidore helped her; it was his greatest joy, this little altar whose foundation was a three-legged table, and whose crowning glory was a much defaced and faded but still beautiful copy of a Raphael Madonna. There were other holy pictures of lesser size, several cracked red-glass bowls some broken vases, a paper flower or so, a spray of dried grass, bits of tinsel, and scraps of lace-edged linen.

Isidore was supplied with a broken-spirited taper and spent five minutes of reverent joy in lighting the innumerable candle-ends which his hostess had fixed to pieces of broken china or to circles of tin cut from the tops of corn- and tomato-cans.

Then the tinsel shone, the linen gleamed, the red glass glowed, and the gentle-eyed Madonna looked down upon a little face as fair and as pure as that resting against her breast, as Isidore knelt before her to say his evening prayer:

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look on me, a little child;
Pity mine and pity me,
And suffer me to come to thee."

At the door he turned. "Good night, dear Lady-Friend," said he; and then, to the painted family over the altar, "Good night, Holy-Mary-Mother-Mild; good night, Gentle-Jesus-Meek-and-Mild." And Mrs. Keating never realized that all her efforts toward Isidore's conversion had culminated in the theory that the Holy Family's names, like their lives, were Gentle and Holy and Mild. "Mild," he decided was the surname.

Upon his return to his own room, Isidore was greeted by his grandfather's sad eyes and the constant question, "Thou hast held no communion with the oppressor?"

"No, grandpa," answered Isidore; "I ain't seen him even."

"There is time," said the Rabbi Meir-koff; "thou art as yet too young. But the God of Israel will grant thee vengeance. For has he not written, 'An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth'? Aye, but what for such wrongs as ours?"

"Boy of my heart," said Mrs. Keating



Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

"IT WAS HIS GREATEST JOY, THIS LITTLE ALTAR"

some mornings later, when Isidore knocked at her door, "is the old gentleman gone?"

"Sure is he," answered Isidore; "he puts him on mit them boards and he goes by Grand street. He won't never let me put me on mit them boards. I likes I shall wear them. Und my grandpa he don't likes he wear them. He has a fraid over the streets. He likes he shall sit where no noises und no peoples is. He has it pretty hard."

"Well, I have a treat for you," said Mrs. Keating. "I'm going over to the church to help with the crib, and I'm going to take you with me. You will be good and quiet, won't you?"

"Sure will I," said Isidore in his unchanging form of assent, and he began to be quiet and good upon the instant. He sat upon a cushion which once had graced a prie-dieu and still smelt faintly of dead incense, while his friend bonneted and shawled herself. He loved the church. To his mind, the only place approaching it in attractiveness was a stable, two blocks away, where a dejected horse and three dejected dogs lived in peace and unison with a dejected peddler. They were all his friends, though Mrs. Keating frowned upon the intimacy.

But of the church she approved, and in the church he was happy. The peace, the coolness, the spaciousness, of it appealed to the innate refinement of his little soul. The mystery of its dim-lit arches, its high galleries and choir, its sometimes sounding organ, and its one high lamp, pleased the poet in him. And everything interested the boy he was. But most of all he loved the flowers. The only other flowers he knew were in a florist's window, with cold glass interposed between them and their small lover. But in the church were less distant flowers, and one might touch them, smell them, fondle them, if one was so fortunate as to have a Lady-Friend whose privilege it was to dust the altar. Also there was a bell—a wonderful bell three stories high, and of an entrancing brightness; and from this one might extract booming responses with a small, tight knuckle when the attention of one's Lady-Friend was centered upon dusty cushions.

But to-day there were other things to watch and to wonder at. There were lights and people inside the high gold railing which separated the altar from the com-

mon ground. A noise of hammering echoed strangely through the silence which had never been disturbed save for the distant jangle of a horse-car or the rumble of a truck. And when Isidore's dazzled eyes grew clear he saw that the small altar where Holy-Mary-Mother-Mild had always stood had undergone a transformation. It was no longer an altar: it was a stable. And Isidore was very glad, for she could never again object to his visits to the peddler, the dejected horse, and the three dejected dogs; for behold, here was the whole heavenly choir assembled in a barn, benignly associating with a very small, very large-eared horse, a wide-horned cow, and three woolly lambs. Holy-Mary-Mother-Mild, discarding her crown and lily, had come down from her pedestal to kneel beside the manger. Behind her stood Holy-Joseph-Father-Mild; while three other gentlemen, whom Isidore knew to be saints because they wore "like ladies clothes and from the gold somethings on their heads," offered gifts of price. Two long-winged angels knelt at the end of the manger; and in it, lying on shining straw, was Gentle-Jesus-Meek-and-Mild. Isidore was entranced. Mrs. Keating opened the golden gate and led him into the quiet group of adorers, where he knelt as reverently as any one of them, and looked as much a part of the picture. His Lady-Friend knelt by his side, and they said their prayers together, while high above them the great star of Bethlehem shone with an unsteady luster. Now the star of Bethlehem was used only on great festivals, and its attachment was insecure. As Isidore and Mrs. Keating prayed a helper at the main altar threw a heavy green garland over the high-hung gas-pipe which crossed the chancel. There was a quick cry of warning, and Isidore looked up in time to see that the star of Bethlehem had broken loose and his dear friend was in peril. The heavy blazing iron crashed down upon her thin shoulders, but Isidore's little body bore the brunt.

SOME hours later he opened his eyes upon the scene of all his joy and cherishment. Holy-Mary-Mother-Mild smiled down upon him from her accustomed frame as he lay in his friend's arms.

"Boy of my heart," she greeted him, "you should n't have done it."

"It was polite," he said. "Stars on the neck ain't healthy for you, und so I catches it. On'y say, it makes me a sickness."

"Go to sleep, dear," said Mrs. Keating. "Shut your pretty eyes and go to sleep."

Obediently Isidore closed them, and then suddenly reminded her:

"I ain't said mine prayers."

"Say them, then, sweetheart," she humored him. And when he had reconciled himself to a stiff unresponsiveness of his body which forbade his kneeling or even folding his hands, he turned his face to the lights and began:

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look on me, a little child;
Pity mine and pity me,
And suffer me to come to thee."

"To come to thee!" Mrs. Keating echoed. "To come to thee!"

"Und now," said Isidore, after some pause, "I guess I says mine wrongs prayers," and addressed the Lady of the altar in the tongue which had been hers in the days of her white virginity at Nazareth:

"Lord God of Israel, hear my wrongs! Grant me vengeance upon the accursed Christian! We came unto their land. With curses they received us; with indignities they welcomed us—"

"Go to sleep, my darling," crooned his Lady-Friend and kissed him. "You can finish your prayers—later."

And presently she laid him—quite still—among the lights and the paper flowers on the altar of that faith whose symbol had crushed him, whose perversion had crushed his people, but whose truth had made all the happiness which his short life had known.



TO JESUS THE NAZARENE

BY FREDERIC LAWRENCE KNOWLES¹

CLOSEST to men, thou pitying Son of Man,
And thrilled from crown to foot with fellowship,
Yet most apart and strange, lonely as God,—
Dwell in my heart, remote and intimate One!
Brother of all the world, I come to thee!

Gentle as she who nursed thee at her breast
(Yet what a lash of lightnings once thy tongue
To scourge the hypocrite and Pharisee!)—
Nerve thou mine arm, O meek, O mighty One!
Champion of all who fail, I fly to thee!

O man of sorrows, with the wounded hands,—
For chaplet, thorns; for throne, a pagan cross;
Bowed with the woe and agony of time,
Yet loved by children and the feasting guests,—
I bring my suffering, joyful heart to thee.

Chaste as the virginal lily on her stem,
Yet in each hot, full pulse, each tropic vein,
More filled with feeling than the flow'r with sun;
No anchorite,—hale, sinewy, warm with love,—
I come in youth's high tide of bliss to thee.

O Christ of contrasts, infinite paradox,
Yet life's explainer, solvent harmony,
Frail strength, pure passion, meek austerity,
And the white splendor of these darken'd years,—
I lean my wondering, wayward heart on thine.

¹ Died September 19, 1905.

JEAN BAPTISTE'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT

BY LAWRENCE MOTT

Author of "Jules of the Great Heart"



SMOKE curled lazily from the top of the birch-bark tepee and drifted away until it was lost among the dark pines. The morning air was biting cold and the crust on the snow crackled sharply as two puppies rolled and snapped at each other on it. Then one obtained a firm hold of his comrade's ear; the result was a long screech from the persecuted one. The blanket over the tepee entrance was pushed aside and Jean Baptiste stepped out.

"Ah, you leet' diables, alway mak' nois'! Marche-an, allez!" Baptiste looked up at the heavens; they were threatening and dull; great brows of cloud writhed and twisted along, though there was no wind in the forest. Then his eyes swept the long white horizon that showed here and there through the trees.

"Mor' snow, by dam'!" he muttered as he gathered up some wood at his feet. "Marie, mak' déjeuner queeck; Ah mus' go see de trap befor' de storm he come!"

"B'en oui," a woman's voice answered from inside the wigwam.

Baptiste threw the wood past the blanket door, and proceeded to feed his six dogs with pemmican. They fought at once over the food.

"An' you Rico, you gourmand, alway steal somet'ing f'om oddaire. By gar, Ah geef you keeck!" Jean landed a rapid thrust with his toe, and the shaggy brute drew away growling.

Then silently the white flakes eddied down; in groups and one by one they gathered on the bark of the little home, clustered on the far-reaching branches of

the firs and hemlocks, and filtered slowly through the pine-needles.

"Wee-se-ne! [Breakfast!]"

Baptiste brushed the snow from his arms and shoulders, stamped his moccasins free of it, and went in.

A small fire burned hotly in the center; a girl sat beside it, gently shaking a frying-pan; a pannikin of tea, some pieces of bread and meat, and a bit of salt pork formed the breakfast fare. Jean spoke seldom during the meal, and Marie had curled herself up again in the rabbit-skin blankets.

"B'en adieu, chérie; Ah be back een two day a half eff no too beeg storm."

He bent over the delicate brown face and kissed it.

"Certainement be back, Jean?" the girl asked with a little catch in her voice.

"Certainement." And Baptiste picked up his snow-shoes, an ax, and a blanket in which Marie had put provisions; then he laughed softly.

"W'en you expec'—"

"Non, Jean; no say dat," she answered shyly.

He went back and sat down beside her. "Tell to moi, your Jean, chérie, so dat Ah be sure know, hein?"

She hid her face in his skin capote.

"Ah be ici sans doute." He laughed gaily.

"Au revoir, bo'-jou', bo'-jou', petite!"

"Bo'-jou', bo'-jou'," she answered steadily, though her big brown eyes were troubled and moist. He was gone.

No sound save a faint whisper of the forest caused by the wind that was coming slowly. Then the two puppies, lonely now that the dogs were away, nosed their

way past the blanket and stretched themselves by the dying fire. Marie lay there, thinking, wondering, sometimes sleeping, while the storm grew outside till the forest creaked and shook and its branches waved wildly to and fro. Suddenly a powerful blast brushed the blanket at the entrance aside, and whirled in, carrying myriads of snow particles, and waving the rabbit furs over the girl in turbulent ridges. She sat up, wakened by the cold, clammy bits on her face.

"Bon Dieu, vat tempête!" she whispered, and stood up. Her figure was not as lithe and slim as it had been some months before, and she seemed weak. Before fastening the blanket again, she looked out. Everywhere the snow, tossed and tumbled by the wind, drove in white sheets across the tiny clearing; she could hear the angry roaring of the pines and distinguish the whistling of the firs and the fierce droning of the hemlocks as gust after gust swept madly through them.

"Misère, misère!" she murmured, and built up the fire. The puppies whined at being disturbed and crept close to her. The girl then boiled some tea and ate a little food, —but very little,—and lay down again in the furs. Slowly the hours dragged by, but the storm yowled on with unabated force; gradually the gray light that came through the fire-hole in the tepee-top faded. From time to time Marie threw wood on the fire. Then it was dark. No light in the wigwam but that of the bright-red embers that cast their shadows on the circular bark wall; their glow was vague and mysterious because the gale sounds overcame the faint cracklings, and the fire-eyes shone ruddy and noiseless. A tin kettle in the corner diffused a green-white reflection on one spot, and the girl watched it unconsciously.

Suddenly the puppies jumped up and barked—not really barked, but did their best in short yelps and diminutive howls. Marie was wide awake instantly and listened. No unusual sound could she hear, but the dogs scratched and dug valiantly at the blanket she had securely fastened. The girl moved to rise, when a heavy body fell against the entrance and rolled almost to her feet, tearing the door with it. Marie leaped to her feet and stared, frightened at first. The body lay there motionless.

"Vone mans, b'en vrai!" she whispered, holding the rabbit-skins about her. She

went over softly and listened; no sound came from the blurred heap beside the embers. Then she leaned over and pulled from the man's face the blanket in which he was entangled.

"Bon Dieu!" she screamed, and looked again.

The face she saw was of snowy whiteness, except for a small round hole just under the black, dank hair, from which a red stream trickled heavily. The eyes were closed and the mouth was drawn out of shape with pain. To see better, she hurriedly threw nearly all the stock of wood Baptiste had left for her on the fire, and furiously blew at the embers till a strong blaze cast a lurid yellow glare in the interior. She bent down and listened at the man's chest, then started up in alarm.

"Jésu Christ! he alive an' Ah have nothing for do for heem," she cried. The silence after her words was greater than ever. The wind had decreased and now sobbed fitfully; between the gusts the stillness was absolute.

Then from far in the white distance came the long, mournful howl of a wolf. The sound startled her, and her senses were at once alert; she chafed the man's hands and face with snow, listening now and again at his heart. Little by little its beats grew stronger and more regular; at last his eyes opened and roved blankly over the little interior.

"Ni-be, ni-be! [Water!]" he whispered. Marie poured a thin stream between his parched lips.

"Miguetch! [Thanks!]" But in the big, wandering eyes there was a look of terror, the fear of a hunted animal.

The girl questioned him softly in the Ojibway language, but he did not understand; then she tried French, but without success; in despair, she lapsed into the broken English frequently used by the Indians in conversing with men of different tribes whose language they do not know.

"Who you?"

"Gwinguish," he muttered feebly. "Cree f'om Longue Lac. Hodsonbaie mans send police affaire *win* [me] for why Ah have no skins for paie de debt." Here he coughed, and the exertion started again the red flow from the tiny round hole under his hair. With deft fingers the girl wound her handkerchief about the wound



Drawn by F. E. Schoonover. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"'TAK' ME—NO HEEM!"

and pressed it down firmly with her long, thin hands. The flow ceased.

"Las' night," the weak voice began again, "de police mak' shootin' at win. I fallin' down 'een de snow and mak' hide een bush; dey go pas' win, an' Ah comme creep, creep, t'rough de fores' teel Ah fin' dees place. Baim-by de police fin' de track my snow-shoe an' comme dees place, an—" the Indian's voice trailed off in a groan, and he rolled over, unconscious.

"Bon Dieu!" Marie whispered to herself. "Bon Dieu! pauvre diable! Ef Jean vas onlee here! Maintenant—vat Ah do?" She went to the entrance and listened; the storm had gone and the forest loomed massive and black against the dim, cold light of the snow underneath and beyond. No sound—not a whisper—disturbed the throbbing stillness. Uneven and jagged, the tops of the firs and hemlocks pointed straight upward to the heavens, where the northern lights fluttered and streamed in long pennants of drifting, shifting vividness.

"De tempête gone! Jean no back two day! Vat Ah do?" She spoke aloud in her distress. "Ah no can go fin' heem; am no strong 'nough. An' ef de police—Dieu!" She almost screamed then, as through the forest she heard the clinking of bits and the muffled plod, plod, of horses' feet in the heavy snow. Instantly she leaped back into the wigwam, her weakness and her expected child forgotten, and in her terror she shook the wounded Indian roughly.

"Ah—ah—ah!" he groaned, and opened his eyes.

"De police dey come!" she hissed. The words seared his mind and forced his brain to action; he tried to stagger up, but fell helpless.

"Be quiet—say notting!" she hissed again, covered his face with her rabbit blankets, rolled him by main force into a corner, his back to the fire, and leaped again to the entrance.

"Hillo! Hillo! Bo'-jou'!"

The mounted police—six of them—had reached the little clearing and stopped, seeing the tepee.

"Bo'-jou', bo'-jou'!" she answered steadily, though her heart-beats suffocated her. "What ees?"

"We air looking for a d——d scamp named Gwinguish; fired at him yesterday, saw blood on the snow, and lost him when

this rotten storm came up. Have n't seen him, have you?"

The girl clutched at her throat, as though to force her voice to steady speech.

"Non," she answered; "no see 't all."

"Curse the luck!" The man slid from his saddle as he spoke. "Chasing about this God-forsaken country, and then to miss our man! We—"

"Whose wigwam 's this?" one of the police asked in Ojibway.

"Jean Baptiste," Marie answered bravely.

"Free trapper?"

"Ah-hai [Yes]."

"We 'll stop here and feed the horses, Ah-teg," the first man ordered; and the six tethered their horses to trees and drew the dark-blue blankets carefully over them.

"Got fire?" he asked, and the girl nodded.

The police stalked into the tepee, their spurs tinkling in the silence.

Marie shivered, and entered after them.

"Who 's that?" the leader asked quickly as the fire blazed up, pointing to the figure under the rabbit-skins.

"Baptiste." Her voice quivered, then was steady again. "He hurt hees foot yes'day."

"Too bad."

Soon the rattling of tea-pannikins filled the tepee, while the police joked and laughed, sometimes cursing their luck and the weather, and wondering if they could still catch Gwinguish.

"He 's making for Wabinoosh, sure."

"I don't think so; more likely to try for Fort Hope, and hide among the Indians there."

"Say,"—the one who spoke Ojibway stood up, tall and swarthy in the yellow light,— "Ah goin' tak' look round."

"Go ahead, Michele; go ahead, and welcome." The sergeant chuckled as the man went out. "Always looking for things he can't find; but, by ——! he 's a good trailer, boys! If it had n't been for that cursed snow-storm, he 'd have found our man sure enough."

Marie said nothing, but her heart was full of fear, because she knew that but little snow had fallen since Gwinguish had come, and that Michele was one of the best trackers in the whole mounted police force. She reasoned that the Indian would in all probability find the wavering, wandering

tracks made that night, and she shuddered at the result, because a short shift is given thieves of the Hudson Bay Company, and she was friendly to the poor devil who sought to evade the company's crushing maw, because her husband was a free trader and trapper.

As the police ate and drank, the fear at her heart became unbearable. Strangely weak and dizzy she felt; nevertheless she stood up, and with wavering steps sought the cold air outside. Daylight was just coming over the eastern horizon. Leaning against the bark walls, she caught her breath quickly at seeing the tracker, Michele, hunting here and there like a hound, his dark figure dimly discernible in the faint light. As she stood there, a hand was laid on her shoulder, its fingers gripping her flesh.

"Jean," she sobbed, as the gaunt face peered into hers, "Gwinguish, honted, shot by police, een dere. Ah tell dat heem you. Pauvre diable, sauf heem for me!" And she fainted.

Jean Baptiste carefully laid Marie on the snow. "Chérie!" he muttered; "always do somet'ing good! Ah sauf Gwinguish." He straightened up and listened.

Within the tepee the policemen laughed and chatted; without all was stillness, and his trained ears caught the light scrunch, scrunch, of the tracker's feet as the latter sought here and there.

Baptiste stiffened on his snow-shoes.

"By gar, dose confoun' police! Ah goin' fool dem!"

He moved noiselessly to the tepee entrance, his snow-shoes clicking but very softly. Then dashing the blanket aside—"You all too beeg dam' fool for to catch moi!" he called loudly, and darted away among the gray and black trunks.

"The devil!" The sergeant jumped to his feet. "Gwinguish, by all that 's holy!" He sprang to the entrance. "Michele! Blast you, you red devil, you 're not worth your salt! Here 's our man just here." The six tumbled helter-skelter into the clearing, rushed to their horses, rolled the blankets in a heap on the saddle-bows, and galloped away in the gloom.

Baptiste, the storm having covered his track, had decided to return to his camp for two reasons: the expectation of a "pa-poose" and the fact that fur was not plenty at the time of a heavy fall of snow.

When he approached his tepee he had heard the voices of the mounted police, and, free trapper though he was, had thought it best not to approach too openly. He left his dogs and sledge in the timber, crept carefully, met Marie, heard her warning and appeal, and was first with the task, a difficult one enough, of leading the police a vain chase.

The bushes had scarce closed behind his figure when they parted again as Michele slunk rapidly after the flying figure.

"Allez!" The team leaped to their work. Jean was a light man, and the sledge whirled fast over the snow.

"Matche—Manito!" Michele cursed as he floundered after; then, raising his head, he whooped, "Ho-e-e-e-a!"

Far off to the right the police answered, and he waited for them. Gray, pink, purple, the night clouds drifted away, hued by the coming sun, whose rays pierced the somberness of the forest and tinged the snow-laden branches white, gold, and silver. Nearer and nearer the horses' feet sounded; then:

"Damnation! Michele, where in thunder 'd he go?"

"Dees way," and he pointed out the sledge trail.

"After him—after him, men!" And away they went, the horses lurching heavily, the men growling and swearing.

Back at the tepee, Marie opened her eyes and struggled to her feet. Everything was silent; the sun, two hours up, gilded the horizon in a dazzling glare. "Jean, Jean," she murmured vaguely, then she remembered. Her weak footsteps roused the figure in the blankets in the tepee, and Gwinguish sat up.

"Who you?" he began, blankly staring before him.

With feverish haste the girl knelt at his side.

"Jean he follow' by police. Dey t'ink heem you; Ah say so! You go 'way queeck!"

"Ah-hai," he moaned, and tried to stand up. A lurch, a stagger, and he fell, while Marie stood by, weak and dizzy.

"Stan' up—stan' up an' go!" she begged.

Again and again the wounded man tried, but always he tumbled at her feet.

Then the tears forced their way to the

girl's eyes; she understood at last that she was helpless, while the police were on her husband's trail. She sat down wearily by the faint embers of the fire, and waited.

Higher and higher the winter sun climbed in the heavens. Drip, drip, drip! the snow, melting in its heat, dropped to the crust beneath. Silence in the timber—deep silence. The puppies played outside, their sharp yelping echoing among the stalwart trunks and dark-green recesses.

"Hurrah!" And again, "H-u-r-r-a-h!"

With many whoopings and yells the mounted police came to the clearing again. Lashed securely behind a trooper was Jean Baptiste. They had cornered him in a blind gorge behind the mountains and captured him.

Stillness reigned in the wigwam as they approached. McPherson slipped from his horse and looked in.

"Whisht, b'ys; there 's a chyild amang 'em nou!"

The other five dismounted and slid Baptiste from the horse.

"Strangè, lads, that he ain't wounded! Sure we saw blood 'way out t' other side of Mackenzie Mountain!" They searched the prisoner for a wound, but not even a scratch rewarded their efforts, Jean meanwhile standing mute and firm before them.

"Well, we got him, anyhow," one policeman said cheerfully, "woun' or nae woun'; but 't is vera, vera cur'ous, na'ertheless," he finished in a whisper.

As the police talked and built a fire, Gwinguish, inside the tepee, heard, understood, and staggered to his feet. His head troubled him frightfully, but in the corner his bleared eyes saw the girl, and, tottering body and soul as he was, he understood what she had done for him. He fell to his knees, then rolled over, picked himself up

again, dragged his body the length of the tepee, and crawled out.

"What 's this? An', i' faith, 't is Baptiste!" the sergeant said; then, seeing the blood-soaked neckerchief over the forehead—"but the girrl said he 'd hurted his foot."

Gwinguish by an awful effort got to his knees. Jean stood silent and grave, looking at him.

"No Baptiste me. Me Gwinguish you shoot yes'day; de girl, hees *egwe* [woman], she tell you me heem; he try for let me get 'way. Ah 'm *m'guetch* [thanks] to heem; tak' me—no heem!" The body of the senseless man sagged between Baptiste and the sergeant.

"I 'll be clean dahmned!" the latter muttered.

Unnoticed, Saunders, the youngest of the force, thumbed his report-book.

"Lads, it 's Christmas day."

The sergeant looked up quickly. "Christmas, did ye say? I would na hae thought it."

Every man was silent. From within the tepee came the faint wailings of a newborn child. Jean Baptiste must have heard, but he gave no sign. The wounded man tossed and muttered incoherently.

"Loose him, men!"

Jean was free.

"I 'm a lang, lang way from th' Hielands, lad! but God bless ye—an' a merry Christmas!" the sergeant said hoarsely. "Mount, men! Ride!"

Plud-a-plud, plud-a-plud, plud-a-plud! The horses' feet, striking the soft snow, sounded fainter and fainter and fainter; then they were gone.

"Dieu merci!" and Jean stepped over the unconscious Indian and disappeared in the tepee, while the midwinter sun shone its short hours over the great wilderness.



THE SOUL OF O SANA SAN

BY ALICE HEGAN RICE

Author of "Mrs. Wiggs," "Sandy," etc.



SANA SAN stood in the heart of a joyous world, as much a part of the radiant, throbbing, irresponsible spring as the golden butterfly which fluttered in her hand. Through the close-stemmed bamboos she could see the sparkling river racing away to the Inland Sea, while slow-moving junks, with their sixfold sails, glided with almost imperceptible motion toward a far-distant port. From below, across the rice-fields, came the shouts and laughter of naked bronze babies who played at the water's edge, and from above, high up on the ferny cliff, a mellow-throated temple bell answered the call of each vagrant breeze. Far away, shutting out the strange, big world, the luminous mountains hung in the purple mists of May.

And every note of color in the varied landscape, from the purple irises whose royal reflection stained the water below, to the rosy-tipped clover at the foot of the hill, was repeated in the kimono and *obi* of the child who flitted about in the grasses, catching butterflies in her long-handled net.

The constant echo of war that sounded around her disturbed her no more than it did the birds overhead. All day long the bugles sounded from the parade-grounds, and always and always the soldiers went marching away to the front. Around the bend in the river were miniature fortifications where recruits learned to make forts and trenches, and to shoot through tiny holes in a wall at imaginary Russian troopers. Down in the town below were long white hospitals where twenty thousand sick and wounded soldiers lay. No thought of the horror of it came to trouble O Sana San. The cherry-trees gladly and

freely gave up their blossoms to the wind, and so must the country give up its men for the Emperor. Her father had marched away, then one brother, then another, and she had held up her hands and shouted, "Banzai!" and smiled because her mother smiled. Everything was vague and uncertain, and no imagined catastrophe troubled her serenity. It was all the will of the Emperor, and it was well.

Life was a very simple matter to O Sana San. She rose when the sun climbed over the mountain, bathed her face and hands in the shallow copper basin in the garden, ate her breakfast of bean-curd and pickled fish and warm yellow tea. Then she hung the quilts over poles to sun, dusted the screens, and placed an offering of rice on the steps of the tiny shrine to Inari, where the little foxes kept guard. These simple duties being accomplished, she tied a bit of bean-cake in her gaily colored handkerchief, and stepping into her *geta*, went pattering off to school.

It was an English school, where she sat with hands folded through the long mornings, passively permitting the lessons to filter through her brain, and listening in smiling patience while the kind foreign ladies spoke incomprehensible things. Sometimes she helped pass the hours by watching the shadows of the dancing leaves outside; sometimes she told herself stories about "The Old Man Who Made Withered Trees to Blossom," or about "Momotaro, the Little Peach Boy." Again she would repeat the strange English words and phrases that she heard, and would puzzle out their meaning.

But the sum of her lore consisted in being happy; and when the shadow of the mountains began to slip across the valley,

she would dance back along the homeward way, singing with the birds, laughing with the rippling water, and adding her share of brightness to the sunshine of the world.

As she stood on this particular morning with her net poised over a butterfly, she heard the tramping of many feet. A slow cavalcade was coming around the road,—a long line of coolies bearing bamboo stretchers,—and in the rear, in a jinrikisha, was a foreign man with a red cross on his sleeve.

O Sana San scrambled up the bank and watched with smiling curiosity as the men halted to rest. On the stretcher nearest her lay a young Russian prisoner with the fair skin and blond hair that are so unfamiliar to Japanese eyes. His blanket was drawn tight around his shoulders, and he lay very still, with lips set, gazing straight up through the bamboo leaves to the blue beyond.

Then it was that O Sana San, gazing in frank inquisitiveness at the soldier, saw a strange thing happen. A tear formed on his lashes and trickled slowly across his temple; then another and another, until they formed a tiny rivulet. More and more curious, she drew yet nearer, and watched the tears creep unheeded down the man's face. She was sure he was not crying, because soldiers never cry; it could not be the pain, because his face was very smooth and calm. What made the tears drop, drop on the hard pillow, and why did he not brush them away?

A vague trouble dawned in the breast of O Sana San. Running back to the field, she gathered a handful of wild flowers and returned to the soldier. The tears no longer fell, but his lips quivered and his face was distorted with pain. She looked about her in dismay. The coolies were down by the river, drinking from their hands and calling to one another; the only person to whom she could appeal was the tall English nurse who was adjusting a bandage for a patient at the end of the line.

With halting steps and many misgivings, she timidly made her way to his side; then placing her hands on her knees, she bowed low before him. The embarrassment of speaking to a stranger and a foreigner almost overwhelmed her, but she mustered her bravest array of English, and pointing to the stretcher, faltered out her message:

"Soldier not happy very much is. I sink soldier heart sorry."

The Red Cross nurse looked up from his work, and his eyes followed her gesture.

"He is hurt bad," he said shortly; "no legs, no arms."

"*So—deska?*" she said politely, then repeated his words in puzzled incomprehension: "Nowarms? Nowarms?"

When she returned to the soldier she gathered up the flowers which she had dropped by the wayside, and timidly offered them to him. For a long moment she waited, then her smile faded and her hand dropped. With a child's quick sensitiveness to rebuff, she was turning away when an exclamation recalled her.

The prisoner was looking at her in a strange, distressed way; his deep-set gray eyes glanced down first at one bandaged shoulder, then at the other, then he shook his head.

As O Sana San followed his glance, a startled look of comprehension sprang into her face. "Nowarms!" she repeated softly as the meaning dawned upon her, and with a little cry of sympathy she ran forward and gently laid her flowers on his breast.

The cavalcade moved on, under the warm spring sun, over the smooth white road, under the arching cryptomerias; but little O Sana San stood under the yellow disk of her big sunshade and watched it with troubled eyes. A dreadful something was stirring in her breast, something clutched at her throat, and she no longer saw the sunshine and the flowers. Kneeling by the roadside, she loosened the little basket which was tied to her *obi* and gently lifted the lid. Slowly at first, and then with eager wings, a dozen captive butterflies fluttered back to freedom.

ALONG the banks of the Upper Flowing River, in a rudely improvised hospital, lay the wounded Russian prisoners. To one of the small rooms at the end of the ward reserved for fatally wounded patients a self-appointed nurse came daily, and rendered her tiny service in the only way she knew.

O Sana San's heart had been so wrought upon by the sad plight of her soldier friend that she had begged to be taken to see him and to be allowed to carry him flowers with her own hand. Her mother, in whom

smoldered the fires of dead samurai, was quick to be gracious to a fallen foe, and it was with her consent that O Sana San went day after day to the hospital.

The nurses humored her childish whim, thinking each day would be the last; but as the days grew into weeks and the weeks into months, her visits became an established fact.

And the young Russian, lying on his rack of pain, learned to watch for her coming as the one hour of brightness in an interminable night of gloom. He made a sort of sun-dial of the cracks in the floor, and when the shadows reached a certain spot his tired eyes grew eager, and he turned his head to listen for the patter of the little *tabi* that was sure to sound along the hall.

Sometimes she would bring her picture-books and read him wonderful stories in words he did not understand, and show him the pictures of Momotaro, who was born out of a peach and who grew up to be so strong and brave that he went to the Ogres' Island and carried off all their treasures,—caps and coats that made their wearers invisible, jewels which made the tide come or go, coral and amber and tortoise-shell,—and all these things the little Peach Boy took back to his kind old foster mother and father, and they all lived happily forever after. And in the telling O Sana San's voice would thrill, and her almond eyes grow bright, while her slender brown finger pointed out the figures on the gaily colored pages.

Sometimes she would sing to him, in soft minor strains, of the beauty of the snow on the pine-trees, or the wonders of Fuji-San.

And he would pucker his white lips and try to whistle the accompaniment, to her great amusement and delight.

Many were the treasures she brought forth from the depths of her long sleeves, and many were the devices she contrived to amuse him. The most ambitious achievement was a miniature garden in a wooden box—a wonderful garden where grasses stood for tall bamboo, and a saucer of water, surrounded by moss and pebbles, made a shining lake across which a bridge led through a *torii* to a diminutive shrine above.

He would watch her deft fingers fashioning the minute objects, and listen to her endless prattle in her soft, unknown tongue, and for a little space the pain-racked body

would relax and the cruel furrows vanish from between his brows.

But there were days in which the story and the song and the play had no part. At such times O Sana San slipped in on tiptoe and took her place at the head of the cot where he could not see her. Sitting on her heels, with hand folded in hand, she watched patiently for hours, alert to adjust the covers or smooth the pillow, but turning her eyes away when the spasms of pain contorted his face. All the latent maternity in the child rose to succor his helplessness. The same instinct that had prompted her to strap her doll upon her back when yet a mere baby herself, made her accept the burden of his suffering, and mother him with a very passion of tenderness.

Longer and sultrier grew the days; the wistaria, hanging in feathery festoons from many a trellis, gave way to the flaming azalea, and the azalea in turn vanished with the coming of the lotus that floated sleepily in the old castle moat.

Still the soul of the young Russian was held a prisoner in his shattered body, and the spirit in him grew restive at the delay. Months had passed before the doctor told him his release was at hand. It was early in the morning, and the sun fell in long, level rays across his cot. He turned his head and looked wistfully at the distance it would have to travel before it would be afternoon.

The nurse brought the screen and placed it about the bed—the last service she could render. For hours the end was expected, but moment by moment he held death at bay, refusing to accept the freedom that he had so earnestly longed for. At noon the sky became overcast and the slow falling of rain was heard on the low wooden roof. But still his fervent eyes watched the sun-dial, and he waited for her coming.

At last the sound of *geta* was heard without, and in a moment O Sana San slipped past the screen and dropped on her knees beside him. Under one arm was tightly held a small white kitten, her final offering at the shrine of love.

When he saw her quaint little figure, a look of peace came over his face and he closed his eyes. An interpreter, knowing that a prisoner was about to die, came to the bedside and asked if he wanted to leave any message. He stirred slightly,

then in a scarcely audible voice asked in Russian what the Japanese word was for "good-by." A long pause followed, during which the spirit seemed to hover irresolute upon the brink of eternity.

O Sana San sat motionless, her lips parted, her face full of the awe and mystery of death. Presently he stirred and turned his head slowly until his eyes were on a level with her own.

"*Sayonara*," he whispered faintly, and tried to smile; and O Sana San, summoning all her courage to restrain the tears, smiled bravely back and whispered, "*Sayonara*."

It was scarcely said before the spirit of the prisoner started forth upon his final journey, but he went not alone. The soul of a child went with him, leaving in its place the tender, new-born soul of a woman.



A CHARACTER

BY HENRY AUSTIN

I KNEW him well; the last of a proud race;
Proudest and last. Years of unjust disgrace,
Of poverty, of insult, of neglect,
Deep sickness, deeper sorrow, had not wrecked
The Argo of his love-dreams; had not flecked
The clearness of that high, far-darting intellect.

His a deep brain impassioned to know all
Of boon or bane which may to man befall.
A deeper heart, e'en larger than his brain,
To which no living thing appealed in vain:
No man so vile or low he would not bend,
In sympathy, to show himself a friend.

He measured each man's weakness by his own.
He knew the longings which, perhaps, atone
For frequent lapses in the Eye that sees
With perfect love Life's endless mysteries.
The vexing limitations of his friends;
The virtues of his enemies; the ends,
Vast and profound, to which Creation tends
With slow, majestic step (albeit with blends
Of discord in her music), were by him
Felt clearly ever; never fancies dim.

Not stars alone as ordered things he saw,
But meteors likewise moving well, by law:
Law, beautiful and sweet, if stern at times,
Like Milton's verse without a need of rhymes
To make it poesy, sublime, supreme!
So lived he; died he; clasping close the dream,
The Dream August of Human Brotherhood,
Of Boundless Beauty and Eternal Good;
And, throned in worlds below as those above,
Life, Life Divine, and Everlasting Love!

AN INTIMATE STUDY OF THE PELICAN¹

BY FRANK M. CHAPMAN

Associate Curator in the American Museum of Natural History

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

NO one can look a pelican squarely in the eye without being impressed by the bird's reserved, grave dignity. The same patriarchal bearing in a man suggests years of fruitful experience and the learning of sages and prophets.

Is the bird a feathered caricature of a human prototype, or does its white head contain even a fraction of the wisdom its owner's outward appearance so strongly proclaims? In short, where in the psycho-

logical scale shall we place this bird of imposing presence?

To answer this question, I decided to go to the land of pelicans; establish, if possible, personal relations with the inhabitants; and from an intimate, minute study of their daily life attempt to determine their mental status. At the same time it was proposed to secure photographs and information upon which to base an accurate representation of pelican life in the American Museum of Natural History.

¹ Readers of THE CENTURY will recall Mr. Chapman's remarkable article, "A Flamingo City," in the number for December, 1904.—THE EDITOR.



"THE BROAD-PINIONED BIRDS SWEEPED BY ME WITHIN ARM'S LENGTH"



THE PELICAN AT HOME. No. 1.

We have in America two kinds of pelicans, the white and the brown. Of the former, I can only say that it does not encourage the advances of the avian psychologist. Invasions of its strongholds on remote lake islets in Manitoba and in Nevada have resulted in their complete desertion by every white pelican old enough to spread a wing; and success here is doubtless not to be looked for so long as this snowy-plumaged bird remains a shining mark for every roving rifleman.

With the brown pelican I have been more fortunate, having obtained an opportunity to study its home life, domestic and



THE PELICAN AT REST

social relations, such as has been accorded to few students of birds in nature.

HISTORY OF PELICAN ISLAND

In that long, narrow lagoon on the east coast of Florida known as Indian River, there is a muddy islet three or four acres in extent. Originally it doubtless did not differ from hundreds of similar neighboring islets; but, for some reason past finding out, this islet, and this alone, forms the nesting - resort, the home, of all the pelicans of the Indian

River, if not, indeed, of the east coast of Florida.

The brown pelican, unlike its white cou-



THE INITIAL UPWARD STROKE OF THE WING IN FLIGHT, REVEALING A SURPRISING DIVERGENCE OF THE FIVE OUTER FLIGHT-FEATHERS

sin, nests normally in low trees and bushes; and there is evidence that when the original pelican colonists landed on the islet which now bears their name, it was well grown with black and red mangroves in which the birds placed their scaffolding of sticks. Exceptionally low temperature and high water—perhaps also excessive use by the birds, which sometimes build as many as seven nests in a single mangrove—have killed tree after tree, until at present only three serviceable trees remain. Still the birds come back, the impelling motive which prompts them to return to this particular spot being evidently stronger than that which induced them to nest in trees.

No one can remember when pelicans did not nest upon their chosen land, and on only two occasions have its feathered occupants failed to establish on it their yearly pelican nursery. Once they were driven away by a number of singular creatures who seemed either to fear or to hate the great birds which, to most people, form so picturesque and pleasing an element of Florida coast life. Landing on the pelicans' islet, they shot the inhabitants in large numbers and left them to rot in the mud. The survivors retreated, but established quarters on the nearest islet.

The second time the pelicans deserted their ancestral home they were driven away, not by enemies, but by friends. Prior to the passage of the present admirable bird-protective law in Florida, the pelicans were at the mercy of every man with a gun. A demand from milliners arose for their wing-quills,



ILLUSTRATING THE ELLIPTICAL OPENING TO THE POUCH, FORMED BY A DRAWING IN OF THE TIP AND SPREADING OUT OF THE SIDES OF THE LOWER MANDIBLE

and it was feared that at any time Pelican Island might be attacked. An effort was made to buy it from the government, but the red-tape knots of the Land Office defied untying until, on presentation of the case to President Roosevelt, he promptly disentangled them and created Pelican Island a Federal reserve. The Audubon Society immediately appointed a warden, who was empowered to prevent trespass, and erected on the island a large sign proclaiming its population the wards of the government.

The future safety of the pelicans now seemed assured, when, to the surprise and disgust of their would-be friends, the birds expressed their disapproval of the whole arrangement by deserting the island in a body. Not a nest was made or an egg laid upon it, but two smaller neighboring islands were covered with the dissenting birds.

At the beginning of the next nesting-season (1904–

1905), when the pelican clans began to gather, it was evident that the great sign announcing Federal possession of the home of their forefathers appeared to cause them much uneasiness, whereupon the warden, who had long suspected the root of the trouble, removed the offending boards, and the birds at once returned to their heritage, built their homes, and reared their families, as the accompanying pictures, made during the season in question, abundantly prove.

Consequently, we may infer from this incident either that the pelican can read and has strong political prejudices, or that



"THE BIRDS BEGAN TO RETURN TO THEIR NESTS"



THE PELICAN AT HOME. No. 2.

it lacks sufficient discrimination to realize that a board painted white with black marks and held upright by two posts is perfectly harmless. However this may be, the fact remains that, to the great satisfaction of their well-wishers, the birds have

within. With birds the season of reproduction is periodic, and with migratory species, whether the journey be to a near-by island or to another zone, the return to the breeding-ground is only one phenomenon in a physiological cycle of development which



A BATHING SCENE

accepted the guardianship of the government. One of the most remarkable and easily accessible bird-resorts in America should, therefore, long continue to delight visiting nature-lovers, as well as to supply our South Atlantic coast with a singularly interesting form of life.

THE PELICANS' YEAR; A SKETCH OF THE ISLAND'S LIFE

YEAR after year, in the first week in November, with singular exactness the pelicans come to their unattractive little mud flat. Some come from up, some from down the river, all evidently moved by a common impulse. What is it? It is not a question of food, for the pelicans rarely feed near their nesting-place; it is not a question of climate, for they do not go far enough from their breeding-ground to experience climatic change when returning to it.

The journey is doubtless prompted from

includes, in regular order, migration, courtship, egg-laying, incubation, the care of the young, the molt, and the retreat to winter quarters.

Even in the tropics, birds, as a rule, do not nest until spring and early summer; but the pelican woos his mate in November and begins housekeeping in the first month of winter. Among such dumb and unemonstrative birds courtship must be a very solemn affair, but no one seems to know much about it. Apparently, however, it is conducted to the satisfaction of both contracting parties, and with the happiest results; for never have I seen indications of domestic troubles among the indigenes of pelicanland. The warden, to whom I am indebted for these dates of arrival and nesting, tells me that the first mated birds resort to the trees, where a bulky nest of sticks lined with coarse grasses is built upon a platform made by laying heavier sticks from crotch to crotch. When the arboreal sites are taken, the remaining

birds, numbering about one thousand pairs, build upon the ground a nest containing, as a rule, more grass and fewer sticks than are employed by their relatives in the trees.

Unfortunately, the island is so low that

elimination, the high-ground colony is established through the disaster which befalls all those that do not resort to it.

The first of the three eggs to which the pelicans limit themselves is laid by De-



A PELICAN YAWN

a "norther" raises the water sufficiently to flood all but a sand-bar at its eastern end. Only those ground-nesting birds which build upon the sands, therefore, are secure from the waves. Consequently, if one should visit Pelican Island in April, after the season of northers had passed, and see the close-set nests on the sand-bar, with the rest of the island unoccupied, one might credit the survivors with ability intelligently to select a nesting-site above the reach of the waters. Whereas, in truth, the earlier homes of many of these same birds, built on low ground, had been inundated, and their eggs, washed from the nests, were still scattered about the island. Apparently, then, there is here no conscious selection evolved by experience. Year after year, birds nest on the low ground and suffer the consequences, while, by

cember 1. One might imagine that even in Florida winter was a singularly inappropriate season for hatching eggs; but pelicans are large-bodied birds, and husband as well as wife is faithful to the duties of incubation, one going on the nest as the other leaves it. Normally, therefore, the eggs are never exposed, and after about four weeks' sitting the little pelican announces itself by a characteristic choking grunt, uttered even before it leaves the shell.

It is not an attractive creature at birth, but in about eighteen days its black, naked ugliness is concealed beneath a down so thick, soft, and white that it might grace a swan. The young of tree-nesting pelicans do not leave their nest-tree until they make their first attempt at flight; but if the young pelican chances to be born on the ground,

it will go swimming for the first time when about six weeks old, and at the age of ten weeks it will have learned to use its wings.

In March, if all goes well, the pelicans may close their house for the season, take their family, and go traveling; but June 1 sometimes finds birds still occupied with domestic affairs. This extension of the nesting-season is doubtless due in part to some individual irregularity in the time of laying, but more largely to disaster of one kind or another which befalls early efforts at housekeeping.

High water, cold weather, or exposure to the sun before they are clothed, are all factors in creating a high mortality among young pelicans; and few, indeed, are the parents which succeed in raising a family of three.

A VISIT TO THE ISLAND; PELICAN LIFE STUDIED FROM A BLIND

THIS marked variation in the dates of the phenomena of nesting-time makes a visit to Pelican Island far more interesting than one to an equally large colony of birds whose eggs are laid and hatched and whose young take flight at approximately

the same date. A day with the pelicans gives one an epitome of their home life, from the building of the nest to the flight of the first-born.

Furthermore, we have to encounter here no dangers of sea or cliff such as threaten one when visiting the birds of isolated rocky islets; no flood and desolation of Bahaman "swash"; no mosquitos and moccasins of noisome marsh. On the contrary, a trip to Pelican Island is as delightful an outing as one may take in Florida. One has only to secure the needed permit of Warden Kroegel at Sebastian, when all the rest is plain sailing or "motoring," as the case may be.

While the birds have become comparatively tame since the appointment of a warden has assured them safety from marauders, they are still far from regarding man as above suspicion. If, therefore, one would enter the inner circles of pelican society, he must adopt some disguise or method of concealment which will not attract attention. An umbrella-blind, successfully employed on former occasions, was found to answer admirably the needs of the case. Erected among the thickly set nests, the nearest of which was only four feet away, it was shortly accepted as



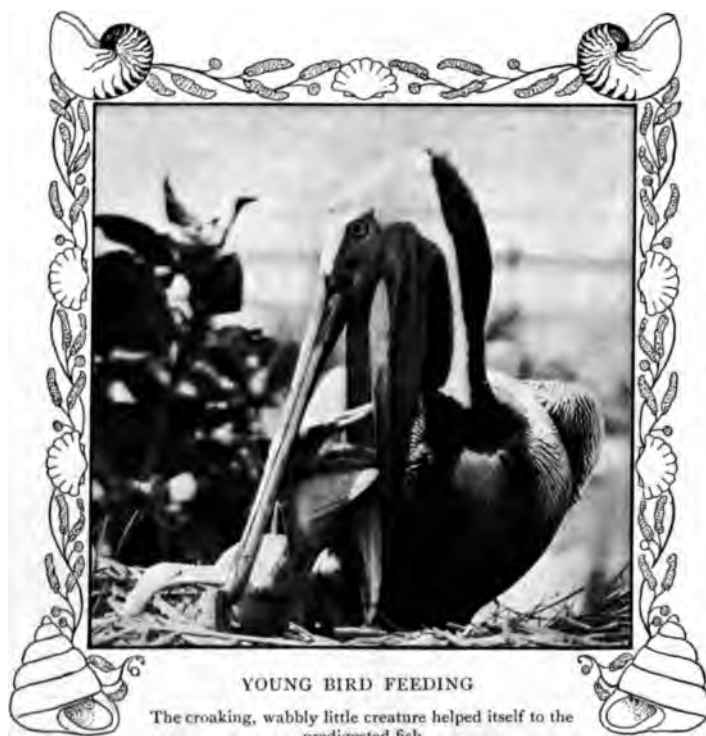
"THE NEW-COMER ALIGHTS NEAR THE NEST, AND, WITH BILL POINTED TO THE ZENITH, ADVANCES SLOWLY"

a part of the landscape, and, so far as the pelicans were concerned, I might have been a spirit of the air.

There is a wholesome sense of satisfaction and a quite indescribable fascination in being closely surrounded by wild, shy

ingly at invaders of their nesting precincts, the pelicans might dispense with the services of a warden.

It is true, a bird which had placed its nest on a stump six feet from my shelter snapped its bill loudly at me when I peered



creatures, that, unaware of your existence, live their lives in an absolutely natural manner.

On several former occasions I had attempted to study the life of Pelican Island; but, whether from a boat moored for days near by or from the shelter of the island's scanty vegetation, probably at no time were the birds wholly at ease.

Within three minutes after I entered my blind, however, the birds began to return to the nests which they had reluctantly deserted at my approach, and in a few minutes more the routine of Pelican Island life was resumed. With a wing-spread of between seven and eight feet, a pelican is an impressive bird even at a distance; but when dozens of the broad-pinioned birds swept by me within arm's length, or alighted almost at my feet, I realized that, given the excitable, courageous nature of terns or gulls, which dart and dive so threaten-

through the slit in my blind nearest to her. The young defend themselves in a similar manner until their wings will bear them, when, like their seniors, they show their faith in the valorous discretion of flight.

Birds of all ages and voices, from the grunting, naked, squirming new-born chick, or the screaming, downy youngster, to the silent, dignified, white-headed parent, were now within a radius of a few yards. At a glance, I could see most of the activities of pelican home life: nest building, laying, incubating, feeding and brooding young, bathing, preening, sleeping, fighting,—all could be observed at arm's length. Surely here was a rare opportunity to add a footnote to our knowledge of animal life.

When several thousand birds of one species not only select the same bit of ground for a residence, but build their homes side by side, one infers that they

possess marked sociability of character and looks for manifestations of it. But I waited in vain for any positive evidence of friendly or communal relations between the thickly grouped pelican households.

Under only one condition have I ever

tion between the parents and of recognition of their young. The first was best shown by a very pleasing little performance which I have called the ceremony of nest-relief. It appears that both sexes incubate as well as brood; and as it is quite essential that neither eggs nor young be exposed, it follows that, unless disturbed, the bird on the nest does not leave its charge until its mate arrives to take its place. The new-comer alights near the nest, and, with bill pointed to the zenith, advances slowly, waving its head from side to side. At the same time the sit-



"THEY EXTEND THEIR FEEDING EXCURSIONS INTO THE THROAT OF THE PATIENT PARENT"

heard an adult wild pelican utter a note, and this virtual voicelessness implies in itself a limited means of communication. The birds steal one another's nesting-material with an air which plainly bespeaks a knowledge of their guilt and that they expect to be attacked by the bird they have robbed. Such an attack may lead to a bloodless fight, when the contestants grasp each other by the bill, snapping their mandibles together with a pistol-like report. Theft and battle, however, are not usually considered expressions of loving friendship, and my studies leave the colonial life of pelicans unexplained.

In the pelican family, as one might suppose, there are evidences of communica-

THE BILL OF A FISH MAY BE SEEN EXTENDING FROM THE POUCH OF THE LOWER RIGHT-HAND BIRD

ting bird sticks its bill vertically into the nest and twitches its half-spread wings while uttering a low, husky, gasping *chuck*, the only note I have ever heard issue from the throat of an adult wild pelican. After five or six wand-like passes of its upraised head, the advancing bird pauses, when both birds at once, with apparent unconcern, begin to preen their feathers, and a moment later the bird that has been

on duty steps off the nest, and the other bird at once takes its place.

Doubtless this act possesses some sexual significance, but since male and female pelicans are externally alike, it is not possible to tell which part either plays on these occasions. Observation, however, leads to the conclusion that the relieving bird is the male, and that the ceremony is omitted when he gives place to his mate.

There was apparently no such regularity in this event as one finds, for example, among incubating pigeons, in which each sex has its appointed time to come or go.

The relieved bird usually flew directly to the water, there to bathe with much loud flapping of the wings and dashing of spray; after dressing its feathers on a neighboring sand-spit, it would make a

fishing excursions now receive added importance. The old bird has not merely to satisfy its own hunger, but the insatiable and growing appetite of its offspring. Nor is it merely a matter of quantity which has to be considered: quality as well must be taken into account, and the size of the fish



NEARLY GROWN YOUNG ONES STRUGGLING TO BE FED BY AN ADULT JUST ARRIVED FROM THE FISHING-GROUNDS

leisurely start for some fishing-ground up or down the coast: for it is not a little remarkable that the pelicans rarely, if ever, fish in the waters about their home. If the birds are not hungry, the morning bath is followed by an aerial promenade, when they rise a thousand feet or more above their home, and, on set wings, sail in wide circles for long periods of time, apparently for pure enjoyment of the exercise.

With the addition of triplets to the pelican family, domestic problems become more complicated and correspondingly more interesting. For at least ten weeks the young are wholly dependent on their parents for every morsel of food which passes down their capacious throats. The

captured be regulated by the size of the throat it is intended to go down.

Ten miles up the coast I have seen pelicans headed for still more distant fishing-grounds; and it is said that some go to the Canaveral Shoals, forty miles from their home.

Early birds leave the island at the first hint of dawn, and the last arrivals return to it when it is too dark to distinguish the minor

details of the landscape, sweeping by with a rush of wing so near that it is evident they do not see one in the gloom. Generally leaving alone, they fall in with fellow-fishers by the way, and gather thus in parties of from six to a dozen or more, flying diagonally, one behind the other, all flapping and sailing in unison; traveling high in the air, before the wind, or low over the curling breakers when going to windward.

They are daring, dashing fishermen, these sedate birds, and from a height of thirty to forty feet plunge headlong and with a resounding splash on their prey. At the moment of striking, the tip of the lower bill is drawn in and its sides bowed widely out, forming an elliptical opening to the



pouch, and enabling them to capture fish fully fourteen inches in length.

Menhaden form a large proportion of the fish captured, and, large or small, they are carried in the crop, not in the pouch. When returning, the single-file formation is maintained until the birds reach the occupied part of the island, when they proceed directly to their nests, situated, perhaps, in widely different parts of the colony. No time is lost in administering food to the expectant and clamorous young, and this operation of feeding is the most remarkable performance which the watcher on Pelican Island will observe.

Long had I wondered how the naked, apparently helpless pelican, a day or two old, was fed by its great-billed parent. But with the utmost ease the croaking, wabbly little creature helped itself to the predigested fish which, regurgitated by the parent into the front end of its pouch, was brought within reach of its offspring.

This method is fol-



lowed until the young are covered with down, when, evidently requiring a larger supply of food than their parents can prepare for them, and no longer needing partly digested nourishment, they extend their feeding excursions into the throat of the patient parent, finding there entire fish, which they swallow before withdrawing their head. Two and even three well-grown chicks will thus actively pursue their search for food at the same time, and only their extended and fluttering wings seem to keep them from disappearing in the depths of the cavernous pouch.

Not for a moment do they stop a high-voiced squealing, and the rise and fall of their partly muffled screams indicate the nature of their success in getting food.

Occasionally the poor judgment of the parent, allied to the greed of the young, leads the latter to attempt to



"THRUST HER BILL DEEP INTO THE NEST, APPARENTLY SEARCHING FOR HER CHICKS"

swallow too large a fish, when the old bird saves its offspring from choking to death by forcibly pulling the fish from the throat it refuses to go down.

More frequently the young pelican secures a fish not too large, but too long for it, when it swallows it as far as it will go, and, with the tail sticking from its pouch, quietly waits for the head to digest before it can encompass the whole prize. In one such instance, the victim chanced to be a needle-fish, which, refusing to go down head first, was finally taken in the reverse direction.

It is, however, when the brown wing feathers begin to grow and the young leave the nest that feeding occasions the greatest excitement. Although each bird has its own particular abiding-place, from which, unless disturbed, it does not wander far, it never hesitates to demand food of any grown bird which comes near it. When, therefore, an old bird arrives from a fishing expedition, all the nest-graduates in the immediate vicinity rush toward it, with a resulting riotous uproar and clashing of wings; but the old bird is not to be "held up" so peremptorily: with threatening motions of the bill it

resists the entreaties of the struggling mob until its own offspring approaches, when the pouch is opened and feeding follows. At once all the other loud-voiced claimants subside, and in not one instance are they seen to disturb their more fortunate comrade.

As the young increase in size, feeding becomes a more serious proceeding for all concerned. At the age of flight, the young birds average slightly larger and heavier than old ones, and the physical shock of feeding is so great that the parents supply only one bird at a time, and that at long intervals; while the young seem so overcome by the prolonged stay in the parental pouch, as well, doubtless, as by the size of the meal they have secured there, that on emerging they are in a dazed and helpless condition. Laying the head on the ground with wings relaxed, they act as though they had received a violent blow at the base of the brain. This apparent semi-consciousness is followed by the most violent reaction, as the reviving bird sud-



"DEVoured BY A SCAVENGING VULTURE, WITH WHOSE MEAL THE SURROUNDING PELICANS SHOWED NO CONCERN"



THE PELICAN IN FULL FLIGHT, THE HEAD DRAWN IN, THE POUCH HIDDEN

denly grasps itself by the wing and whirls about like a demented creature, pausing only long enough to bite at the other wing before turning in the opposite direction.

If this surprising exercise be intended as an aid to digestion, it is evidently effective, since, at its conclusion, the bird settles down to sleep.

Beyond supplying them with the food and shelter essential to their existence, the parent pelicans seem to take very little interest in their offspring. In one instance, however, a parent whose family of two had died through exposure to the sun showed evident concern at her loss. For two hours she (I assume it was the mother) stood near the nest containing the bodies of the unfortunate little pelicans, returning to it at intervals to thrust her bill deep into the nest, and toss the material about, apparently searching for her chicks, which, disguised in death, she seemed not to recognize. Happening to touch one of them with her bill, it was flung from the nest as an object of no interest, and later was devoured by a scavenging vulture, with whose meal the surrounding pelicans showed no concern.

This incident was virtually the only variation observed in the routine of pelican existence. While it expresses a certain individuality, it emphasizes also the limited range of the bird's intelligence. But as one considers the conditions under which pelicans live, there appear to be no factors to stimulate mental development. Their food-supply never fails, and is secured without competition; after the first few weeks of their lives their climatic surroundings are favorable in the extreme; in disposition they are non-combative; while the nature of their nesting-resorts protects them from predatory animals.

Man alone appears to threaten their continued existence, and from him, fortunately, those of their kin who live on Pelican Island are now happily protected. While they cannot repay their defenders with the music of thrushes or a display of those traits which so endear the higher animals to us, they may at least claim success in filling their place in nature, while the charm of every water-scene is increased by the quaint dignity of their presence.

THE HONOR OF SEXTON MAGINNIS¹

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN

WITH PICTURES BY ARTHUR I. KELLER



HE deep red of the Virginia creeper, through which the mellow light of an afternoon late in the autumn glowed, was reflected on the carefully scrubbed floor of the parlor of St. Kevin's rectory. This was Father Blodgett's study and office. Maginnis, who was again his sexton, had just brought to him a list of the pew-holders.

"'T is worse nor a mixed marriage!" exclaimed Maginnis, desirous that the rector should cease reading and lighten the hour with conversation. "I wonder the bishop allows it. 'T is a crime!"

Father Blodgett raised his eyes to Maginnis's face in an absent-minded way.

"Maginnis," he answered, with a note of unusual sharpness in his voice, "I've taken you as sexton on your solemn promise that you 'd tell the truth, keep your word, and not exaggerate."

Maginnis toyed with his disheveled straw hat, and sighed. Father Blodgett was moved by the sigh. Maginnis felt this, and went on:

"Little Ellen Reilly—she was like an angel when St. Rose's Sodality played 'The Lady of Lyons'—has made up her mind to marry John Moldonovo."

Father Blodgett smiled.

"Good!" he said. "She 's a nice girl, and I know John to be fair and square. I 'm glad to hear it, Maginnis."

Maginnis stood as if turned to stone; even his struggling beard seemed to grow rigid.

"He 's a dago," he articulated at last—"dago!—a spalpeen of an Eye-talian!"

"A very respectable American of Italian descent," said Father Blodgett; "with sound ideas on civic virtue, I find. What's the matter with him?"

"He wants to marry Reilly's daughter, and his father, who has grown rich sellin' chickens to the poor and takin' the bread out of decent men's mouths, is going to run him for mayor. Of course he has n't the ghost of a show, for every Kerry man, and even the 'Tips, are against him; but he 'll vote all the dagos and nagurs in town, if he does be let. When Reilly found out that the dago was waitin' on little Ellen, he acted like a man beside himself. 'I 'll not give him up!' says little Ellen; 'but I 'll wait until he 's mayor of Bracton, and then I 'll be married from my father's house!' It almost broke Reilly's heart to hear them words," continued Maginnis, not noticing that Father Blodgett was lost in the list. "'If the dago is elected, you can have him,—my word on it!' says Reilly; 'and I 'm a man of my word.' 'I 'll marry him from my father's house, or not at all,' says the ungrateful girl; and she 'll disgrace her family by doing it, if she can. But she can't," added Maginnis, "because honest citizens like myself are against it."

"I was not listening,—I beg your pardon," Father Blodgett said, laying down the list; "but I heard enough to know that you are not in perfect charity with your neighbors. You must remember that some of the most glorious martyrs, the Holy Father himself,— he forgot himself in the list,— are Italians," he added, after a pause.

"The saints be between me an' har-r-r-um!" murmured Maginnis. "And him a priest speakin' like *that*! Sure, 't is civic vartue that spoils even our natural leaders. But nary a nagur or dago shall vote, if I can prevent it. If," he said aloud, "you 've nothin' else for me, your reverence, I 'll go now."

"Oh, Maginnis," said Father Blodgett,

¹ See other stories by Mr. Egan in this series in *THE CENTURY* for May, 1902; December, 1903; March, 1904; August, 1904; and February, 1905.



Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

"FAITH, WHEN HE 'S MAYOR OF BRACON, YOU CAN HAVE HIM'"

raising his head, "I am afraid of the saloons on Election day. Their influence is bad at all times; but, with Bracton crowded with voters from Jamesville and the other suburbs, there will be danger of grave sins. I am told that you are very popular. Do you think that you could get up some sports outside the town to draw off the

crowds? You might manage a tournament, with nothing stronger than lemonade; a base-ball game,—I disapprove of foot-ball,—or something of that sort. I've been thinking this matter over. If we had a higher standard of civic virtue in the council—" Father Blodgett sighed.

Maginnis's face glowed.



half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

"‘MARY ANN,’ HE SAID, . . . ‘IS IT DESTROYIN’ MY HONOR YOU ‘D BE?’”

"You're right!" he exclaimed; "'t is a great idea,—every politician in town will have to contribute. Sure, you 'll make enough to run the church for a year. Savin' your presence, father," said Maginnis, with admiration in every line of his face, "I did n't think it was in you!"

"You misunderstand me," said Father Blodgett, flushing slightly. "I was not thinking of a money-making plan, but merely of one to keep the men innocently employed while they 're not voting."

"Glory be!" cried Maginnis.—"There's some of them won't have any time for anything else," he added, under his breath.

"Well," said the rector, "perhaps it is impractical. I 'll make one last effort to have the council close the saloons."

"A picnic," reflected Maginnis, on his way home. "Sure, he 's *that* innocent! 'T is a good idea," and he chuckled. "Faith, we 'll give a chicken barbacue for the nagur an' Eye-talian!"

Frost had again touched the hardy wild white asters in the fields around Bracton, and the bell for vespers seemed to be muffled by the lazy autumn haze, when Mrs. Magee, her green-gloved hands tightly holding a purple-velvet prayer-book with a golden clasp, bowed coldly

to Reilly the blacksmith. Reilly was standing on the street corner nearest St. Kevin's; he had just parted from her son-in-law, Maginnis. Reilly was a big, raw-boned man; his loud and dominant voice was accentuated by a pronounced Kerry brogue. Maginnis still lived at Brierly, in the extreme confines of the parish. The coldness of Mrs. Magee's bow—it was so slight that the red cherries in her best bonnet hardly stirred at all—was due to an insult that Reilly had "offered" her when they both lived in the bishop's own city, before the hegira of so many Kerry people to Bracton. He had maliciously spread abroad the rumor that she was a "Tip"; and even that most devoted of Kerry women, good Sister Margaret, had believed it. It is true that Mrs. Magee's mother had been a Macgeoghegan of the County Tipperary, but it was not becoming for the likes of Reilly, whose ancestors were eating potato-skins and all in darkest Donegal, while hers on the paternal side were respected citizens of Tralee, with lushings and leavings of pig's head, greens, and tea galore.

This was her thought—hers, like all great minds, was given to melancholy—as she passed Maria Moldonovo, wife to that Giuseppe Moldonovo whose success with the chicken-farms outside of Bracton was the theme of much discussion. Maria, a matron of over fifty, was on her way to vespers. Of late she had discarded her long gold ear-rings and the blue shawl for her head, and achieved a crimson hat bearing a magenta plume, and a mauve gown which made her swarthy complexion seem almost chocolate-colored. Mrs. Magee gave Maria a very cold nod, too, though it was Sunday, and she believed herself to be at peace with the whole world.

"Sure," Mrs. Magee murmured, "the Moldonovo creature would look a deal better with a crazy-quilt on her head, like that ould hag Giulio."

Julia Giulio, her head adorned with a red and yellow shawl, and her big gold and blue enamel ear-rings flashing in the afternoon sunlight, entered the vestibule of the church, first meekly dipping her right forefinger into the holy-water font, and politely offering the sacred drops to Mrs. Magee, who, with a look of intense disapprobation, plunged her hand full into the lustral fluid, and, making the sign of the cross with

the independence of proprietorship and the ease of super-civilization, sprinkled sparkling rain right and left. She piously doused the scarlet poppies in little Ellen Reilly's new hat, and for the moment closed the left eye of John Moldonovo, who followed in the wake of the attractive Ellen.

"Little Ellen will marry the dago yet," reflected Mrs. Magee, with bitter satisfaction, as she fumbled in her capacious bag for her beads; "and a girl that will do that will do annything,—and it 's her father, sure, that called me a Tip!"

The stately current of her thoughts was turned awry by the appearance of her son-in-law moving through the open space within the sanctuary rails, and carrying an incense-boat. She looked scornfully under her eyelids at Maginnis's cuffs, which projected elegantly below the sleeves of his official frock-coat.

"'T would be like him to send his shirts to the Chinees!" she groaned mentally, for her laundry business was dear to her heart. "Mary Ann could never put that pagan gloss—which is mostly poison—on his cuffs like that."

Little Ellen Reilly's eyes were red, for there had been a scene at home. She inclined her head gracefully as John Moldonovo opened the pew door for her, and then became intent on her prayers. Maria Moldonovo, observing all this, cast a look of triumph at Julia Giulio, whose eldest daughter was once—before John went to the law school in Washington—supposed to have designs on him. But the Giulios were Sicilians, and the Moldonovos Genoese.

The elder Moldonovo had almost had an apoplexy when his son escorted Teresita Giulio from the Ladies of Charity's euchreparty.

"San Antonio!" Moldonovo had cried; "the Sicilians are brigands; they care not for education! And the Giulios!" He was usually a quiet man, but he seemed to tear the stars from heaven and crush them between his hands to powder. John went to the law school, and when he came home he saw little Ellen Reilly as *Pauline* in "The Lady of Lyons." It was enough.

John was brown-haired, brown-eyed, tall and slender,—not quick at all,—and by no means of the usual Italian type. He met Reilly's burst of wrath, when he called

on little Ellen, with polite self-respect. Ellen was blonde, exquisitely graceful, well dressed, and "accomplished." She had taken the medal for "vocal" at St. Rose's Academy, and she taught the five-finger exercises and other melodious passages to a half-score of young Bractonites.

It was John Moldonovo's opinion that parents had nothing to do with marriages. His father's real-estate operations paid him good commissions, and he had suggested immediate matrimony; but no! little Ellen was bent on no maimed rites: there must be a reception at her father's house. Just before little Ellen had started for vespers, Reilly had uttered sarcastic comments about John.

"With his waxed mustache," cried Reilly, "and his patent-leather shoes! And is it mayor of Bracton he's trying for? The whippersnapper! He's the laughing-stock of every man in Bracton that hates the foreigners. Faith, when he's mayor of Bracton, you can have him!"

Reilly roared until the house seemed to shake with sarcastic mirth.

Little Ellen's eyes flashed.

"If mother were alive you would n't treat me this way, father; but I'll keep my word, if you'll keep yours. I'll not be married except from your house—and the house that mother worked for when she lived," little Ellen said, a break coming into her voice. She was thinking of all this as she bent her head while the organ rolled and vespers began at St. Kevin's.

John Moldonovo, watching her gradually lose herself in prayer, turned over in his mind schemes for blasting the hopes of his adversaries,—very ineffectually, he admitted, as he awoke from his dreams and the chorus of voices in the organ-gallery finished the last "Gloria."

Mrs. Magee, observing that Maginnis joined Reilly on the street corner, took the trolley-car going toward Brierly for a hasty visit to her daughter Mary Ann. Little Ellen Reilly, dismissing John Moldonovo at the church door, hastened to join her. Little Ellen felt that prayer had inspired her.

Mrs. Magee was rather haughty in her manner toward little Ellen at first; but, as they were the only occupants of the car, the small blonde maiden soon found an opportunity to pour her tale into Mrs. Magee's ear, which heard with delight that

there might be a chance of circumventing her traducer, the same Reilly. Before the pair reached the road that led to Brierly lane, Mrs. Magee had determined to throw away all racial prejudices and help to marry Reilly's daughter to a dago, if she could.

When, on her return, little Ellen dropped from the car at the corner of the street in which her father lived, John Moldonovo was waiting for her.

"Little Rose!" he said, with a soft cadence which alien influences were driving from his speech—"little Rose! a time will come when I shall not sneak to your father's door; let us make it *now*. We can marry at once."

"No," said little Ellen, firmly, though her hand upon his arm trembled. "People would think you were afraid of the result of the election. Father has *dared* you to win the election and marry me at the same time. Father is a natural politician, and he's got Maginnis with him. It will be hard; but we'll have to beat him first—then I'll forgive him. Mary Ann Maginnis is with *us*. I've won her over, and if you can gain over a man's wife you've won half the battle."

"I believe it," said John Moldonovo, looking at Ellen and the moonlight at the same time, and roused to enthusiasm by both.

"We must win," said Ellen, giving her little, white-gloved hand to Moldonovo. "It will be a fair fight." And she raised her head proudly in the American fashion.

The street door was half opened and a roar of barbaric laughter came out.

"It will be a fair fight, little Ellen, and let the best man win!" said Reilly's voice.

"There are times," Maginnis remarked, when he had settled himself in the glowing kitchen of Brierly before a pile of buttered toast, "when principle is everything. I know just how Reilly feels, as if 't was my own child that 's marryin' beneath her."

"As if Reilly's child *could* marry beneath her!" said Mary Ann, fanning herself with her apron, for she had been making the toast. "And him calling my own mother out of her name!" Mary Ann added, thinking of the recent conversation with that lady.

"True for you!" said Maginnis, helping himself to another slice of toast, and closing the eye farthest from Mary Ann. "It's not

Reilly's feelin's I 'm thinkin' of,—for I can't afford to let my heart go into politics,—but it's of the party that has stud for liberty, so that a time has come when Brian Boru himself would n't be ashamed to serve as President of the United States. It has come to this, and I prophesy," continued Maginnis, raising his hand to heaven, "that some jintlemen at Washington will be replaced by real men who won't waste all their time on American affairs, but give a helpin' hand to prostrate Ireland."

"Principle!" broke in Mary Ann, "what's principle to do with politics?"

Maginnis lowered his voice to a whisper. "'T is well, Mary Ann," he said, "that you've sent the childer to bed. I would n't have them hear such words from their mother for the wide world. 'Daniel O'Connell himself would n't blush to find himself on the same ticket as Joseph O'Keefe,' said Reilly to me to-day. What's behind that but principle?"

Maginnis saw by Mary Ann's look that she was not sympathetic. "She's growin' like Herself!" he thought, referring to Mrs. Maginnis's mother. "You want me to go against Reilly, I see, Mary Ann; but my honor is pledged. Sure, changin' my party principles would be like changin' my religion. 'T is an apostate I'd be. I'd be little better than a souper. Mary Ann—Mary Ann," he said, throwing as much pathos into his voice as he could with his mouth full, "is it destroyin' my honor you'd be?"

"You're very firm, Maginnis," said Mary Ann.

"I'm a rock," said Maginnis. "Reilly met me goin' to vespers, and gave me the Kerry 'Sentinel.' 'T was like bein' at home again, to see all the Tralee names in its col-umns. 'You'll take the nagurs and the dagos for a picnic out to Moldonovo's chicken-farm in the afternoon,' says he. "'T will be a bit of recreation for our people, as you said,' and he winked; 'and we'll carry everything for O'Keefe.' 'In the interest of civic vartue,' says I. 'There's danger,' says he. 'How?' says I. 'Sure, we've never had anny opposition before. This time,' says he, 'the Eye-talians will vote with the nagurs for Moldonovo. If there's a political menace to the country,' says he, 't is the dago. The nagurs can be managed,' says he, 'by strategy,' says he, 'and they never had a chance here to

be destructive to the ballot,' says he. 'Do you think you can get them out of the way until the polls close?' 'I can,' says I—'I can.' 'And you'll call it a chicken barbecue,' says he, laughin'. And I split my sides, Mary Ann. In a few days there won't be a colored man, woman, or child that won't know there's to be a chicken barbecue at Moldonovo's farm. The dagos will all be in Bracton to vote at noon. The trolley-cars will be runnin' out, five minutes apart, until one o'clock,—O'Keefe's vice-president of the company,—but at one o'clock the power will give out, and there'll be no cars comin' back till after the polls close. Moldonovo is to give a big meal to the dagos at twelve o'clock before they vote; but just as they're sittin' down to their macaroni and red ink they'll hear that the nagurs are among the chickens, and off they'll go by the first trolley,—and divil a wan will go back! There'll be a beggarly vote for Moldonovo." Maginnis uttered an arpeggio of chuckles, but Mary Ann did not respond.

"Maginnis," she said, "you've no heart. 'You're all principle.'"

"I am," said Maginnis, with a look modeled on the smoked picture of Byron's "Corsair" over the fireplace, "when my honor's engaged. Father Blodgett gev me a great song-and-dance yesterday about honor."

"Little Ellen was here, as pale as a ghost," said Mary Ann, folding up her apron and giving Maginnis his pipe. "'Maginnis,' says she, 'has a heart, a noble heart, but he's my father's slave.'"

"She said *that*?" asked Maginnis, in a truculent voice.

"I'm a free-born American," said she, "and I'll marry the man of my choice, as you married the man of yours, Mrs. Maginnis," said she. "'T is John Moldonovo,' said she, flushing like a piny; 'he's as good as I am, and I'll not be married to him from a hole and corner; but it's a reception I'll be having in my father's new house after the ceremony at high noon at St. Kevin's.' And she began to cry until all the childer bawled out loud for company. 'I know that Maginnis has great influence,' little Ellen went on, when I'd given her a drink of water, 'and I said so to father.' 'Maginnis,' said he—'Maginnis—why, he's only a straw man in my

hands.' 'I'll appeal to Mary Ann,' the poor child said. 'Is it his wife?' said Reilly, with a blood-curdling laugh; 'why, he's no heart! A word from me would go a dozen times further than a hundred from her; he's bound hand and foot to the party.'"

"Ah-a!" murmured Maginnis, forgetting his frown. "He said *that*!"

"To hear such things about Maginnis," said little Ellen, pathetic-like, 'almost turns me against marriage; for to me your husband has always been a model.' But, said she, 'I reckon he has feet of clay, like the rest of them,' and she sighed fit to break a heart already bursting. 'If Maginnis is what father says he is, I'll die an old maid,' said she, the tears on her cheeks."

"She said *that*, did she?" asked Maginnis, puffing out his chest.

"Something very like it. And here you're making a trap to defeat John Moldonovo, who's a thousand times better than that clay-pipe Reilly. You've no heart, Maginnis; and it's sorry I am that I ever left my poor mother to the cold winds of the world."

"Whisper, Mary Ann, whisper!" Maginnis began; "my honor's at stake—the honor of a Maginnis."

Mary Ann would not listen.

"You're a slave, Maginnis!" she exclaimed, leaving the kitchen with a rustle of her Sunday silk gown that added dignity to an effective exit. Maginnis reflected, and the more he reflected the more anger he felt against Reilly.

"What is he, to be comin' between man and wife?" he asked. "I'll never go back on my word,—t was never heard that a Kerry man would do it,—but Reilly will see that Maginnis has a heart. Mary Ann! Mary Ann!" he called.

Mary Ann was silent; and silence was the one thing in life, above all others, that Maginnis could the least endure.

Mary Ann, for the three days before the election, went about her work "like a dyin' picture," Maginnis remarked.

"I don't blame you," she said several times. "You're not better than other men." And she regretted in plaintive tones that she had ever left a mother with a heart!

"Herself!" Maginnis thought, gnashing his teeth mentally. "Herself—such is the delusion of female minds; but we have to

live with them," he added sadly, "and the easiest way's the best."

On Election day the O'Keefe faction in Bracton rejoiced. Reilly was in high spirits, and the betting was heavily against John Moldonovo. Little Ellen stayed at home: she had not sufficient poise to give her music-lessons.

The day was crisp and frosty. All the red was not gone from the maples, and the air of Bracton was full of the aromatic scent of burning leaves. O'Keefe, an expert manager of his own campaign, went out in three trolley-cars, with a brass band, to bring in triumphantly the voters from the outlying suburb of Killarney; and Reilly, absolutely confident in Maginnis's promise that he would engage the opposition at Moldonovo's farm, had gone to work the other suburb of Jamesville, where there was a Donegal colony with very delicate feelings.

As soon as O'Keefe and Reilly had departed,—and this was about nine o'clock,—the Genoese and some of the Sicilians, as well as groups of colored folk, began to come into town earlier than Reilly expected. The colored folk, under the guidance of Maginnis, departed, to the music of a brass band, before eleven. The Italians remained. Among them were a number of Sicilian tenant-farmers in the suburbs, disliked heartily by the Genoese and despised by all other whites because they hired out to negroes. As they were about to sit down in Giuseppe Moldonovo's warehouse to macaroni and red wine, one of Maginnis's acolytes gave the alarm: "The nagurs are stealin' the chickens!"

Off flew the Genoese, with wrathful eyes and empty stomachs, to the waiting trolley-cars. Reilly, arriving at this moment with his group of reluctant voters, bent almost double with laughter.

"Maginnis," he said, "you're a broth of a boy!" And he slapped him on the back.

"My honor is sacred," said Maginnis, with dignity; "and you'll find, Reilly, that my heart's in the right place."

"Maginnis!" exclaimed Reilly, whose face, from frequent and early libations, was as red as his crimson necktie, "I owe it all to you that little Ellen has n't made worse nor a mixed marriage! And if the place of city clerk was n't promised to another man, you should have it!"



Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

“AND SHE BEGAN TO CRY UNTIL ALL THE CHILDER BAWLED OUT LOUD FOR COMPANY...”

"I 'm keepin' my word, that 's all," said Maginnis. "I promised Father Blodgett I 'd stick to the truth, and I 've done it. The dagos and the nagurs are havin' their picnic, and they can't get back to town before the polls close,—and they don't need to."

At eight o'clock Reilly drove out in a

vote, after all! It should have been more."

"What did you do with the dagos and nagurs?" wailed Reilly. "I 'm disgraced! What did you do with them?"

"Voted them before they left Bracton—airly," said Maginnis. "Sure, I kept my word; I gave them a picnic."



Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"AH-A!" MURMURED MAGINNIS, 'HE SAID THAT!'"

buggy to Brierly, where Maginnis was quietly eating his supper. Reilly could hardly speak; he waved away the chair Mary Ann offered him.

"Maginnis," he said, "do you know the vote?"

"How should I?" asked Maginnis, innocently; "I 've been in the bosom of my family for an hour."

"Moldonovo 's elected by a majority of twenty-six!"

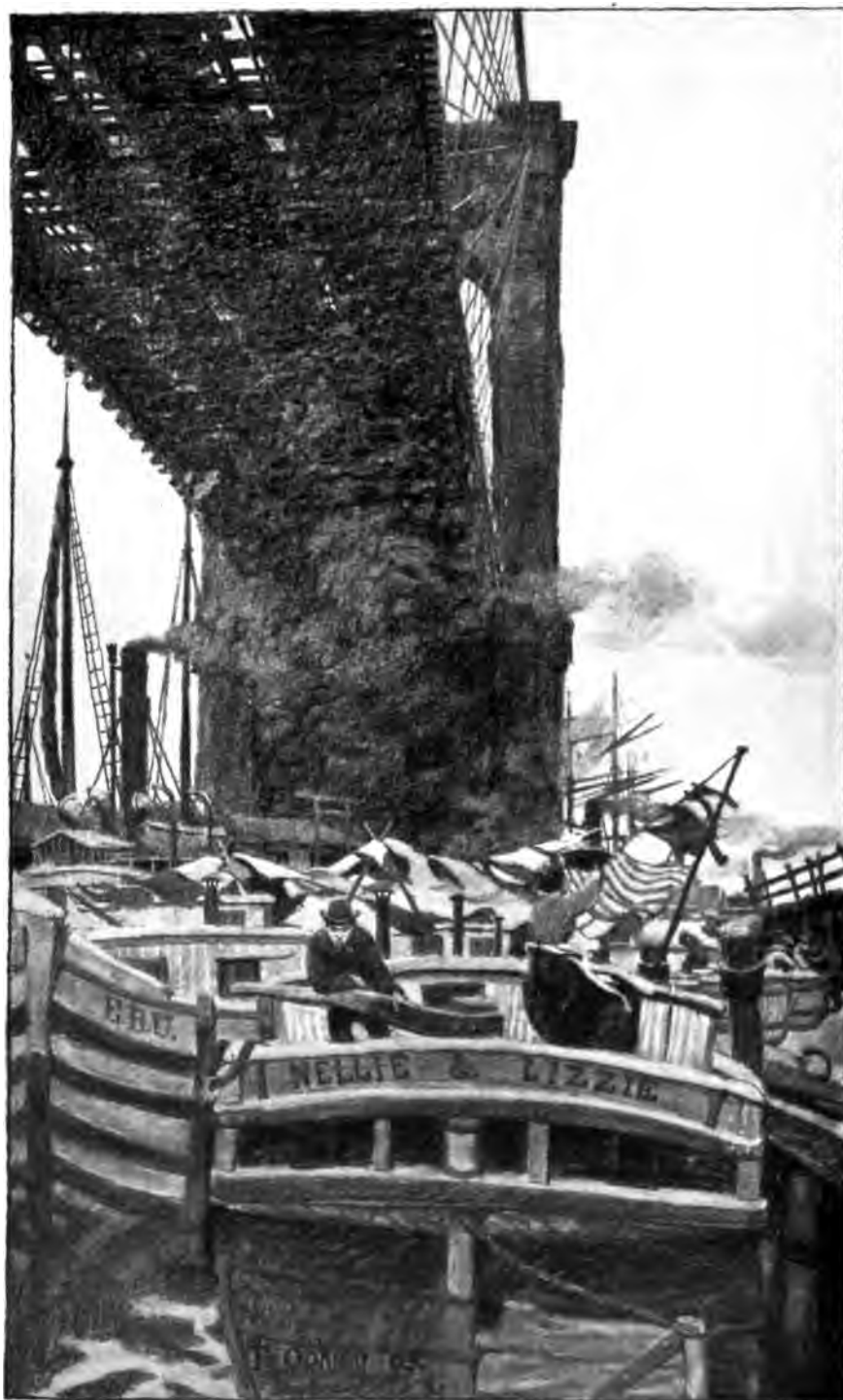
"Glory be!" began Maginnis. "'T was a close shave. Them dirty Sicilians did n't

"You 've disgraced me!" said Reilly.

"I kept my word," said Maginnis; "and Father Blodgett will see now that I am all in for civic vartue. Besides, Reilly,—whisper!—I 've pleased Mary Ann and Herself. The women," he added, lowering his voice still further, "are a saycret society, and we 'll be on the outside, no matter what we do; but, Reilly, we 've got to live with them."

Reilly bowed his head. In his mind's eye he saw little Ellen walking down the steps of St. Kevin's with a dago.





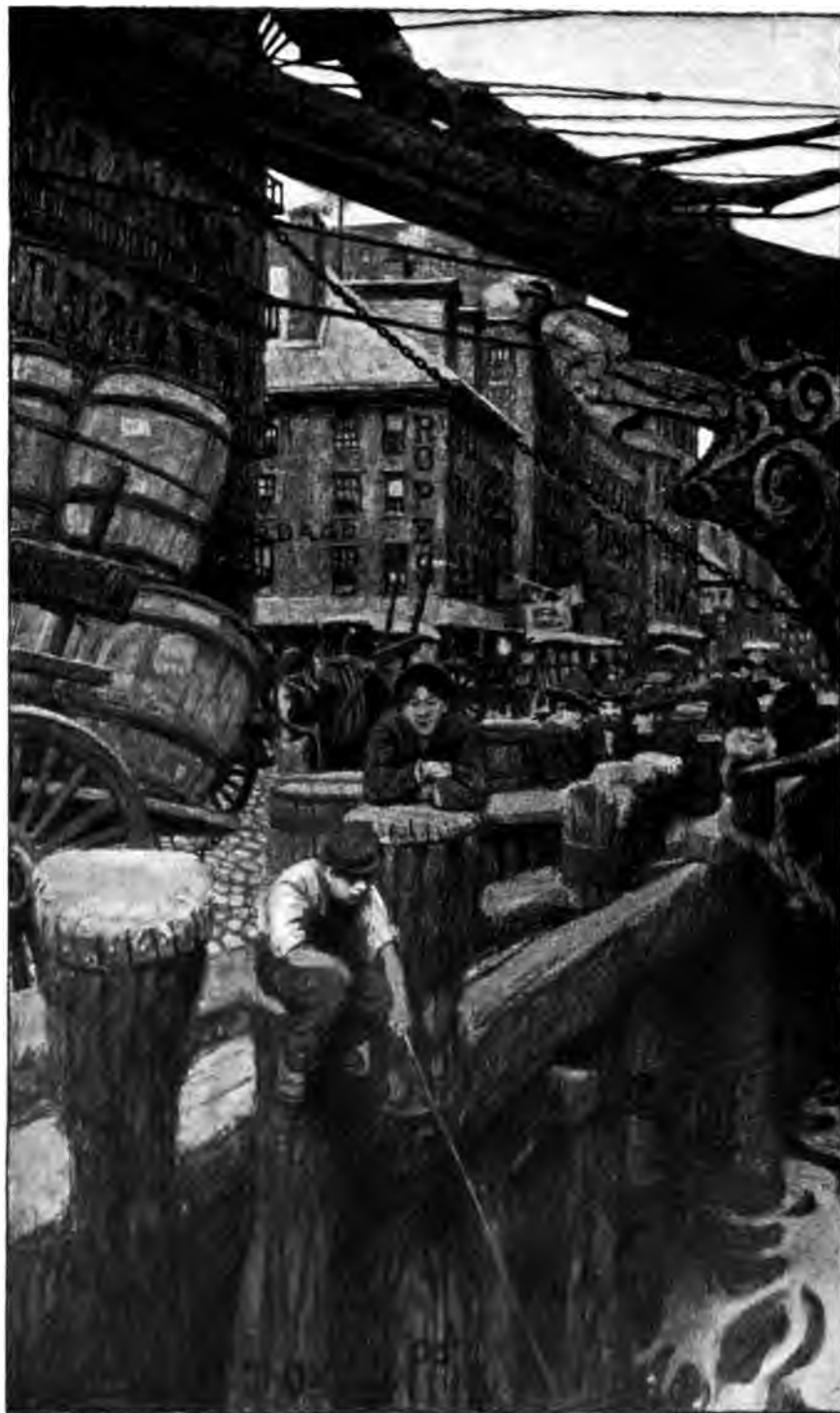
Drawn by Thornton Oakley. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

SCENES IN LOWER NEW YORK
UNDER THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE, FOOT OF DOVER STREET



Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

COENTIES SLIP



Half-tone plate engraved by S. Davis

THE WATER FRONT, SOUTH STREET, LOOKING NORTH FROM FOOT OF WALL STREET



Half-tone plate engraved by Felix Levin

PEARL STREET NEAR COENTIES SLIP

THE SNOW-BABIES' CHRISTMAS

BY JACOB A. RIIS

Author of "How the Other Half Lives," etc.

[**"THE SNOW-BABIES"** is the name given (last winter) to the crippled children in the Sea Breeze Hospital on Coney Island, where outdoor treatment all the year round is working miracles of cure. The visit of President Roosevelt to Sea Breeze last summer gave the impetus to a movement to build a hospital to house four hundred instead of the present forty-five. It is to be built by the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor.]



ALL aboard for Coney Island!" The gates of the bridge train slammed, the whistle shrieked, and the cars rolled out past rows of houses that grew smaller and lower to Jim's wondering eyes, until they quite disappeared beneath the track. He felt himself launching forth above the world of men, and presently he saw, deep down below, the broad stream with ships and ferry-boats and craft going different ways, just like the tracks and traffic in a big, wide street; only so far away was it all that the pennant on the topmast of a vessel passing directly under the train seemed as if it did not belong to his world at all. Jim followed the white foam in the wake of the sloop with fascinated stare, until a puffing tug bustled across its track and wiped it out. Then he settled back in his seat with a sigh that had been pent up within him twenty long, wondering minutes since he limped down the Subway at Twenty-third street. It was his first journey abroad.

Jim had never been to the Brooklyn Bridge before. It is doubtful if he had ever heard of it. If he had, it was as of something so distant, so unreal, as to have been quite within the realm of fairyland, had his life experience included fairies. It had not. Jim's frail craft had been launched in Little Italy, half a dozen miles or more up-town, and there it had been moored, its roivings being limited at the outset by babyhood and the tenement, and later on by the wreck that had made of him a castaway for life. A mysterious something had attacked one of Jim's ankles, and, despite

ointments and lotions prescribed by the wise women of the tenement, had eaten into the bone and stayed there. At nine the lad was a cripple with one leg shorter than the other by two or three inches, with a stepmother, a squalling baby to mind for his daily task, hard words and kicks for his wage; for Jim was an unprofitable investment, promising no returns, but, rather, constant worry and outlay. The outlook was not the most cheering in the world.

But, happily, Jim was little concerned about things to come. He lived in the day that is, fighting his way as he could with a leg and a half and a nickname,—"Gimpy" they called him for his limp,—and getting out of it what a fellow so handicapped could. After all, there were compensations. When the gang scattered before the cop, it did not occur to him to lay any of the blame to Gimpy, though the little lad with the pinched face and sharp eyes had, in fact, done scouting duty most craftily. It was partly in acknowledgment of such services, partly as a concession to his sharper wits, that Gimpy was tacitly allowed a seat in the councils of the Cave Gang, though in the far "kid" corner. He limped through their campaigns with them, learned to swim by "dropping off the dock" at the end of the street into the swirling tide, and once nearly lost his life when one of the bigger boys dared him to run through an election bonfire like his able-bodied comrades. Gimpy started to do it at once, but stumbled and fell, and was all but burned to death before the other boys could pull him out. This act

of bravado earned him full membership in the gang, despite his tender years; and, indeed, it is doubtful if in all that region there was a lad of his age as tough and loveless as Gimpy. The one affection of his barren life was the baby that made it slavery by day. But, somehow, there was that in its chubby foot groping for him in its baby sleep, or in the little round head pillowed on his shoulder, that more than made up for it all.

Ill luck was surely Gimpy's portion. It was not a month after he had returned to the haunts of the gang, a battle-scarred veteran now since his encounter with the bonfire, when "the Society's" officers held up the huckster's wagon from which he was crying potatoes with his thin, shrill voice, which somehow seemed to convey the note of pain that was the prevailing strain of his life. They made Gimpy a prisoner, limp, stick, and all. The inquiry that ensued as to his years and home setting, the while Gimpy was undergoing the incredible experience of being washed and fed regularly three times a day, set in motion the train of events that was at present hurrying him toward Coney Island in mid-winter, with a snow-storm draping the land in white far and near, as the train sped seaward. He gasped as he reviewed the hurrying events of the week: the visit of the doctor from Sea Breeze, who had scrutinized his ankle as if he expected to find some of the swag of the last raid hidden somewhere about it. Gimpy never took his eyes off him during the examination. No word or cry escaped him when it hurt most, but his bright, furtive eyes never left the doctor or lost one of his movements. "Just like a weasel caught in a trap," said the doctor, speaking of his charge afterward.

But when it was over, he clapped Gimpy on the shoulder and said it was all right. He was sure he could help.

"Have him at the Subway to-morrow at twelve," was his parting direction; and Gimpy had gone to bed to dream that he was being dragged down the stone stairs by three helmeted men, to be fed to a monster breathing fire and smoke at the foot of the stairs.

Now his wondering journey was disturbed by a cheery voice beside him. "Well, bub, ever see that before?" and the doctor pointed to the gray ocean line

dead ahead. Gimpy had not seen it, but he knew well enough what it was.

"It's the river," he said, "that I cross when I go to Italy."

"Right!" and his companion held out a helping hand as the train pulled up at the end of the journey. "Now let's see how we can navigate."

And, indeed, there was need of seeing about it. Right from the step of the train the snow lay deep, a pathless waste burying street and sidewalk out of sight, blocking the closed and barred gate of Dreamland, of radiant summer memory, and stalling the myriad hobby-horses of shows that slept their long winter sleep. Not a whinny came on the sharp salt breeze. The strident voice of the carpenter's saw and the rat-tat-tat of his hammer alone bore witness that there was life somewhere in the white desert. The doctor looked in dismay at Gimpy's brace and high shoe, and shook his head.

"He never can do it. Hello, there!" An express-wagon had come into view around the corner of the shed. "Here's a job for you." And before he could have said Jack Robinson, Gimpy felt himself hoisted bodily into the wagon and deposited there like any express package. From somewhere a longish something that proved to be a Christmas-tree, very much wrapped and swathed about, came to keep him company. The doctor climbed up by the driver, and they were off. Gimpy recalled with a dull sense of impending events in which for once he had no shaping hand, as he rubbed his ears where the bitter blast pinched, that to-morrow was Christmas.

A strange group was that which gathered about the supper-table at Sea Breeze that night. It would have been sufficiently odd to any one anywhere; but to Gimpy, washed, in clean, comfortable raiment, with his bad foot set in a firm bandage, and for once no longer sore with the pain that had racked his frame from babyhood, it seemed so unreal that once or twice he pinched himself covertly to see if he were really awake. They came weakly stumping with sticks and crutches and on club feet, the lame and the halt, the children of sorrow and suffering from the city slums, and stood leaning on crutch or chair for support while they sang their simple grace; but neither in their clear childish voices nor yet in the faces



Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"THEY DREW NEAR THE FIRE, AND HEARD THE DOCTOR TELL STORIES"

that were turned toward Gimpy in friendly scrutiny as the last comer, was there trace of pain. Their cheeks were ruddy and their eyes bright with the health of outdoors, and when they sang about the "Frog in the Pond," in response to a spontaneous demand, laughter bubbled over around the table. Gimpy, sizing his fellow-boarders up according to the standards of the gang, with the mental conclusion that he "could lick the bunch," felt a warm little hand worming its way into his, and, looking into a pair of trustful baby eyes, choked with a sudden reminiscent pang, but smiled back at his friend and felt suddenly at home. Little Ellen, with the pervading affections, had added him to her family of brothers. What honors were in store for him in that relation Gimpy never guessed. Ellen left no one out. When summer came again she enlarged the family further by adopting the President of the United States as her papa, when he came visiting to Sea Breeze; and by rights Gimpy should have achieved a pull such as would have turned the boss of his ward green with envy.

It appeared speedily that something unusual was on foot. There was a subdued excitement among the children which his experience diagnosed at first flush as the symptoms of a raid. But the fact that in all the waste of snow on the way over he had seen nothing rising to the apparent dignity of candy-shop or grocery-store made him dismiss the notion as untenable. Presently unfamiliar doings developed. The children who could write scribbled notes on odd sheets of paper, which the nurses burned in the fireplace with solemn incantations. Something in the locked dining-room was an object of pointed interest. Things were going on there, and expeditions to penetrate the mystery were organized at brief intervals, and as often headed off by watchful nurses.

When, finally, the children were gotten up-stairs and undressed, from the head-post of each of thirty-six beds there swung a little stocking, limp and yawning with mute appeal. Gimpy had "caught on" by this time: it was a wishing-bee, and old Santa Claus was supposed to fill the stockings with what each had most desired. The consultation over, baby George had let him into the game. Baby George did not know enough to do his own wishing, and the

thirty-five took it in hand while he was being put to bed.

"Let's wish for some little dresses for him," said big Mariano, who was the baby's champion and court of last resort; "that's what he needs." And it was done. Gimpy smiled a little disdainfully at the credulity of the "kids." The Santa Claus fake was out of date a long while in his tenement. But he voted for baby George's dresses, all the same, and even went to the length of recording his own wish for a good baseball bat. Gimpy was coming on.

Going to bed in that queer place fairly "stumped" Gimpy. "Peelin'" had been the simplest of processes in Little Italy. Here they pulled a fellow's clothes off only to put on another lot, heavier every way, with sweater and hood and flannel socks and mittens to boot, as if the boy were bound for a tussle with the storm outside rather than for his own warm bed. And so, in fact, he was. For no sooner had he been tucked under the blankets, warm and snug, than the nurses threw open all the windows, every one, and let the gale from without surge in and through as it listed; and so they left them. Gimpy shivered as he felt the frosty breath of the ocean nipping his nose, and crept under the blanket for shelter. But presently he looked up and saw the other boys snoozing happily like so many little Eskimos equipped for the North Pole, and decided to keep them company. For a while he lay thinking of the strange things that had happened that day, since his descent into the Subway. If the gang could see him now. But it seemed far away, with all his past life—farther than the river with the ships deep down below. Out there upon the dark waters, in the storm, were they sailing now, and all the lights of the city swallowed up in gloom? Presently he heard through it all the train roaring far off in the Subway and many hurrying feet on the stairs. The iron gates clanked—and he fell asleep with the song of the sea for his lullaby. Mother Nature had gathered her child to her bosom, and the slum had lost in the battle for a life.

The clock had not struck two when from the biggest boy's bed in the corner there came in a clear, strong alto the strains of "Ring, ring, happy bells!" and from every room childish voices chimed in. The nurses hurried to stop the chorus with the

message that it was yet five hours to daylight. They were up, trimming the tree in the dining-room; at the last moment the crushing announcement had been made that the candy had been forgotten, and a midnight expedition had set out for the city through the storm to procure it. A semblance of order was restored, but cat-naps ruled after that, till, at daybreak, a gleeful shout from Ellen's bed proclaimed that Santa Claus had been there, in very truth, and had left a dolly in her stocking. It was the signal for such an uproar as had not been heard on that beach since Port Arthur fell for the last time upon its defenders three months before. From thirty-six stockings came forth a veritable army of tops, balls, wooden animals of unknown pedigree, oranges, music-boxes, and cunning little pocket-books, each with a shining silver quarter in, love-tokens of one in the great city whose heart must have been light with happy dreams in that hour. Gimpy drew forth from his stocking a very able-bodied base-ball bat and considered it with a stunned look. Santa Claus was a fake, but the bat—there was no denying that, and he *had* wished for one the very last thing before he fell asleep!

Daylight struggled still with a heavy snow-squall when the signal was given for the carol "Christmas time has come again," and the march down for breakfast. That march! On the third step the carol was forgotten and the band broke into one long cheer that was kept up till the door of the dining-room was reached. At the first glimpse within, baby George's wail rose loud and grievous: "My chair, my chair!" But it died in a shriek of joy as he saw what it was that had taken its place. There stood the Christmas-tree, one mass of shining candles, and silver and gold, and angels with wings, and wondrous things of colored paper all over it from top to bottom. Was there ever such a Christmas-tree before? Gimpy's eyes sparkled at the sight, skeptic though he was at nine; and in the depth of his soul he came over, then and there, to Santa Claus, to abide forever—only he did not know it yet.

To make the children eat any breakfast, with three gay sleds waiting to take the girls out in the snow, was no easy matter; but it was done at last, and they swarmed forth for a holiday in the open.

All days are spent in the open at Sea Breeze—even the school is a tent, and very cold weather only shortens the brief school hour; but this day was to be given over to play altogether. Winter it was "for fair," but never was coasting enjoyed on New England hills as these sledging journeys on the sands where the surf beat in with crash of thunder. The sea itself had joined in making Christmas for its little friends. The day before, a regiment of crabs had come ashore and surrendered to the cook at Sea Breeze. Christmas morn found the children's "floor"—they called the stretch of clean, hard sand between high-water mark and the surf-line by that name—filled with gorgeous shells and pebbles, and strange fishes left there by the tide overnight. The fair-weather friends who turn their backs upon old ocean with the first rude blasts of autumn little know what wonderful surprises it keeps for those who stand by it in good and in evil report.

When the very biggest turkey that ever strutted in barnyard was discovered steaming in the middle of the dinner-table and the report went around in whispers that ice-cream had been seen carried in in pails, and when, in response to a pull at the bell, Matron Thomsen ushered in a squad of smiling mamas and papas to help eat the dinner, even Gimpy gave in to the general joy, and avowed that Christmas was "bully." Perhaps his acceptance of the fact was made easier by a hasty survey of the group of papas and mamas, which assured him that his own were not among them. A fleeting glimpse of "the baby," deserted and disconsolate, brought the old pucker to his brow for a passing moment; but just then big Fred set off a snapper at his very ear, and thrusting a pea-green fool's-cap upon his head, pushed him into the roistering procession that hobbled round and round the table, cheering fit to burst. And the babies that had been brought down from their cribs, strapped, because their backs were crooked, in the frames that look so cruel and are so kind, lifted up their feeble voices as they watched the show with shining eyes. Little baby Helen, who could only smile and wave "by-by" with one fat hand, piped in with her tiny voice, "Here I is!" It was all she knew, and she gave that with a right good will, which is as much as one

can ask of anybody, even of a snow-baby.

If there were still lacking a last link to rivet Gimpy's loyalty to his new home for good and all, he himself supplied it when the band gathered under the leafless trees—for Sea Breeze has a grove in summer, the only one on the island—and whiled away the afternoon making a "park" in the snow, with sea-shells for curbing and boundary stones. When it was all but completed, Gimpy, with an inspiration that then and there installed him leader, gave it the finishing touch by drawing a policeman on the corner with a club, and a sign, "Keep off the grass." Together they gave it the air of reality and the true local color that made them feel, one and all, that now indeed they were at home.

Toward evening a snow-storm blew in from the sea, but instead of scurrying for shelter, the little Eskimos joined the doctor in hauling wood for a big bonfire on the beach. There, while the surf beat upon the shore hardly a dozen steps away, and the storm whirled the snow-clouds in weird drifts over sea and land, they drew near the fire, and heard the doctor tell stories that seemed to come right out of the darkness and grow real while they listened. Dr. Wallace is a Southerner and lived his childhood with Br'er Rabbit and Mr. Fox, and they saw them plainly gambling in the fire-light as the story went on. For the doctor knows boys and loves them, that is how.

No one would have guessed that they were cripples, every one of that rugged band that sat down around the Christmas supper-table, rosy-cheeked and jolly—cripples condemned, but for Sea Breeze, to lives of misery and pain, most of them to an early death and suffering to others. For their enemy was that foe of mankind, the White Plague that for thousands of years has taken tithe and toll of the ignorance and greed and selfishness of man, which sometimes we call with one name—the slum. Gimpy never would have dreamed that the tenement held no worse threat for the baby he yearned for than himself, with his crippled foot, when he was there. These things you could not have told even the fathers and mothers; or if you had, no one there but the doctor and the nurses would have believed you. They knew only too well. But two things you could make out,

with no trouble at all, by the lamplight: one, that they were one and all on the homeward stretch to health and vigor—Gimpy himself was a different lad from the one who had crept shivering to bed the night before; and this other, that they were the sleepest crew of youngsters ever got together. Before they had finished the first verse of "America" as their good night, standing up like little men, half of them were down and asleep with their heads pillowed upon their arms. And so Miss Brass, the head nurse, gathered them in and off to bed.

"And now, boys," she said as they were being tucked in, "your prayers." And of those who were awake each said his own: Willie his "Now I lay me," Mariano his "Ave," but little Bent from the East-side tenement wailed that he did n't have any. Bent was a newcomer like Gimpy.

"Then," said six-year old Morris, resolutely,—he also was a Jew,— "I learn him mine vat my fader tol' me." And getting into Bent's crib, he crept under the blanket with his little comrade. Gimpy saw them reverently pull their worsted caps down over their heads, and presently their tiny voices whispered together, in the jargon of the East Side, their petition to the Father of all, who looked lovingly down through the storm upon his children of many folds.

The last prayer was said, and all was still. Through the peaceful breathing of the boys all about him, Gimpy, alone wakeful, heard the deep bass of the troubled sea. The storm had blown over. Through the open windows shone the eternal stars, as on that night in the Judean hills when shepherds herded their flocks and

"The angels of the Lord came down."

He did not know. He was not thinking of angels; none had ever come to his slum. But a great peace came over him and filled his child-soul. It may be that the nurse saw it shining in his eyes and thought it fever. It may be that she, too, was thinking in that holy hour. She bent over him and laid a soothing hand upon his brow.

"You must sleep now," she said.

Something that was not of the tenement, something vital, with which his old life had no concern, welled up in Gimpy at the touch. He caught her hand and held it.

"I will if you will sit here," he said. He could not help it.

"Why, Jimmy?" She stroked back his shock of stubborn hair. Something glistened on her eyelashes as she looked at the forlorn little face on the pillow. How should Gimpy know that he was that mo-

ment leading another struggling soul by the hand toward the light that never dies?

"'Cause"—he gulped hard, but finished manfully—" 'cause I love you."

Gimpy had learned the lesson of Christmas,

"And glory shone around."



LOVERS IN HEAVEN

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE

Author of "Archibald Malmaison," etc.



ON earth we had been perplexed and separated.

I do not mean that we had been separated by earthly spaces. We had dwelt together, kissed, and loved—yes, assuredly we had loved; yet were there obstacles, and our hands, reaching toward one another, had not fully met. The life of the body often misleads that of the soul, being affected by traditions, distrusts, prejudices, and chiefly by ignorances, and the illusion that we must take care of ourselves. These inveigle the life of the body, and by degrees divorce it from the life of the soul, which becomes secluded, and is seen in occasional glimpses only, which we then call dreams of fancy. For it is the wisdom of divine things thus to put on garments of incredibility.

The chief peril to which man is exposed is that of profanation of what is holy, from which he is shielded by shutting him up in the circle of his senses, and restricting him to the shallows of his reason. Within that circle, and in those shallows, he acquires what he believes is wisdom, pursues what he names ambitions, suffers what he fancies are pain and sorrow, wreaks what he intends for revenges, commits what he calls sins, indulges what he mistakes for love, and, in a word, lives what it is given him to imagine is human life. Yet in all that span of existence there is but a handful of hours when he truly lives the life that is his own and not

a pretense, an evasion, or an error; and those few hours appear to him—save at the instant of their revelation—as hallucinations. Nevertheless they are the porticos and pillars, halls and gardens, sun and stars of his heaven; which he pragmatically and complacently puts away from him, and turns himself to what seems to him his heaven, but is his hell. Truly, this is a pity and a loss!

Yet, compared with the ruin which profanation would work on him, it is salvation; and in no other way may he escape profanation. Profanation is grievous because it is committed with the connivance of the soul; and inasmuch as the immortal soul holds seeds of infinity, that which it does cannot be changed or brought within the mercy of time's oblivion. But profanation is rare; for, in the moment when man contemplates it, the gates between him and his soul are closed, and neither can he penetrate them from without, nor can the soul from within pass them, till all be fulfilled. Moreover, the deeds of man are valid only when in harmony with the destiny of man, which deeds of evil can never be. For evil separates and is in discord, and good and truth only unite and are in tune.

Now, most of us have been prone to profanations; therefore are we betimes expelled from the Eden of our soul, and the way thereto is guarded thenceforth by the flaming sword; whence arise the perplexities and aberrations from which I, and she also in her degree, had suffered. But by

dint of these thorns, darknesses, and insanities does the body do its office for man, till he be reconciled; it is offered up a sacrifice for the soul's security, as was the body of Him whose name is hallowed. But in time to come it shall be, as was His, transfigured, and there shall be no more death; death being not that symbol which is physical dissolution, but the divergence of the body from the path of the soul.

II

BUT my beloved and I were now in heaven, and in our place there.

The desire of true love is not fulfilled on earth, no man or woman being strong enough to endure it. Yet, since love only is incompatible with the limitations of earth, love only has kept alive there the longing for heaven. The inmost delights of love on earth do but render more sensible the barriers which earth interposes between love and its goal. The lips of his beloved rob the lover of her kiss; her warm bosom and ardent arms withhold him from her embrace; the light that he drinks from her eyes does but tantalize his immortal thirst; the words she speaks are but stammering parodies of the poignancy she means. All true lovers say they are in love with death—meaning with that life from which death is removed. Love on earth is gagged, blindfolded, fettered, and misdoubted; yet is he our sole redeemer to the heights that are our home. By the chains that bind him our flesh is galled; we are suffocated in the strangling of his breath; and by his struggles to be free are we scourged to our own deliverance.

Why do we supremely desire that which we have never known, and can never, even in heaven, fully know? Other things we overtake or pass; but Love leads us forever, and Love therefore alone is life. He gives us the power and the motive wherewith we pursue him, and the more our power and will to pursue him increase, the more divine become his unconquerable summits. The clearer our eyes to recognize his perfection, the more does that perfection outstrip our following of him.

The difference between love on earth and love in heaven is not to be conveyed in words; but in tranquil and pure moods it may, even on earth, be apprehended by the sight of the spirit. Love in heaven has

realized all that earthly love aspires to; and from that goal its progress begins, never to cease. The sky toward which it yearned in the world has become the ground on which it stands here; but now another sky is above it. We forecast heaven as repose and peace, the fulfilling of the heart's desire, the immortal presence with us of beauty and happiness. But man is not so poorly content. We leave behind us on earth the obstacles of the body, and in heaven we labor not for bread, raiment, and shelter; hearts are not parted by space and time; we deceive not, strive not one against the other, scheme not to outdo others for the gain of our own name and fame. Yet in heaven are labor, emulation, ambition, love's holy fear, and humility deeper than hell is deep below the heavens. Tears we have also, and awe of that want which only the divine fullness can supply. There are moods in which our sun sinks and twilight broods over the hills and vales of paradise. Nor is there ever an hour when the lover feels himself worthy his beloved, or, gazing in her eyes, dares say, "Thou art mine!" For she is love's, and love is God, and from God is the life that gives being to the love wherewith the beloved is loved by her lover, and he by her.

No: in heaven are no gardens of idleness or beds of ease. In the divine forges the silver and golden hammers of the smiths ring from eternity to eternity, shaping the secret axles on which spin stars and planets, laying the shining track of the zodiac, forming the rafters of the temple of the Most High,—and not the less spinning the invisible threads that fasten the heart of mother to infant, which cannot be broken; or broadening forth the adamantine shield of charity, whose lovely splendor bridges the abyss between the dead and the quick. Here are wrought causes, and are sowed in your deserts, to make them blossom as the rose; and here are lit and kept aflame the uses which kindle men into angels, and brighten on angels' brows as the signet of the finger of the Lord.

III

WHEN I found my beloved in heaven I laughed for joy.

In the face of a beloved woman on earth, in the moment when her lips meet the lips of her lover, there is revealed

but to his eyes only—a beauty which is of heaven.

Such a divine moment, but made immortal, and beyond measure exalted and increasing, is heaven, and such are the basis and constancy of the heavenly life. This is our daily breath; but beyond this are things which (lest he perish of too much light and fire) the tongue of man may not utter, nor his ears receive.

Therefore, when in paradise I found my beloved, I laughed for joy. Often while still on earth had we affirmed to each other our faith that we would meet and know each other in heaven. Yet, from its hither side, the grave seems deep and wide; and when my beloved had gone down thither before me, I had trembled with the terror of loneliness. Though the death of the body be but death's counterfeit, yet has that counterfeit power to freeze the marrow of the bones of the soul; and, gazing into the grave of my beloved, I had said, "Did we but dream?"—against which saying there is no other protection than the Lord. But he was nearer to me than my fear; and he put forth his hand and healed me.

IV.

I WILL relate how I found my beloved in heaven.

The journey from this to the heavenly world is made in darkness, silence, and peace.

On his way the traveler is guided and guarded by the Lord alone, and the divine life fills and upholds him from zenith to nadir. Therefore has death a sacredness that can belong to the conscious life of neither man nor angel; then only may the Creator enter unveiled into the creature; because only in that hour are the senses of the creature holden, so that he cannot think, "I am I!"

The silence, the peace, and the darkness are not as are those things on earth.

Darkness on earth is when the waves of the ocean of light cease to break upon the shores of sight; but the darkness of death is because those shores have been removed, and the waves of the light which is not of earth flow on unimpeded.

Nor is the silence of death the extinction of sound; but the very symphony of

the Lord unrolls its music in a temple chastened of echoes.

And the peace of death is not a pause from strife and effort; but it is the peace of him who from the beginning sees the end, and reconciles perfect action with perfect rest.

These things, which, during death, are accomplished in him, the creature knows not; and nevertheless he knows them. For the glory of their sojourn in him is inscribed on the secret places of his soul, and are remembered as the unimaginable pageant of a holy dream.

My hour passed; and then through my closed eyelids came, first, a sense of dawn. Dim was it, subdued, and sweet; a pearly obscurity, slowly blooming onward to spiritual intelligence. In it appeared no form or motion, but only the promise of life to come. Fain was I (could I then have chosen) that it continue forever, for never had I known such content; yet was this but the earliest glimmering of heaven's delight. This dawn is caused, not by the nearer approach of the Lord, but by his withdrawal to the inmost shrine of that mystery which, in the conscious life of man and angel, is his abiding-place and the veil of his splendor.

As I lay quiescent, but pregnant of immortal energies, golden melodies were distilled into my ears, warbling like the notes of secluded birds, and chiming like bells that welcome to the home of his childhood one who has tarried long in exile. But I knew them for voices of friends that loved me, in whose love dwelt innocence such as to soften the heart to tears, yet exalted with fragrance of angelic wisdom. It was the utterance, not of thought, but of that wherefrom thought is born,—the language which describes not, but creates.

The heavenly senses, each in its perfection, flow one into the other, giving to each the completeness of all, which is perception. So, my eyes, now opened, beheld the angels' speech. I saw as it were a wilderness, in which walked divine children, bearers of good tidings; and as they traversed the wilderness from end to end, it became a garden, wholesome with trees and fair with flowers; which garden was myself, and the angels' words, the children.

So I arose, being now a spirit; and that

which I was, made the place in which I stood; though—save for the Lord—I and my place were naught. The angels smiled upon me, and were withdrawn, since henceforth their place could not be mine. I looked abroad, and my soul yearned for my beloved.

In the east stood the sun; to its left ascended a lofty mountain from a wide plain, diversified with forests, meadows, lakes, and streams, and containing cities, towns, and hamlets, and also separate habitations, some small and lowly, others magnificent. Upon all rested a light as of a myriad earthly suns, yet soft, not dazzling; and from the objects themselves proceeded a radiance—the soul of beauty, light, and life; so that from every feature of this landscape flowed, into every part of my heart and mind, messages of love and understanding, making me as it were one with itself. And such was the power and penetration of the eyes of my spirit that things the most remote and minute appeared distinct and near, yet without confusion.

I looked toward the mountain; and there, on a terrace before a house white like crystal, I saw the figure of my beloved, and her eyes were turned upon me; but she was far away, so that a world seemed to intervene between us.

v

As I stood gazing and longing thus, a man approached me familiarly and accosted me. While he was yet at some distance I thought him a stranger; but as he drew near he seemed like one I knew, and when he stood before me, and our eyes met, I could have called him brother: for he was as my mirror, and I as his. I felt an inclination toward him, and nevertheless I feared him.

"I perceive you have recognized her that stands yonder," he said. "She is your own, and that house is yours, which is in heaven. By claiming what is your own, you also may come thither; for heaven is the possession of the heart's desire. Follow me, and I will guide you on your way."

Now, as he spoke, his voice won me; but the petals of a rose which I had plucked were withered and fell to the ground; and the green moss shrank away from the bank on which I stood, and left bare rock; also, the light of the sun became

overcast, and the mountain seemed more remote. I felt anxiety lest, in the dusk and remoteness, she be lost to me, and I said to the man, "Which is the road?"

"I am come to show it to you," he replied, taking me by the arm. "Come—I alone can bring you to her. I am the link that binds you to her."

These words seemed to be the utterance of my own will; but the sun became obscured, and my lungs labored, as if something within me were closed. Nevertheless, his hand was on my arm, and he said, "We must hasten!" Thereupon, I saw a path extending toward the west, away from the mountain; and further on it bent to the right, and its inclination was downward.

"How can this be the way?" I asked.

"There is a cliff the other way," he replied, "which is perilous to descend in the darkness; but this road passes round its base and so fetches us safely on our way. We often gain our desire by first turning our back upon it. Fix your thought on what you desire, and resolve to possess it, and all will be well. Trust to me, for none but I can aid you!"

His persuasiveness wrought on me, though I felt misgivings. Looking down the path, there appeared in the midst of the duskiess a glow, as of fire seen through smoke. A dark beast with wings flapped past me heavily; a reptile scuttled between the stones. My intelligence was obscured, so that the evil I had done on earth rose up before me, and seemed sweet.

Because of that sweetness, I strove no longer to look toward the mountain; but I peered eagerly through the smoke and fire; and I beheld therein the face of a woman bearing a likeness to that of my beloved. She beckoned to me, laughing; and in her laughing eyes was that which kindled in me passion to possess her, and, rather than lose her, to destroy mankind and heaven with its angels, and even the Lord himself. The hatred within me against all opposition flamed up in my heart, and the smoke of it was united with the smoke from the abyss. The man who was as my brother dragged me onward.

He muttered in my ear, "Come—she is there—she is waiting for you! That which you mistook for her upon the mountain was a phantom fashioned of cold mists; but the warm flesh and the passionate lips

are here, hungering and thirsting for you! She is all your own; and there is no other heaven! When you hold her in your arms there is no other God except you! One more plunge and she is yours! Come!"

Lord! even then didst thou again put forth thy hand to save me.

Blessed be the mother of mine unconscious infancy, who, receiving from the Lord the holy tenderness of maternity, did implant in the inmost chamber of my soul seeds of love so pure and innocent that the gates of hell could not prevail against it in this mine extremity!

From those seeds, also, had I drawn strength to love thee, O my beloved, with the love of reality and of truth! Not of myself could I have contended against the evil which was myself; but only by the sword and shield of the Almighty One, given to me while yet a little child, sheltered in the selfless bosom of her through whom I gathered life, before I learned to say that I was I!

Thus, upon the very brink of the abyss, with that false semblance of my beloved beckoning to me from within, I was given to know that he whose delicious blasphemies dinned in my ears was the Satan of mine own self; and the mercy of the Lord enabled me to stand.

"I will not go with you!" I said. "Not to possess the beloved, but to give all to her, is the desire of love. From God, who is love, lovers love and are beloved; how then should they possess each other? All of them that is lovely is his loveliness; no good can be their own, save the will freely to bestow the delight of it upon each other. That in my beloved which I worship, which is my life, is him through her; what of him in her I claim for mine own becomes accursed. And accursed be thou, Satan, who art that in me wherein God hath no part! With the help of the Lord, I defy thee!"

Then, with a howl, he grappled with me. I felt his nails sink in my flesh, and his teeth burn in my throat. On the verge of the pit, in deadly struggle, we swayed; and in my ears roared a tumult as of the crash of battles.

VI

I LAY in the deep softness of cool grass. The flowers of tender perfume bent between me and the sky. Whether it were the

singing of birds that I heard, or a song in my own heart, I could not tell. Methought I was an infant, with no strength of my own, but a part of all strength; devoid of knowledge, but through whom flowed the tides of all wisdom; whose heart beat not of its own beating, but with the pulsation that rose and fell in the bosom of the heavens; the breath of whose lungs was not my own breath, but the tranquil respiration of the angels of God. No riches had I, save the infinite riches of the love that succors the helpless; nor any life save the infant's helpless joy in receiving life from Life. Naught of myself could I find in myself; it lay beneath me in the abyss; and in the blessedness of that release I knew myself an angel.

The warm air, serene and free, sparkled with rainbow atoms. Through the transparent veins of the grass I saw coursing the sweet green sap; in the cups of the flowers smiled fairy faces; clear and refreshing as truth, the waters of the near-by brook sang their chorus, and the pebbles over which they sloped and swirled could not hide the living changes of their crystallizations. The gentle majesty of yonder tree, whose myriad leaves explored the secrets of the sunshine and the breeze, had a life at one with my own perception of angelic mysteries; and the love of common things that pastured in my heart, and the far-speeding conceptions that coursed along my brain, found their reflection in the white sheep upon the hillside, and the horses whose fleet limbs bore them so lightly across the plain. All that was within me assumed form outwardly in the light of heaven; and my home was all about me, because the familiar joy and peace which are home were in my soul.

In heaven there is a voice in things seen, of which, presently, I became aware; and, listening to it, it sounded like the voice of my beloved. Then I stood upon my feet:—was she not near? I saw her not; but, far down the sky toward the east, where the sun still stood, passed a shining figure with mighty wings pointed upward; he became lost in the greater brightness over against him. Thereupon, freed of my burden, and light of foot, I took up my way, guided from my heart, and mistrusting nothing.

As buds of flowers unfold in sunshine, there were in my soul unfoldings which

bore me onward; and heights of vision, one above another, revealed within me, lifted me out of the valleys to the hills, and higher, to the splendor of the mountains. At times my discernment slackened, and I lingered by the way; anon, ardor burned anew like a star in my forehead, and vast spaces passed swiftly beneath my feet. I was not as a wanderer in a strange country, but I moved in the places of my own heart. For the heart is infinite, because the Lord creates therein immortally the life of his creature, and from it surrounds him with the things which he loves and knows. Nor can any man or angel, through eternity, complete the journey to the horizons of his eternally growing heart.

Ever, as I journeyed, I met the glory and freshness of the morning. On earth are hours and days, but in heaven growth in wisdom and increase in love. To the soul that lives there are no times and seasons, yesterdays and to-morrows, but from the bottomless cup of to-day he quaffs forever his fill of joy. There was for me no weariness of the way, nor anxious haste of the belated traveler, but, as it were, a constant setting forth in faith and vigor, and a constant arriving at the goal of felicity. For each step of angelic progress is fulfilment of present capacity. Therefore I had no impatience even to reach my beloved, knowing that, though still invisible, she was with me, and would be disclosed to me when the chambers of my soul should have become worthy her habitation.

Albeit in heaven the traveler journey alone, he is never unaccompanied. By unseen communications of love and sympathy he is united with the heavenly host, which sends rainbow promises to arch his way, and secret omens in bending flowers and whispering leaves. Clouds, like fair white ships, voyaged before me toward the haven of my pilgrimage, and the singing of nightingales assured me of the good to come. As the lover leaps to the arms of her whom he loves, cataracts leaped into light and were joined with their streams; and the opaline veils of the mountain gorges drew aside to show me the path my feet should follow. And from hollows of distant slopes, tinted with mists of amethyst and emerald, there came the soft flowing of a breeze upon my face, bearing messages ineffable of love from her who is the fulfilment of my soul.

VII

ONCE, in the days of our love on earth, we had come to a high place overlooking the sea. Far off in that warm azure little islands lay, with white shores, their heights covered with verdure, softened by the transparent mists of the sea. We stood on a level space, whose green turf yielded beneath our feet; behind us, and on either hand, mighty trees, some bearing crimson flowers, lifted themselves in stately groups. Near us were clumps of bushes and vines, with trumpet blossoms tangled over them, amidst which flitted jeweled humming-birds; from the declivity on the left breathed the perfume of orange-flowers. But in front the marble cliffs fell vertically till they were merged in the general slope of the mountain-side; whence plunged downward rugged ravines, densely clothed with immemorial forest, and at last trending outward in gentle declinations to the coral beach on which broke the surf, but so distant that the music of it was lost in the murmur of the trees.

We stood long on the verge of the cliff, filling our souls with gazing; her hand was in mine, but otherwise we were silent. At last we turned and paced back across the grass till we reached a natural terrace, not high, but of ample area; and on a mossy rock in the midst of this, on which grew harebells and columbines, we found a seat. Never before had we visited this place, nor after this day did we again see it; but as we sat in the mossy seat, and my beloved turned her face toward me,—as was her way when she was happy,—I kissed her on the mouth, and we knew that even as this would be our home.

Now, when the path of my pilgrimage in heaven brought me to the brow of a white cliff high above the sea, suddenly my heart burned within me. For, as a woman's face, radiant with the joy and holiness of her bridal, resembles her visage seen in a dim, sad picture, so was the divine loveliness of the scene which I now beheld, compared with the earthly beauty which, long ago, I had beheld with my beloved. This was the living soul and reality of the other, freed from the obscurity of lifeless garments, and throbbing with the secret impulses of immortal growth communicated from God through my own soul. Yonder dreamed our islands in the blue;

hitherward from the diadem of the shore clambered the splendor of the forest; the lofty majesty of the trees, like organ-tones, encircled the green happiness of the glade; the scent of marriage-flowers, exquisite with love, wrought a crown of glory in the air. And I felt no need for further journeying; the things which made my life were here; hitherward would flow forever the divine sustenance of my will and thought; here would I be encompassed with the kindred love of angels; and hence, from this center, should issue without end, like rivulets from their spring, the loving sympathy and service to all which were the utterance of my worship of Him by whom, from eternity, were laid the foundations of the heavens, and to eternity were maintained.

But it was with the assurance of a good sweeter still than this that my heart burned within me. The joy of angels is fed not on the beauty and glory which surround them, but on the incorruptible peace of a human heart which mirrors the infinite union in all things of wisdom with love, and therein knows itself to be at home with its beloved.

I remembered the terrace and the mossy rock with its flowers in the midst of it, and how, seated there, our souls had found their meeting in a kiss. I turned, and where the rock had been rose a comely dwelling, white and pure, and harmonious in its parts; but cold and still like a fair body that awaits its informing spirit. It seemed familiar, and yet strange; I was

drawn toward it, yet with some fear. The delicate wild-flowers, which I had gathered and she had placed in her bosom and in her hair, were gone; and lilies grew on either side of the marble steps, and round the portico hung clusters of roses; but the blossoms were in the bud, as if they slept.

At the foot of the steps I paused; if there were none to welcome me here, then had I missed my way to heaven. All was silent; no breeze moved; the trees stood breathless; the singing of the birds was hushed, nor did my pulses beat in that eternal moment of suspense.

Then, from within, I heard the light fall of hastening feet, whose unforgotten rhythm sent the current of life bounding through my veins. With it came the tender outcry of a voice fluttering dove-like to my ears, long widowed of it. Like the awakening whisper of the bridegroom in his chamber, the wind swept amid the leaves; and the sweet tumult of the birds shrilled in dispersed waves of melody. The roses bloomed in crimson chorus; the white lilies unfolded their deep petals; and the walls of the dwelling, grown translucent, shone with an inner sunshine. And as music dawns out of silence, through the open doorway brightened the form of her in whom my soul delighted; in the blessedness of her bosom harebells clustered, and the scarlet and gold of columbines glowed in the darkness of her hair. In her eyes and lips was joy eternal, and in the holy circle of the arms of my beloved I found my heaven and my home.



THE ANSWER

BY GRACE ELLERY CHANNING

"PROOF," asks the Soul, "that that which is, shall be?
That which was not, persist eternally?
Faith fails before the mortal mystery."


Yet more miraculous miracle were this:
The mortal, dreaming Immortality;
The finite, framing forth Infinity;
The shallow, lightly plumbing the Abyss;
Ephemeral lips, creating with a Kiss;
The transient eye, fixed on Eternity!

FENWICK'S CAREER¹

BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

Author of "The Marriage of William Ashe," "Lady Rose's Daughter," "Eleanor," etc.

III

"HY does that fellow up-stairs always pass you as though he were in a passion with somebody?" said Richard Watson, stepping back as he spoke, palette on thumb, from the picture upon which he was engaged. "He almost knocked me down this morning, and I am not conscious of having done anything to offend his worship."

His companion in the dingy Bloomsbury studio, where they were both at work, also put down palette and brush, examining the canvas before him with a keen, cheerful air.

"Perhaps he loathes mankind, as I did yesterday."

"And to-day it's all right?"

"Well, come and look."

Watson crossed over. He was a tall and splendid man, a "black Celt" from Merionethshire, with coal-black hair, and eyes deeply sunken and lined, with fatigue or ill-health. Beside him, his comrade, Philip Cuningham, had the air of a shrewd clerk or man of business—with his light alertness of frame, his reddish hair, and sharp, small features. A pleasant serviceable ability was stamped on Cuningham's whole aspect; while Watson's large, lounging way and disheveled or romantic good looks suggested yet another perennial type—the dreamer entangled in the prose of life.

He looked at the picture which Cuningham turned toward him, his hands thrust into the vast pockets of his holland coat. It was a piece of charming *genre*, a crowded scene in Rotten Row, called "Waiting for the Queen," painted with knowledge and grace; owing more to Wilkie than to Frith, and something to influences more modern than either; a

picture belonging to a familiar English tradition, and worthily representing it.

"Yes—you've got it!" he said at last, in a voice rather colorless and forced. Then he made one or two technical comments, to which the other listened with something that was partly indulgence, partly deference; adding finally, as he moved away: "And it'll sell, of course—like hot potatoes!"

"Well, I hope so," said Philip, beginning to put away his brushes and tubes with what seemed to be a characteristic orderliness,—"or I shall be in Queer street. But I think Lord Findon wants it. I should n't wonder if he turned up this afternoon."

"Ah!" Watson raised his great shoulders with a gesture which might have been sarcastic, but was perhaps more than anything else languid and weary. He returned to his own picture, looking at it with a painful intensity.

"Nobody will ever want to buy that," he said quietly.

Cuningham stood beside him, embarrassed.

"It's full of fine things," he said after a moment. "But—"

"You wish I would n't paint such damned depressing subjects?"

"I wish you'd sometimes condescend to think of the public, old fellow."

"That—*never!*" said the other, under his breath. "Starve—and please yourself! But I sha'n't starve—you forget that."

"Worse luck!" laughed Cuningham. "I believe Providence ordained the British Philistine for our good—drat him! It does no one any harm to have to hook the public. All the great men have done it. You're too squeamish, Master Dick!"

Watson went on painting in silence, his

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lips working. Presently Cuningham caught—half lost in the beard: "There's a public of to-day, though,—and a public of to-morrow!"

"Oh, all right," said Philip,— "so long as you take a public of some sort into consideration!—I like your jester."

He bent forward to look into the front line of the large composition crowded with life-size figures on which Watson was engaged. It was an illustration of some Chaucerian lines describing the face of a man on his way to execution, seen among a crowd:

a pale face
Among a press . . .

so stricken that amid all the thronging multitude "men might know his face that was bestead," from all the rest.

The idea—of helpless pain in the grip of cruel and triumphant force—had been realized with a passionate wealth of detail, comparable to some of the early work of Holman Hunt. The head of the victim bound with blood-stained linen, a frightened girl hiding her eyes, a mother weeping, a jester with the laugh withered on his lip by this sudden vision of death and irremediable woe,—and in the distance a frail, fainting form, sweetheart or sister,—each figure and group, rendered often with very unequal technical merit, had yet in it something harshly, intolerably true. The picture was too painful to be borne, but it was neither common nor mean.

Cuningham turned away from it with a shudder.

"Some of it's magnificent, Dick—but I could n't live with it if you paid me!"

"Because you look at it wrongly," said Watson, gruffly. "You take it as an anecdote. It is n't an anecdote—it's a symbol."

"What?—the world?—and the victim?—from all time?—and to all time?—Well, that makes it more gruesome than ever—Hullo, who's that? Come in!"

The door opened. A young man, in some embarrassment, appeared on the threshold.

"I believe these letters are yours," he said, offering a couple to Cuningham. "They brought them up to me by mistake."

Philip Cuningham took them with thanks, then scanned the newcomer as he was turning to depart.

"I think I saw you at Newman street the other night?"

John Fenwick paused.

"Yes," he said awkwardly.

"Have you been attending all the summer?"

"Pretty well. There were about half a dozen fellows left in August. We clubbed together to keep the model going."

"I don't remember you in the Academy."

"No. I come from the north. I've painted a lot already,—I could n't be bothered with the Academy!"

Watson turned and looked at the figure in the doorway.

"Won't you come in and sit down?"

The young man hesitated. Then something in his look kindled as it fell on Watson's superb head, with its strong, tossed locks of ebon-black hair, touched with gray, the penthouse brows, and the blue eyes beneath, with their tragic force of expression. It was the face, one might have said, of Charles II informed with the scaffold-soul of Charles the Martyr.

Fenwick came in and shut the door. Cuningham pushed him a chair, and Watson offered him a cigarette, which he somewhat doubtfully accepted. His two hosts—men of the educated middle-class—divined at once that he was self-taught and risen from the ranks. Both Cuningham and Watson were shabbily dressed; but it was an artistic and metropolitan shabbiness. Fenwick's country clothes were clumsy and unbecoming, and his manner seemed to fit him as awkwardly as his coat. The sympathy of both the older artists did but go out to him the more readily.

Cuningham continued the conversation, while Watson, still painting, occasionally intervened.

They discussed the personnel of the life-school Fenwick was attending, the opening of a new atelier in North London by a well-known academician, the successes at the current "Academy," the fame of certain leading artists. At least Cuningham talked; Fenwick's contributions were mostly monosyllabic; he seemed to be feeling his way.

Suddenly, by a change of attitude on the painter's part, the picture on which Dick Watson was engaged became visible to Fenwick. He walked eagerly up to it.

"I say!"—His face flushed with ad-

miration. "That figure's wonderful." He pointed to the terror-stricken culprit. "But that horse there—you don't mind, do you?—that horse is wrong!"

"I know he is. I've worked at him till I'm sick. Can't work at him no more!"

"It should be like this." He took out a sketch-book from his pocket, caught up a piece of charcoal, and rapidly sketched the horse in the attitude required. Then he handed the book to Watson, who looked first at the sketch and then at some of the neighboring pages, which were covered with studies of horses observed mostly on the day of some trade-union procession, when mounted police were keeping the road.

Watson was silent a moment, then, walking up to his picture, he took his palette-knife and scraped out the whole passage.

"I see!" he said, and, laying down the knife, he threw himself into a chair, flushed and discomposed.

"Oh, you'll soon put it right!" said Fenwick, encouragingly.

Watson winced—then nodded.

"May I see that book?" He held out his hand, and Fenwick yielded it.

Watson and Cuningham turned it over together. The "notes," of which it was full, showed great brilliancy and facility, an accurate eye, and a very practised hand. They were the notes of a countryman artist newly come to London. The sights, and tones, and distances of London streets,—the human beings, the vehicles, the horses,—were all freshly seen, as though under a glamour. Cuningham examined them with care.

"Is this the sort of thing you're going to do?" he said, looking up, and involuntarily his eye glanced toward his own picture on the distant easel.

Fenwick smiled.

"That's only for practice. I want to do big things—romantic things—if I get the chance."

"What a delightful subject!" said Cuningham, stooping suddenly over the book.

Fenwick started, made a half-movement as though to reclaim his property, and then withdrew his hand. Cuningham was looking at a charcoal study of a cottage interior. The round table of rude black oak was set for a meal, and a young woman was feeding a child in a pinafore who sat in a high

chair. The sketch might have been a mere piece of domestic prettiness; but the handling of it was so strong and free that it became a significant, typical thing. It breathed the north, a life rustic and withdrawn, the sweetness of home and motherhood.

"Are you going to make a picture of that?" said Watson, putting on his spectacles and peering into it. "You'd better."

Fenwick replied that he might some day, but had too many things on hand to think of it yet awhile. Then with no explanation and a rather hasty hand he turned the page. Cuningham looked at him curiously.

They were still busy with the sketch-book, when a voice was heard on the stairs outside.

"Lord Findon," said Cuningham.

He colored a little, ran to his picture, arranged it in the best light, and removed a small fly which had stuck to one corner.

"Shall I go?" said Fenwick.

He too had been clearly fluttered by the name, which was that of one of the best-known buyers of the day.

Watson in reply beckoned him on to the leads, upon which the Georgian bow-window at the end of the room opened. They found themselves on a railed terrace looking to right and left on a row of gardens, each glorified by one of the plane-trees which even still make the charm of Bloomsbury.

Watson hung over the rail, smoking. He explained that Lord Findon had come to see Cuningham's picture, which he had commissioned, but not without leaving himself a loophole in case he did n't like it.

"He will like it," said Fenwick. "It's just the kind of thing people want."

Watson said nothing, but smoked with energy. Fenwick went on talking, letting it be clearly understood that he personally thought the picture of no account, but that he knew very well that it was of a kind to catch buyers. In a few minutes Watson resented his attitude as offensive; he fell into a cold silence; Fenwick's half-concealed contempt threw him fiercely on his friend's side.

"Well, I've done the trick!" said Cuningham, coming out jauntily, his hands in his trousers pockets—then, with a jerk of the head toward the studio, and a lowered voice, "He's writing the check."

"How much?" said Watson, without

turning his head. Fenwick thought it decent to walk away, but he could not prevent himself from listening. It seemed to him that he heard the words, "Two hundred and fifty," but he could not be sure. What a price!—for such a thing. His own blood ran warm and quick.

As he stood at the farther end of the little terrace ruminating, Cuningham touched him on the shoulder.

"I say, have you got anything to show up-stairs?"

Fenwick turned to see in the sparkling eyes and confident bearing of the Scotchman success writ large, expressing itself in an impulse of generosity.

"Yes; I've got a picture nearly finished."

"Come and be introduced to Findon. He's a crank—but a good sort—lots of money—thinks he knows everything about art—they all do—give him his head when he talks."

Fenwick nodded, and followed Cuningham back to the studio, where Lord Findon was now examining Watson's picture with no assistance whatever from the artist, who seemed to have been struck with dumbness.

Fenwick was introduced to a remarkably tall and handsome man, with the bearing of a sportsman or a soldier, who greeted him with a cordial shake of the hand, and a look of scrutiny so human and kindly that the very sharp curiosity which was in truth the foundation of it passed without offense. Lord Findon was indeed curious about everything, interested in everything, and a dabbler in most artistic pursuits. He liked the society of artists, and he was accustomed to spend some hundreds, or even thousands, a year out of his enormous income in the purchase of modern pictures. Possibly the sense of power over human lives which these acquisitions gave him pleased him even more than the acquisitions themselves.

He asked Fenwick a few easy questions, sitting rakishly on the edge of a tilted chair, his hat slipping back on his handsome grizzled head. Where did he come from; with whom had he studied; what were his plans? Had he ever been abroad? No? Strange! The artists nowadays neglected travel. "But you go! Beg your way, paint your way—but go! Go before the wife and the babies come! Matrimony

is the deuce. Don't you agree with me, Philip?" He laid a familiar hand on the artist's arm.

"Take care!" said Cuningham, laughing—"you don't know what I may have been up to this summer."

Findon shrugged his shoulders. "I know a wise man when I see him. But the fools there are about! Well, I take a strong line"—he waved his hand, with a kind of laughing pomposity, rolling his words. "Whenever I see a young fellow marrying before he has got his training, before he has seen a foreign gallery, before he can be sure of a year's income ahead,—above all, before he knows anything at all about *women*, and the different ways in which they can play the devil with you!—well, I give him up—I don't go to see his pictures—I don't bother about him any more. The man's an ass—must be an ass!—let him bray his bray!—Why, you remember Perry?—Marindin?"

On which there followed a rattling catalogue of matrimonial failures in the artist world, amusing enough,—perhaps a little cruel. Cuningham laughed. Watson, on whom Lord Findon's whole personality seemed to have an effect more irritating than agreeable, fidgeted with his brushes. He struck in presently with the dry remark that artists were not the only persons who made imprudent marriages.

Lord Findon sprang up at once and changed the subject. His youngest son, the year before, had married the nurse who had pulled him through typhoid, and was still in exile and unforgiven.

Meanwhile no one had noticed John Fenwick. He stood behind the other two while Lord Findon was talking,—frowning sometimes and restless, a movement now and then in lips and body, as though he were about to speak, yet not speaking. It was one of those moments when a man feels a band about his tongue, woven by shyness or false shame or social timidity. He knows that he ought to speak; but the moment passes and he has not spoken. And between him and the word unsaid there rises on the instant a tiny streamlet of division, which is to grow and broaden with the nights and days, till it flows, a stream of fate, not to be turned back or crossed; and all the familiar fields of life are ruined and blotted out.

Finally, as the great patron was going,

Cunningham whispered a word in his ear. Lord Findon turned to Fenwick.

"You're in this house, too? Have you anything you'd let me see?"

Fenwick, flushed and stammering, begged him to walk up-stairs. Cunningham's puzzled impression was that he gave the invitation reluctantly, but could not make up his mind not to give it.

They marched up-stairs, Lord Findon and Cunningham behind.

"Does he ever sell?" said Lord Findon in Cunningham's ear, nodding toward the broad shoulders and black head of Watson just in front.

"Not often," said Cunningham, after a pause.

"How, then, does he afford himself?" said the other, smiling.

"Oh! he has means—just enough to keep him from starving. He's a dear old fellow! He has too many ideas for this wicked world."

Cunningham spoke with a pleasant loyalty. Lord Findon shrugged his shoulders.

"The ideas are too lugubrious! And this young fellow—this Fenwick—where did you pick him up?"

Cunningham explained.

"A character!—perhaps a genius!" said Findon. "He has a clever, quarrelsome eye. Unmarried? Good Lord, I hope so, after the way I have been going on."

Cunningham laughed. "We've seen no sign of a wife. But I really know nothing about him."

They were entering the upper room, and at sight of the large picture it contained, Lord Findon exclaimed:

"My goodness!—what an ambitious thing!"

The three men gathered in front of the picture. Fenwick lingered nervously behind them.

"What do you call it?" said Lord Findon, putting up his glasses.

"The 'Genius Loci,'" said Fenwick, fumbling a little with the words.

It represented a young woman seated on the edge of a Westmoreland ghyll, or ravine. Behind her the white water of the beck flowed steeply down from shelf to shelf; beyond the beck rose far-receding walls of mountain, purple on purple, blue on blue. Light, scantily nourished trees—sycamore or mountain-ash—climbed the

green sides of the ghyll and framed the woman's form. She sat on a stone, bending over a frail new-born lamb upon her lap, whereof the mother lay beside her. Against her knee leaned a fair-haired child. The pitiful concern in the woman's lovely eyes was reflected in the soft wonder of the child's. Both, it seemed, were of the people. The drawing was full of rustical suggestion, touched here and there by a harsh realism that did but heighten the general harmony. The woman's grave comeliness flowered naturally, as it were, out of the scene. She was no model posing with a Westmoreland stream for background. She seemed a part of the fells; their silences, their breezes, their pure waters, had passed into her face.

But it was the execution of the picture which held the attention of the men examining it.

"Eclectic stuff!" said Watson to himself, presently, as he turned away—"seen with other men's eyes!"

But on Lord Findon and on Cunningham the effect was of another kind. The picture seemed to them also a combination of many things, or rather of attempts at many things,—Burne-Jones's mystical color, the rustic character of a Bastien-Lepage or a Millet, with the jeweled detail of a fourteenth-century Florentine, so wonderful were the harebells in the foreground, the lichened rocks, the dabbled fleece of the lamb,—but they realized that it was a combination that only a remarkable talent could have achieved.

"By Jove!" said Findon, turning on the artist with animation,—"where did you learn all this?"

"I've been painting a good many years," said Fenwick, his cheeks aglow. "But I've got on a lot this last six months."

"I suppose, in the country you could n't get properly at the model?"

"No. I've had no chances."

"Let's all pray to have none," said Cunningham, good-naturedly. "I had no notion you were such a swell."

But his light-blue eyes as they rested on Fenwick were less friendly. His Scotch prudence was alarmed. Had he in truth introduced a genius unawares to his only profitable patron?

"Who is the model, if I may ask?" said Lord Findon, still examining the picture.

The reply came haltingly, after a pause.

"Oh, some one I knew in Westmoreland."

The speaker had turned red. Naturally no one asked any further questions. Cunningham noticed that the face was certainly from the same original as the face in the sketch-book, but he kept his observation to himself.

Lord Findon, with the eagerness of a Londoner discovering some new thing, fell into quick talk with Fenwick; looked him meanwhile up and down, his features, bearing, clothes; noticed his north-country accent, and all the other signs of the plebeian. And presently Fenwick, placed at his ease, began for the first time to expand, became argumentative and explosive. In a few minutes he was laying down the law in his Westmoreland manner, attacking the Academy, denouncing certain pictures of the year, with a flushed, confident face and a gesticulating hand. Watson observed him with some astonishment; Lord Findon looked amused, and pulled out his watch.

"Oh, well, everybody kicks the Academy—but it's pretty strong, as you'll find when you have to do with it."

"Have you been writing those articles in the 'Mirror'?" said Watson, abruptly.

"I'm not a journalist." The young man's tone was sulky. He got up, and his loquacity disappeared.

"Well, I must be off," said Lord Findon. "But you're coming to dinner with me to-morrow night, Cunningham, are n't you? Will you excuse a short invitation?" he turned, after a moment's pause, to Fenwick "and accompany him? Lady Findon would, I am sure, be glad to make your acquaintance. St. James's Square 102. All right,"—as Fenwick, coloring violently, stammered an acceptance,— "we shall expect you. Au revoir!—I'm afraid it's no good to ask you!" The last words were addressed smilingly to Watson, as Lord Findon, with outstretched hand, passed through the door, which Cunningham opened for him.

"Thank you," said Watson, with a grave inclination. "I am a hermit."

The door closed on a gay and handsome presence. Lord Findon could not possibly have been accused of anything so ill-mannered as patronage. But there was in his manner a certain consciousness of power of vantage-ground, a certain

breath of autocracy. The face of Watson showed it as he returned to look closely into Fenwick's picture.

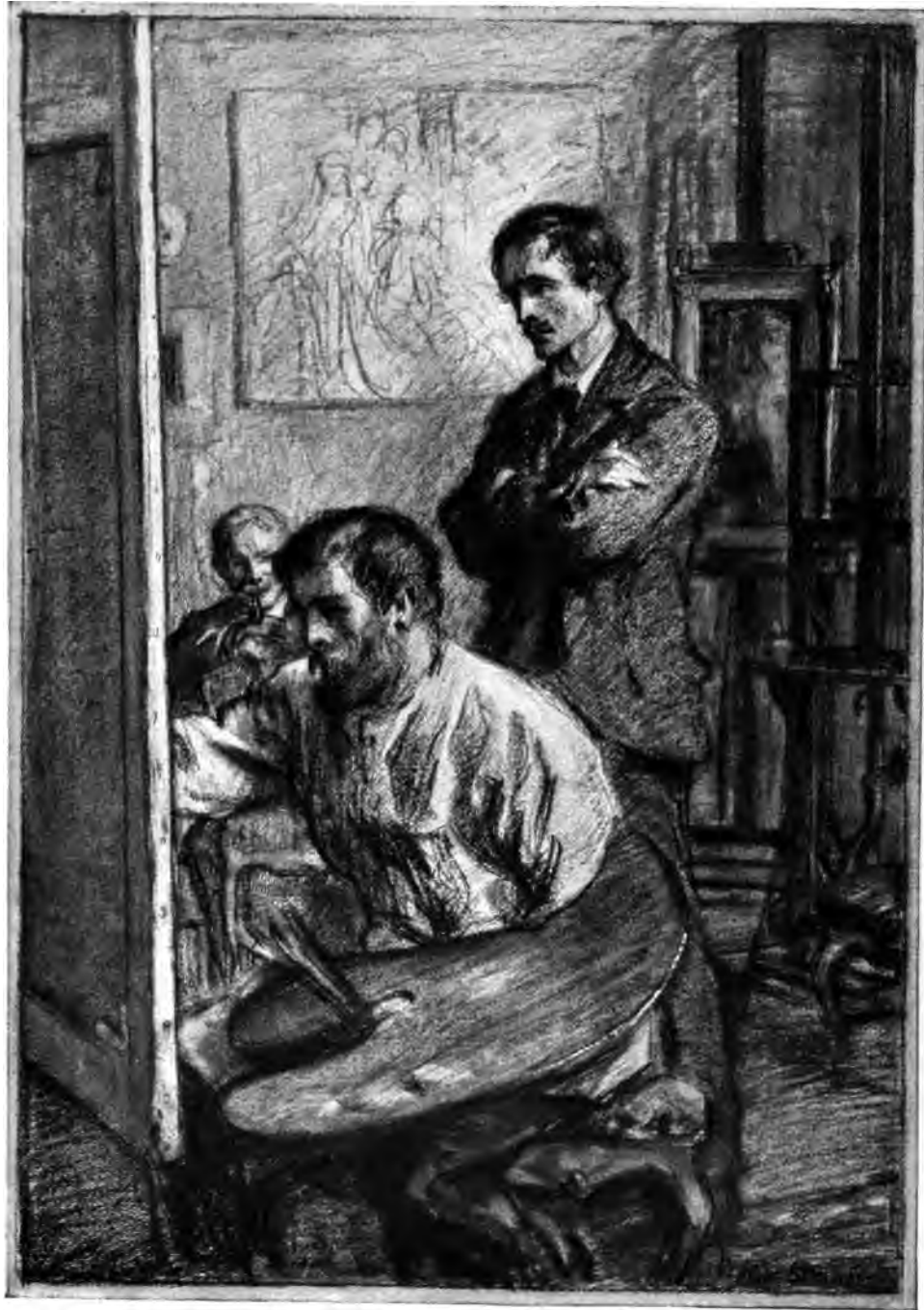
A few minutes later Fenwick found himself alone. He stood in front of the picture, staring into Phœbe's eyes. A wave of passionate remorse broke upon him. He had as good as denied her; and she sat there before him like some wronged, helpless thing. He seemed to hear her voice, to see her lips moving.

Hastily he took her last letter out of his pocket.

I am glad you're getting on so well, and I'm counting the weeks to Christmas. Carrie kisses your photograph morning and night, but I am afraid she'll have forgotten you a good deal. Sometimes I'm very weary here—but I don't mind if you're getting on, and if it won't be much longer. Miss Anna has sent me some new patterns for my tatting, and I'm getting a fine lot done. All the visitors are quite gone now, and it's that quiet at nights! Sometimes when it's been raining I think I can hear the Dungeon Ghyll stream, though it's more than a mile away.

Fenwick put up the letter. He had a sudden vision of Phœbe, in her white night-dress, opening the casement window of the little cottage on a starry night and listening to the sounds of distant water. Behind her was the small room with its candle, the baby's cot, the white bed, with his vacant place. A pang of longing—of homesickness—stirred him.

Then he began to pace his room, driven by the stress of feeling to take stock of his whole position. He had reached London in May; it was now November. Six months,—of the hardest effort, the most strenuous labor he had ever passed through. He looked back upon it with exultation. Never had he been so conscious of expanding power and justified ambition. Through the Berners-street life-school he had obtained some valuable coaching and advice which had corrected faults and put him on the track of new methods. But it was his own right hand and his own brain he had mostly to thank, together with the opportunities of London. Up early, and to bed late,—drawing from the model, the antique, still life, drapery, landscape; studying pictures, old and new, and filling his sketch-book in every moment of so-



Drawn by Albert Sterner. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"HE WALKED EAGERLY UP TO IT"

called leisure with the figures and actions of the great city,—he had made magnificent use of his time; Phœbe could find no fault with him there.

Had he forgotten her and the babe?—found letters to her sometimes a burden, and his heart toward her dry often and barren? Well, he *had* written regularly; and she had never complained. Men cannot be like women, absorbed forever in the personal affections. For him it was the day of battle, in which a man must strain all his powers to the uttermost if any laurels are to be won before evening. His whole soul was absorbed in the stress of it, in the hungry eagerness for fame, and—though in a lesser degree—for money.

Money! The very thought of it filled him with impatient worry. Morrison's hundred was nearly gone. He knew well enough that Phœbe was right when she accused him of managing his money badly. It ran through his fingers loosely, incessantly. He hardly knew now where the next remittances to Phœbe were to come from. At first he had done a certain amount of illustrating work and had generally sent her the proceeds of it. But of late he had been absorbed in his big picture, and there had been few or no small earnings. Perhaps, if he had n't written those articles to the "Mirror," there would have been time for some. Well, why should n't he write them? His irritable pride took fire at once at the thought of blame.

No one could say, anyway, that he had spent money in amusement. Why, he had scarcely been out of Bloomsbury!—the rest of London might not have existed for him. A gallery seat at the Lyceum Theatre, then in its early fame, and hot discussions of Irving and Ellen Terry with such artistic or literary acquaintance as he had made through the life-school or elsewhere,—these had been his only distractions. He stood amazed before his own virtues. He drank little, smoked little. As for women—he thought with laughter or wrath of Phœbe's touch of jealousy. There was an extremely pretty girl—a fair-haired, conscious minx—drawing in the same room with him at the British Museum. Evidently she would have been glad to capture him; and he had loftily denied her. If he had ever been as susceptible as Phœbe thought him, he was

susceptible no more. Life burned with sterner fire!

And yet, for all these self-denials, Morrison's money and his own savings were nearly gone. Funds might hold out till after Christmas. What then?

He had heard once or twice from Morrison, asking for news of the pictures promised. Lately he had left the letters unanswered; but he lived in terror of a visit. For he had nothing to offer him—neither money nor pictures. His only picture so far—as distinguished from exercises—was the "Genius Loci." He had begun that in a moment of weariness with his student work, basing it on a number of studies of Phœbe's head and face he had brought south with him. He had been lucky enough to find a model very much resembling Phœbe in figure; and now, suddenly, the picture had become his passion, the center of all his hopes. It astonished himself; he saw his artistic advance in it writ large; of late he had been devoting himself entirely to it, wrapped, like the body of Hector, in a heavenly cloud that lifted him from the earth! If the picture sold,—and it would surely sell,—then all paths were clear. Morrison should be paid and Phœbe have her rights. Let it only be well hung at the Academy and well sold to some discriminating buyer, and John Fenwick henceforward would owe no man anything, whether money or favor.

At this point he returned to his picture, grappling with it afresh in a feverish pleasure. He caught up a mirror and looked at it reversed; he put in a bold accent or two, fumed over the lack of brilliancy in some colors he had bought the day before, and ended in a fresh burst of satisfaction. By Jove, it was good! Lord Findon had been evidently "bowled over" by it—Cunningham too. As for that sour-faced fellow, Watson, what did it matter what he thought?

It *must* succeed! Suddenly he found himself on his knees beside his picture, praying that he might finish it prosperously, that it might be given a good place in the Academy and bring him fame and fortune.

Then he got up sheepishly, looking furtively round the room to be sure that the door was shut and no one had seen him. He was a good deal ashamed of himself, for he was not in truth of a religious mind, and he had by now few or no

orthodox beliefs. But in all matters connected with his pictures the Evangelical tradition of his youth still held him. He was the descendant of generations of men and women who had prayed on all possible occasions—that customers might be plentiful and business good—that the young cattle might do well, and the hay be got in dry—that their children might prosper, and they themselves be delivered from rheumatism, or toothache, or indigestion. Fenwick's prayer to some "magnified non-natural man" afar off to come and help him with his picture was of the same kind. Only he was no longer whole-hearted and simple about it, as he had been when Phœbe married him, as she was still.

He put on his studio coat and sat down to his work again in a very tender, repentant mood. What on earth had possessed him to make that answer to Lord Findon—to let him and those other fellows take him for unmarried?

He protested, in excuse, that Westmoreland folk are "close," and don't like talking about their own affairs. He came of a secretive, suspicious stock, and had no mind at any time to part with unnecessary facts about himself. As talkative as you please about art and opinion; of his own concerns not a word! London had made him all the more cautious and reticent. No one knew anything about him except as an artist. He always posted his letters himself; and he believed that neither his landlady nor anybody else suspected him of a wife.

But to-day he had carried things too far, and a guilty discomfort weighed upon him. What was to be done? Should he on the first opportunity set himself right with Lord Findon,—speak, easily and unexpectedly, of Phœbe and the child? Clearly what would have been simplicity itself at first was now an awkwardness. Lord Findon would be puzzled, chilled. He would suppose there was something to be ashamed of—some skeleton in the cupboard. And especially would he take it ill that Fenwick had allowed him to run on with his diatribes against matrimony, as though he were talking to a bachelor. Then the lie about the picture. It had been the shy, foolish impulse of a moment. But how explain it to Lord Findon?

Fenwick stood there tortured by an intense and morbid distress, realizing how

much this rich and illustrious person had already entered into his day-dream. For all his pride as an artist,—and he was full of it,—his trembling, crude ambition had already seized on Lord Findon as a stepping-stone. He did not know whether he could stoop to court a patron. His own temper had to be reckoned with. But to lose him at the outset by a silly falsehood would be galling. A man who has to live in the world as a married man must not begin by making a mystery of his wife. He felt the social stupidity of what he had done, yet could not find in himself the courage to set it right.

Well, well, let him only make a hit in the Academy, sell his picture, and get some commissions. Then Phœbe should appear, and smile down astonishment. His *gaucherie* should be lost in his success.

He tossed about that night, sleepless, and thinking of Cuningham's two hundred and fifty pounds—for a picture so cheaply, commonly clever. It filled him with the thirst to *arrive*. He had more brains, more drawing, more execution—more everything than Cuningham. No doubt, a certain prudence and tact were wanted,—tact in managing yourself and your gifts.

Well! in spite of Watson's rude remark, what human being *knew* he was writing those articles in the "Mirror"? He threw out his challenge to the darkness, and so fell asleep.

IV

FENWICK had never spent a more arduous hour than that which he devoted to the business of dressing for Lord Findon's dinner-party. It was his first acquaintance with dress-clothes. He had, indeed, dined once or twice at the tables of the Westmoreland gentry in the course of his portrait-painting experiences. But there had been no "party," and it had been perfectly understood that for the Kendal bookseller's son a black Sunday coat was sufficient. Now, however, he was to meet the great world on its own terms; and though he tried hard to disguise his nervousness from his sponsor, Philip Cuningham, he did not succeed. Cuningham instructed him where to buy a second-hand dress-suit that very nearly fitted him, and he had duly provided himself with gloves and tie. When all was done he put his infinitesimal looking-glass on the floor of his attic, flanked

it with two guttering candles, and walked up and down before it in a torment, observing his own demeanor and his coat's, saying, "How d'y'e do?" and "Good-by" to an imaginary host, or bending affably to address some phantom lady across the table.

When at last he descended the stairs he felt as though he were just escaped from a wrestling-match. He followed Cuningham into the omnibus with nerves all on edge. He hated the notion, too, of taking an omnibus to go and dine in St. James's Square. But Cuningham's Scotch thriftiness scouted the proposal of a hansom.

On the way Fenwick suddenly asked his companion whether there was a Lady Findon. Cuningham, startled by the ignorance of his protégé, drew out as quickly as he could *la carte du pays*.

Lady Findon, the second wife, fat, despotic, and rich, rather noisy, and something of a character, a political hostess, a good friend, and a still better hater; two sons, silent, good-looking, and clever, one in the brewery that provided his mother with her money, the other in the Hussars; two daughters not long "introduced,"—one pretty, the other bookish and rather plain: so ran the catalogue.

"I believe there is another daughter by the first wife—married—something queer about the husband. But I've never seen her. She does n't often appear. Hullo! here we are."

They alighted at the Haymarket, and as they walked down the street Fenwick found himself in the midst of the evening whirl of the West End. The clubs were at their busiest; men passed them in dress-suits and overcoats like themselves, and the street was full of hansom, whence the faces of well-dressed women, enveloped in soft silks and furs, looked out. The wealth and luxury of London were evident on all sides.

Fenwick felt himself treading a new earth. At such an hour he was generally wending his way to a Bloomsbury eating-house, where he dined for eighteenpence; he was a part of the striving, moneyless student-world.

But here, from this bustling Haymarket, with its gay, hurrying figures, there breathed new forces, new passions, which bewildered him. As he was looking at the faces in the carriages, the jewels and fea-

thers and shining stuffs, he thought suddenly and sharply of Phœbe sitting alone at her supper in the tiny cottage room. His heart smote him a little. But, after all, was he not on her business as well as his own?

The door of Lord Findon's house opened before them. At sight of the liveried servants within, Fenwick's pride asserted itself. He walked in, head erect, as though the place belonged to him.

Lord Findon came pleasantly to greet them as they entered the drawing-room, and took them up to Lady Findon. Cuningham she already knew, and she gave a careless glance and a touch of the hand to his companion. It was her husband's will to ask these raw artistic youths to dinner, and she had to put up with it; but really the difficulty of knowing whom to send them in with was enormous.

"I am glad to make your acquaintance," she said mechanically to Fenwick, as he stood awkwardly beside her, while her eyes searched the door for a cabinet minister and his wife who were the latest guests.

"Thank you—I too am pleased to make yours," said Fenwick, nervously pulling at his gloves, and furious with his own *malaise*.

Lady Findon's eyebrows lifted in amusement. She threw him another glance.

Good-looking!—but really Findon should wait till they were a little *décrotté*.

"I hear your picture is charming," she said distractedly; and then, suddenly perceiving the expected figures, she swept forward to receive them.

"Very sorry, my dear fellow, we have no lady for you; but you will be next my daughter Madame de Pastourelles," said Lord Findon, a few minutes later, in his ear, passing him with a nod and a smile. His gay, half-fatherly ways with these rising talents were well known. They made part of his fame with his contemporaries; a picturesque element in his dinner-parties which the world appreciated.

Fenwick found his way rather sulkily to the dining-room. It annoyed him that Cuningham had a lady and he had none. His companion on the road down-stairs was the private secretary, who tried good-naturedly to point out the family portraits on the staircase wall. But Fenwick scarcely replied. He stalked on, his great black eyes glancing restlessly from side to side; and the private secretary thought him a boor.

As he was standing bewildered inside the dining-room, a servant caught hold of him and piloted him to his seat. A lady in white, who was already seated in the next chair, looked up and smiled.

"My father told me we were to be neighbors. I must introduce myself."

She held out a small hand, which in his sudden pleasure Fenwick grasped more cordially than was necessary. She withdrew it smiling, and he sat down, feeling himself an impulsive ass, intimidated by the lights, the flowers, the multitude of his knives and forks, and most of all perhaps by this striking and brilliant creature beside him.

Madame de Pastourelles was of middle height, slenderly built, with pale-brown hair, and a delicately white face, of a very perfect oval. She had large, quiet eyes, darker than her hair; features small, yet of a noble outline,—strength in refinement. The proud cutting of the nose and mouth gave delight; it was a pride so unconscious, so masked in sweetness, that it challenged without wounding. The short upper lip was sensitive and gay; the eyes ranged in a smiling freedom; the neck and arms were beautiful. Her dress, according to the Whistlerian phrase just coming into vogue, might have been called an "arrangement in white." The basis of it seemed to be white velvet; and breast and hair were powdered with diamonds delicately set in old flower-like shapes.

"You are in the same house with Mr. Cuninghame?" she asked, when a dean had said grace and the soup was served. Her voice was soft and courteous; the irritation in Fenwick felt the soothing of it.

"I am on the floor above."

"He paints charming things."

Fenwick hesitated.

"You think so?" he said bluntly, turning to look at her.

She colored slightly and laughed.

"Do you mean to put me in the Palace of Truth?"

"Of course I would if I could," said Fenwick, also laughing. "But I suppose ladies never say quite what they mean."

"Oh, yes; they do. Well, then, I am not much enamored of Mr. Cuninghame's pictures. I like *him*, and my father likes his painting."

"Lord Findon admires that kind of thing?"

"Besides a good many other kinds. Oh! my father has a dreadfully catholic taste. He tells me you have n't been abroad yet?"

Fenwick acknowledged it.

"Ah! well; of course you'll go. All artists do—except"—she dropped her voice—"the gentleman opposite."

Fenwick looked, and beheld a personage scarcely, indeed, to be seen at all for his very bushy hair, whiskers, and mustache, from which emerged merely the tip of a nose and a pair of round eyes in spectacles. As, however, the hair was of an orange color and the eyes of a piercing and pin-like sharpness, the eclipse of feature was not a loss of effect. And as the flamboyant head was a tolerably familiar object in the shop-windows of the photographers and in the illustrated papers, Fenwick recognized almost immediately one of the most popular artists of the day—Mr. Herbert Sherratt.

Fenwick flushed hotly.

"Lord Findon does n't admire *his* work?" he said, almost with fierceness, turning to his companion.

"He hates his pictures, and collects his drawings."

"Drawings!" Fenwick shrugged his shoulders. "Anybody can make a clever drawing. It's putting on the paint that counts. Why does n't he go abroad?"

"Oh, well, he does go to Holland. But he thinks Italian painting all stuff, and that so many Madonnas and saints encourage superstition. But what's the use of talking? They have to station a policeman beside his picture in the Academy to keep off the crowd. Hush-sh! He is looking this way."

She turned her head and Fenwick feared she was lost to him. He managed to get in another question. "Are there any other painters here?"

She pointed out the president of the Academy, a sculptor, and an art critic, at whose name Fenwick curled his lip, full of the natural animosity of the painter to the writer.

"And, of course, you know my neighbor?"

Fenwick looked hastily, and saw a very handsome youth bending forward to answer a question which Lord Findon had addressed to him from across the table; a face in the "grand style"—almost the face of a Greek—pure in outline, bronzed

by foreign suns, and lit by eyes expressing so strong a force of personality that, but for the sweetness with which it was tempered, the spectator might have been rather repelled than won. When the young man answered Lord Findon, the voice was, like the face, charged—perhaps overcharged—with meaning and sensibility.

"I took Madame de Pastourelles to see it to-day," the youth was saying. "She thought it as glorious as I did."

"Oh! you are a pair of enthusiasts," said Lord Findon. "I keep my head."

The "it" turned out to be a Titian portrait from the collection of an old Roman family, lately brought to London and under offer to the National Gallery, of which Lord Findon was a trustee.

Madame de Pastourelles looked toward her father, confirming what the unknown youth had said. Her eyes had kindled. She began to talk rapidly in defense of her opinion. Between her, Lord Findon, and her neighbor there arose a conversation which made Fenwick's ears tingle. How many things and persons and places it touched upon that were wholly unknown to him! Pictures in foreign museums—Vienna, Berlin, St. Petersburg—the names of French or German experts—quotations from Italian books or newspapers—the three dealt lightly and familiarly with a world in which Fenwick had scarcely a single landmark. How clever she was! how charming! What knowledge without a touch of pedantry! And how the handsome youth kept up with her—nay, rather, led her, with a mastery, a resource, to which she always yielded in case of any serious difference of opinion! It seemed that they had been abroad together—had seen many sights in each other's company—had many common friends.

Fenwick felt himself strangely sore and jealous as he listened. Who was this man? Some young aristocrat, no doubt, born silver spoon in mouth,—one of your idle, insolent rich, with nothing to do but make a hobby of art and patronize artists. He loathed the breed.

Her voice startled him back from these unspoken tirades, and once more he found her eyes fixed upon him. It provoked him to feel that their scrutiny made him self-conscious, anxious to please. They were so gentle, so gay!—and yet behind the first expression there sat what seemed to

him the real personality, shrewd, critical, and remote.

"You must see this picture," she said kindly. "It's glorious!"

"Where is it?"

"In a house near here. But father could get you in."

He hesitated, then laughed ungraciously.

"I don't seem to have finished yet with the National Gallery. Who—please—is the gentleman on your right?"

She smiled.

"Oh! don't you know him? You must let me introduce him. It is Mr. Arthur Welby. Does n't he talk well?"

She introduced them. Welby received the introduction with a readiness—a touch of eagerness, indeed—which seemed to show a mind favorably prepared for it.

"Lord Findon tells me you're sending in a most awfully jolly thing to the Academy!" he said, bending across Madame de Pastourelles, his musical voice full of cordiality. Fenwick made a muttered reply. It might have been thought he disliked being talked to about his own work. Welby accordingly changed the subject at once; he returned to the picture he had been pressing on Lord Findon.

"Have n't you seen it? You really should." But this elicited even less response. Fenwick glared at him, apparently tongue-tied. Then Madame de Pastourelles and her neighbor talked to each other, endeavoring to draw in the stranger. In vain. They fell back, naturally, into the talk of intimates, implying a thousand common memories and experiences; and Fenwick found himself left alone.

His mind burned with annoyance and self-disgust. Why did he let these people intimidate him? Why was he so ridiculously self-conscious—so incapable of holding his own? He knew all about Arthur Welby; his name and fame were in all the studios. The author of the picture of the year—in the opinion, at least, of the cultivated minority for whom rails and policemen were not the final arbiters of merit; glorified in the speeches at the Academy banquet; and already overwhelmed with more commissions than he could take,—Welby should have been one of the best-hated of men. On the contrary, his mere temperament had drawn the teeth of that wild beast, Success. Well-born,

rich, a social favorite, trained in Paris and Italy, an archæologist and student as well as a painter, he commanded the world as he pleased. Society asked him to dinners, and he gave himself no professional airs and went when he could. But among his fellows he lived a happy comrade's life, spending his gifts and his knowledge without reserve, always ready to help a man in a tight place, to praise a friend's picture, to take up a friend's quarrel. He took his talent and his good-fortune so simply that the world must needs insist upon them, instead of contesting them.

As for his pictures, they were based on the Italian tradition,—rich, accurate, learned, full of literary allusion and reminiscence. In Fenwick's eyes, young as was their author, they were of the past rather than of the future. He contemptuously thought of them as belonging to a dead genre. But the man who painted them could *draw*.

Meanwhile he seemed to have lost Madame de Pastourelles, and must needs fall back on the private secretary beside him. This gentleman, who had already entered him on the tablets of the mind as a mannerless outsider, was not particularly communicative. But at least Fenwick learned the names of the other guests. The well-known ambassador beside Lady Findon, with a shrewd, thin, sulky face, and very black eyes under whitish hair—eyes turned much more frequently on the pretty actress to his right than upon his hostess; a financier opposite, much concerned with great colonial projects; the cabinet minister—of no account, it seemed, either in the House or the cabinet—and his wife, abnormally thin, and far too discreet for the importance of her husband's position; a little farther, the wife of the red-haired academician, a pale, frightened creature, who looked like her husband's apology, and was in truth his slave,—all these he learned gradually to discriminate.

So this was the great world. He was stormily pleased to be in it, and at the same time scornful of it. It seemed to contain not a few ancient shams and hollow pretenders—

Ah! once more the soft, ingratiating voice beside him. Madame de Pastourelles was expressing a flattering wish to see his picture, of which her father had talked so much.

"And he says you have found such a beautiful model,—or, rather, better than beautiful—characteristic."

Fenwick stared at her. It was on the tip of his tongue to say, "She is my wife." But he did not say it. He imagined her look of surprise—"Ah! my father had no idea!"—imagined it with a morbid intensity, and saw no way of confronting or getting round it; not at the dinner-table, anyway, with all these eyes and ears about him,—above all, with Lord Findon opposite. Why, they might think he had been ashamed of Phœbe!—that there was some reason for hiding her away. It was ridiculous—most annoying and absurd; but now that the thing had happened, he must really choose his own moment for unraveling the coil.

So he stammered something unintelligible about a "Westmoreland type," and then hastily led the talk to some other schemes he had in mind. With the sense of having escaped a danger, he found his tongue for the first time, and the power of expressing himself.

Madame de Pastourelles listened attentively—drew him out, indeed—made him show himself to the best advantage. And presently, at a moment of pause, she said, with a smile and a shrug, "How happy you are to have an art! Now I—"

She let her hand fall with a little plaintive movement.

"I am sure you paint," said Fenwick, eagerly.

"No."

"Then you are musical?"

"Not at all. I embroider—"

"All women should," said Fenwick, trying for a free and careless air.

"I read—"

"You do not need to say it."

She opened her eyes at this readiness of reply; but still pursued—

"And I have a Chinese pug."

"And no children?" The words rose to Fenwick's lips, but remained unspoken. Perhaps she divined them, for she began hastily to describe her dog, its tricks and fidelities. Fenwick could meet her here; for a mongrel fox-terrier—taken, a starving waif, out of the streets—had been his companion since almost the first month of his solitude. Each stimulated the other, and they fell into those legends of dog-life in which every dog-lover believes, however

skeptical they may be in other directions, till presently she said, with a sigh and a stiffening of her delicate features:

"But mine shows some symptoms of paralysis. He was run over last summer. I am afraid it will be long and painful."

Fenwick replied that she should send for the vet and have the dog painlessly killed.

"No. I shall nurse him."

"Why should you look on at suffering?"

"Why not—if sometimes he enjoys life?"

"I am thinking of the mistress."

"Oh, for us," she said quickly—"for me—it is good to be with suffering."

As she spoke, she drew herself slightly more erect. Neither tone nor manner showed softness, made any appeal. The words seemed to have dropped from her, and the strange pride and dignity she at once threw around them made a veiling cloud through which only a man entirely without the finer perceptions would have tried to penetrate. Fenwick, for all his surface *gaucherie*, did not attempt it. But he attacked her generalization. With some vehemence he developed against it a Neopagan doctrine of joy—love of the earth and its natural pleasures—courage to take and dare—avoidance of suffering—and war on asceticism. He poured out a number of undigested thoughts, which showed a great deal of reading, and at least betrayed a personality, whatever value they might have as a philosophy.

She listened with a charming kindness, laughing now and then, putting in a humorous comment or two, and never by another word betraying her own position. But he was more and more conscious of the double self in her—of the cultivated, social self she was bringing into play for his benefit, and of something behind—a spirit watchful and still—wrapped in a great melancholy—or perhaps a great rebellion? And by this sense of something concealed or strongly restrained she began to affect his imagination, and so, presently, to absorb his attention. Something exquisite in her movements and looks, also in the quality of her voice and the turn of her phrases, drew from his own crude yet sensitive nature an excited response. He began to envisage what these highly trained women of the upper class, these *raffinées* of the world, may be for those who

understand them—a stimulus, an enigma, an education.

It flashed on him that women of this type could teach him much that he wanted to know; and his ambition seized on the idea. But what chance that she would ever give another thought to the raw artist to whom her father had flung a passing invitation?

He made haste, indeed, to prove his need of her or some other Egeria; for she was no sooner departed with the other ladies than he came to mischief. Left alone with the gentlemen, his temperament asserted itself. He had no mind in any company to be merely a listener. Moreover, that slight, as he regarded it, of sending him down without a lady still rankled; and last, but not least, he had drunk a good deal of champagne, to which he was quite unaccustomed. So that when Lord Findon fell into a discussion with the ambassador of Irving's "Hamlet" and "Othello," then among the leading topics of London—when the foreigner politely but emphatically disparaged the English actor and Lord Findon with zeal defended him—who should break into the august debate but this strong-browed, black-eyed fellow, from no one knew where, whose lack of some of the smaller conventions had already been noticed by a few of the company?

At first all looked well. A London dinner-party loves novelty, and is always ready to test the stranger within its gates. Fenwick slipped into the battle as a supporter of Lord Findon's argument, and his host with smiling urbanity welcomed him to the field. But in a few minutes the newcomer had ravaged the whole of it. The older men were silenced, and Fenwick was leaning across the table, gesticulating with one hand and lifting his portwine with the other, addressing now Lord Findon and now the ambassador—who stared at him in amazement—with an assurance that the world only allows to its oldest favorites. Lord Findon in vain tried to stop him. Fenwick, imagining that what he was saying must be agreeable to his host, seeing that it was in support of his opinion, rattled on, posing as one of the "gods" of the theatrical gallery, whose verdict decides, and showing a most inconveniently full knowledge of the subject. Incidentally, moreover, a democratic out-

burst against the stalls!—capped immediately by a patriotic outburst against the foreigner, who need never hope to understand Shakspeare or the English theatrical mind! These things struck all other conversation at the table dumb.

"Did n't know this was to be a dinner with speeches," murmured the financier in his neighbor's ear. "Think I'll get up and propose a vote of thanks to the chairman."

"There ought, at least, to be a time-limit," said the neighbor, with a shrug. "Where on earth did Findon pick him up?"

"I say, what an awfully rum chap!" said the young cousin of the house, wondering, to Arthur Welby. "What does he talk like that for?"

"He does n't talk badly," said Welby, whose mouth showed the laughter within.

Meanwhile Fenwick, loud-voiced, excited, had brought a hand down upon the table, and throwing his head and shoulders eagerly forward across the hand, delivered himself of his peroration—in a full, oratorical voice, with inflections unconsciously modeled on those of Irving himself.

"Yes, Lord Findon!—yes!—we have found a great actor,—let us support him! We are disgraced if we do not support him. Nothing could have been more just than your remarks. You were absolutely in the right, and time will prove it." Then, with a hostile look at M. de Chailles, the flushed speaker took up the remainder of his wine and drained it.

A suppressed something, as near a laugh as politeness to the host permitted, ran round the table. Lord Findon colored.

"You are more sure of it than I am," he said coldly, as he rose. "I am much obliged to you, but—shall we adjourn this conversation?"

As the men walked up-stairs, Fenwick realized that he had blundered; he felt himself isolated and in disfavor. Arthur Welby had approached him, but Lord Findon had rather pointedly drawn an arm through Welby's and swept him away. No one else spoke to him, and even the private secretary, who had before befriended him, left him severely alone. None of the ladies in the drawing-room up-stairs showed, as it seemed to him, any desire for his conversation, and he was reduced to looking at a stand of miniatures near the door, while his heart swelled

fiercely. So this was what society meant?—a wretched pleasure purchased on degrading terms! A poor dependent like himself, he supposed, was to be seen and not heard,—must speak when he was spoken to, play chorus, and whisper humbleness. As to meeting these big-wigs on equal terms, that clearly was not expected. An artist may be allowed to know something about art; on any other subject let him listen to his betters. He said to himself that he was sick of the whole business; and he would gladly have slipped through the open door, down the stairs, and out of the house. He was restrained, however, by the protest of a sore ambition which would not yet admit defeat. Had he set Lord Findon against him?—ruined the chance of a purchaser for his picture and of a patron for the future? Out of the corner of his eye he saw Cuninghame, neat, amiable, and self-possessed, sitting in a corner by Lady Findon, who smiled and chatted incessantly. And it was clear to him that Welby was the spoiled child of the room. Wherever he went, men and women grouped themselves about him; there was a constant eagerness to capture him, an equal reluctance to let him go.

"Well, I'm as good as he—as either of them," thought Fenwick, fiercely, as he handled a Cosway. "Only they can talk these people's lingo, and I can't. I can paint as well as they, any day; and I'll be bound, if they let me alone, I could talk as well. Why do people ask you to their houses and then ill-treat you? Damn them!"

Meanwhile Lord Findon had had a few whispered words with his daughter in an inner room.

"My dear!"—throwing up his hands—"a *barbarian*! Can't have him here again."

"Mr. Fenwick, papa?"

"Of course. Cuninghame ought to have warned me. However, I suppose I brought it on myself. I do these rash things, and must pay for them. He was so rude to De Chailles that I have had to apologize."

"Poor papa! Where is he?"

"In the other room—looking at things. Better leave him alone."

"Oh, no; he'll feel himself neglected."

"Well, let him. A man ought to be made to understand that he can't behave like that."

"What did he do?"

"My dear, he spoiled the whole business after dinner—harangued the table!—talked as though nobody knew anything about Shakspeare—*Shakspeare*, if you please!—except himself—as good as told De Chailles he had no right to talk, being a foreigner. You never saw such an exhibition!"

"Poor Mr. Fenwick! I must go and talk to him."

"Eugénie, don't be a goose. Why should you take any trouble about him?"

"He's wonderfully clever, papa. And clever people are always getting into scrapes. Somebody must take him in hand."

And, rising, she threw her father a whimsical backward look as she departed. Lord Findon watched her with mingled smiles and chagrin. How charmingly she was dressed to-night—his poor Eugénie! And how beautifully she moved!—with what grace and sweetness! As he turned to do his duty by an elderly countess near him, he stifled a sigh—that was also an imprecation.

It had often been said of Eugénie de Pastourelles that she possessed a social magic. She certainly displayed it on this occasion. Half an hour later, Lord Findon, who was traversing the drawing-rooms after having taken the ambassador to her carriage, found a regenerate and humanized Fenwick sitting beside his daughter; the center, indeed, of a circle no less friendly to untutored talent than the circle of the dinner-table had been hostile. Lord Findon stopped to listen. Really the young man was now talking decently!—about matters he understood: Burne-Jones, Rossetti—some French pictures in Bond street—and so forth. The ruffled host was half appeased, half wroth. For if he *could* make this agreeable impression, why such a superfluity of naughtiness down-stairs? And the fellow had really some general cultivation; nothing like Welby, of course,—where would you find another Arthur Welby?—but enough to lift him above the mere journeyman. After all, one must be indulgent to these novices, with no traditions behind them, and no—well, to put it plainly, no grandfathers! And so, with reflections of this kind, the annoyance of a good-natured man subsided.

It was all Eugénie's doing, of course. She and Welby, between them, had caught the bear, tamed him, and set him to show whatever parlor tricks he possessed. Just like her! He hoped the young man understood her condescension, and that to see her and talk with her was a privilege. Involuntarily Lord Findon glanced across the room, at the décolleté shoulders and buxom good looks of his wife. When Eugénie was in the house the second Lady Findon never seemed to him well dressed.

When Fenwick and Cunningham had departed,—Fenwick in a glow of grateful good-humor, expressing himself effusively to his host,—Madame de Pastourelles approached her father, smiling.

"That youth has asked me to sit to him."

"The audacious rascal!" cried Lord Findon, fuming. "He has never seen you before,—and, besides, how does any one know what he can do?"

"Why, you said yourself his picture was remarkable."

"So it is. But what's one picture? What do you think, Welby?" he said, impulsively addressing the man beside him. "Was n't it like his impudence?"

Welby smiled.

"Like Madame de Pastourelles's kindness. It was rather charming to see his look when she said, 'Yes.'"

"You said, 'Yes'!" Lord Findon stared at her.

"Come with me and see what he can do in a morning." She laid a quieting hand on her father's arm. "You know that always amuses you. And I want to see his picture."

"His picture is not bad," said Lord Findon, with decision.

"I think you will have to buy it, papa."

"There you go," said Lord Findon—"letting me in!"

"Well, I'm off to bed." Smiling, she gave a hand to each, knowing that she had gained her point, or would gain it. Arthur Welby, turning, watched her move away, say "Good-night" to Lady Findon, and disappear through a distant door. Then for him, though the room was still full of people, it was vacant. He slipped away without any more "Good-bys."

(To be continued)



THE COLONNADE (THE HÔTEL DE CRILLON IS AT THE LEFT END)
Place de la Concorde, formerly Place Louis XV

HISTORIC PALACES OF PARIS

III. THE HÔTEL DE CRILLON

BY CAMILLE GRONKOWSKI



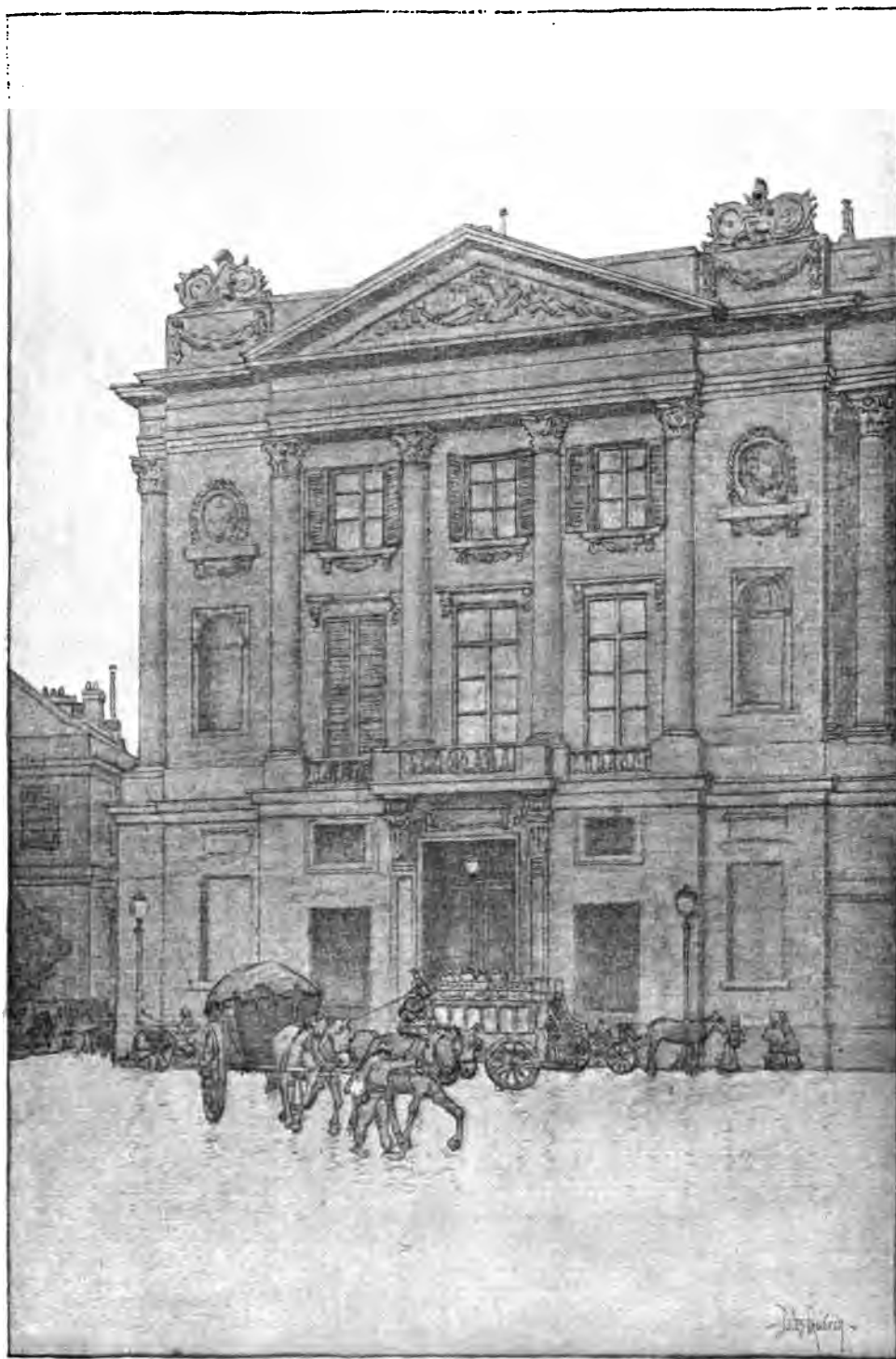
NO seignorial residence in Paris can rival the Hôtel de Crillon, belonging to the ducal family of Crillon-Polignac, in the magnificence of its exterior.

One may say that its location is unique in the world. From its wide balcony, arranged as a terrace, and between the tall Corinthian columns of the façade, one sees the whole of the Place de la Concorde, formerly the Place Louis XV, the largest square of Paris, with its solemn lines of arrangement, its vistas broken by the noble river which curves between two lines of poplars, whence emerge the roofs of the last palaces along the Quai d'Orsay; then, farther off, the slender and lace-like spire of the Sainte Chapelle and the violet towers of Notre Dame.

To the left there is a sea of verdure enameled with white statues—the old royal park of the Tuileries. In front is the heavy mass of the Palais Législatif, with its Greek front; then the old Hôtel de Bourbon-Lassay, where the President of the Chamber of Deputies resides; and beyond, the

Ministry of Foreign Affairs, where the government of the republic lodges the sovereigns who come to visit Paris. Finally, to the right are the Champs Élysées, that magnificent avenue which rises like an apotheosis to the Arch of Triumph,—which is announced, moreover, directly in front of our building by the colossal groups from the hand of Coustou, which were brought from the Château de Marly at the time of the Revolution.

These wide openings and such a far-reaching view we shall not often discover while in quest of the old seignorial residences. Generally they hide their sumptuousness between a very much shut in court of honor and a shady garden. The Hôtel de Crillon, on the contrary, forms an integral part of the square it overlooks. Both were built together; one completes the other. And if one cannot conceive of the square without its magnificent backing of palaces, so would these buildings lose their charm without the vast foreground which permits them the distant view I have mentioned. This view is the history of the city



Drawn by Jules Guérin. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

HÔTEL DE CRILLON-POLIGNAC

foreshortened; it is antique Lutetia, the middle ages and the three great eras of classic art; it is one of the most noble bits of our glory; it is an immaterial affair which nevertheless forms a part of us—it is one side of the beauty of Paris.

And before this historic horizon the Hôtel de Crillon raises its sober yet elegant mass; it is that which forms the left-hand side of the celebrated colonnade built by the architect Gabriel in the eighteenth century.

THE laying out of the Place Louis XV marks a leading phase in history "on one side" which one may call the "changing usage of Paris." After the construction of the Place Royale under Henri IV, and the Place Vendôme under Louis XIV, it was the third effort of an artist-sovereign and an able architect to reach the ideal of a grandiose and largely spacious whole, in order to obtain a more monumental, more carefully designed, and also more hygienic capital!

But what a difference between the three attempts! The old Place Royale, now the Place des Vosges, restored to fashion since the recent installation of the Victor Hugo Museum, offers an almost feudal aspect, with its fronts of rusty brick, its enormous pointed roofs, its circular gallery on the ground floor, low and crushed between the heavy pillars, dwarfed and clumsy.

The Place Vendôme shows already a very great change. Americans on the tour know it well—that somewhat cold but singularly majestic creation of the Marquis de Louvois, an exact mirror of the Grand Siècle. These immense buildings, these vast and solemn palaces, which were to house, in the mind of the Roi Soleil, the ultra-official establishments, such as the Mint, the Academy, the National Library, —these buildings, where, in their magnificence, dwelt such grand seigneurs as the Comte d'Evreux or the Villemarès, now serve as the home of the most elegant hostellers for travelers, like the Ritz; as the shops of noted tailors and modistes; and even (an amusing detail!) as the residence of a perfumer who is a collector and has just installed his wares and his retrospective art exhibition from the garrets to the cellars of one of the old hotels, restored, for the very purpose, exactly as it once was!

Well, despite the difference in the purpose, despite the habits which have so greatly changed,—especially, perhaps, on the surface,—all this apparatus of antiquity adapts itself admirably and without an effort to the complex and exacting life of the twentieth century.

But what shall we say of the Place Louis XV, our actual Place de la Concorde, that clever creation of the century before last, that still unrivaled ornament of our most elegant quarter? I was going to say that even to-day we could not do better, but that would be a naïve remark. Of a certainty, I do not wish to lower the merit of Baron Haussmann, who endowed Paris under Napoleon III with spacious and commodious arteries of circulation; yet I do deplore that so often it was done at the expense of most regrettably ugly results. I know well that this opinion is not generally shared and that many persons admire without reservations the rearrangement of the capital performed some forty years ago. But I declare that for my part I reject this too sweeping opinion and I take advantage of these chats about old Paris, and especially of this study of the Hôtel de Crillon, to put in evidence a typical example, the Place de la Concorde, and show, with proofs at hand, that we moderns have invented neither the hygiene of the street, nor the wide air-spaces and breathing-spaces. As to the beauty of the views and the "air" of the buildings, it would be cruel to pursue the matter and to permit any one for a moment to believe that the nineteenth century can ever pass, from the esthetic point of view of the street, as an epoch which was even one to be honored.

THE Place Louis XV was inaugurated in 1763, and the equestrian statue of the "Well-Beloved" by Bouchardon dominated the square. Crowned with laurel, dressed like a Roman emperor, with his chlamys raised up and his sword by his side, the King held himself proudly on a grand pedestal of stone and bronze, designed by Pigalle. This pedestal was covered with trophies and bas-reliefs relating to the benefits of peace.

So, in 1763, the Place Louis XV was finished. But that was not true of the group of palaces which were to complete the whole square—and this was so despite the energy of Gabriel, the architect. Since

the King declared urgency in order to get on faster, it was decided to build the façades only, or rather the two colonnades, in order to have the pleasure of seeing at an earlier moment the noble architectural perspective desired. Later on the body of buildings to the right of the Rue Royale

year, and was admitted to the Academy of Architecture in 1769.

So it was that Trouard after his purchase owned merely a plot of land and—two façades! There remained the building itself to be constructed. In his character as architect he set to work at once; but, un-



From a photograph by Moreau Freres

THE DINING-ROOM

might be extended in depth so as to give room for installing the Garde-Meubles of the crown. As to the group of buildings on the left, set apart for private residences, it was intended to make partial and direct sales of land, so that each buyer, behind the front already built, might make such architectural disposition of his own house as he deemed best.

The buyer of the grand pavilion to the left, the present Hôtel de Crillon, was the architect Louis-François Trouard, comptroller of buildings for the King. Born in Paris in 1729, a pupil of Lorient, a winner of the Grand Prize of Rome in 1753, he had received a diploma from the Academy of Rome in the following

luckily, his purse was poorly furnished. Pushed in a corner, he sold the usufruct of his unfinished house to a grand seigneur, Louis Marie d'Aumont, Duc d'Aumont. The contract was passed on April 27, 1776, before Maître Arnet, notary, and the price was fixed at fifteen thousand livres a year.

By this document Trouard engaged to deliver the hotel to the duke on April 1, 1777, with a comprehensive and splendid decoration.

It was in this magnificent house that the Duc d'Aumont installed himself, and it was there he died in 1782. A collector among the most select, he merited the title of one of the most fastidious and refined men of his time, which was not a little to say.

was the zealous protector of Gouthière, and we shall see in the interior decoration of the hotel some traces of this favor and this taste of his.

At this time the two palaces on the Place Louis XV were entirely finished, just as we see them at present, without the slightest external change. Each one forms a colonnade against an arcade with embossed decorations. Two majestic pavilions close them on both sides, and that to the left belongs to our Hôtel de Crillon. These large pavilions are the most ornamental, decorative portions of the whole. Each is dominated by a pediment on which one sees grouped certain allegorical figures designed in a fine style, accompanied by genii and cupids.

Below, on the more advanced parts, are placed trophies of arms, the masterly look of which contributes not a little to the imposing but sober effect produced by this ensemble.

Trouard found himself left in the lurch by the death of the Duc d'Aumont. Forever the victim of his creditors, he was glad to find a buyer in the person of Comte de Crillon at the price of three hundred thousand livres. The bill of sale was dated April 20, 1788; an additional sum of eighty thousand francs was paid for the woodwork, mirrors, sculptures, paintings, chased bronzes, and "other ornaments." Out of all this money poor Trouard could save only 126,900 livres; the rest of the purchase-money had to be turned over to his creditors.

Since that epoch the hotel has never left the hands of the Crillon family, and, what is somewhat remarkable, has had but three owners, briefly as follows: first, Comte de Crillon, afterward Duc, who was ambassador for Sardinia after the Revolution, so that our hotel served as the embassy from 1798 to 1800. After his death, which occurred in 1820, his widow, the Duchesse de Crillon, kept the palace until in her turn she died, April 14, 1835. Her younger son, the Marquis de Crillon, received it as part of his heritage; and since his death, in 1869, his daughter, the dowager Duchesse de Polignac, has remained its owner. There she still lives with her children and grand-children, the Polignacs and the Gontaut-Birons.

The decoration of the interior of the hotel corresponds to the magnificence of its fa-

cade, and even surpasses the expectations of the curious or the artist. The entrance is very sober. A stone staircase of honor covered with Oriental carpets leads to the floor of the grand salons. The first apartment is a square antechamber, or, more exactly, a waiting-room; for beautiful works of art greet the visitor there. Four paintings decorate the wall. They are, firstly, two opposites by Louis-Michel van Loo, dated 1769: one of them, "The Music-Lesson," represents a young girl in white playing the harp, surrounded by three gentlemen, who listen to her with languishing eyes. This canvas, by its brilliancy and the sheen of the white satin, recalls the well-known picture by Roslin, in the Louvre, called "Offering to Love." Its opposite shows the same young girl, but this time she is playing the guitar, and a fourth noble sir, dressed in red velvet, has joined the group, and he is by no means the least enraptured. These canvases come from the Conti collection. The two other pictures are large over-door panels by Jean Baptiste Oudry, and, as usual, they show us white dogs, game, fruits, etc., all of them wrought in the truthful and at the same time elegant style which characterizes this painter of animals. We have already seen a number of specimens of his work in the dining-room at the Hôtel Monaco of Madame la Duchesse de Talleyrand. In fact, Oudry and Hubert-Robert were the two decorators to whom people turned for the grand palaces built at that period. The latter decorated more especially galleries and stairways; the former was particularly commissioned to ornament dining-rooms and the vestibules of suites of honor.

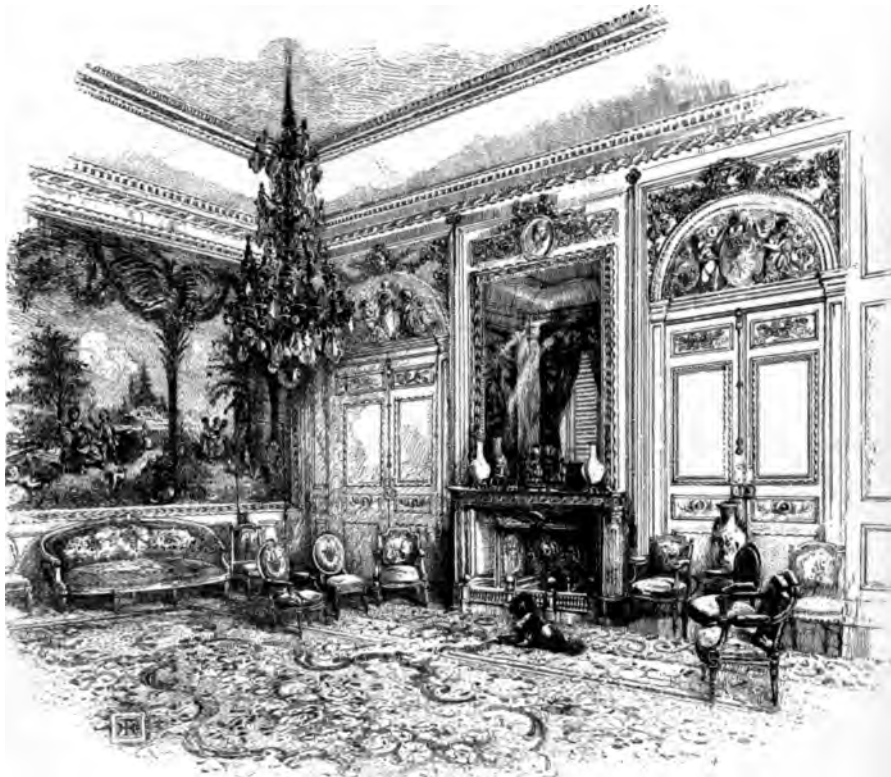
Underneath these canvases are big showcases designed by Boulle which contain a large collection of old Dresden and old Sèvres porcelains. Then, opposite, there is a large barometer in Louis XVI style and some fine bits of Chinese porcelain; these add to the character of refinement and elegance that pervades the apartment.

One proceeds to the Salon de Musique, where one is at once welcomed by a magnificent marble statue: Cardinal de Polignac, superb and majestic, with curled hair, high, intelligent brow, and wearing draped about his shoulders the purple and ermine cloak of his rank. It is by Coysevox. The walls, hung with dark-red Chinese silk lam-

pas, are covered with genre pictures, chiefly from the schools of Holland and Flanders. The French school is represented only by two Vernets, and they show the fantastic talent of that painter very oddly indeed.

One would like to linger over the beau-

salon, and like it are entirely painted in white. Their delicately sculptured moldings bring into relief the richness of the entablature, where, above a segment of a circle supported by brackets, lie figures of Glory and genii in half relief, larger than



Drawn by Harry Fenn from a photograph

THE SECOND SALON

tiful old furniture—a lady's bureau of Louis XVI, inlaid coffers, marquetry pieces, etc. ; but the eyes are attracted too much by the immense and sumptuous reception-room, which opens by a double door to the left, brilliantly illuminated as it is by the broad light from the Place de la Concorde behind the enormous Corinthian capitals of the colonnade designed by Gabriel.

The impression here is really grand ; and first of all one notes the splendid carvings of the woodwork, which reveal that noble epoch when the gracefulness of Louis XV work, already out of fashion, was still combined with the pure lines of the Louis XVI and the bigness of the antique.

Six monumental doors decorate the

life, whose elegance and supple forms recall the Italian Renaissance. Above the hearth the grand mirror is quite surrounded with garlands of flowers, with wreaths and palms to form a pediment. But the marvelous thing here is the cornice carved in massive solid oak, while trophies of arms and heads of lions entwined by floral motives carefully sculptured surround an immense circle of plant forms ; colossal eagles of a powerful modeling detach themselves in full relief and seem to uphold the ceiling with their outspread wings.

Against the white woodwork are hung family portraits. I shall first notice that of the ancestor, the famous Crillon, companion in arms of Henri Quatre, who called

him "the first captain in the world,"—Crillon, who brought upon himself the historic jeer of the good King after the Battle of the Bows: "Go hang yourself, brave Crillon; we have conquered and you were not with us!" The old portrait-painter has shown him in a martial attitude, his neck adorned with the decoration of the Holy Ghost beneath the enormous lace collar; and he has not forgotten to reproduce the glorious scar across his face. On both sides of the mirror are two exquisite portraits. One, painted by Drouais, represents the Marquise d'Herbouville; she is costumed as Diana the Huntress, following the fashion which came in after Nattier had painted thus the daughters and the "kind friend" of Louis XV. Genre-painting considered in this light might perhaps be held as conventional; but what an adorable grace in these billows of blue and white stuffs which fade into the clouds of the background, what a femininity, what a feeling for "race" in their luxurious and yet noble attitudes—in that hand which carries the quiver all beribboned with rose!

The opposite picture, to the left of the chimneypiece, shows us the features of the Duchesse de Polignac, the intimate friend and confidante of Marie Antoinette. It is the work of Madame Vigée Lebrun, titular paintress to the Queen. Beneath an enormous shepherdess hat—not at all unlike, by the way, the hats which modern fashion has revived to-day—the young woman shows her gracious, pensive face. Perhaps she posed for this in the cottage of the Trianon. She sits in a very natural attitude, one very much at home; and she carries in her hand a bunch of rustic flowers with one of those gestures which perhaps the women of that time alone knew, and which they have carried with them to the grave. The canvas is dated 1782, which means that it was finished in a period when, through a natural reaction, painters were trying to get as close as possible to reality.

On the left-hand panel hangs the portrait of Cardinal de Polignac, in red robe and laces and holding a book with coat of arms in his hand, by Rigaud. It is a replica of the famous portrait in the Louvre. On the opposite side is a good portrait by Cogniet, solid and severe—the Marquise de Crillon, born a d'Herbouville. Finally, between two windows is the Prince-Duc de

Polignac, father-in-law of the dowager duchess, wearing the court costume of Charles X.

In the presence of this fine ornamentation of woodwork and historic portraits one becomes exacting as to furniture and objects of art, does one not? But the reality satisfies the desire. And first let us note on the chimneypiece of white marble, with floral designs so beautifully chiseled, the great clock in gilded bronze, which I do not hesitate to attribute to Lepante. It has in fact the large and powerful composition of that master. The fine simplicity of the man is found complete in the motive—a bit of fluted column surmounted by an oval urn forming the turning frame, and having for its only unsymmetrical decoration two coiled serpents whose flickering tongues make the hands that indicate the hours. One must also note the fine Chinese crackled porcelain vases which surround this clock, as well as their rich mounts in gilt bronze. Old China porcelains, moreover, are here in imposing quantity among our seignorial hotels of Paris, and prove the veritable craze for these refined products in the eighteenth century,—which indeed combine very well with the furniture of the epoch, especially when, as here, they are decorated with one of those delicate mounts which cause them to be sought so much nowadays. This salon offers very remarkable and numerous examples scattered over the little tables, pier-tables, and corner sconces, but particularly in the Louis XVI wall-case to the left of the chimneypiece, in which are kept certain marvels of soft-paste Sèvres. But if I wished to offer this room as a proof of the delicious union of French style and the art of the farthest East, I would not confine myself to ceramics: I would cite also and more especially some absolutely typical pieces of furniture.

And first there are two large chests opposite each other. What makes them very remarkable is the fact that there are on each of them two Chinese panels with lacquer ground. They are in relief and inlaid with precious materials, and show some of those strange scenes, so characteristic of Oriental art, in which the artist, a fine and sympathetic observer, oversteps the exact limits of nature and shows himself, if one may say so, an "extractor of the quintessence of things." Perhaps the most curi-



Drawn by A. Castaigne. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

THE RECEPTION-ROOM

ous of these two sculptured and painted pictures is that one which shows the breakfast of a solitary lady, where one sees three servants uniting their strength to offer her a gigantic fish, while a little farther off is a poor woman who is fishing in a pond for the same food necessary for her own table. These panels are mounted in two fine Louis XVI pieces of furniture having columns decorated with bronze which recall the style of E. Avril.

FROM the grand salon one passes immediately into the dining-room, which forms a worthy continuation. The chief motive of the decorations consists of four monumental niches containing four life-size statues. It is difficult to imagine more thoughtful elegance and discreet richness than the composition of this room—also due to the architect Pâris. The only criticism which a captious judge might make would be in regard to the ornaments that surmount the doorways and certain branches among the laurel wreaths which are too heavy, imitated as they are from an ancient original belonging to the decadent classical age. But this is a criticism of a detail, and does not harm the beauty of the whole nor affect the admirable delicacy of the four bas-reliefs representing sports of children: one child crowns a goat, others play with lady-apples, flowers, soap-bubbles, etc. The originality of it is delightful, the execution fine: it recalls very notably Clodion. And the same gracefulness is found once more, on a lower level, in the beauty of the allegorical statues and the strength of the mascarons, heads of lions and dolphins among aquatic plants, which pour water into the marble basins.

Like the grand salon, this apartment is in carved oak and painted throughout in white. No electric lights, nothing but candles for illumination, just as it was in the Grand Siècle; and the effect of the crystals is charming along with the silver and rare flowers in this interior full of freshness and light.

Another very large apartment has its windows also opening on the Place de la Concorde. More simple in its decoration than the grand salon of honor, it delights one instantly by the exquisite feeling of

its light and ample tonality in old rose. Everything conspires to help this discreet harmony—the white tint of the delicate woodwork, the carpet with foliated designs, the chairs covered with Aubusson tapestry in low-toned rose, the great purple curtains slightly faded by time, the chimneypiece of tawny sandstone subdued by applied plates of bronze in old-gold tones, and finally the great Beauvais tapestry, which occupies the entire panel at the end of the room. The subject? It is "Harvest-time," after a cartoon from the school of Boucher. It is hard to express the sensuous charm which emanates from this delightful yet unreal composition, in which harvesters of the Opéra Comique variety neglect the reaping of their crops—which are there only as a pretext—in order to ogle the pretty, natty shepherdesses. One of these make-believe peasants is coquetishly perched on a swing and his lady-love is pushing him. Another has climbed a cherry-tree and does not fail to offer cherries with a well-studied gesture to two young women. Farther on, a rosy child wreathes ribbons about two goats. As to the harvest, who cares for that? A pretty lass in the background, clad in fine muslins and silks, does hold in her hand with much elegance a highly decorative sickle; but she, too, is making eyes at some one hidden behind golden-cheeked apples. Verily, we are far enough away from the peasants of Millet and his gleaners! How well all this symbolizes the spirit of the eighteenth century, that amiable, frivolous, thoughtless period! In truth, it was a unique epoch, the esthetic expression of which cannot harmonize with that of any other. And that is why the visitor stops short in this salon, somewhat surprised and bewildered, before the opposite panel, surrounded as it is by the severe art and heavy richness of the preceding century: for above a great coffer in gold lacquer, brilliant and equipped with massive golden hinges, appears an equestrian portrait of Louis XV in big wig, draped and imperious, directing the movements of a battle! What a wide gap between these two schools, and how true it is to say that the art of an epoch is only the exact reflection of that same time!

IN THE COURT OF THE EMPRESS DOWAGER

BY KATHARINE A. CARL

WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR

VI

THE AUDIENCE-HALL AT THE SUMMER PALACE



WHEN his Majesty the Emperor reigned alone, he was in the habit of holding his audiences as early as three o'clock A. M. It is said, however, that this custom was owing as much to his personal shyness as to his love of early rising, for at these audiences he would allow but two candles on the throne-table in front of him, and the great hall was lighted elsewhere only by the beautiful Chinese lanterns, which shine with but a dim brilliancy and are not very effective as lights. Thus his face could not be seen if an official should so forget the proprieties as to raise his eyes to the imperial person.

Their Majesties' audiences are held in the great audience-hall, a detached building apart and quite distinct from all the other buildings of the palace inclosure. The inscription over its great doors points out that it is the "Hall where Industry is to be applied to State Affairs." In all the palaces the audience-hall is nearest the outside walls and entrances, so that the officials who are privileged to have audiences must pass only through the outer courts to reach the hall—their Majesties' palaces with their private apartments being at some distance beyond. At the winter palace, where there are so many walls within walls, each of their Majesties' palaces is surrounded with walls, and the audience-hall is also in a walled-in inclosure near one of the great gates; but at the summer palace there are no walls except the exterior ones.

The interior of the audience-hall at the summer palace is not by any means bare

or austere. It is furnished, in the same style as the throne-rooms, with splendid ornaments, curios, tea-tables and chairs, and, curious anachronism, there are here three pianos! The walls are hung with ornamental scrolls, as well as with those bearing some gigantic character traced by an emperor's hand, or some condensed bit of philosophy of the sages. One of these scrolls has an admonition to the Emperor to remember that "he is responsible to Heaven for the happiness and prosperity of his people."

There is a great dais in the center of the hall, on which stands the throne, with its table, behind which is the three-, five-, or seven-leaved screen. The ancient dais was lower than those now used, and the antique throne, with its capacious size and cushions, was more like a lounge than the modern throne. This seems to indicate that the administration of justice by the Emperor was in ancient times less formal and more patriarchal than it is to-day.

VII

ETIQUETTE OF THE DIFFERENT AUDIENCES

HEADS of departments and princes with honorary official positions have audiences on certain days of the month to report upon affairs of their boards or to pay their respects to his Majesty. Every day their Majesties hold audience and see the Prime Minister and Grand Secretary, and there are frequent meetings of the Grand Council. The Prime Minister, Prince Ching, has the last audience of the day, and business reported on during the other audiences is then discussed.

All telegrams and despatches go to their respective boards, and are, except in cases



Drawn by Katharine A. Carl. Half-tone plate engraved by S. Davis

OFFICIAL AUDIENCE—GREAT AUDIENCE-HALL

of extreme gravity, reported to their Majesties only at the audiences. After eleven all state business is supposed to be finished by their Majesties. They are then free from state worries and cares until the following day. During the rebellion in the province of Kwang-si, also when the Russian evacuation of Manchuria was expected, and at the time of the outbreak of hostilities in Manchuria (the three grave events occurring during my stay in the palace), telegrams and despatches were constantly being sent to her Majesty out of audience hours. They were brought to her throne-room, and sometimes even during her walks in the gardens they would be handed her. These despatches were sent over to the palace from the Wai-Wu-Pu on their arrival. Of course, it was by her Majesty's express command that her privacy was thus infringed upon. No official would otherwise have dared transgress the prescribed rules. The despatches were received at the entrance of the palace by the eunuch whose province it was. He placed them in the yellow-covered, silken-lined box in which they were presented to her Majesty on bended knees.

VIII

THE PART PLAYED BY CUSHIONS
AT AUDIENCES

IN front of the throne-dais, during the hours of audience, there are five cushions placed on the floor for the members of the Grand Council to kneel upon when they are memorializing their Majesties. The Prime Minister's cushion is nearest the throne. A cushion to kneel upon is a privilege granted only to members of the Grand Council. Any other official, when making communications to their Majesties, must kneel beyond the space occupied by these five cushions. He is thus placed at a disadvantage. The distance at which he is from their Majesties may prevent his hearing some of their words, especially the Emperor's, whose voice is very low and without any carrying quality. The official may overcome this difficulty and shorten the distance by paying the eunuch who conducts him to the audience-hall to remove some of the cushions, so that he may kneel nearer the dais. The Prime Minister's and Grand Secretary's cushions may on no condition be removed, but the other three are subject to the will of the

introducing eunuch. If this latter be sufficiently paid (and there is a fixed price for each cushion), he will remove the three belonging to the lower members of the cabinet.

When the official who has been granted an audience is conducted to the audience-hall by the eunuch appointed for the purpose, the latter throws open the great doors, falls upon his knees at the threshold, and announces the name and position of the official, gives the hour and minute of his arrival at the palace, and before he rises he has deftly removed the cushions for which he has received the required sum. After his name has been announced, the official enters and kneels as near the dais as is consistent with his rank and the sum paid the eunuch. When the eunuch has introduced the official, he turns from the door and must run away as fast as he can. Officials and eunuchs stationed at some distance watch his departure. Should he linger or transgress this law, capital punishment is the result. This is to avoid eavesdropping and the possible transmission of state secrets.

When the official granted an audience hears the last echo of the steps of the departing eunuch, he falls upon his knees and begins the relation of his business. Their Majesties question him, if necessary, to elicit further explanations. When the audience is finished, the official rises and walks out. The Chinese never back out of the presence, and it is not considered a breach of etiquette to turn their backs upon royalty.

The officials who are obliged to go often to audiences resort to an amusing subterfuge to protect their knees from the marble floor. They strap heavily wadded cushions on their knees before they go in, and they can thus kneel in comfort. The long Chinese gown worn by the men of course hides these knee-cushions.

IX

THE YOUNG EMPEROR AND THE
TIREDSOME OFFICIAL

HIS Majesty assumed the cares of state at an early age, when he was still filled with boyish spirit. Many of the heads of departments are old men, and some of them doubtless most tiresome in reiterating facts and dwelling upon details. When the



Drawn by Katharine A. Carl. Half-stone plate engraved by R. Varley

COURT OF THE WINTER PALACE.—"HER MAJESTY COMES."

young Emperor first took over the direction of affairs and held his audiences alone, he would get very impatient at hearing several of these old men go over tiresome details. As it is not "according to the laws of propriety" for the official to raise his eyes to the Sacred Person, while the old man rambled on, with prosy detail, the young Emperor would slip off the throne and quietly descend from the dais, and when the poor official raised his eyes to make his obeisance to the Emperor, he would see only the vacant throne. His Majesty had been in the rear of the hall, behind the screen, for perhaps five minutes, smoking a cigarette or otherwise diverting himself.

X

SACRED QUALITY OF THE
IMPERIAL PERSON

I noticed a curious fact as to the quality of the sacredness of the persons of their Celestial Majesties.

This sacredness seems to belong to them as rulers and not as individuals. In the audience-hall, when administering justice, they are not approached nor addressed except upon bended knee.

THE DOG "NIELAH"

In the palace, in their own privacy, when they give an order or any command touching upon official affairs, this order is received by the attendant, be he courtier, high official, or great prince, on his knees. When any official communication is made to their Majesties, in private or elsewhere, it is made kneeling; but when their Majesties are in their private apartments and spoken to on ordinary affairs, they are addressed almost familiarly, and the courtier or simple attendant stands while speaking to them. If, however, in the midst of a familiar conversation an order is given, the attendant immediately drops on his knees to receive it.

XI

THE KOWTOW

Kowtow (pronounced ker-toe, and usually to bow the head) is used

as a form of thanks, and is not a manner of greeting. The actors kowtow to their Majesties at the beginning and end of each performance at the theater, first to thank for the honor they are to receive in being allowed to act before them, and at the end to thank for the privilege granted. The officials "bow the head" to thank for an audience or any favor or gift they have received or are to receive from their Majesties. The kowtow is not only made by people at the palace and at imperial audiences: it is sometimes used by equals to each other as a proper manner of thanking for some great favor. To make the kowtow, the person kneels three times, and each time bows his head three times, touching the ground with it. The kowtow could not be made by a foreigner without looking most awkward and appearing most servile, but the Chinese do it with dignity, and it is neither ungraceful nor degrading. It is a time-honored manner of giving thanks, a Chinese tradition surviving from a time when the courtiers were perhaps like slaves; but at present it does not imply any slave-like inferiority on the part of him who performs it.

XII

THE EMPRESS DOWAGER'S PREFERENCE
FOR THE SUMMER PALACE

The summer palace was always the Empress Dowager's favorite palace, but after the Boxer rising and the subsequent occupation of Peking by the allies, when foreign troops were stationed in both the Peking palaces, and so much damage done them, she would have preferred to have lived the whole year round at the summer palace. As it is, she occupies it from eight to nine months of the year, going out to it at the first opportunity in the spring, and leaving it only when it is so cold as to make it impracticable. There is a system of heating it by furnaces beneath the floors, but her Majesty never used these, and the small Chinese porcelain stoves, sorts of braziers, were quite insufficient for heating the immense halls. This, however, would not have influenced her, as she never minded the cold; but it was very difficult for the officials to take the long trip to the summer palace during the winter, and this consideration alone caused her to move into the winter palace when the weather

became very cold. The members of the cabinet and the princes had summer homes in the immediate vicinity of the palace, but there were thousands of officials who were obliged to come out every day from Peking.

press Dowager, the young Empress, princesses, and ladies of the court precede her by a few hours, and stand upon the threshold of her own dwelling-palace to receive her when she arrives. Full court dress is worn for this reception, and it is, as is



Drawn by Katharine A. Carl. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

THE PRIME MINISTER, PRINCE CHING

The time had now come for the court to move in definitively to the winter palace, and shortly after the birthday festivities their Majesties took up their residence in the capital. Before I left the summer palace, the young Empress suggested that I should go to the winter palace the next day in time to assist in receiving her Majesty on her arrival there; for, as usual, I left the summer palace the day before the court, and went to the United States legation. At every change of residence of the Em-

everything touching her Majesty, a ceremony.

The day of the Empress Dowager's entrance into her loyal city of Peking for the winter, in December, 1903, was a typical Peking winter day; the air was crisp and clear, the atmosphere positively sparkling, and like champagne. One seemed to breathe an elixir. For her "progresses" from one palace to another the Empress Dowager always had what they called in England "Queen's weather."

XIII

THE PALACE WITHIN THE
FORBIDDEN CITY

THE city of Peking is composed of three walled towns—the Chinese, the Tatar, and the Imperial City. Within the Im-

gate of the palace in front of the Manchu Banner quarters, at the foot of the Coal Hill. Our chairs, by special arrangement, were allowed to enter the inclosure proper of the winter palace; but even after entering the exterior gates, one winds in and out between high walls, through massive gates



From a photograph

CONFUCIAN TEMPLE "SPIRIT-STAIRWAY" IN CENTRAL FLIGHT OF STEPS

perial City lies the winter palace, its battlemented and turreted walls surrounded by a moat. After passing through one of the great gates in the wall surrounding the Imperial City, and crossing the stone bridge that spans "the Grain-bearing Canal," we soon came in sight of the splendid walls and lofty gates of the palace inclosure. The red outer walls of the palace, faded by time and weather to a charming gray-pink, with their beautiful corner constructions of airy-looking turrets reflected in the still waters of the moat beneath, were most picturesque. We were carried along the raised road beyond the moat until we came to a marble bridge (formerly a portcullis) that leads to the

and heavy wooden doors studded with huge iron nails and ornamental copper balls. Against the high wall on either side of this approach, wooden sheds were built as sleeping-places for the guards and soldiers. Each shed had a front of lattice-work, with paper pasted over the interstices. Within was a cemented platform, which the northern Chinese use as beds. These have a place underneath for building a fire, for they keep warm at night by sleeping on hot beds and use very little cover.

XIV

THE CEREMONY OF A RECEPTION

JUST beyond the last of these guard-houses, our official "green chairs" were

put down between two high walls, with forbidding gates in front of us. Here we took the red palace-chairs which were awaiting us. We were swiftly carried through still other gates and past a very labyrinth of walls. The courts were all paved in large flagstones of white marble, and surrounded by high walls with heavy doors. We finally reached a charming court, where, standing under the overhanging branches of a beautiful cedar, we found the young Empress and princesses, in full court dress, already awaiting the coming of her Majesty. It was a pretty group that stood there, gowned in their splendid court costumes, the sunlight glinting upon the jeweled crowns of their fur caps, and giving a touch of nature to the brilliant flowers in their hair. My plain, foreign tailor-made gown was the only dark spot in this bright group of gorgeously attired ladies.

Presently the cymbals and flutes sounded the weird notes of the "Imperial Hymn," the great wooden doors of the court were thrown open, and the imperial procession came in sight. Splendidly gowned eunuchs advanced in two lines, walking with rigid bodies and stately step.

At a sign from the young Empress, a hush fell upon the chattering group of princesses and each took her proper place. Then the imperial chair-bearers crossed the threshold, with her Majesty sitting erect in one of her "open chairs"; for as soon as she gets into the palace grounds she leaves the closed palanquin in which she is obliged to travel abroad and which she very much dislikes on account of its stuffiness. The ladies, as if moved by one impulse, made the formal bow at her approach, and repeated the usual imperial salutation, "Laotzu-tzung-chee siang," which I repeated with the others.

Her Majesty had her chair stopped in the center of the court and got out, and I went up to salute her. She shook hands, and said she hoped that I would be happy in the winter palace, but that it was a dull, depressing sort of place, with too many walls and gates, after the open brightness of the summer palace.

After a few minutes' conversation she went into the throne-room, followed by the Empress and ladies.

XV

THE THRONE-ROOM OF THE
WINTER PALACE

HER Majesty's throne-room at the winter palace fronted on a court which was surrounded by well-built walls with curiously shaped doors and windows and ornamental yellow- and green-tiled designs at intervals. In the center of the wall in front was the immense gateway, with wooden folding-doors, which had just opened for her passage. The veranda of the throne-room had two rooms projecting upon it, making of it a rectangular space with walls around three of its sides. This veranda was quite different from any at the summer palace, where they run the whole length of the buildings, back and front.

Entering, I was struck by the beauty of the great central hall—the harmony of its proportions, the somber splendor of its color. It seemed to me the most satisfying, the most picturesque, of all the restful, harmonious Chinese interiors I had seen, with its dull red walls and its splendid coffered ceiling glowing in color and glinting in gold, the central dome, with elaborately carved pendentives, being painted in brilliant primary colors, subdued into a rich harmony by the demi-obscurity, for it had no "lantern" and received its light from the windows below.

The curious feature of the domes in several of the palaces in the Violet City, so effective from within, giving elevation and space to the interiors, is that they are not visible from the outside of the edifice. The beautiful straight line of the roof, with its upturned corners, remains intact in its purity and retains its restful simplicity.

The hall was paved with great blocks of highly polished black marble, which dimly reflected the glowing splendor of the walls and ceiling. In the center of one side was a low dais, richly carpeted, on which stood a great antique throne and footstool of red lacquer, framed in ebony and inlaid with cloisonné; the three-leaved screen behind was of bronze, with landscapes in low relief. On each leaf a poem in golden characters gave the needed touch of brilliancy to the somber massiveness of the dull bronze.

Great wooden doors, with huge gilded dragons in high relief, opened into apartments on the right and left of this splendid

hall. These portals were always thrown wide, and heavily padded satin portières hung from the lintels. The front and rear of the hall were almost entirely of glass, with the pillars that supported the roof standing clear between the windows—the lower half of plate-glass, the upper of transparent Korean paper.

XVI

HER MAJESTY'S SITTING-ROOM

THE apartments to the right, where, at a sign from her Majesty, I followed the ladies, were her day-rooms. Her sitting-room, projecting on the veranda, brilliantly lighted by two sides of windows, was in dazzling contrast to the somber splendor of the throne-room. The sun pouring through the windows, the gay flowers and growing plants, the fruits piled high in great painted bowls, the divans, with satin cushions, beneath the windows, the touches of femininity, the subtle perfume, even the small shrine to Buddha—everything bespoke the characteristics of its august mistress, who in her hours of ease loved sunshine and flowers, and reveled in beauty and perfume.

On entering, her Majesty approached the small shrine, lighted three slender tapers of fragrant incense, and placed them upright in the perfumed ashes of the golden censer at the feet of Buddha. She rearranged the offerings, placed a picture of the mother of Buddha behind the image, and then stood in reverent attitude a few seconds before turning to her waiting tirewomen to have her outer garments removed.

As I had now learned that my interest in her surroundings pleased her, I looked around the room. It was as lofty as the great throne-room, but the rear wall was divided into two stories, and a hidden stairway led to the upper rooms. In an alcove under the second floor was built the bed where she took her siesta in the afternoon, screened from the sitting-room by beautifully embroidered satin curtains. The walls of carved teakwood had a rare frieze of panels of flying birds and bats in mother-of-pearl. There were scrolls bearing quotations from the classics; and, of course, many beautiful and curious clocks adorned the dragon-tables, the window-seats, and carved chests.

XVII

PORTRAITS OF QUEEN VICTORIA

IN prominent places, each flanked by good-luck pennants, hung two steel-engravings: the first representing Queen Victoria in regal array; the second, the Queen and Prince Consort, surrounded by their children. I was surprised to see them here in her Majesty's living-room, though I had heard that the Empress Dowager had a great admiration for the Queen, and that she thought there were many points of similarity in their reigns. They had each been widows the greater part of their lives, and had each ruled over great empires. She said she noticed in the Queen's face the same lines of longevity that she herself had. She probably dreams of as long a life as the great Queen of England had.

The Empress Dowager was astonished that I had seen so many members of the English royal family, and the Queen herself, when I had never had an "audience"; and was still more so when she learned that the great English Empress took her daily promenade outside her palace walls in "an open chair," and could be seen by any one who happened to pass that way.

XVIII

THE EMPRESS DOWAGER'S
PRIVATE CHAPEL

HER Majesty told me I might go up the hidden stairway leading from her bed-alcove to the floor above, where was her private chapel. Here, on special occasions, services were held by lama priests. It was a beautiful haven, in whose dim, religious light one might meditate or pray.

Its high altar, with a great golden Buddha of fine design, had tall golden candlesticks shining with pearls and rubies. Richly wrought and enameled vases held bouquets of jeweled flowers, and censers damascened with gold sent up spirals of perfumed smoke. The floor was covered with a splendid silken rug of imperial yellow, and small, exquisitely executed paintings of the saints and personified attributes formed a dado around the walls.

Curiously shaped windows, with bits of translucent shell set into the elaborate latticework, shed but a dim light, and out of mysterious depths shone the splendid jewels of the altar ornaments, the dull gold

of the great Buddha, and the gleaming dado of red-and-gold-clothed saints. This was her Majesty's favorite chapel. She had followed me up and showed it with pride. She appreciated its perfect artistic quality as much, I am sure, as she loved its religious element.

Here she could come from the privacy of her bed-alcove, mount the hidden stairs when she willed, unnoticed and unattended, and here seek that peace which seemed so far away those troubled days of January, 1904, when all looked so dark for her country.

XIX

THE THREE GREAT HALLS AND
THE "SPIRIT-STAIRWAY"

HER Majesty's throne-room is in the first of three large halls in the northeastern corner of the inclosure, which, with their courts, extend to the exterior walls of the palace. The buildings are raised about eight feet above the marble-paved court and are approached by handsome white marble steps. Leading up to the second, for the first time I saw a "spirit-stairway" used in secular architecture. This "spirit-stairway" consists of a block of marble placed in the center and reaching from the top to the bottom of the stairway. This block, instead of being cut into steps, is elaborately carved with the double dragon. It lies in the middle of the stairway like a beautiful heavy carpet thrown over it, too stiff to take the form of steps. The "spirit-stairway," not to be touched by mortal feet, is used in the approaches to all the fine temples; and when, as in the case of the Temple of Heaven at Peking, the stairs are high, the effect is as beautiful as it is original and unique.

The hall with the "spirit-stairway" is the handsomest of the three in the Empress Dowager's inclosure. Its interior, a height of fifty feet, has a splendid coffered ceiling, and its walls are of wonderfully carved wood, with cloisonné medallions, which give great richness and splendor. A balcony surrounds this lofty hall, with openings from it into rooms over the side apartments, which are of but the usual height. This great front hall, with a dais and throne, screen and ceremonial fans, showed it was for more formal receptions than the beautiful domed room we had first entered. Opposite the throne-dais stood a

"cistern" of splendidly carved jade to hold water for cooling the temperature in summer. A handsome music-box, which had been sent as a present to the Dowager Empress by Queen Victoria, and several other presents from European royalties, stood around. The apartments on the right were for his Majesty's use when he came to the theater, which was near. On the left were her Majesty's night apartments. Two doors led through the openwork screen which separated the hall from the entrance at the rear. Here there was another magnificent block of jade, about five feet high, elaborately carved in designs representing the manner in which the jade is mined and taken from its native mountains.

XX

MY WORKING-ROOM IN THE
EMPEROR'S PRECINCTS

FROM the central hall a raised marble platform led into the third of the buildings. Here, again, the central hall occupied the entire height, while the sides were divided into two stories. This was one of the Emperor's throne-rooms, and he had graciously given it for my use while painting the Empress Dowager's portraits. I had been told I was to have a "magnificent place for working" in the winter palace; and so far as magnificence went, I had it here. But, lofty and spacious as the hall was, it was very dark, and there was also a reflection from the shining, yellow-tiled roof of the palace in front. The court was very small, and the reflection from the roof was consequently unavoidable.

The Empress Dowager's quarters at the winter palace are separated from the Emperor's by high walls and guarded gates. The pavilions of the Emperor's inclosure are on an even more magnificent scale than those of the Empress Dowager. The audience-hall of the winter palace is in the Emperor's inclosure. In her Majesty's inclosure there is a theater, but the imperial loge is small, indeed, when compared with the splendid hall which serves as such at the summer palace. Tradition seemed to be more rigidly observed here than at the summer palace, and everything seemed to be referred to the Emperor; whereas her Majesty seemed to be the first figure at the summer palace, and there traditional laws were often in abeyance.

GEORGE MACDONALD

AH, loving, exquisite, enraptured soul,
Who wert to me a father and a friend;
Who imaged and brought near, all humanly,
The sweetness and the majesty of him
Who in Judea melted human hearts,
And won the world by loveliness and love;
Dear spirit, who to the Infinite Purity
Passed, without change, and humbly unabashed—
If farewell we must say, it is that thou
So far beyond, above, we—alien so
From grace like thine—may hardly follow close
Thy shining feet in fields of endless light
When to the goal of souls reborn we pass.

Yet couldst thou not rest happy in that world
Thou saw'st with eyes anointed, near that Christ
Who wast to thee a human brother and friend,
If we, thy brothers, with thee came not nigh.
If ever saint with the Eternal strove,
Then wouldst thou, wilt thou, strive and supplicate
That not one soul be lost or suffer ill,
If so may be, but win to the Infinite Love
That was the faith, strength, life, of all thy days.

Our hearts are heavy—Oh, yet give we thanks,
As thou didst give when died one dear to thee,—
Thanks that thou livedst—that we knew and loved,
Even in the flesh, one who was one with God.

R. W. G.





THE ELUSIVE WEDDING

BY ELLIOTT FLOWER

“**R**AY is coming to-morrow,” remarked Dora, as she looked up from her letter. “What for?” I asked idly. “Oh, just to be married,” she replied carelessly.

I knew that Dora was bubbling over with excitement, but she wished to betray me into exhibiting surprise. Therefore she gave this startling news in an offhand, careless way.

“To be married!” I exclaimed. “I did n’t know he was engaged.”

“Neither did I,” returned Dora; “but that ’s Ray’s way.”

“Girl live here?” I asked.

“No,” replied Dora, after consulting the letter again. “She ’s coming down with her married sister the day after to-morrow. Ray comes first to make the necessary arrangements. Of course nothing but a church wedding would suit either of them.”

“Are n’t there any churches in Addison?” I inquired. Addison is the town where Ray lives.

“Were n’t we married in an Addison church?” demanded Dora.

“I thought it might have been abandoned or burned down,” I explained feebly. “Perhaps they ’re coming here because there is n’t anybody there to give them a wedding breakfast.” I was already wondering how much a wedding breakfast would cost.

“You goose!” exclaimed Dora. “They ’re so well known there that everybody in town would want to do something for them. That ’s why they ’re coming

here. Ray never could endure fuss and functions. He does n’t want any bachelors’ dinners and brides’ luncheons and fourteen ushers and flower-girls and train-bearers and a dozen or more bridesmaids and a big reception, and neither does she. There is always so much confusion and bother about those big weddings that the bride and groom are about ready for a sanatorium when they are over. So they decided to slip down to the city quietly and have a nice, restful wedding.”

“Then that lets us out,” I suggested.

“Oh, we ’ll give them a wedding breakfast, of course,” asserted Dora.

“Do you think there is anything restful about a wedding breakfast?” I asked.

But, naturally, Dora had her way; and I was glad she did, for I like Ray and I would have cheerfully made it two breakfasts and a luncheon if it would have helped matters any. I find it advisable, however, to put all these things “up to” Dora, as it were, so that I am left free to comment on household expense totals at the end of the month. This makes me feel a little better, and it does not worry Dora a bit.

But I must not wander away from the consideration of that wedding, for it proved itself too elusive to make any carelessness of that sort safe.

Ray arrived the next day, and came to the house at once. He was so elated by the thoughts of his marriage that I thought seriously of giving him the lead-soled shoes of a diver, just to hold him down to earth. His spirits were so high that he could with perfect propriety be described as “flighty.”

"Now, what is there to be done?" asked Dora.

"Not a thing," replied Ray, as he took a document from his pocket and waved it in our faces. "I've been in town an hour already, and you don't suppose I've been idle, do you? There's the marriage license."

"It's nice to have everything settled well in advance," commented Dora. "Who's to marry you?"

"Thunder and guns!" exclaimed Ray, hastily pocketing the marriage license. "I forgot all about that! Where's the telephone?"

"Surely you're not going to try to arrange it by telephone," protested Dora.

"Why not?" demanded Ray. "I'm good for anything I order."

"But it looks a little better for you or the best man to call in person," urged Dora. "There is a lack of dignity and solemnity about the telephone."

"So much the better!" retorted Ray. "This is a joyous affair, and we don't want any solemnity."

"Clergymen," I put in, "are inclined to be a little sensitive to anything that seems to reflect on their dignity. I would suggest that you go to see one."

"Oh, that's all right," returned Ray. "I know whom I want, and he knows who I am. That's enough. We're purposely trying to keep the frills out of this, so that there will be none of the tangle and turmoil that make other brides and grooms prematurely gray."

He waved us aside with an "I know my business" air, and a few moments later we heard him having an altercation with "Central" over the distressingly poor service.

"Sometimes," sighed Dora, "I think Ray is a little too democratic in his ways."

I entered no denial. Ray is her brother, and, besides, there was nothing in the assertion that I cared to deny. Except in case of dire necessity, ordering a wedding ceremony by telephone did seem to be "a little too democratic." I rather anticipated that he would get a curt refusal from the clergyman, but Ray was soon back with the information that "it's all right."

"You're lucky," I grumbled. "If I tried to do anything like that over the telephone, I'd get an intimation that it was

not a matter for such light and careless treatment, and that I had better call."

"That's because you don't know how," returned Ray. "With me, the simplest way is the best way. Go at it in ceremonial fashion, by sending an emissary and opening negotiations, and you can't tell when you will get tangled up in a misunderstanding. Fix it up with the minister yourself, and there is no longer cause for anxiety."

"Ray always did want to do things himself, and do them in a hurry," put in Dora. "But I must admit he's a splendid manager. He might be a little more conventional, but he has things the way he wants them."

"That's because I cut out the red-tape," explained Ray. Then, turning to me: "By the way, old man, won't you dine with me to-night? Very quiet. Just you and Brooke and myself. Brooke's to be the best man and all the ushers rolled into one. Nice fellow."

I looked at Dora, but somehow she did not say, "Oh, go, by all means!" as I hoped she would. Instead, she said: "Why not dine here? Then you'll be nice and fresh for the wedding and the wedding breakfast to-morrow."

"Oh, impossible!" returned Ray. "I've got to engage rooms at the hotel and meet my best man. If I came back out here for the night, I'd have to go racing up-town again in the morning. Did n't I tell you I don't want to have any rush and hurry about this? But you can let Bob go with perfect safety. You know me."

"Yes," returned Dora, quietly; "I know you both. That's why I hesitate. Still, I can't very well refuse to let my only husband associate with my only brother without reflecting upon one or the other of them; so go along."

Although it was an hour or more before Brooke was due to arrive in the city, as he did not live at Addison and consequently had been unable to come down with Ray, we went up-town immediately. Ray was in that excited state of joyousness that makes a man restless: he wanted to be doing something all the time.

"The Pompeii Hotel suits me," said Ray, as we journeyed up to the city. "Of course they charge something for the name and the agony they put on, but nothing's too good for an occasion of this sort. I'm

willing to contribute a little for the uniforms of the bell-boys."

"Simplicity, Ray," I urged—"something quiet and restful. No frills, you know."

"Well, there is n't anything more restful than first-class service," returned Ray; "and I'm going where I can get it."

So we went to the Pompeian Hotel, and Ray registered. I was at his elbow and heard the conversation, which, in view of later developments, assumes some importance.

"Two rooms," said Ray. "My best man—that is, Mr. Edward Brooke of Monroe—will arrive soon, and I want to engage a room for him."

"You'd better register for him, Mr. Durbin," suggested the clerk. "Then there will be no chance for a mistake."

"That's the idea!" returned Ray. "You get me exactly. I want to do this thing so that there can't be any mistake. If there is anything I hate, it's confusion."

Thereupon Brooke's name was put on the register, and a room was assigned to him. Then Ray and I retired to the palm-room to get a little inspiration and relieve the tedium of waiting for Brooke; and, naturally, matrimony was the subject uppermost in Ray's mind.

"Did you ever hear of the slip Granon made when he was married?" he asked.

I had not heard of it.

"Funniest thing you ever knew," said Ray. "Big wedding, you know, with all the frills; and he got rattled—forgot to invite his ushers. Yes, sir; actually forgot to invite them. Sort of took it for granted that they'd know his intentions, just as he did, and could n't understand it when they failed to show up. The thing was so much on his mind that he thought it must be on theirs, too." Ray laughed heartily at this, and I confess that it appealed to my sense of the humorous. "That's what comes of a big wedding," Ray went on. "Any man is to be excused for getting rattled. I'd expect to make some slip myself in such a case, and that's why I am so set on having a quiet, simple affair that can't fail to run smoothly if a fellow has ordinary forethought."

"And does n't forget the minister," I remarked.

Ray looked at me reproachfully.

"A trifle," he insisted. "I would have remembered him in plenty of time, even if Dora had n't mentioned him."

Then, by way of changing the subject, he ordered a little mote inspiration, after which he decided that it was time for Brooke to arrive.

"Has n't come, Mr. Durbin," said the gentlemanly clerk.

"Funny!" commented Ray. Then, as he looked over the register, "Why, there's his name, and you've given him another room!"

"Oh! was that the gentleman you were expecting?" exclaimed the clerk. "I understood you to say, 'Cooke.'"

"I registered 'Brooke,'" retorted Ray, with some sarcasm.

"Very sorry," said the clerk. "You can call him up on the house 'phone, and we'll transfer him to the room you engaged at once."

"It is nice," I remarked to Ray, "to have everything run smoothly at a time like this." But he only gave me a scornful glance.

The end of the conversation over the house telephone that I heard seemed to indicate that there were other complications. It ran like this:

"Hello, old man! Why did n't you ask for me when you came?"

"What! Said there was no such person stopping here! Why, the inspired idiots! Well, come on down, and I'll start a bell-boy up to transfer your things to the room I engaged."

"Can't! Why not?"

"Taking a bath! Oh, never mind; come just as you are."

"Well, I'll see if I can have my room changed."

The interview with the clerk this time was a little more strenuous. Ray was annoyed, and he did n't care who knew it. He had engaged a room for his friend, and the friend had been obliged to engage another room for himself.

"I'm here," Ray announced.

"I'm beginning to notice it," said the clerk.

"I wish you'd print it and paste it all over your various sets of books," said Ray. "I don't want any of you to forget it again."

"We'll try not to," said the clerk.

"Good!" said Ray. "Now, I wish

you'd transfer me to a room next to that of my nude friend."

"Don't get excited, Ray," I cautioned. "You know it's worth the extra price you pay to have good service."

"If I have any more remarks from you," retorted Ray, "they'll have to send in the riot call."

"What you want," I persisted, "is a quiet, restful time, without confusion. That's why you came to the city."

"No man," said Ray, "can foresee the blunders of fool hotel clerks. But I'll get this thing settled definitely now." He leaned over the counter and spoke confidentially to the clerk. "I may as well take you into my confidence," he said, "so that there will be no possibility of further trouble. I am to be married. Have you got that?"

"I have," replied the clerk.

"The man that you have shunted into an unengaged bath-tub is to be my best man. Have you got that?"

"I have," replied the clerk.

"I am glad of that," said Ray. "I was beginning to think that I had lost the power of making the impression necessary to get what I pay for, but your admission encourages me. The bride is coming tomorrow with her married sister, Mrs. Henry Sells. Have you got that?"

"I have," admitted the clerk.

"It is most gratifying to find that I am understood," said Ray. "After the ceremony to-morrow I shall bring my wife" (Ray never even faltered at the word "wife," thus proving that he had been practising) "to the Pompeian Hotel, and I shall then expect to be transferred to a room more suitable for a bridal couple. Mr. Brooke will keep his present room, but I shall need another room for Mrs. Sells—not too near my own. Have you got that?"

"I have," said the clerk. "I shall enter it up as an order at once, so that there may be no mistake."

"It would please me greatly," said Ray, "to receive some assurance that, in case I should stray from the room for a moment after we arrive, my wife will not be informed that there is no such person stopping at the hotel. It is most annoying to a wife to be informed that her husband is a mere figment of the imagination."

"I assure you, Mr. Durbin," said the

clerk, "that there is absolutely no doubt as to your presence here."

This matter being settled, we sought out Brooke, and shortly thereafter we were engaged in discussing such a repast as a prospective bridegroom ordinarily orders to celebrate his approaching bondage.

I do not deem it necessary to dwell on the events of that evening. Ray was feeling so good that he insisted upon paying a cabman who overcharged him fifty cents extra, "just to make him feel mean." I have felt pretty good at times myself, but never quite good enough to try to hurt the feelings of an extortionate cabby that way. But no cabby overcharged me the night before my wedding, which may explain my failure to appreciate the force of Ray's logic. Ray also had a discussion with the night clerk at the hotel. Brooke and I tried to persuade him that the night clerk was not responsible for the day clerk's blunders, but Ray was determined to make a dignified kick.

"I am capable of making a dignified kick, am I not?" he demanded.

We assured him that he was capable of making any kind of kick.

"Well, you wait for me in the palm-room," he said. "I've got to get this off my mind."

"You got it off your mind once," I suggested.

"No," answered Ray. "I shifted the burden a little, but I did n't get it off."

Ray walked up and down outside the counter, while the clerk walked back and forth inside, and Ray's conversation was in the nature of a warm continuous performance. I gathered, from the little I heard of it before Brooke and I retired to the palm-room, that he did not hold the Pompeian Hotel in high regard.

Presently he came to us in the palm-room, and I never saw a more dejected man.

"There was three feet of desk between us," he explained, "and he told me to go to the warm place."

"What are you going to do?" I asked.

"I'm going to another hotel," he replied.

"In view of his invitation," I suggested, "do you think that exactly a compliment to the other hotel?"

"I am greatly tempted," said Ray, "to



Drawn by Henry Hutt. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"WHILE THE MINISTER WAITED FOR US INSIDE"

extend to you the invitation that he extended to me."

"My mail will be sent here," remarked Brooke.

"Thunder! So will mine!" exclaimed Ray. Then, despondently, "Have I got to stand that, and still pay them money?"

"It is worth something," I said, "to escape the confusion and annoyance of a big wedding at home. At a time like this one wants a restful experience, and Chicago—"

But Ray would n't let me finish, interjecting a remark to the effect that he never had thought much of Dora's matrimonial judgment. However, he was excited, so I let it pass and went home.

RAY was to bring them to the house a little before noon, so that we could all go from there to the church. After the ceremony, we were to return for the wedding breakfast. There were to be only six of us—Ray, Brooke, the bride, the bride's sister, Dora, and I. With such a small party we felt assured that Ray's desire for a simple, quiet affair would be gratified. There really seemed to be no chance for complications. Still, I will confess that Dora was active and anxious all the morning; but I believe that is the way with any woman who is about to entertain on even the smallest and simplest scale. It was, I think, about a quarter to twelve when she announced that all was in readiness, and stationed herself at a front window to watch for the bridal party. Of course it is a very plebeian thing to watch for your guests, but it was entirely in keeping with Ray's democratic ideas.

"The train," said Dora, "was due at eleven o'clock. They ought to be here by this time."

"It is possible," I returned, thinking of the night before, "that Ray overslept himself."

"He left a call, of course," she remarked.

"No doubt," I replied; "but there is no certainty that the Pompeian Hotel people are yet convinced that he is stopping there; so they may have considered the call a joke, or they may have waked up another man."

"I tried to telephone you last night," said Dora, recalling the occurrence with sudden suspicion, "and they told me you were not there and Ray was not there."

"That," I explained, "is because we did not have our names chiseled in the marble counter. Nothing else makes any impression on them."

Before Dora could quite make up her mind how to take this, the telephone bell rang, and I found Ray at the other end of the wire. I could tell at once that he was anxious and perplexed.

"Is my girl there?" he asked.

"Now, Ray," I returned, "why should your girl be here? You know very well that if I had kidnapped her, I would n't dare—"

"Quit that!" he cried. "You're talking to a desperate man! I've lost her!"

"Lost the bride!" I exclaimed.

"Heavens!" cried Dora, catching the purport of the conversation from my remark. "And the wedding breakfast almost ready!"

"A little thing like a wedding breakfast," I told her, "is not worrying Ray just now."

"What's that?" demanded Ray over the telephone.

"I was just telling Dora," I explained, "that I did n't believe you were very hungry."

"If you think this is a joke," cried Ray, "I'll break your neck when I get out there. There's nothing funny about losing a bride."

"Cheer up, Ray," I urged. "I've known men to wish, later in life, that they had lost their brides."

"I'll make you suffer for this unseemly mirth," he threatened.

"You need n't mind," I returned. "Dora has just boxed my ears, so you are already avenged." And that was no joke, either. "How did you lose her?"

"She was n't on the train," he said.

"Perhaps she came by another road," I suggested. "Do you want me to come up-town?"

"What good could you do?" he demanded scornfully. "You would n't know her if you saw her. You stay right there and head off the minister. Don't let him get away. Tell him we may be late, but we'll be there. Brooke and I have a carriage, and we're going to every depot in town."

"Shall we eat the wedding breakfast, Ray?" I asked solicitously.

I do not care to record Ray's reply to this entirely proper question. I was hungry

myself, but Dora was already in the kitchen, taking measures to keep the modest spread in as good a state of preservation as was possible under the circumstances. So I called up the clergyman and tried to explain the matter to him.

"Mr. Durbin," I told him, "may be a little late for the ceremony, but he will be there as soon as he can catch the bride."

The good man seemed to be mystified.

"Am I to understand," he asked, "that he arranged for this wedding without having a bride?"

"Not at all," I replied. "He had her, but he has n't got her now. Nevertheless, if you will keep your—er—vestments on, he hopes to round her up and get there later."

The good man seemed to be still more mystified.

"I trust there is no scandal about this," he remarked.

"Not unless the newspapers get hold of it," I said, wishing to reassure him. "But there is no reason why you should worry: this wedding is all right, but elusive. It has got to be arranged on a sort of sliding scale. Just be ready to tie the knot when we get there."

I don't think he was quite satisfied, but I did n't care to go into details over the telephone.

To relieve the famine somewhat, I went out to the dining-room and looked at the table. It was very inviting, but not at all filling. One could see that there was going to be a real-nice repast there later; but just at that moment the cook was standing guard over it in that portion of the house that no well-trained husband ever invades without special permission. Dora informed me that she thought it would keep, but I was a little uncertain as to whether I should.

We were called back to the front of the house by the announcement that a messenger boy had arrived with a telegram. Dora opened it in great excitement, and this was the message it contained:

"Where is Ray? Am waiting for him."

It was signed by the bride.

"Well, where *is* Ray?" I asked.

"If we could only get hold of him," sighed Dora.

"What could we tell him?" I inquired.

"She does n't say where she is waiting."

"Was there ever such a series of complications and misunderstandings!" exclaimed Dora.

"Well," I replied, "not at what I should call a quiet, restful wedding."

It was, I think, about an hour before we heard from Ray again. Then he called up by telephone.

"We've been to all the other depots," he said despondently; "and she's not at any of them."

"Well, we've found her, Ray!" I told him cheerfully.

"Where is she?" he cried in delight.

"I don't know," I answered; "but she's waiting for you somewhere. She telegraphed us, but failed to say where she's waiting."

"I'll find her," he announced determinedly. "Just you call up the dominie again and hold him to his job."

"I held him under an indeterminate sentence when I telephoned first," I said, "so there's no need of telephoning him again now."

"We may be pretty late, and I don't want to take any chances," returned Ray. "I want him ready to make a quick job of it before there is a chance for any more complications. Brooke and I are going to make the rounds of all the hotels."

"Are n't you glad, Ray," I asked, "that you came to Chicago to escape the trouble and turmoil—"

"Do you recall the invitation that the hotel clerk extended to me last night?" he interrupted.

"I do," I replied.

"Well, I most heartily extend that invitation to you," said Ray.

There is no use arguing with a man in that condition of mind, so I hung up the receiver and went out to see if the dining-room table looked as inviting as it did before. Dora was beginning to worry a little about the repast, so I tried to convince her that we ought not to let it spoil, but she insisted that no one should touch it until the bride was at the table.

"It will be a sort of a warmed-over wedding breakfast," said Dora, sadly; "but she can't blame me."

"It looks to me," I returned consolingly, "as if it were going to be a sort of warmed-over wedding."

That reminded me to call up the minister again.

"Don't worry," I told him. "The pursuers can't be more than an hour or so behind the fugitive bride."

"I trust there is to be no compulsion about this," he remarked.

"Oh, no," I answered. "I anticipate that she'll be willing enough when she's caught. Anyhow, just remember that the bridegroom is doing enough worrying for all of us."

I gathered from his troubled tone that the good man continued to find the situation perplexing.

A little after three o'clock there was another telephone call, and this time the bride was at the other end of the line.

"Has anything happened to Ray?" she asked.

"Well," I replied, "for a man who wanted a quiet wedding I think his heart and his feet have been unusually active since eleven o'clock this morning; but he'll be all right when he finds you."

"Why does n't he come for me?" she demanded.

"Where are you?" I inquired.

"At the Union Depot," she answered. "We've been in the waiting-room here ever since the train got in."

"He met the train," I explained, "and telephoned that you were n't on it."

"It came in in two sections," she said, "and we were on the second section. He must have met the first section. But where is he now?"

"You can search me," I replied thoughtlessly. "I am unable to locate anything except the wedding breakfast, which promises to become a midnight supper. He was at the Pompeii Hotel."

"I have called up the Pompeii Hotel three times," she said, "and they assured me that no such man was stopping there."

"I knew it!" I exclaimed. "I would have bet on that. Some day I'm going to call them up and ask if the hotel is there. But don't you tell Ray about it, or he'll tear the hotel down and have a suit for damages on his hands."

"What am I to do?" she asked plaintively.

"You stay right where you are," I instructed. "Ray is about due to call up again, and I'll send him over."

In this I was correct, for Ray called up within five minutes, and I told him where he could find the lost bride and her sister.

"When you get her," I said, "hustle out here and we'll have the wedding breakfast first."

"No, sir," replied Ray, decisively. "When I get her I'll hustle for the church, and you can meet us there. I'm taking no more chances in this matter."

"Well," said Dora, with a sigh of relief, as we drove to the church, "I guess there's nothing more that can happen."

"I can't think of anything," I replied.

But neither of us realized what perverse fate can do with a "quiet" wedding. Ray and the bride and the bride's sister arrived, but Ray was strangely depressed.

"Say, old man," he whispered, as soon as he had a chance, "I've lost Brooke."

"Lost your best man!" I exclaimed.

"That's what," he returned wearily.

"He went to have our baggage transferred to a hotel where they'll know I'm on earth, and I have n't seen him since."

"Oh, well, a best man is n't absolutely essential," I said consolingly.

"But a marriage license is," he explained; "and I put the license in his care."

Ray and the bride and the bride's sister and Dora and I sat down on the church steps to think the matter over, while the minister waited for us inside. While we were wearily discussing the situation and wondering if we would have to employ detectives to locate Brooke, a carriage came dashing up the street, and Brooke jumped out. I think the sigh of relief that went up must have created a breeze out on the lake.

Ten minutes later we were saluting Mrs. Ray Durbin in the customary way.

"These quiet weddings," I suggested, "would be more satisfactory if they were n't quite so elusive. But it is nice to escape the trouble and turmoil of a big wedding in a town where everybody knows you."

However, Ray was too happy to care what I said.



LINCOLN THE LAWYER

BY FREDERICK TREVOR HILL

Author of "The Case and Exceptions," "The Accomplice," etc.

"I lay great stress on Lincoln's career as a lawyer—much more than his biographers do; . . . and I am sure his training and experience in the courts had much to do with the development of those forces of intellect and character which he soon displayed on a broader arena."

The Hon. Joseph H. Choate on Lincoln, at Edinburgh, Scotland, November 13, 1900.

"The best training he [Lincoln] had for the Presidency, after all, was his twenty-three years' arduous experience as a lawyer traveling the circuits of the courts of his district and State. Here he met in forensic conflict, and frequently defeated, some of the most powerful legal minds of the West. In the higher courts he won still greater distinction in the important cases coming to his charge."

President McKinley at the Marquette Club, February 12, 1896.

INTRODUCTION

NEARLY twenty years have elapsed since THE CENTURY began the publication of the life of Lincoln by his private secretaries, John G. Nicolay and John Hay. We now have the pleasure of presenting to our readers a consecutive account of Lincoln's career as a lawyer, written by one of the younger members of the New York bar, and an author of reputation, who has made a fresh study of the subject with the assistance of a number of living authorities. The papers are largely based upon examination of the court records, and other personal investigations, in the old Eighth Illinois Circuit, over which Lincoln traveled.—THE EDITOR.

FOREWORD

THE testimony concerning Abraham Lincoln is voluminous—the exhibits are almost numberless; but one important point in the vast record has been slighted by the mighty array of able and eminent advocates who have presented it to the world, for no one has yet attempted a summing-up of the great President's legal career.

The explanation of this neglect is very simple. Lincoln's achievements as a statesman are so transcendently important that they have demanded and justly received exhaustive and well-nigh exclusive consideration. Compared with his historic guidance of the nation, his experience at the bar has appealed to his biographers as being merely episodic.

But if it be true that the statesman's legal training qualified him for his great task; if it be probable that without such training he could not have accomplished his stupendous results; if it be possible that he would never have been called to his high station unless he had been admitted to the bar—then surely the story of his professional life deserves more than a passing comment, a paragraph, or even a chapter.

It is certainly strange that the literature inspired by Lincoln's record, though vast in quantity and rich in quality, should include no special study of his legal aptitudes. One

autobiographical volume of life on the Illinois circuit is coupled with his name; but most of the notable histories dispose of his twenty-three years' practice as an attorney in less than two chapters, and the minor works bury it altogether under a mass of unauthentic anecdote and trivial reminiscence.


But because the influence of Lincoln's legal training can be plainly traced in many of his most momentous actions, because there is evidence that this training proved invaluable to him at critical moments, because he lived true to the noblest ideals of his profession, and was, in the highest meaning of the words, a great lawyer, the treatment which the historians have accorded his professional career seems inadequate to the writer, and it is to justify this conclusion that these pages are submitted.

The writer gratefully acknowledges the assistance of all those historians and biographers whose works contain any authentic information concerning Lincoln's career at the bar; he also desires to record his appreciation of the courtesy of the court clerks and other officials who kindly facilitated his work in the examination of the old records of the Illinois circuit courts, and to express his thanks to the Hon. Robert Lincoln, Major William H. Lambert, the Hon. Robert R. Hitt, the Hon. Adlai E. Stevenson, the Hon. James Haines, the Hon. James Ewing, General Alfred Orendorff, and the Hon. James Hoblit, and to Mr. E. M. Prince, Mr. George P. Davis, and other members of the Illinois bar and officers of the Illinois Historical Society, for their generous and efficient aid.

Especially is he indebted to the late Judge Lawrence Weldon, of the United States Court of Claims (the last surviving member of the bar who traveled the circuit with Lincoln), who shortly before his death placed at the writer's disposal his recollections of Mr. Lincoln as a lawyer and his reminiscences of the days when he and the great President practised together on the old Eighth Illinois Circuit.

I.

LINCOLN'S MYTHICAL BIRTHRIGHT
TO THE LAW

NE of his eulogists declares that "Lincoln is not a type. He stands alone—no ancestors—no fellows—no successors." The facts fully justify the tribute.

Assuredly the great Emancipator was a man apart, without equals or followers, and he himself waived all claims to ancestry. "I don't know who my grandfather was," he remarked; "and am much more concerned to know what his grandson will be."

But though the first American knew little about his family history and cared less, his biographers have devoted themselves to the subject with zeal and enthusiasm, and, thanks to them, we now know who his progenitors were, even to the sixth or seventh generation, and are fully informed of their domiciles and wanderings and the various stations of life to which it pleased God to call them.

The result of all this exhaustive and laborious research is mainly negative; but there are those who find signs in the record, and among the strange conclusions which

have been derived from its perusal, perhaps the strangest is that Lincoln inherited his legal talents and aptitudes. Certainly nothing could be more unwarranted than this; for little as there is in his origin to account for him as a man, there is even less to explain him as a lawyer.

Unless we accept the well-supported but not established contention that the great President was descended from the Lincolns of Hingham, Massachusetts, there is absolutely no precedent in the family for his choice of a profession; and those who struggle to prove that he came of a race of jurists and statesmen virtually defeat themselves when they take refuge in the genealogical records of New England.

Samuel Lincoln, the founder of the Massachusetts house, had four sons, and the descendants of some of those sons undoubtedly attained high distinction at the bar. Indeed, one of them, the Attorney-General of Jefferson's cabinet, declined a nomination to the Supreme Court of the United States, and at least two others were lawyers of recognized ability. But the trouble with these facts is that the distinguished Attorney-General and the other legal luminaries belonged to branches of the Massachusetts family with which Abra-

ham Lincoln was only remotely, if at all, connected; and the shadowy claim that he had any birthright to the law utterly disappears when the record is more closely examined.

The original Lincoln of Hingham was an Englishman who came to America apprenticed as a weaver. His fourth son, Mordecai, from whom the President is supposed to have descended, was a blacksmith.¹ His eldest son, another Mordecai, was a miller and blacksmith. His eldest son, John,—the "Virginia John" of the biographies,—was a farmer; and his third son, Abraham Lincoln's great-grandfather, was likewise a tiller of the soil. This leaves only his grandfather and father to be accounted for, and the former was a farmer, and the latter a carpenter. A weaver, two blacksmiths, three farmers, and a carpenter—those are the callings represented by the President's forefathers for seven generations. Small wonder, then, that the believers in heredity have recourse to the collateral branch of the distantly related Massachusetts family for precedents entitling the son of a backwoods carpenter to enter the honorable profession of the law. This is virtually all that is known of Lincoln's antecedents upon which to predicate the theory of his natural talents for the law.

It is more than possible that Lincoln inherited many sterling qualities of mind and character from the worthy mechanics and farmers from whom he was descended, but there is very little on the face of the record to encourage any definite claims on their behalf for the shaping of his career. Certainly the paternal influence was not inspiring. His father was an ignorant man, amiable enough, but colorlessly negative, without strength of character, and with no ambition worthy of the name. His only effort to influence his son's future was a half-hearted attempt to teach him carpentry; but he soon abandoned such instruction and allowed the boy to occupy himself with odd jobs about the farm when he could not hire him out to neighbors in need of an extra hand. Nancy Lincoln, the lad's mother, was better educated than most of the pioneer women. She taught her hus-

band to read and write and sent her son to his first school; but she died when he was only about nine years old, and it was his stepmother who encouraged his ambition for education.

All the misinformation concerning Lincoln's professional career is not, however, derived from the experts in heredity. A great deal of nonsense has been written about his early years, and a grave effort has been made to prove him a youth of exceptional promise, a brilliant scholar, and a prodigy of application and industry. As a matter of fact, he did not begin to develop mentally until he was about eighteen,—even in the prime of life his intellectual processes were not quick,—and there is nothing to indicate that he was a particularly industrious boy. Five pedagogues—two in his birthplace, Kentucky, and three in Indiana—share the honor of contributing to his elementary education; but had their pupil been never so gifted, they could scarcely have discovered it, for his schooling amounted to less than a year in all—about as long as it must have taken some of the minor biographers to collect and record the pointless reminiscences of his alleged schoolmates.

He lived the healthy, outdoor life of the average country lad of the settler days, exhibiting no precocity or abnormal tendencies to distinguish him from his fellows. He was fond of tramping about the country, not caring much for shooting or fishing, but entering into other sports and pastimes with zest and spirit, and excelling at games requiring strength; not in love with work for work's sake, but willing to do his share without grumbling, seeing no visions of coming greatness, and troubling himself with no ponderous thoughts concerning his career. This is the sum and substance of his childhood, and the real inspiration of his very human development has suffered at the hands of the enthusiastic chroniclers who picture him as a child of destiny—dreamy, mysterious, and miraculously endowed.

In one respect he was undoubtedly exceptional. He liked reading—an unusual trait among the pioneer settlers of the Middle West; but exaggerated emphasis

¹ The genealogists are careful to explain that a blacksmith was not really a blacksmith in those early days, but rather an "ironworker." ("New England Historic Genealogical Register," Vol. XII, p. 153, n.) This nice distinction does not affect the question at issue, however comforting it may be for other purposes.

has been placed on this characteristic, which was by no means unique. For instance, the books which comprised his earliest reading are admiringly called to our attention, with comments which suggest that they foreshadow his career. The list includes "Æsop's Fables," "Robinson Crusoe," "Pilgrim's Progress," a history of the United States, and Weems's "Life of Washington." There is, of course, nothing remarkable about this catalogue. Almost every item in it formed part of the reading of every intelligent American boy of the period, whether he lived in the backwoods or in the city. Indeed, the only really notable fact about the much-quoted list is that Lincoln worked three days at twenty-five cents a day to compensate for an accidental injury to the "Life of Washington," which he borrowed from "Blue Nose" Crawford. There was nothing angelic about the youthful Lincoln, however. He considered "Blue Nose" as mean as any other boy would have thought him under similar circumstances, and we know that he nicknamed and otherwise ridiculed the stingy old farmer; but his dawning character is indicated by his prompt recognition of the claim and his faithful payment of the damages.

This is one of the few stories touching Lincoln's youth which has any bearing on his temperament or his career. Most of the anecdotes of his boyhood exhibit him as a child of superhuman qualities, and many of them served to misrepresent other great men before he was born.

One episode founded on fact, however, is responsible for a grave misunderstanding about the impulse which prompted him to follow the law. We know from his own statement that before he had been many years in Gentryville, Indiana, he had borrowed from one source or another all the books he could lay his hands on for a circuit of fifty miles, and among the generous lenders was a Mr. Turnham. This gentleman lent him a copy of the Revised Statutes of Indiana; and, if we are to believe the biographers, it was this volume—as dull a tome as ever lay between sheepskin covers—which appealed to his boyish imagination and inspired his ambition for the profession of the law.

¹ The Revised Statutes of Indiana which Lincoln received from Mr. Turnham were published in 1824. He certainly never saw them before 1826. They were revised in 1831, and a little later they were again amended. The original copy which he handled is still in existence.

II

THE REAL SOURCE OF LINCOLN'S
PROFESSIONAL ASPIRATIONS

HISTORICALLY, this copy of the Indiana Statutes is interesting. It is undoubtedly the first law book which Lincoln ever read; but that its musty, dry-as-dust pages could have fascinated an out-of-doors boy of seventeen, or imbued him with any intense longing for a legal career, is against all human probability. One biographer asserts that he read it with all the excitement and avidity with which an ordinary boy would read the romances of Dumas, and another caps this with the statement that his hero "read and re-read it until he had almost committed its contents to memory; and in after years, when any one cited an Indiana law, he could usually repeat the exact text and often give the numbers of the page, chapter, and paragraph."

To appreciate the absurdity of such statements it is only necessary to examine the volume in question. It is dull as only statute law can be dull, about as easily memorized as the dictionary, and of no enduring authority. Only a short time after he had read this compilation¹ the legislature amended some of its provisions, annulled others, and generally revised the contents. And yet we are gravely told that "in after years, when any one cited an Indiana law, he could usually repeat the exact text and often give the numbers of the page, chapter, and paragraph" of this obsolete revision. What a useful accomplishment!

That is a fair sample of the grotesque caricaturing which Lincoln has suffered at the hands of sentimentalists not too deeply familiar with human nature, to say nothing of statute lore.

But those who believe in the epoch-marking influence of the volume in question are not satisfied with the concession that it was the first law which Abraham Lincoln read. They contend that it not only inspired his choice of a profession, but also imparted his first knowledge of American government; and they conjure up a diverting picture of the anointed youth reading with eager eyes and glowing cheeks the wondrous words of the Declara-

tion of Independence and the Constitution of the United States which prefaced its pages.

This conception does credit to the imagination, but it fades under the cold light of facts. Long before he borrowed Turnham's famous Statutes, Lincoln had read at least one history of the United States, to say nothing of Parson Weems's "Life of Washington." Possibly he had never read either the Constitution or the Declaration in its entirety until the Indiana revision came into his possession; but to claim that he obtained his first insight into American government, at the age of seventeen, from that volume, is sacrificing sense to sentiment. Moreover, it argues a lamentable ignorance of the wisdom dispensed at country stores, especially in a community where, to use a common phrase of the times, "there was a politician on every stump."

Jones's store was the popular forum of Gentryville, and Lincoln had been a constant attendant at all its sessions since he entered his teens. There he had met and talked with lawyers, listened to stump-speakers, tried a little oratory himself, and won considerable reputation as a ready talker among his fellow-townsmen; and there, most important of all, he had heard of the doings of the Boonville court, and had kept in intimate touch with its proceedings.

Life at Gentryville, Indiana, with its dull, trivial round of hard labor at delving, grubbing, corn-shucking, rail-splitting, and the like, could not have been exactly exhilarating. Doubtless it was a happy enough life for an easy-going, good-humored, healthy, growing boy; but he would have been stupid, indeed, if he had not availed himself of such amusements as the neighborhood afforded, and the one great diversion and intellectual stimulant of the community came through the sessions of the Boonville court.

Boonville was fully fifteen miles from Gentryville, but people often traveled farther than that to attend the civil and criminal trials at the county-seat. Every term of the court, of course, meant a market; and the pioneers looked forward to the coming of the circuit judge, not only because it promised entertainment, but also for business reasons.

The court was their theater, their lec-

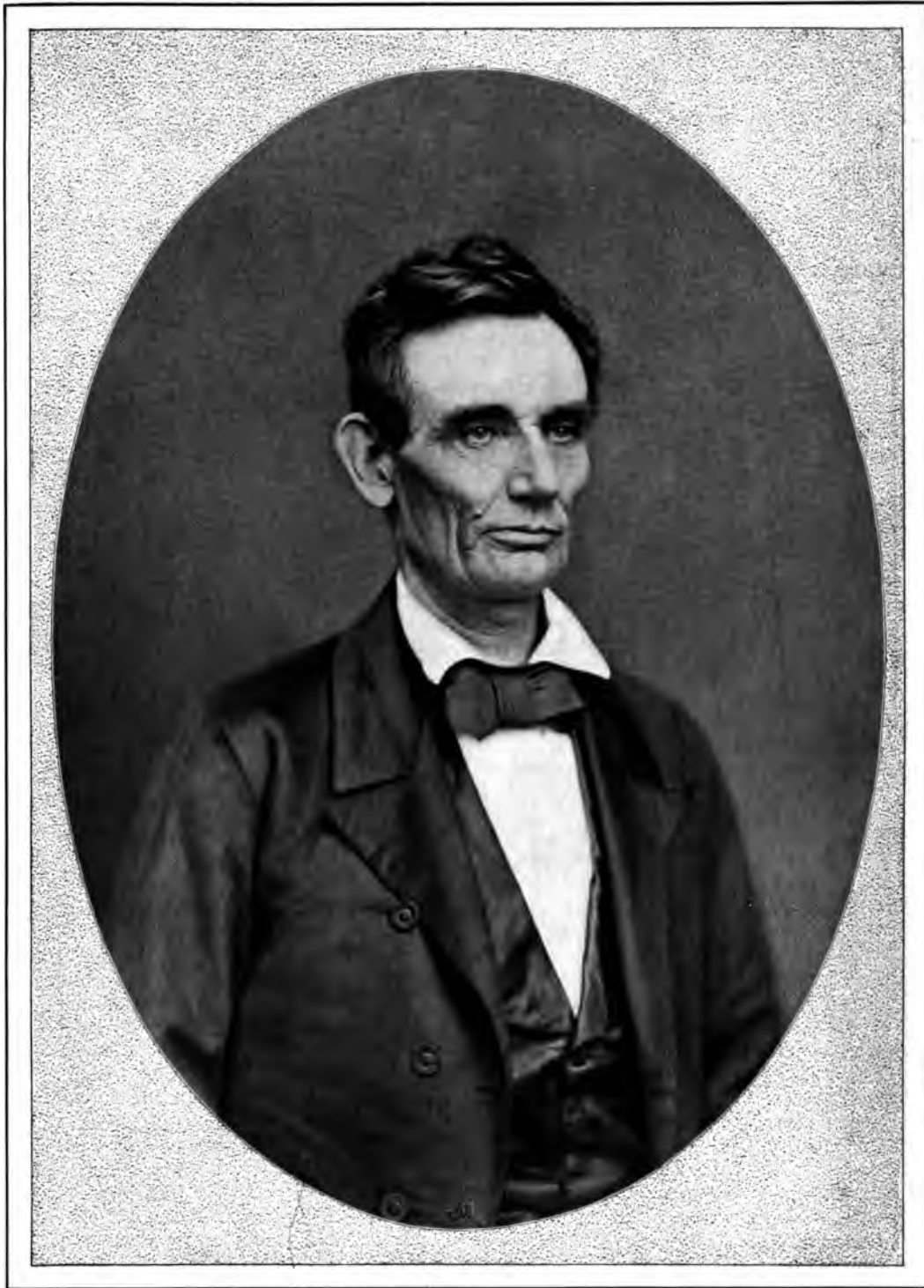
ture-platform, their common meeting-place, their center of government, and to it they flocked for mental refreshment and recreation in a holiday spirit. Entire families would sometimes make the trip, virtually living in their wagons while the session lasted, and the proceedings supplied material for conversation and discussion long after the event. Altogether it was a great occasion, and the court-house was usually full to overflowing.

It is not surprising, then, that young Lincoln cheerfully trudged to Boonville on foot and seldom missed a trial. There were rare exhibitions of human nature in the legal combats which he witnessed in the little log court-house, plenty of drama and excitement in the clash of the battling attorneys, and a vast deal of information for any active mind. There was also grim, earnest, serious business transacted by the judge and juries—fascinating, engrossing business; and doubtless the youthful Lincoln, listening to the crude legal champions and responding to the dawning powers within him, mentally matched himself against them. Surely it must have been then that his imagination was first quickened and his ambition vitalized and focussed.

Unfortunately, there are no records of the Boonville court in existence to-day, but there is evidence that he witnessed at least one hotly contested murder trial within its walls, and we know that the event made a profound impression on his mind. The defendant in that case was represented by one Breckenridge, and the advocate made such a powerful summing-up for his client that young Lincoln, with boyish enthusiasm, sought him out after the verdict to congratulate him on the speech and its result.

"I felt," he remarked to Breckenridge in the White House many years after the speech, "that if I could ever make as good a speech as that, my soul would be satisfied, for it was the best I had ever heard."

Even assuming, for the sake of argument, that this episode occurred *after* he had perused the Revised Statutes of Indiana, it ought not to be difficult to decide which exerted the more powerful influence on his future career—the flaming eloquence of the backwoods orator or the lifeless pages of statute law.



From a photograph. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

PORTRAIT OF LINCOLN

III

THE PRIMITIVE BENCH AND BAR OF
INDIANA

OF course the Boonville court-house bore no resemblance to anything even remotely suggesting the domed dignity of a modern hall of justice; but, though no picture of the building has been preserved, the loss is not important, for similar structures have been accurately described by lawyers who practised in those early days.

For instance, we know that the first court-house at Springfield—destined to be the capital of Illinois—was erected at a cost of forty-two dollars and fifty cents.¹ It was built of rough logs and consisted of one room,—“the jury retiring to any sequestered glade they fancied for their deliberations,”—and the Indiana courts were almost as unpretentious. They were either frame or log structures, generally divided into two rooms, the larger serving as a place of trial and the smaller as clerk's office, judge's chambers, and jury-room combined. At one end of the trial-room there was usually a platform three feet high, and on this was placed the judge's bench, a rough board affair capable of seating three men. In front of this platform stood a crude plank settee for the lawyers and a small table for the clerk of the court, and official privacy was insured for those dignitaries by an improvised railing consisting of a long pole fastened to the walls with withes. The rest of the space was open to the public, and so freely did it avail itself of the privilege that there was seldom even standing-room inside the building, and seats in the windows were always at a premium.

One of the circuit prosecuting attorneys of Indiana who practised during Lincoln's boyhood has left a record of his observations at Fall Creek. “The court was held in a double log cabin,” he writes; “the grand jury sat upon a log in the woods, and the foreman signed the bills of indictment, which I had prepared, upon his knee. There was not a petit juror that had shoes on; all wore moccasins and were belted around the waist and carried side-knives used by the hunters.”

It must not be inferred from this that

only jurors went armed and caparisoned in this fashion. In the days when Lincoln haunted the Boonville courts, everybody, from the judge to the humblest spectator, wore deer-hide suits and moccasins of the same material. Indeed, he had arrived at manhood before clothing of dyed wool and tow began to be worn, and for a long time afterward it was only the women who adopted such garments.

But the judge and juries in buckskin were shrewd and fearless administrators of justice, and the lawyers who practised before them were men of equal caliber. Almost any one who chose to do so could follow the profession of the law.² There were no regular examinations for admission to the bar, and a license to practise could be obtained by any applicant of good moral standing, which was about the only qualification most of the practitioners lacked, according to one authority. If a man was a fluent talker, pugnacious, shrewd, and able “to think on his feet,” he was fully equipped for the duties of the profession. Education was not necessary, and although there were a few advocates in the early history of Indiana who were fairly well read, most of them had no pretensions to learning. Indeed, scholarship would have been lost on the courts, to say nothing of the juries, for many of the judges were uneducated, some were almost illiterate, and none of them was well grounded in the law or versed in its technicalities.

General Marston Clark was one of the judges whose portrait has fortunately been preserved. He was an uneducated backwoods character who wrote his name “as large as John Hancock in the Declaration of Independence,” and who has been described as a muscular six-footer whose judicial costume was a hunting-shirt, leather pantaloons, and a fox-skin cap, with a long queue down his back. Truly a formidable figure of a man, and although history reports that he was “no lawyer,” his conduct of the case of one John Ford demonstrates that no lawyer could trifle with him.

This John Ford was arrested for horse-stealing, and his counsel interposed various technical objections to the indictment on the ground that the prisoner's name was

¹ It is a significant fact that the jail cost twice as much as the court-house.

² This is virtually the case in Indiana to-day. See Horner's annotated Indiana Statutes (revision of 1881 supplemented to 1901), chap. ii, art. 31, sec. 962.

John H. Ford, and not plain John Ford; that there was no value alleged for the stolen horse; and, finally, that the animal was not a horse, but a gelding. All of these preliminary pleas were overruled by the court, and the trial proceeded, with the result that the prisoner was convicted and sentenced to thirty-nine lashes. Then the defendant's attorney moved for a new trial because there was no proof that the crime had been committed in Indiana. Judge Clark was no lawyer, but he saw the force of this contention, and advised counsel that he would take the matter under consideration and render his decision within twenty-four hours. The moment the court adjourned, however, he ordered the sheriff to see that the thirty-nine lashes were well laid on, and when the court reopened the next morning, he gravely took up the unfinished business of the previous day. He had come to the conclusion, he announced, that the point raised by Ford's attorney was well taken and that a new trial must be granted. But at this juncture the prisoner interposed in his own behalf, protesting that he knew when he was beaten, and that he had had enough law and desired the court to take no further trouble on his account.

Another judge is reported to have quelled a disturbance in his court by descending from the bench and thrashing the nearest offenders to a standstill.

"I don't know what power the law gives me to keep order in this court," he admitted, as he resumed his coat and the bench, "but I know very well the power God Almighty gave me."

Little informalities of this sort were not infrequent, but they detracted nothing from the dignity of the courts, though the free-and-easy proceedings were sometimes astonishing.

"As I entered the court-room," relates an observer of the Hudson trial,¹ "the judge was sitting on a block, paring his toenails, when the sheriff entered out of breath and informed the court that he *had six jurors tied up and his deputies were running down the others.*"

Apparently jury duty was no more popular in those days than it is now.

But because these frontier courts and their presiding officers lacked the formality and decorum which a later day demands,

it must not be inferred that there was any element of farce or travesty in the administration of the law. The surroundings which to-day lend substance and dignity to courts would not have been tolerated on the frontier. Formalities would have divested the proceedings of all meaning and interest for the people, and made a mummery out of what was real. The pioneers were not peasants who had to be impressed by ceremonials and awed into a respect for authority. They were thoughtful, independent men, governing themselves, and the judges, the courts, and the laws were of their own making. The idea of a judge maintaining order with his fists may seem ludicrous to us; but judicial robes, to say nothing of mace-bearers, wigs, and canopies, would have seemed far more laughable to the settlers. They possessed a natural genius for self-government, recognized the authority of the law, *and they fulfilled it.*

In the case of Hudson before referred to, where the judge was surprised at his toilet and the jury had to be corralled by sheriff's deputies, the defendant, a white man indicted for killing an Indian, was promptly convicted despite the fearful prejudice against the redskins which existed among the pioneers—an exhibition of judicial temperament and regard for duty which should shame many a jury of to-day.

It was among men of this stamp and character that Lincoln passed his boyhood, and it was their administration of justice which won his respect and first encouraged him to think of a legal career.

IV

THE MOLDING OF A GREAT LAWYER

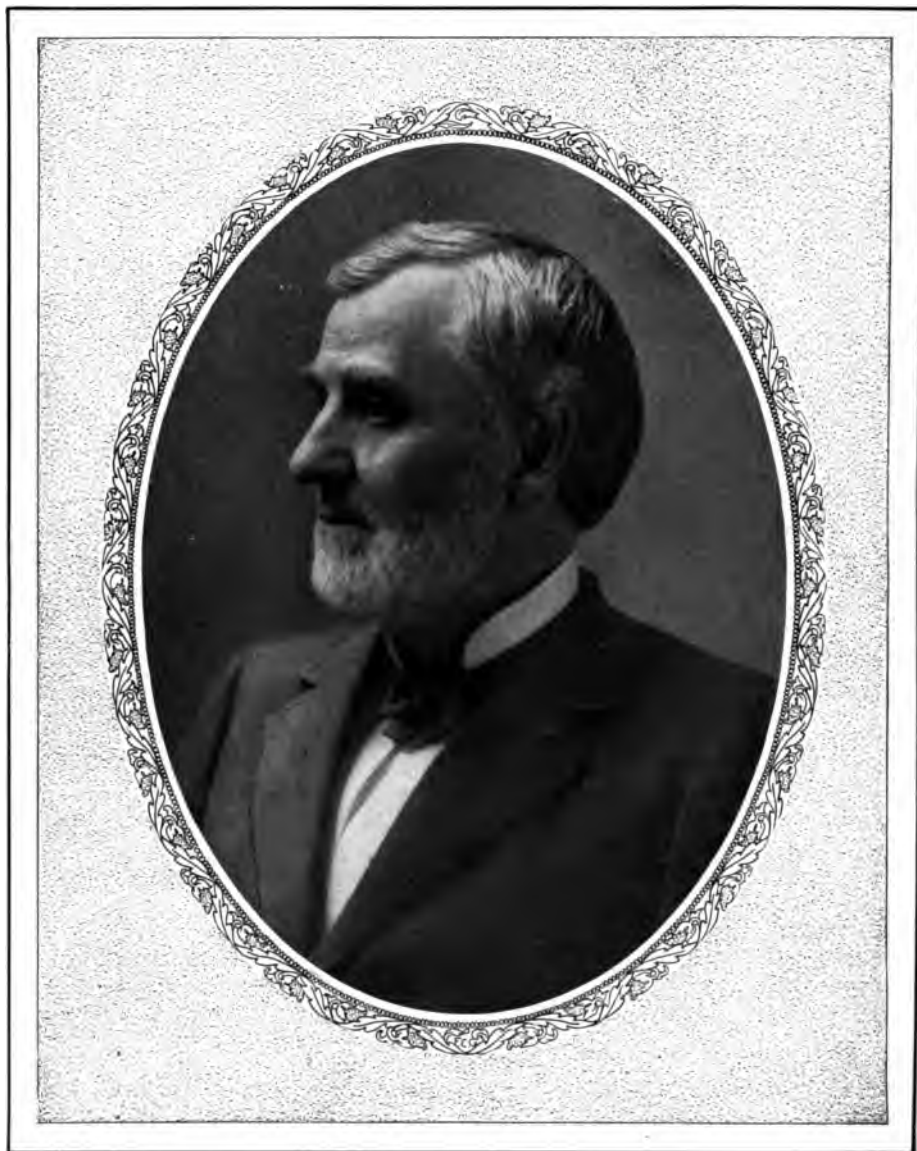
LINCOLN had just reached his majority when his father, who always saw promising land on the other side of his fence, decided to migrate from Indiana, and after a long journey, fraught with all the hardships incidental to travel in those days, the family reached Decatur, Macon County, Illinois, in the spring of 1830. Up to that time the young man had given his father the entire benefit of his services, but he had long been anxious to start life on his own account, and shortly after the new homestead was staked out he began to shift for himself.

¹ See Smith's "Early Trials in Indiana."

Except in the matter of health and strength, he was poorly equipped to earn his own living, for he had no education beyond reading, writing, and ciphering to the rule

ting of several thousand rails destined to become famous in American history.

One of those odd jobs took him to the village of New Salem, and there he became



From a photograph by Rice

JUDGE LAWRENCE WELDON

of three, and the full powers of his mind were still largely undeveloped.

For a year he attempted nothing more ambitious than manual labor, working in the immediate vicinity of his father's house at odd jobs of all sorts, including the split-

what the Fell autobiography calls "a sort of clerk" in Offutt's grocery-store. The duties of this office were not very onerous, however, and the young clerk was soon devoting every spare moment to his books. People used to meet him trudging along

the country roads, reading as he walked; the customers found him stretched out upon the store counter, absorbed in his books; strict the jurisdiction of justices of the peace. It could not have been aimed directly at Bowling Green,¹ however, for he


 A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Bowling Green". The letters are fluid and connected, with a prominent 'B' and 'G'.

AUTOGRAPH OF BOWLING GREEN

and his companions reported that he studied late into the night. Certainly he was self-educated in the broadest sense of the term, and it has been truly said that he "never finished his education. To the night of his death he was a pupil, a learner, an inquirer, a seeker after knowledge, never too proud to ask questions, never afraid to admit that he did not know."

Offutt's assistant, however, never had the slightest intention of remaining a clerk, and, mindful of his ambition to become a lawyer, he attended a debating club, made up of boys in the neighborhood, where he had a chance to "practise polemics," as he expressed it, and speedily gained a reputation among his fellows as a dangerous opponent in argument.

Before the days of this club, however, he had already demonstrated his ability as a speaker. Indeed, he had not been long in Illinois before he had talked down one local orator; and as the general store was the accepted meeting-place and center of public opinion in New Salem, he had unbounded opportunity to exercise his undoubted "gift of gab."

It is not probable that the embryo lawyer obtained much information from the legal luminaries of New Salem, but he attended most of the trials conducted by Bowling Green, the local justice of the peace, who is said to have decided a hog case known as *Ferguson v. Kelso* by declaring that the plaintiff's witnesses were "damned liars, the court being well acquainted with the shoat in question, and knowing it to belong to Jack Kelso." This and other similar exhibitions of judicial temperament were possibly responsible for Lincoln's first bill in the legislature, which was a measure to re-

and Lincoln were fast friends, and long before the young student was admitted to the bar he was allowed to practise in an informal way before the eccentric justice.

Springfield was only a few miles from New Salem, and there is every reason to believe that Lincoln attended the sessions of the circuit court at the county-seat; but whatever else he may have done at this time with the definite purpose of preparing himself for his future calling, he was unquestionably developing those traits of character which distinguish really great lawyers from those who are merely successful.

It is a significant fact that in a community where crime was virtually unknown, where plain, straightforward dealing was assumed as a matter of course, and credit was fearlessly asked and given, Lincoln won an enviable reputation for integrity and honor. In a moral atmosphere of this sort ordinary veracity and fairness attracted no particular attention. Honesty was not merely the best policy: it was the rule of life, and people were expected to be upright and just with one another. But when a clerk in a country store walked miles to deliver a few ounces of tea innocently withheld from a customer by an error in the scales, and when he made a long, hard trip in order to return a few cents accidentally overpaid him, he was talked about, and the fact is that "honest Abe" was a tribute, not a nickname.

To suggest that inflexible integrity is indispensable to the make-up of a great lawyer is, of course, to challenge the sneer or the smile of the cynically minded. The jests about honest lawyers have become classic, and they will forever continue to

¹ The biographies give several different spellings of the judge's name, and in them he figures as Bowlin and Bowline as well as Bowling Green. The writer has, however, examined documents on file in the Illinois courts signed by the justice, who spelled his name as it appears in the text.

delight. Yet, despite the humorist and the cynic, there is probably no profession in the world which makes greater demands upon integrity, or presents nicer questions of honor, or offers wider opportunities for fairness, than the profession of the law. The fact that many distinguished practitioners have not maintained the highest standards of the calling, that most of them have compromised for monetary or momentary success, that a few have actually abused their great opportunities, does not in the least impeach the proposition that extraordinary integrity, honor, and fairness are the essential qualities of a great lawyer. It merely demonstrates how rare great lawyers are.

Of course it does not follow that because a lawyer is a good, or even a great, man, he must be a great, or even a good, lawyer. But one thing is certain: no man deserves to be classed as a great lawyer who does not fairly exemplify the noblest aspirations of his calling. If the number of litigations in which a lawyer has been engaged be the true test of professional eminence, some of our modern accident attorneys must be admitted to the highest station; if the monetary importance of their clientage is to count, the legal guardians of our great corporate interests must outrank all who have gone before; if success in the courts is the criterion, Aaron Burr must have first honors, for he never lost a case.

But if loftier considerations enter into the question of what constitutes a really great lawyer,—if it is right to demand something nobler than advocacy, something broader than commercial aptitude, something more influential than erudition and more enduring than success,—then it is proper to insist on personal character as one of the elements that go to determine the just rank of any member of the profession.

No man ever believed in his calling more thoroughly than Lincoln, and he had no patience with the much-mouthed charge that honesty was not compatible with its practice.

"Let no young man choosing the law for a calling yield to that popular belief," he wrote. *"Resolve to be honest, at all events. If, in your judgment, you cannot be an honest lawyer, resolve to be honest without being a lawyer. Choose some other occupation rather*

than one in the choosing of which you do, in advance, consent to be a knave."

If the writer of those lines abated anything of his boyish integrity under the stress of the workaday duties of the law, his theories in regard to its practice are neither interesting nor instructive. But if he lived them out and proved them practical, they are of the first importance, and they have a direct bearing upon his much-disputed place in the profession. In either event, however, it is fair to test Lincoln the lawyer by his own standards, to inquire whether his conduct as a member of the bar conformed to the reputation which he earned as a clerk in Offutt's store, to compare his professional ethics with his private principles, to ascertain whether he compromised with his conscience in the interests of his clients, and to judge his legal career accordingly.

v

LINCOLN'S FIRST ARGUMENT AND HIS EARLY ATTITUDE TOWARD THE LAW

LINCOLN never sought to make himself a general favorite, and yet he had not been long in New Salem before he was the most popular man in the town. Doubtless he possessed, even in those early years, that power of personal magnetism which he afterward exerted so commandingly in the courts and upon all sorts and conditions of men. But it is not necessary to insist upon this to explain his immediate favor with the New Salemites. He could tell a good story, make a creditable stump-speech, give an excellent account of himself in contests of strength, and hold his own against all comers in the daily debates at the village forum. Moreover, he listened attentively when other people talked, never boasted of his physical prowess, and was tolerant of all intelligent opinion. His extreme popularity with men of his own age is particularly remarkable, however, when we remember that he neither drank nor smoked; for young men are apt to regard the use of tobacco and liquor as essential to good-fellowship and manly camaraderie, and this was specially true of the settler days. Lincoln was not, however, a total abstainer in any strict sense of the words. He did not drink intoxicants because he did not like them, and he did not smoke for a similar reason. Judge Douglass once undertook to ridicule him on this subject.

"What! Are you a temperance man?" he inquired sneeringly.

"No," drawled Lincoln, with a smile. "I 'm not a temperance man, but I 'm temperate in this, to wit,—I don't drink."¹

With his elders the young storekeeper found favor for a variety of reasons. They soon discovered that he knew more than any of them, but never presumed upon it; that he was genial and obliging, always ready to lend a hand at anything, from roofing a barn to rocking a baby; and that he was as reliable in business matters as he was in neighborly deeds and kindnesses.

But perhaps his most winning quality with young and old alike was his sincere belief in his fellow-townsmen and their community. Local pride never had a more buoyant champion than he. For him Sangamon County in general, and New Salem in particular, was the promised land, and he was confident that the people were equal to the task of developing it according to its needs. Thus when it was first suggested that the shallow, snag-bound Sangamon River was navigable and might be made a great highway of commerce, he eagerly championed the theory and worked with voice, pen, and hand to realize a practical result. The Sangamon is still unnavigable and New Salem has disappeared, but Lincoln's plea for improving the waterway remains as evidence of his sincere belief in the future of the community and to show us what he could do with a weak cause at the age of twenty-one.

The argument is not remarkable, but it is exceedingly interesting and suggestive. Although he was young and boyishly enthusiastic, Lincoln did not overstate the possibilities nor underestimate the difficulties of his case; and despite the really laughable attempt which was afterward made to force the passage of the Sangamon, there was nothing ludicrous in his plea. What he claimed sounds reasonable, and what he hoped for possible, even in the face of failure.

This early effort plainly indicates Lincoln's natural aptitude for logical statement. But it does more than that. It displays a trait which few lawyers possess; for the ability to present facts clearly, con-

cisely, and effectively without taking undue advantage of them is a rare legal quality. It requires not only ability, but courage; not only tact, but character. It is one of the infallible tests which distinguish the legal bravo from the jurist, and it will be demonstrated in a future chapter that Lincoln fulfilled it in masterful fashion.

It was in a circular announcing himself a candidate for the State legislature that this Sangamon River argument appeared; for Lincoln, encouraged by the good will of his New Salem friends, had decided to make trial of his political fortunes. There was, therefore, a double temptation to indulge in extravagant promises and prophecies. He believed in his cause and he wanted to please his constituents, and yet there is not a word of exaggeration in the entire address. It is quiet, frank, earnest, and simple.

This circular is important in the history of Lincoln's professional career not only because it contains his first argument, but also because it records his earliest public comment upon law. The evils of usury had been widely discussed throughout the State of Illinois for some time; and as there was a radical difference of opinion concerning the remedy, each candidate was expected to express his views upon the much-mooted question. Exorbitant interest was impoverishing borrowers, but it was feared that stringent laws might drive capital altogether out of the country and arrest its development. Lincoln announced himself as favoring a strict law on the subject, despite the objection that a high rate of interest might be preferable, in many cases, to no loan at all, and his answer to this has served to shock more than one of his biographers.

"In cases of extreme necessity," he wrote, "there could always be means found to cheat the law; while in all other cases it would have its intended effect. I would favor the passage of a law on this subject which might not be very easily evaded. Let it be such that the labor and difficulty of evading it could only be justified in cases of greatest need."²

This temperate announcement seems very regrettable to certain estimable histo-

¹ This conversation occurred in the presence of Judge Lawrence Weldon, who repeated it in an interview with the writer. He died in the spring of 1905, after a long and useful career on the bench of the United States Court of Claims in Washington.

² The circular containing this statement and the Sangamon River argument was issued in March, 1832.

rians, who pull a long face and record their surprise at words which, as one of them puts it, "sound strange enough from a man who in later life showed so profound a reverence for law."

But the immature Lincoln was wiser and more broad-minded than his disapproving admirers. He knew that the enforcement of any law depends entirely upon public opinion, and he was not afraid to admit that evasions of the law were possible and, under certain circumstances, permissible. There was no sham or pretense or hide-bound reverence for law *as law* in his mental make-up. He believed in its spirit and not in its letter. It is the Shylocks and not the Lincolns who pose as the champions of statutes and demand their strict interpretation.

But the high-minded commentators who censure Lincoln's attitude in this matter might have found further evidences of youthful indiscretion in this same circular, which discusses the advisability of a proposed revision of all the State laws.

"Considering the great probability that the framers of those laws were wiser than myself," he naïvely remarks, "I should prefer not meddling with them unless they were attacked by others; in which case I should feel it both a privilege and a duty to take that stand which, in my view, might tend most to the advancement of justice."

Could not this be twisted into an assertion that he might, under certain circumstances, side with those who assailed the laws? A deplorably anarchical statement if law be superior to justice. But it is precisely because Lincoln never acted upon any such theory that his legal career is noteworthy and exceptional. He never surrendered his conscience to a code; his sense of justice was never cowed by the tyranny of "leading cases"; and the deci-

sion of the highest court in the world never succeeded in convincing him that wrong was right.

His attitude on this subject was fully explained a few years later, in an address delivered before the Young Men's Lyceum at Springfield, when, after urging that reverence for the law should be "the political religion of the nation," he defined his position in these strangely prophetic words:

"But when I so pressingly urge a strict observance of all laws, let me not be understood as saying that there are no bad laws, or that grievances may not arise for the redress of which no legal provisions have been made. I mean to say no such thing. But I do mean to say that although bad laws, if they exist, should be repealed as soon as possible, still while they continue in force, for the sake of example, they should be religiously observed. In any case that may arise, *as, for instance, the promulgation of abolitionism*,¹ one of two propositions is necessarily true;—that is, the thing is right within itself and therefore deserves the protection of all law and all good citizens—or it is wrong and therefore proper to be prohibited by legal enactments; and in neither case is the interposition of mob law either necessary, justifiable, or excusable."

These wonderfully significant sentences were penned before Lincoln had reached his maturity, before he had entered on the practice of the law, before the Fugitive Slave Law was an issue, and long before the Dred Scott case was dreamed of.

We shall have occasion to see that his theories were tested in the most practical manner by the very situation which he invoked as illustration, and to note, in his professional attitude, a masterful distinction between bowing to legal authority and submitting tamely to its decrees.

¹ The italics are the author's. This speech was delivered January 27, 1837.

(To be continued)





In the collection of the Infanta. See "Open Letters."

ST. CATHARINE IN PRAYER, BY ZURBARAN

(TIMOTHY COLR'S WOOD ENGRAVINGS OF
OLD SPANISH MASTERS: SEVENTEENTH OF THE SERIES)

THE RUSSIAN PLAYERS IN NEW YORK

BY FLORENCE BROOKS

MY God, my God, why hast thou made me Czar! It is all my fault, all my fault. And yet I have wished only for the best. I have always tried to be kind to every one, to conciliate every one. My God, my God, why hast thou made me Czar!"

These are the last words of the *Czar Feodor* in the play "The Son of Ivan the Terrible," by Count Alexis Tolstoy, given last spring in New York by the St. Petersburg Dramatic Company. They may serve as a text for the motive of the visit of Paul Orleneff and his company to America, begun in March and finished in June.

Orleneff started from Russia as a message-bearer to the world. The message he thought to bring was, broadly, a revolutionary one. It dealt specifically with the plight of the Jews in Russia, and its vehicle was a play called "The Chosen People," by Eugene Tchirikov.

Thus Orleneff appeared first to our world as the champion of an oppressed race, though he is not a Jew. Neither is Tchirikov, who wrote the play in prison, where he was thrown at the same time as Maxim Gorky. It was the voice of revolt.

Gorky read the play, afterward censored, and advised Orleneff in words which the latter quotes: "Carry it all over the world, and show the people how the Jews are persecuted in Russia."

But to this land, where he could neither speak the language nor command resources, Orleneff brought a larger message—that of literary revolution—as well. The play, its first instrument, was written in response to another, "The Contrabandista," produced in St. Petersburg, and terribly unjust to the Jewish cause. This injustice was the author's inspiration. And so, after

"The Chosen People" was proscribed by the censor, Orleneff determined to follow Gorky's counsel. He got together a company of fourteen, both Jews and Gentiles, and started out on his quixotic mission. Shortly afterward an inconspicuous item or two appeared in New York, quoted from the German papers. But it was not until the company had suffered their first failure in London that they attracted attention. Among the prominent persons in that city who became intensely interested in these naïve Russians were Sir Henry Irving, Mr. Beerbohm Tree, Prince Kropotkin, and also Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, who called the attention of an American manager to the talented actors and their mission.

It was arranged to give Orleneff and his company a short season of a few weeks in London. They performed at the Haymarket for a time, under the best patronage. The London critics wrote columns about them, foretelling great things for Madame Alla Nasimoff, who played the part of *Lia* in "The Chosen People"; and the Herald Square Theater in New York having been offered to them for a single performance, the St. Petersburg Dramatic Company set sail again and came to the New World.

Paul Orleneff was born of an aristocratic and conservative family. At sixteen he ran away from the Gymnasium where he was studying, and went on the stage. His family did not forgive him. It took him thirteen years to arrive at a height of worldly success to which even his family bowed. This resulted in recognition, forgiveness, and the prayer that God would forgive him also.

The play in which he took the world of Moscow by storm was "The Son of Ivan

the Terrible," which had five hundred representations. By reason of its success Orleneff's life became that of a popular idol. He was showered with invitations and presents. His life was made exquisite with every luxury; his jewels were those of a prima donna. This little, pale-eyed, complexionless man, in whose look a strange gleam burns, was fêted everywhere. Crowds took the horses out of his carriage and dragged it in triumph; women thronged about him; he received hundreds of love-letters. Russian enthusiasm, once awakened, is unbounded.

Orleneff himself had also awakened. He led a life of dissipation, of pleasure; he drank deep and long and excessively of life, taking it all with an appetite which a less strong spirit might not have endured. But the flood of his love of art once more carried him on. And little by little he rose out of that tide of worldliness by the same force with which he had once before risen above the heavy currents of tradition.

Russian lovers of dramatic art saw that first climax and paid for it in the coin of the *grand monde*. The second climax, leading through his conscious cult of "psychic suffering," had to do with another world, the darker world of downcast people. To this period belongs Orleneff's first long struggle with the censor, who had at last forbidden "The Son of Ivan the Terrible" after its five-hundredth performance. The *Czar Feodor*, whose words are quoted at the beginning of the present writing, was a realistic, psychic portrait of Nicholas II. The little sparse beard and Orleneff's manner of pulling it, the gentle nature, the tender leaning on others, the childlike changes of mood,—all these and more the actor boldly displayed, without malice, and even with a sweetness of touch which renders the character appealing and lovable. It unveiled the every-day man in the present Czar, and Russian autocracy could not permit the sacrilege.

The next conquest of Orleneff, after a four years' struggle, was the permission of the censor to give the "Ghosts" of Henrik Ibsen. In this tragedy of a soul in a sick body, Orleneff appeared five hundred times as *Oswald*. The decadent, the doomed paranoiac, has become one of his favorite rôles. He claims as his method a realism founded upon naturalism, but his own innate idealism illuminates his art.

He can no more act as common clay than he can be common clay.

"Art must grow out of naturalism," he says; "it must grow out of the soil. Great souls must spring from the suffering of the common people." He is a man who sees a vision. And so, realistic, even pathologic, as is the basis of his creation of the part of *Oswald*, Orleneff presents a fine nature whose dignity in the face of a sickening doom illuminates his terrible end. In the hands of this actor, capable himself of "psychic suffering," realism becomes a delicate manifestation. And the dignity of *Oswald* is that of Orleneff: it is high-bred, it is simple with a hint of inherent pathos. This pathos, this dignity, is in the man. On this foundation a very fine, conscious, cold-blooded art has been constructed,—an art equally intellectual and emotional, an art of the awakened consciousness.

From his double triumph over the methods of autocracy and over the taste of the public, Orleneff went on to play what he chose. "The orthodox theaters, so to speak," he has said, "give trash. They say that the theater is for what the church people call God's productions. They think the influence of the Greek Church must predominate. My idea is that the theater should sing to the people a chant of freedom. If the point of view of the audience is not as artistic as that of the actor, it should be made so. They must follow, whether they like it or not. I would rather play without money than play without conviction," says this former idol of society, disclosing his sincerity once for all.

The reasons given by the censorship for refusing a performance of "Ghosts" were two. In the play the woman argues with the priest against his notions of her duties as wife and mother; her examples are overwhelming in their truth. The second reason was flimsy, and pretended to be because in Russia a half-sister and -brother are not permitted to marry—a contingency for which no claim is made by Ibsen.

From this struggle up to that of the last season for the cause of the chosen people, Orleneff has played a variety of parts. "In Moscow," he explains, "there is a theater which is trying to educate the public. It is crowded and tickets are sold for weeks ahead. At the Stanislauski Literary Theater the plays given are all the most artistic: Ibsen, Hauptmann, Dostoi-

evsky, Tolstoi, Gorky, Maeterlinck, D'Annunzio, Strindberg, Sudermann." Another forbidden play in Russia is "The Apostle" by an Austrian author named Bahr. It contains a portrait of a minister who is a thief. Orleneff also plays Shaksperian parts, and notably has appeared in "Othello" with Salvini.

During the spring season in New York, after the first performance, the St. Petersburg Dramatic Company played chiefly at the Murray Hill Theater and the various Bowery theaters, thus not reaching the American playgoer in any satisfactory number. Totally alien to ways of business, very reticent, absurdly unassuming for stage folk, the little band of enthusiasts believed that their art alone would bring them success. Their belief has been justified to a certain extent, for Orleneff is now enabled, as a result of the season, to plan for a more complete one in the autumn at a small theater on Third street which has been remodeled to suit him.

Entirely without advertisement, almost without interpreters, the appeal of the Russian players was largely to the advanced Russian Jews of the lower East Side. Taste in this quarter is rather hungry for the best things in art. Prominent Russian Jewish thinkers, professional men, and writers, followed their performances for weeks. In their repertory were seven plays: "The Chosen People," by Tchirikov; "Crime and Punishment" and "Karamasoff Brothers," by Dostoievsky; "Ghosts," by Ibsen; "The Misery of Misfortune," by Alexandroff; "Czar Feodor Ivanovitch," or "The Son of Ivan the Terrible," by Count Alexis Tolstoy; and "Countess Julie" by Strindberg. Each of these plays has been performed here many times in the Russian language. The last was given as a benefit to Madame Alla Nasimoff, and had never been seen before either in Russia or in an English-speaking country.

Of all the rôles in which he has been seen here, excepting that of *Oswald*, the desire toward more and more "psychic suffering" has been best shown in the character of *Raskolnikoff*, in "Crime and Punishment." During his study of this part, Orleneff was like a man undergoing in reality the incentive toward and commission of a terrible murder. He was nervous, pale, and haggard; he could neither

eat nor talk. At this time he had already made a complete analysis of *Raskolnikoff's* condition, his mental evolution, the causes of his illness,—poverty and starvation,—and his intellectual and conscious motives.

It will be remembered that *Raskolnikoff*, in the novel of Dostoievsky, is a very poor ex-student who has sunk into terrible extremes. Money has been lacking to complete his studies at the university. When the play opens he has just borrowed a little money on a silver watch from an old woman, a usurer, *Alena Ivanovitch*. Dizzy from want of food, he enters at evening a low tavern, where he takes a glass of beer. His ironic reflections upon the fact that a little food, a little drink, is enough to change a man's entire attitude of mind contribute toward his disgust at the power of the physical nature. He is a hypochondriac from nervous depression. Extreme sensitiveness and growing irritability have made him withdraw from his friends and shut himself up in a squalid attic, almost without furniture or heat. Terrible chimeras haunt him, he lies during the hours on his tattered sofa, and his morbid feelings have engendered a fixed idea. Introspection has affected his judgment; he is in a state of mental torpor, except for that one burning spot which tortures him.

But at the opening of the play, his almost atrophied social instinct asserting itself for the moment, he sits down by a drunkard, *Simeon Marmeladoff*, an ex-official, and gazes at him intently. Intelligence and enthusiasm shine in this man's face, though he is drunken, ragged, unkempt. He tells *Raskolnikoff* his whole unfortunate life. He is drinking up whatever he gets—even the money which he can steal from his consumptive wife and children. "Poverty is no vice," says *Marmeladoff*, philosophizing; "neither is intemperance a virtue." The bottle from which he is drinking was bought by the money of his daughter's downfall. "It is sadness, sadness and tears, which I sought and tasted at the bottom of this flagon," *Marmeladoff* goes on. When he drinks he can feel more sympathy; when he drinks he knows to the full the pain of life, that which he has brought upon his family. That is why he drinks. He does not mind that his wife plucks his hair when he returns drunk, or that she beats him, but he minds the look of her eyes; the red

patches on her cheeks cause him misery. The blows do him good; he wishes to suffer; it is for this he drinks, because he can thus suffer the more deeply for all that life has made of him.

During the long monologue of the unfortunate *Marmeladoff*, played with extraordinary sympathy and fineness, *Orleneff*, or *Raskolnikoff*, sits at the end of the small table in frozen immobility. He neither moves nor changes his expression. His own exquisite inner torture is ever present. White, impassive, with a set gaze, he maintains a terrible silence—that of a man stupefied with the dregs of despair. He hears the tale of the old drunkard as if he too were in the grasp of a ghastly illusion. After a long time the warmth, the light, the words, the draught of beer, stir him a little and he rises to take the drunkard home. In this whole first act *Orleneff* has scarcely done anything. Once or twice a look of impatience at the noisy laughter of a couple of men seated at another table, or a casual glance at *Marmeladoff*, changes his position for a brief instant. What is the secret of this kind of acting—a method admirably exemplified by *Eleanora Duse*? It is a method which we call “repressed,” by which the inner thought burns itself into the consciousness of the observer in a searing course. *Orleneff* is *Rodion Raskolnikoff*, yet he does not lose consciousness that he is, nor of what he is doing and why. *Raskolnikoff*'s motives, after receiving a letter from his mother informing him of his sister's projected marriage to a man she does not love, because of her determination to help him, are made very clear, though one may not understand a word of the Russian language. As a result of this information, *Raskolnikoff* murders the old woman.

The rest of the play deals psychologically with something which is coarsely named remorse, but is only a logical result of such an act on such a nature. He wanted to see if he was powerful enough; he had to prove his own self morally, feeling that he was physically going to the wall. He was unbalanced. The idea of Napoleon haunts him. “Would he have done this?” asks *Rodia* bitterly, afterward. “No; Napoleon would have shown his power, he would have killed hundreds and thousands!” *Raskolnikoff* wanted to bring something to humanity. But it was im-

possible. He has brought no solution by his deed: the solution is brought rather by his suffering. “It is no use,” he feels crushingly. “Why should I try? No matter how much liberty, how much good, you wish to bring, you are unable if you have not the material power. No one will help you.” He had reasoned that this odious old woman was not needed. He wanted to help clear the world of bad people; he hated the poverty, the need of dirty money; he hated her as the last means left him to sell his very sentiment for such need. His fixed idea reached such a crisis that he must perform some deed to satisfy it.

The skill and the persistence of *Orleneff*'s ideals of art are well displayed in the portrayal of a slow evolution through torture to mania, and the beginning of an equally slow cure. Other rôles prove this: *Fedor*, the semi-epileptic Czar; *Ivan Rozneff*, the provincial government clerk, whose downfall leads to consumption; *Dmitri Karamasoff*, a degenerate of the animal nature; and the brutal *Jean* of Strindberg's play “*Countess Julie*,” in which *Orleneff* refines the servant who has risen from the peasant, creating a type to his own liking rather than that which, in its crudity, the author intended.

“I hear that in America,” said *Orleneff* once to the writer, “all plays must have a joyful ending. I should be sorry that I came if I thought it true that seven out of ten plays must be ruined by the necessity of a happy ending. It would be a satisfaction to try to make suffering fashionable!”

Orleneff is indebted to his Russian stock for much of his brutal power. But something finer has brushed over this, which may be seen only in certain climaxes, such as the frightful realism of the murder of *Alena Ivanovitch*—a whole act with no word spoken, with no sound save the blows of a hatchet, the maddening jangling of a little door-bell; or in his distorted face when *Ivan Rozneff* was uncovered after death. He is, however, of the neurotic type *par excellence*, sensitive, enthusiastic, impressionable, yielding to every emotion, addicted to every intoxicating draught of life, however bitter or strong. Another phase of his temperament—but this does not appear on the boards—is his humor. He is even a mimic, echoing at once the peculiarities of other persons, speaking in the voices of his friends, catching their gait,



Photograph by Hollinger & Co. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

PAUL ORLENEFF

their manner of sitting or standing, inventing their very words and ideas. He is an incessant talker, with endless contrasts, always spontaneous, always unexpected, witty, naive, brilliant.

In his simplicity, Paul Orleneff proposes something to New York which a more cautious and experienced person would scarcely consider. Yet, for very strangeness, his plans for a theatrical season will probably make their way with a measure of success. He has decided to form a new company, which is due here from Russia in the care of Madame Nasimoff. The costumes she will procure in Paris; the plays that he intends to produce are mainly from their own Russian masters. These plays are to be given in series, each author being heard in a group of his own works. The idea of managing plays in series is a new one. It will be, to the student of modern drama, a chance for comparing the works of such a master as Ibsen, and will help to comprehend them the better, giving, as it were, his philosophy complete. For instance, Orleneff will present, besides "Ghosts," "The Master Builder," "The Doll's House," "The Wild Duck," "Rosmersholm," and others, consecutively. Among the Russian authors, Tchirikov, Andreev, Leo Tolstoy, Count Alexis Tolstoy, and Gorky will be represented, each in a series. Other series will be devoted to Hauptmann, Maeterlinck, Sudermann, and other moderns. Gorky's new play, "The Children of the Sun," written in prison, is among the novelties to be expected, and also entirely new plays by Tolstoy and Tchirikov. No fewer than thirty-two totally novel dramatic works of art will be produced, besides many which have been performed in Russia or Europe and are unknown here. We shall see "The Apostle," that proscribed play by Bahr with its dishonest minister; and we shall see Strindberg, whose works are supposed to be entirely unsuited to audiences of Anglo-Saxon tradition.

To Madame Alla Nasimoff, a person-

ality of charm, talent, depth, and temperament, it can hardly be estimated how much is due. Her beauty, her individuality, are as entire a contrast to the limpidity of Orleneff as rich red wine is to sparkling water. Madame Nasimoff, while not going beyond her lines, contributes, for instance, a color to certain rôles which one does not imagine in an Ibsen heroine. Her *Regina* to Orleneff's *Oswald* is a rich, bold creature, almost a Latin in nature. It is called by her admirers a "creation." Of *Rebecca*, in "Rosmersholm," she is said to make a marvel of sympathetic interpretation. The part of *Hilda Wangel*, in "The Master Builder," and of *Countess Julie*, in Strindberg's play of that name, are others of her favorite rôles. Beautiful as she is, however, she should play triumphant tragedy.

But the range of the St. Petersburg Dramatic Company is broader than it has shown during the tentative spring season. Orleneff will produce, besides the dramatic works embodying Scandinavian and Russian thought and prophecy, a good many plays of other schools. Madame Nasimoff will have a chance to play several emotional rôles which are well known, such as *Camille*, besides presenting *Monna Vanna* in the Maeterlinck series. A novelty that will sound quaint to English ears is the rôle of *Trilby*, done into Russian and arranged in Russian style, very different in atmosphere from that play as given on the French or English stage.

Orleneff with his visions, Nasimoff with her glowing dreams, he an adept at stagecraft, and she with instincts of colorful estheticism, promise a feast for art-lovers. "Men must be brought up to serve the world," apostrophizes Orleneff; "not the world to serve them. When I was young I did not understand. Crowds carried me on their shoulders; they poured incense, lit altar-fires. For a time I thought this was all, but now—"

And now we shall see what the years have brought to the awakening Russian people.





Photograph by A. Russoff. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

MADAME ALLA NASIMOFF AS *ZARITSA IRINA*
In Count Alexis Tolstoy's play "The Son of Ivan the Terrible"

A CAGED MOCKING-BIRD

BY JOHN CHARLES McNEILL

I PASSED a cobbler's shop upon the street,
And paused a moment at the door-step, where,
In nature's medley, piping cool and sweet,
The songs that thrill the swamps when spring is near,
Fly o'er the fields at fullness of the year,
And twitter where the autumn hedges run,
Joined all the months of music into one.

I shut my eyes: the hermit thrush was there,
And all the leaves hung still to catch his spell;
Wrens cheeped among the bushes; from somewhere
A bluebird's tweedle falteringly fell;
From rustling corn bob-white his name did tell;
I heard the oriole set his full heart free;
And barefoot boyhood rushed again to me.

The vision-bringer hung upon a nail
Before a dusty window, looking dim
On marts where trade waxed hot with box and bale;
The sad-eyed passers had no time for him.
His captor sat, with beaded face and grim,
Plying a listless awl, as in a dream
Of pastures winding by a shady stream.

Gray bird, what spirit bides with thee unseen?
For now, when every songster finds his love,
And makes his nest where'er the woods are green,
Free as the winds, thy song should mock the dove.
Ah, were I thou, my grief in moans would move,
At thinking—otherwise, by others' art
Charmed and forgetful—of mine own sweetheart.

O many-soulèd, Shakspeare bird, who knows
Full well each feathered songster's pipe to wind!
O captive Milton, in this dreary close
Singing in shame of fortune so unkind,
Holding wide, sunny stretches in thy mind!
I blush to offer sorrow unto thee,
Master of fate, scorner of destiny!

1



THEY CAME TO THE CITY OF THE DEAD
"THOSE EYES WHICH SLOWLY TURNED"

SECOND COMING

BY WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY

ONCE, by an arch of ancient stone,
Beneath Italian olive-trees
(In pentecostal youth, too prone
To visions such as these),

And now a second time, to-day,
Yonder, an hour ago! 'T is strange.
—The hot beach shelving to the bay,
The far white mountain range,

The motley town where Turk and Greek
Spit scorn and hatred as I pass;
Seraglio windows, doors that reek
Sick perfume of the mass;

The muezzin cry from Allah's tower,
French sailors singing in the street:
The Western meets the Eastern power,
And mingles—this is Crete.

Yonder on snowy Ida, Zeus
Was cradled; through those mountain haunts
The new moon hurried, letting loose
The raving Corybants,

Who after thrud the Cyclades
To Thebes of Cadmos, with the slim
Wild god for whom Euripides
Fashioned the deathless hymn.

And yonder, ere in Ajalon
Young Judah's lion ramped for war,
Dædalus built the Knossian maze
House of the Minotaur.

—'T is strange! No wonder and no dread
Was on me; hardly even surprise.
I knew before he raised his head
Or fixed me with his eyes

That it was he; far off I knew
The leaning figure by the boat,
The long straight gown of faded hue;
The hair that round his throat

Fell forward as he bent in speech
Above the naked sailor there,
Calking his vessel on the beach,
Full in the noonday glare.

Sharp rang the sailor's mallet-stroke
Pounding the tow into the seam;
He paused and mused, and would have
spoke,
Lifting great eyes of dream

Unto those eyes which slowly turned—
As once before, even so now—
Till full on mine their passion burned
With, "Yes, and is it thou?"

Then o'er the face about to speak
Again he leaned; the sunburnt hair,
Fallen forward, hid the tawny cheek:
And I who, for my share,

Had but the instant's gaze, no more,
And sweat and shuddering of the mind,
Stumbled along the dazzling shore,
Until a cool sweet wind

From far-off Ida's silver caves
Said, "Stay"; and here I sit the while.
—Silken Mediterranean waves,
From isle to fabled isle,

Flame softly north to Sunium,
And west by England's war-cliff strong
To where Ulysses' men saw loom
The mount of Dante's song.

As far as where the coast-line dies
In sharp sun-dazzle, goes the light
Dance-dance of amber butterflies
Above the beach-flowers, bright

And jealous as the sudden blood
The lovers of these island girls
Spill in their frays; o'er flower and bud
The light dance dips and whirls.

And all my being, for an hour,
Has sat in stupor, without thought,
Empty of memory, love, or power,
A dumb wild creature caught

In toils of purpose not its own!
But now at last the ebbd will turns;
Feeding on spirit, blood, and bone,
The ghostly protest burns.

"Yea, it is I, 't is I indeed!
But who art thou, and plannest
what?

Beyond all use, beyond all need!
Importunate, unbesought,

"Unwelcome, unendurable!
To the vague boy I was before—
O unto him thou camest well;
But now, a boy no more,

"Firm-seated in my proper good,
Clear-operant in my functions due,
Potent and plenteous of my mood,—
What hast thou here to do?

"Yes, I have loved thee—love thee,
yes;
But also—hear'st thou?—also him
Who out of Ida's wilderness
Over the bright sea-rim,

"With shaken cones and mystic dance,
To Dirce and her seven waters
Led on the raving Corybants,
And lured the Theban daughters

"To play on the delirious hills
Three summer days, three summer
nights.

Where wert thou when these had their
wills?

How liked thee their delights?

"Past Melos, Delos, to the straits,
The waters roll their spangled mirth,
And westward, through Gibraltar gates,
To my own under-earth,

"My glad, great land, which at the most
Knows that its fathers knew thee; so
Will spend for thee nor count the cost;
But follow thee? Ah, no!

"Thine image gently fades from earth!
Thy churches are as empty shells,
Dim-plaining of thy words and worth,
And of thy funerals!

"But oh, upon what errand then
Leanest thou at the sailor's ear?
Hast thou yet more to say, that men
Have heard not, and must hear?"



"THE ROUGH PLACES"

BY ELIZABETH FOOTE



MAMMA, tell me about Julia Ensign," said Sarah to her mother, as she opened the door of their little studio house in the woods.

"But I 've told you thousands about her," said Mrs. Bremen. She was hunting through a pile of water-colors and spoke abstractedly, with her head in a portfolio.

"You 've told me about her as a girl,—her beauty and her music and her high spirits, and all the things she did, and then how a Mr. Ensign came 'out of the west' and took her away, but you never told me about after she was married."

"I never knew." Mrs. Bremen closed the portfolio and stretched back in her chair, smiling cozily at her daughter. "Take off your hat and your stock, and be cool."

"But, mamma, it was long after her marriage that you met in New York, and you painted her. You must have talked."

"I talked," said Mrs. Bremen. "She never did. Once, I remember, she said: 'So many people seem to think the only happy marriages are the easy ones. My happiness has come out of conflict.'"

"Then they were not well matched?"

"I don't remember that any of us thought so. We hardly ever saw him, and he preserved the silence of the dead when we did, and they came West right away. I believe he is a man of power." Mrs. Bremen paused, and for further description added: "He was born and brought up among these mines.

"His father discovered the Minotaur vein, only then it was called the French lead. We shall meet them here, you

know. When you have seen him and her sons, you will know as much as I do of Julia Ensign's life."

"I have met her son," said Sarah, "in the woods."

"The youngest, I suppose."

"Would he be about fifteen?"

"If you asked me suddenly I should say he would be about five. The way the years go! Well, what is he like?"

"Dear!" said Sarah.

"Of course. That's your description of the miners' children, and the venerable doctor and his wife, and all the dogs you meet. What should I think of him?"

"You would probably think of him as a color-scheme," said Sarah, "which he certainly is. Clothes of sun-bleached corduroy, fair skin and fair brown hair, and a band of black on his sleeve."

"Don't be flippant, Sarah. I am not given over to studio slang, and I loved his mother." Mrs. Bremen was not subject to any so-called studio habits. The bare little sitting-room, which was also her work-room, was neat as well as clean, and she presently admonished her daughter: "It's just as easy, and in the long run quite as cool, to hang up your hat as to leave it on the floor."

"Now, mamma dear, don't be 'extreme to mark what is done amiss,' just when I want to talk about my beautiful boy that I've only just found. There are n't so many of him at Forty Mines."

"Well, we must have him here forthwith. I'm glad he is charming. They ought to have called on us, but I believe Mr. Ensign never does what is expected of him."

"Have you ever been to the Mino-taur?" said Sarah, with a picture in her mind. "Such pines! It's in the corner of a gulch, and the mine-buildings are all queer shapes, from being built to fit the sides of the hills. The manager's house is on the edge of the creek, with a bridge from the front door, as you'd have a flight of steps, and the pines crowd close against it. The boy—"

"I thought you met him in the woods."

"Well, I was in the woods. You can't go half a mile without running into a mine; but they are all a part of the woods—they seem to grow there. The boy was by the creek, playing with a dog; throwing sticks for him to fetch, and talking to him, in the

accent that shows you come of the blood. We've not heard it for some time. I spoke to the dog and then to him, and asked if the creek water was good to drink—it did n't look so. He said: 'No; all the tailings of all the mines are in it. Come to the house and I'll give you a drink.' The front door opened into the living-room, as all these front doors do—a big, masculine room, with a saddle under the desk, very dusty and rather dark. Perhaps you can imagine my sensations on coming face to face with your portrait of Mrs. Ensign, glowing like a great jewel on the walls! If I did n't have an explanation out of that boy! We fell upon each other's necks, speaking very figuratively indeed—"

"Very, if I know anything about boys."

"Oh, yes; and he's a very genuine one. Savagely reserved, of course. He did n't offer to walk home with me. But I've charmed his heart right out of his body, nevertheless. What is it about the elder brother?"

"Charles Ensign? You heard of him in New York. Perhaps you have heard him sing."

Sarah shook her head. "Something happened the night I was to have heard him, and then he went to Paris."

"He was in Paris when his mother died. I fancy he was one of the subjects of conflict. Julia wanted his voice trained, and, in fact, had it done. We know now it was worth any training, but the father did n't want his son to be a singer."

"And the son?"

"The son has disappeared."

"Ah! That was what my boy meant," said Sarah. "We were looking at the portrait. He said, 'Charlie is more like her than I am.' I said, 'And where is Charlie?' and he said, 'We don't know.' We don't know," she repeated.

"It is very strange—just at the beginning of his success." Mrs. Bremen smiled thoughtfully at her daughter. "I'm glad you have n't a temperament to be dealt with, Sarahkin. For real peace and comfort in this world, give me a child that has n't a gift for anything except being nice."

"Now, mamma, you know you were perfectly in love with your gifted Julia Ensign."

"I was speaking of peace and comfort, little comforter! Don't you find me quite

sufficiently in love with you?" and Mrs. Bremen opened her ample arms. Sarah was little and dark, a pretty contrast to her mother's large fairness. She sat on her knees and swung her little dusty shoes like any child, but smiling into the older woman's face with a comrade's understanding.

At half-past five on a late summer morning, Sarah and Philip Ensign followed the windings of the creek as it flows through the shadowy hollow by the Minotaur into open, sunny woods beyond. The woods were full of bird-calls and the air was sweet with dawn.

"You are a wise boy," said Sarah, allowing her horse to take all the road, while she looked smiling about her. "I understand now why you chose this time of day for our riding, in spite of the comments of mamma."

Philip disclaimed any choice. "It's the only time I have until next week; then I'm on the night shift."

"What do you mean? Does your school give you no time in the afternoon?"

"I'm not in school," said Philip. "I'm underground."

Sarah had not learned, in conversation with an Ensign, when to change the subject. "Well, I suppose that is the place for a miner's son in summer. But you will be going to school soon, won't you?"

"When father and I come to terms," said Philip, darkly, and lapsed into silence.

"I should hate to have to come to terms with you if you looked at me like that," Sarah presently complained.

Philip smiled amid his gloom. "You should see how dad looks—when we have a real fight on, you know!"

"I don't believe there's much to choose between you," declared Sarah. "Could you tell me the trouble at all?" she asked softly, after a pause. "I know what family discussions are like—you should hear me and mamma! I don't think I should misunderstand."

"You never heard anything like *our* family discussions," Philip began, and then stopped, as though regretting his frankness. He looked at Sarah haughtily from his tall horse. But Sarah, in a sympathetic frame of mind, was impossible to keep at a distance. She was strongly at-

tracted to this high-strung boy with struggles in his heart and no one to talk to. On his part, pride and the newness of their friendship could not long withstand the interest of her kind eyes, still less the speech of one trained, as his mother was, subtly to comprehend. To the community of Forty Mines was not given the full use of words, either to speak or to understand. He soon became almost as explanatory as she could have wished.

"Mother wanted me to go to Milton," he told her. "That is where my uncles went. Mother's people are all in the East, and she wanted me to know them. My name was sent in when I was a baby, and I was to enter in the fourth form this year. I could have gone in any time for the last three,—I was all prepared,—but it was put off. Mother always taught us—Charlie too, when he was little. She would not have us go to the public school here."

"Of course not," said Sarah.

"Father went to it," said Philip, briefly; and there was silence.

"And now your father thinks you had better not go East, after all?" Sarah questioned after a while.

"Yes. He suddenly turned right round about it. I think it had something to do with—with losing Charlie."

Another silence. The call of a wood-dove broke upon it, and the boy's face was stirred with pain. Sarah could not know that since his mother's death that mourning cry had become articulate to his grieving fancy. Out of the woods it haunted him as if with words: "Mother is—dead—dead—dead." And now it seemed to voice another thought: Not Charlie too? Out of the woods the sweet moan still insisted: "Dead—dead—dead." It died away and was covered by the twitter of the linnets, the click and shuffle of the horses' feet. Philip pulled himself together. He leaned over and slipped a finger under Sarah's cinch; she shifted her seat experimentally. "It's good for another mile," she assured him, and returned her gaze to the tree-tops.

"I wonder if you realize what a queer, beautiful place this is?" she crooned as they left the road for a trail deep in needles, and the horses' steps fell silent. "Do you think you would like the East so much better? I wonder if your father is n't right. Perhaps if you went away for years

you might not care any more for this good, simple life—for the things you care for here. And they are, after all, the things most worth caring for."

"I think I should like it here better if I had been away," said Philip, literally. "Charlie did."

Sarah's quick use of suggestion told her at once that her idea of Charles Ensign had been at fault in one direction. She sifted various thoughts in her mind. "It occurs to me that if you waited awhile, Philip, your father might be better prepared to send you away. Have you any idea what the training of a great voice means in these days? It's a tremendous thing. Perhaps if you waited—"

Philip shook his head. "If father meant me to go, he would send me with his last penny—if it were that. He is n't ever mean, you know. Look at this mare!" He twitched her mouth, and she flung up a beautiful startled head. "You could n't have two like her in one stable; but I am the one that rides her. Father takes second best for himself."

Sarah had noticed Philip's mare chiefly to enjoy his unconscious mastery of such strength and nerves. But she surmised that pennies were not a consideration with the Ensigns.

"I was only trying to think of reasons," she said. "You know, there always are reasons behind the throne. Perhaps he thinks—"

But Philip took up her words. "I shall never know what he thinks. He just gives me my choice. If I won't go to the school that was good enough for him, I can go underground and go to work. I have thought about waiting, too. I keep on studying—evenings and what time I have; but with no one to tell me anything I get all wound up and stuck. By the time I have waited a few months longer I shall be ever so far behind. You are very good to try and help me, Miss Bremen; but you see now that you really can't."

"You have only just presented me with the fact that I can," cried Sarah. "What do you suppose a person of my antiquity has done with her twenty-five years? I have been through college, my child; and since then I have coached a girl—such a dear, stupid girl! And don't you think if you did some of your studying on our piazza, I could help you when you are stuck?"

"You 'd get awfully tired of it," said Philip, with a smile that frankly discounted his words.

"Well, so will you," said Sarah; she ignored conditional tenses. "But, none the less, we 'll do it."

SARAH'S little head was a spot of brilliant accent and color against the dull green of the studio wall. She chattered vivaciously and most detrimentally to the pose she was supposed to be holding for her mother.

"And so—and so," she wound up, "my underground boy is coming this evening, and in the afternoons when he is on the night-shift, and I can pose for you in the morning, Anna Gates Bremen. I fancy I shall have to read up and prepare ahead, lest the young man should stride over me; but all that will be delightful work. I never have been really useful to any one before, you know."

"Except to me," said Mrs. Bremen. "Not that you are of any use this morning. More to the left, dear." She smiled abstractedly to herself as she flicked bright touches on the round of Sarah's lips. "I wish I could paint you chattering, and especially smiling; but I'm provided with that useful sense of the impossible—"

"In which I am so lacking," Sarah concluded. "Mamma, you don't think my scheme of teaching Philip impossible?"

"No; but you will carry it out in all sorts of impossible ways. You will both work too hard. He should have rest after nine hours' shoveling, and you ought to have more exercise."

"I shall ride before breakfast. Not with him, of course. He must sleep; but I can find the roads for myself now."

"If you ride, he will too."

Mrs. Bremen's prophecies usually fulfilled themselves. She referred to them with gloom, but she never interfered with their fulfilment. Despite the intimacy of their life together, she let Sarah singularly alone.

She stepped to the back of the room and regarded sitter and canvas alternately. "You have some very queer twist on your hair, Sarah. It's not at all as it was yesterday."

"There 's a very queer twist to the pose," murmured Sarah, restoring the circulation to one shoulder. She fumbled with her hair and made it a great deal

worse, and returned to the topic which interested her.

"He will be the most surprising person to teach because he has been trained in such a peculiar way. He 's like a young person of long ago brought up on ancestral acres; but he 's as keen and clear-headed as any of the young moderns. Think of being only fifteen and really understanding things as he does! Think of sending him to a village school! You saw at once, did n't you, mamma, how unusual he is and will be, you that are such a mighty seer?"

"I thought he looked very nice," said Mrs. Bremen, serenely. "He did n't say anything at all, so far as I remember; but he appeared to understand what I said to him."

"Well," quoted Sarah, "'many a cannier man would n't have done that.'"

The lessons were begun and enthusiastically continued—at intervals; so was the riding. The hot summer prolonged itself into a hotter fall.

"About Christmas comes the time when I shall hate to go underground because it 's so very nice on top," said Philip. He had come for an afternoon lesson and was unbuckling his spurs on the piazza steps. Sarah balanced herself on the edge of the hammock. She wore a Chinese coat of thin primrose silk, and her hair was braided down her back. She looked very little and pretty and cool. "I think we 're extremely good to let you come near us on such an afternoon as this," she observed hospitably. "To say we 're not at home is putting it mildly: we are not up." But Philip did not make the mistake of supposing himself unwelcome.

He unstrapped some books from his saddle and piled them on the table, and Sarah went into the house for the ink.

She scowled thoughtfully for a while at one of Philip's lesson-papers in front of her, and then at Philip opposite. "Do you know, I cannot imagine why any one who can convey so much in spoken words as you can, should write so—so very badly."

Philip looked humbly perplexed. He drew his chair nearer, and stared at his condemned production over her hand. "What is most wrong about it?"

"There 's nothing wrong," said Sarah. "But it 's all—helpless—unpractised, as if you were not used to writing and were afraid of it—as if you 'd never done it before."

"I never have."

"Did your mother not give you things to write—themes, essays?"

"Mother thought they were idiotic," Philip smiled—"for children who have nothing to write about, you know."

"Oh, they are!" agreed Sarah. "Only one has to learn, somehow. They will give them to you at school, of course."

"I don't see the use of it all," said Philip.

"You will need it all through your work, I should think, wherever you have to state anything with accuracy. And in things more important even than work—or accuracy. Philip, you see how well mamma and I know each other. Would you believe that we have been separated for years at a time? She writes letters. And by example she taught me to write in a way that should tell her really what I was doing and thinking, give her the very atmosphere of my life, keeping things in their true proportions. As for her, she gave me herself. I knew her as well as I do now; and through her I knew papa, although I saw him so little in those last years of his life." Sarah's dainty arm and the embroidered sleeve of her coat lay across the school-books; she looked far into the woods with eyes of remembrance. "Then there come crises in people's lives. Philip, if you ever have to write a delicate, a difficult—a fateful letter, you will wish from your soul, my dear, that you knew how."

There was silence, and she turned to her pupil, aware of having strayed from the subject in hand. She was not prepared for the look of bitter comprehension that met her in his eyes. They were blue, marked by the close, short lashes with a line of intense dark. At times they widened in a look that might have held the tragedies of lives long dead, adding their weight of unexplained sadness to the boy sorrows of this young descendant.

"It 's too late," he said. "I 've had that letter to write already. I had to write to Charlie when mother died, and I did n't know how. Father wrote first—I don't think he knew how, either. Charlie never answered. He just went away from where he was in Paris, and we have no trace of him at all. I believe—I believe—" a sob shook the boy's voice, it broke suddenly, and he flung his head down on his arms—"I believe he thought we did n't care!"

Sarah waited, sitting very still, till the sobbing breaths came quieter, then she touched his bowed head softly with her finger-tips. "You know it could n't have been that, Philip boy. A letter is nothing. He knew that you cared." She expected no answer; she groped among her thoughts, seeking by the light of sympathy for words that should help.

"You told me once that your father was opposed to Charlie's profession; that it was because your mother wished it he gave him his magnificent training. Does Charlie need any words after that to tell of his father's devotion?"

"Charlie never knew that father objected." Philip raised his head. "He always seemed to be anxious for Charlie to succeed; he was splendid about it, but I've heard him say it was no life for a man. We never talk things over as you and your mother do," he explained, as Sarah looked mystified. "I don't think father had the least idea that Charlie hated it as much as he did—that *he* was doing it for mother's sake, too."

"Hated his singing!" Sarah asked confusedly. These Ensigns were becoming too much for her understanding.

"Oh, no; he liked to sing. But the whole life and business of it—going around the country and giving concerts, and the people he had to work with. They wanted him to go on the opera stage. Of course he could n't do that. Fancy Charlie on the stage!"

Sarah indulged in one brief vision of a Siegfried or a Tannhäuser, young, impossibly slender, with a high-bred Yankee face. Then she came to earth again and said, "Of course not. I suppose you have told your father, now, that Charlie was in sympathy with him from the beginning?"

"Oh," said Philip, "he would think I did n't know. We hardly ever talk about it. I don't know what he thinks has become of Charlie."

The words were spoken without significance, but Sarah thought, "He is afraid to ask."

WINTER came, as it comes to that hill region, with an air as clear as wine, cool, still nights, and days of brilliant sunlight, as though the spring were walking in her sleep. Mr. Ensign's fast horses stood shifting and

jingling one afternoon in front of the little house in the woods, while their owner called formally upon the ladies within. There was no mention of the lessons or the intimacy of his son at their house, but they took the visit to be one of tacit acknowledgment. Upon leaving, he turned back to ask if he might send the carriage for them on the afternoon before Christmas—the miners were to sing at the dry-house of the Minotaur. He explained that it was a custom of the place: the men went in crowds on Christmas day to the different mines and sang the old carols and anthems they brought with them from Cornwall. It was untrained singing, but they might find it interesting; there would be a larger chorus than usual this year, as a party of miners were coming down from Blue Tent.

Mrs. Bremen and Sarah accepted with frank pleasure. The fact that Mr. Ensign's attentions were somewhat belated, and the nature of them unusual, was of no moment to these two.

On the night before Christmas eve they were finishing their light supper in a lingering fashion characterized by Mrs. Bremen as "browsing." They had been discussing the laws of friendship, and a volume of Emerson lay open on the table; but they had entered since upon the subject of the new cook.

"She makes good bread," said Mrs. Bremen, meditatively. "I wonder what that boy of yours eats."

"A great deal, probably," said Sarah.

"It ought to be a great deal of just the right things, with the pace he is keeping up. You are overworking him, Sarah."

Sarah looked uncomfortable. "I have thought he looked tired, but he has a beautiful color now that the cool weather has come."

"That color comes too easily," said Mrs. Bremen; "and if you watch him you will see it go as quickly sometimes."

Sarah gazed at her in silence with puckered brows. Presently her face brightened at the sound of a horse's feet, then Philip's step on the piazza, and she went to the door with her napkin in one hand. "Come in, Philip from Underground! Come and have some supper with us. That's what happens to folk that come too early for their lessons."

Philip said he had had dinner; but

glancing at Mrs. Bremen's cup, he added: "Perhaps you'll give me some coffee."

Sarah made faces at him. "Black coffee for you, you infant! Mamma drinks it because she's a wicked, worldly woman; but you're not to suppose she lets me do anything of the sort. I don't believe there's another coffee-cup in the house." She rose and promptly produced one from the cupboard. "He can have some to-night for a treat, can't he, mamma—if he has not had any for a very long time?"

"I don't believe it hurts you," said Philip. "I have it every night lately. Don't think I could do much study without it, you get so sleepy after shoveling."

Mrs. Bremen looked at him. "We won't have any coffee to-night," she said comfortably; "nor any lessons, either—it's too close to Christmas. We'll have some nuts and talk, and another stick on the fire, and some of Sarah's foolishness in the way of stories. Did you ever get Sarah to tell you fairy-stories? Put Emerson away, dear; you're getting crumbs on him."

"This is worth cutting lessons for, sure enough," said Philip, contentedly, crunching nuts as he lay on the hearth-rug. The firelight illumined his flushed cheeks and intense blue eyes. Mrs. Bremen watched him with the joy of a colorist and the anxiety of a mother.

Sarah chatted softly, leaning forward with her elbows on her knees, addressing the fire, but sometimes Philip, whose answers Mrs. Bremen thought were languid.

"Get your guitar, Sarahkin," she said, "and sing us, 'Oh, Little Son of Mine.'"

"Not before the brother of Charles Ensign!" said Sarah. She was thinking only of the singer who had had New York at his feet; but to Philip it was Charlie, somewhere alone in Paris, whose mother—and his—was dead. Sarah glanced at his sensitive face; then she meekly rose and fetched her guitar.

She tuned it, and it boomed melodiously to her stray touches, but she did not sing. To an accompaniment of wandering chords she told the story of the boy with the golden key who lost his playmate in a sea of shadows, and how they found each other again in the country whence the shadows fall. She told it with little turns of her own which the author could scarcely have resented had he heard her. Sometimes she quoted from memory, trying to

give his very words. "Oh, where is the book!" She put down the guitar, which gave a soft moan as her skirts swept it. She brought a little green volume and, opening at random, began to read:

"Suddenly she remembered that the beautiful lady had told them, if they lost each other in a country of which she could not remember the name, they were not to be afraid, but go straight on."

"And besides," she said to herself, "Mossy has the golden key, and so no harm will come to him."

"Is n't there some one you know, Philip, who has the golden key," Sarah asked, without raising her eyes; "and so no harm will come—to—him?"

There was no response. Philip, with his head against the wooden bench by the chimney, had fallen fast asleep. His mouth and lifted chin were white, and the color lay across his cheek like a pure red stain.

Mrs. Bremen, looking at him keenly, said: "He has come to the end of his strength. This must be stopped, Sarah. If the shoveling can't be, the lessons must, or something will give way."

"Yes," said Sarah; "I see."

ON the afternoon before Christmas, the long dry-house at the Minotaur was absorbing a steady stream of men. Others were still coming through the woods. Their loud, open-air speech mixed with the voices from within, where the iron roof echoed to the first of the Cornish carols. It was a swinging chant that brought out the spirited instinct of the singers for time. To ears as sophisticated as Sarah Bremen's there were stragglers and variations from the key, but all was swept over in a strong, untempered crash of sound which brought the pleased excitement to her face. A platform and bench had been built at the upper end of the room, and here were gathered the officials of the mine and an occasional visitor, as the Bremens. In so simple a community Sarah was struck by this unemphasized distinction—it was the commissioned and the non-commissioned. She watched the shifting crowd of miners before her. In the intervals of singing it became denser in the corners where beer was being dispensed. There was talk, largely unintelligible to ears not accustomed to the Cornish, and laughter, and good-natured shoving.

"How awful they do look in their best clothes," murmured Philip, coming to sit beside her. "They're really a fine lot of men, you know."

Sarah nodded. She was looking with interest at the heavily marked faces; the black hair and eyes, recalling legends of Phenician blood; the pallor of their unsunned skins. She had never seen closely so large a body of this class unmixed with any other. The air was full of a strange, musty smell, the indefinable odor of underground, which clings to the very flesh of the workers whose day is night. Beyond the mass of heads the wide doors of the dry-house framed a vista of woods streaked with sun and shade.

The singers were led by a wild-eyed man with a high, penetrating, uncertain voice. It was a relief when the chorus surged over him, rude and untrammelled, but with a sort of splendor in its earnest uproar. The carols were followed by an anthem which gave less cover for discordance. In the absence of strongly marked time, it resolved itself into a sepulchral groan. Philip glanced at Sarah a little apprehensively. She answered him with her most reassuring smile.

"They do it splendidly. I love to hear them," she said.

Words and smile died suddenly on her lips and left them parted.

There befall contrasts now and then so vivid that they seem to symbolize that eternal contrast of which life is made—soul and body, spirit and flesh.

The rough chorus had ceased, and as the first words of the solo came, soft, pure, controlled, in the voice of a great trained tenor, they seemed ethereal.

"Every mountain and hill shall be made low—shall be made low," sang a voice as perfect as an instrument thrilled with a soul. It swelled and rose and filled the room with its sure, deliberate beauty, and deepened again with a sad richness that struck at the very heart.

"Every mountain and hill shall be made low; and the crooked shall be made straight; and the rough places—and the rough places—plain."

Sarah learned forward in a passion of listening.

And Philip, brought up among the woods and mines, who had never seen the cities where art is bred, he, too, had heard

such a voice before. He stood up beside her, searching the crowd with his eyes. His face was clear white. As the notes of the hidden singer died into silence, he dropped back quietly into his seat and fainted, with his head on Sarah's knees.

She was aware that those on the platform gathered about them and then drew back; that at the other end of the room the men were singing again, unaware of any catastrophe. She heard Mr. Ensign give a quick order; but it was some one who had broken from the crowd below who leaped upon the platform and lifted the burden from her lap.

Where a voice has been trained into supreme flexibility it can be a searching instrument in speech.

He lifted Philip with fierce strength and bore him down the room; the men crushed back to let them pass; the singing stopped as they neared the doorway. Outside he turned, and standing in the sunlight, with the senseless boy in his arms, he met his father.

WHEN Sarah opened the door to Mr. Ensign next morning, he said to her, as though she were a little girl, "May I see your mother? Oh, yes, Philip is all right," in answer to her eager question, and Sarah went for Mrs. Bremen. As the rôle of little girl was evidently expected of her, she mortified her extreme desire to make a third in the conversation and shut herself out on the piazza. It was a morning of soft coolness and delicious sunlight; a breeze whispered in the pines, rousing the little Japanese wind-bell strung on the rose-vines with a fluttering tinkle. The slight sound became suddenly acute, and Sarah saw that Philip's mare, whom Mr. Ensign had ridden over, was nibbling the vines. She was tied to the railing, having pulled up their inadequate hitching-post the night that Philip fell asleep and stayed so late because they had no heart to wake him.

"I shall have to request you to move, Cassy." Sarah approached the tall creature with diffidence, untied her, and looked about for a convenient tree. The nearest was beyond the broad, shallow ditch where she watered her roses. There were stepping-stones on which she was used to cross; but Cassy was not regardful of Sarah's steps. She strode through the

water with a great splash, dragging Sarah from the stones. Charles Ensign, coming through the woods from the Minotaur, smiled at the pair.

She was tying Cassy to a tree, when he came up to them, took instant possession of Cassy, and solved the question of the knot. He knew who Sarah must be, though he had seen nothing of her the day before but her little hands supporting Philip's head as he lay across her knees.

Her championship of his brother's troubles had struck keenly on a remorseful sense of having failed his own blood. His year of fervent effort, the wild step, taken in the bitterness of grief, worked out in sober loneliness, had once seemed full of meaning. Now he spurned it for its self-centered egotism. Philip had sent him, and he had come, unwillingly, in his mood of stinging contrition, to meet this girl. He dreaded the meeting—he had dreaded it. But. There she was! And he must banish the smile from his lips before he spoke to her.

Sarah felt herself misrepresented by her romp with Cassy in the brook. Yet there was joy in the very air of that Christmas morning; Philip's father had allayed her immediate fears, and if Philip had fainted, was it not at the sound of his brother's voice? That voice was ringing in her own ears still. She looked up at the singer and smiled.

His face was like his mother's, with the same unrestful charm; he spoke with Philip's brief inflections. He was at once like some one she had known, and like a being too incomprehensible ever to be known.

"I could almost believe you do,"—he smiled at her quickly,— "if anything but an Ensign can understand an Ensign."

"It would n't be surprising if I understood Philip," she said, and she answered his smile with a sweeter one. "I've quite lost my heart to him, you know."

Upon the departure of the Ensigs, asked her mother:

"You know that Philip is going East?"

"Yes, bless his heart!" murmured Sarah.

"I have been very much interested in what Mr. Ensign told me about Charles. Do you know, that extraordinary fellow has simply thrown away his career as a singer and come home to be—a mining engineer,

I suppose, if you can imagine such a thing. He wants to play with that voice of his, and to keep his work apart."

"Yes," said Sarah.

"That must account for the long silence. If he had the nerve to break away, he had the courage to tell of it."

"There was something else," said Sarah, thinking of Philip's letter.

Her mother went on: "He would n't ask his father's help, after all that had been done for him. He went into the ranks, as it were, and worked up. I suppose he 'shoveled' underground and studied in the evening, like Philip! Did you ever encounter anything quite like the Ensigs?"

"No," said Sarah.

"He was one of the force at Blue Tent, and came down with the miners yesterday. His father evidently is more proud of it than if he had taken all Europe by storm—as he might have done. It's strange."

"He did it for his mother," said Sarah. "When she died it had no more meaning for him. We were talking in the woods."

"Oh, then he has told you all about himself."

"No-o. When I come to think, he did n't tell me anything at all. I seem to have known it before. He has the faculty of conveying a great deal without actually saying it—like Philip."

"He is not at all like Philip," said Mrs. Bremen, with decision.

"Mamma, you have hardly spoken to him!"

"He can't be. He was not brought up in these charmed woods of yours. He belongs to the outside world, and we must remember that in meeting him here. We must begin on the conventional key."

The color came to Sarah's face, and her little whimsical smile. "I'm afraid, then, that we—that is, *some* of us—will have to begin over again," she said. "What will become of his voice, mamma?"

"His father says he shall not lose it. Can you bury a voice and have it, too? Supposing you can, I don't know what he will do with it. Turn it loose in the woods."

Sarah, remembering its transcendent sweetness and Philip's white face, suggested, "It will make the rough places plain."

AFTER THE ACCIDENT

BY GEORGE HIBBARD



HE automobile stood in weighty inertness half in and half out of the ditch. Two of the wheels were high on the bank, while the other two were sunk in the bottom of the excavation. Its ponderousness did not save it from a certain ludicrous helplessness. It might have been a huge red beetle which had come upon some unexpected obstacle and had paused in puzzled wonderment as to its course.

He was on his knees, gazing frantically about and then helplessly down at her. She lay motionless, with her eyes closed, at the foot of the tree whither he had carried her.

She moved slightly. Her eyelids quivered, then raised, and she gazed straight before her into his anxious face.

"Which of the other worlds did we strike?" she asked dreamily.

"Are you all right?" he demanded quickly and anxiously.

"I hope it was Jupiter," she went on uncertainly. "Mars would have been too humiliatingly little."

"You're not hurt? There's nothing the matter with you?" he implored her.

"I don't seem to miss any part of myself," she said more clearly. "But what happened?"

"I was n't watching the road. Thinking of something else, as you know," he answered, sighing his relief and smoothing his hair back from his forehead. "We were going like sixty—"

"No," she suggested. "We'll say like twenty-five. That must be about the average of our ages."

"Anyway," he went on, with less stress, "we got thrown out and came near being killed in the first ditch."

"I've always understood," she observed, straightening herself up and lean-

ing against the tree, on a twisting root of which her head had been resting, "that a certain merit attaches to dying in the last. I've not heard that it holds good for the first."

"You are sure there's no harm done?" he asked, with a new coldness which appeared to surprise her.

"If you mean to the automobile—" she said quickly, with a similar frigidity.

"Don't be ridiculous," he answered impatiently. "Are you all right?"

"In answer to your-money-or-your-life way of asking after my health, I may say that I am."

"It's annoying enough," he mused.

"That I am well?" she asked with marked gentleness.

"You are annoying enough, if you like," he retorted angrily. And he continued with stately formality: "I am extremely sorry that you have had this unpleasant experience. I wish that it had been at any other time. But man proposes and automobiles—"

He watched the sudden dimple in her cheeks.

"You mean," he said furiously, "that is just what I was doing when the smash came. Well, the machine itself was the *deus ex machina*—and furnished the climax."

She looked at him curiously.

"Was n't it something of an anticlimax?" she asked.

"If you mean that I'd have had a worse header, got a greater shock, had to bite the dust more if there had been no interruption, it's very likely."

"I can hardly consider it flattering to have you intimate that you would rather be thrown from an automobile—"

"Than thrown over by you," he interrupted. "Oh, you do not know your own powers. What I should have had to hear

in a moment, if we had kept on, would have been harder to face than a little shake-up of this kind."

"You are sure?" she asked in a low tone, with the same puzzled uncertainty of manner.

"I was saved from a catastrophe by a contretemps," he replied grimly.

"Nothing has happened to us," she urged.

"Except that I've been an idiot."

"That's hardly an accident," she observed, looking afar off.

"You mean that I could n't help it!" he cried.

"You certainly can help it now," she remonstrated.

He remained vindictively silent.

"Where are we?" she asked, recognizing that he had no intention of speaking.

"Not as far as we were," he replied shortly.

"I mean geographically," she announced with some asperity.

"Several miles from help and thrown on our own resources," he announced. "But there's no use in crying over spilled milk."

"Or automobiles," she suggested.

"Hang the automobile! One can't make an omelet without breaking eggs."

"Or love, apparently, without breaking—automobiles," she laughed.

"Or hearts," he suggested.

"Hearts don't break nowadays," she declared promptly. "They are toughened."

"Like steel," he added.

She gave him a short, questioning glance.

"But," he observed, "even steel is not as cold as ice, and will melt when a stone won't."

"What am I to understand from all this—Occidental imagery?"

"That I have been a fool," he assured her gruffly.

"You have intimated that before."

"You imply that I prove my folly by repeating it."

"There is certainly a lack of novelty."

"I never thought, when we started, that there would be such a sudden upset," he complained.

"It's pretty bad," she said, looking at the automobile.

"Of my hopes," he corrected gloomily.

"If I'd suspected it, I'd have taken precautions."

"An accident policy?" she inquired with polite interest.

"Yes," he answered in the same despondent tones; "by paying a premium of indifference."

"Would the price be high?"

"It would be hard to pay," he answered.

"The risk was 'extra-hazardous.'"

She permitted her eyes to meet his for brief time. Indeed, her glance was so swift that he was uncertain whether he had been mistaken in crediting it at all. Still he believed that she had looked at him, though now she looked afar off over the country, as if seeking to see something behind a small white cloud resting on a distant blue hill.

"But sometimes there is something saved," she suggested.

"This is a total loss, I am afraid—a total loss. I can't recover damages or recover from them."

"There's no harm done, except to the automobile," she insisted.

"You don't know. When we had our smash-up I lost my head—"

"Then our accident was not without its—casualties," she murmured.

"And I think that there is something which I ought to tell you."

"Is it important?"

"You must judge. That is the reason that I should tell you. One is not obliged to incriminate one's self, but I wish to be an honorable criminal."

"Are n't the terms contradictory?"

"A fault confessed is half atoned for," he went on, without heeding her. "If I add a sufficient amount of contrition, I might bring it down to two thirds."

"Is n't that a very—mathematical way of treating guilt—making a sort of schedule of wrong-doing? I can imagine your claiming to be sorry enough to make it seven eighths."

"I am not sorry," he proclaimed decidedly—"not sorry at all."

"Then surely you can't demand the right to the smallest fraction of—what shall we call it?"

"Rebate," he suggested.

"I don't know what that is, but to do wrong and declare that you are not sorry is to acknowledge yourself a hardened sinner."

"I'm not that. I followed the impulse of the moment. I could n't help it."



"WE WERE GOING LIKE SIXTY"

"Of course, if there were mitigating circumstances—"

"I should call this an aggravating one," he answered quickly.

"Be careful! You don't seem to be helping yourself."

But she beamed upon him for a moment, though again she looked away.

"It was—you."

"What!"

"You were the circumstance."

"I—a circumstance! But how can a circumstance be five feet six inches high and weigh a hundred and twenty-three pounds?"

"That 's the trouble," he continued hastily. "And have the prettiest, palest, most appealing face. And closed eyes

that I 'd have given all the world to see open—"

"A most remarkable kind of circumstance," she said.

"It was," he maintained. "You know, when the accident happened, for a few moments you were unconscious."

She busied herself winding a blade of grass about her finger.

"My heart stood still," he went on. "I could n't breathe. I lifted you and carried you away from the machine. I put you down here. On my knees at your side I bent over you, and as you lay there unconscious—"

"Yes," she whispered softly.

"I kissed you!" he declared half entreatingly, half triumphantly.



"TWO OF THE WHEELS WERE HIGH ON THE BANK"



Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

"YOU ARE SURE THERE 'S NO HARM DONE?" HE ASKED"

She sat silent and motionless.

"Why don't you say something?" he demanded anxiously.

"Do you think that was—pretty behavior?" she asked slowly.

"No, I don't," he admitted promptly. "Being in my care and helpless, I should have guarded you and protected you."

"Of course I am very much displeased and angry."

"I must expect it," he groaned. "But how angry?"

"You must consider that I am—furious," she answered.

"I knew it!" he lamented. "I deserve to have you call me every hard name there is."

"What would you suggest?"

"Caitiff, miscreant, might serve," he answered critically. "Or common or garden cad would n't be far off. You see I don't spare myself."

"What do you think of thief and coward?" she asked severely.

"They are all right," he replied readily. "And brute and boor would n't be so very wrong."

"Indeed," she said, "as one considers, there does not seem to be one element of iniquity that is lacking. Really, I never heard of such a—comprehensive crime."

He looked at her to see if she were smiling, but could discover nothing from her absolute tranquillity.

"I admit that it's bad enough," he agreed gloomily.

"And then the bitter disappointment I must naturally feel."

"Why?" he demanded.

"To find that one whom I thought I could trust—"

"You could—usually," he pleaded.

"But is n't that the whole matter?" she asked. "Is n't the extraordinary test the only one? What is it to be trustworthy only upon ordinary occasions? A thousand people we know may meet that requirement. That is nothing. I might trust you to do the right thing in taking me in to dinner or out in a cotillion; but the first time that there is anything exceptional—"

"But it was so extraordinary—your being unconscious."

"That makes no difference," she affirmed decidedly. "In fact, that makes the case the more significant. As soon as the

conditions are unusual, you—do as you did. It's the person in whom we can feel confidence always—under all conditions—on whom we can really depend."

"But remember," he urged, "I had just asked you to marry me. At that moment we were in the smash-up. The next instant I found you lying before me apparently lifeless. Think of the shock—the suspense! I was n't a doctor. I was in love with you."

"For the time being you should have regarded me as a patient. You should have been merely a physician."

"You think I should have asked you to show me your tongue and let me try your pulse!"

She laughed softly.

"That's hardly what would have been done in this case as 'First Aid to the Injured'—"

"I saw one of those beastly little books once," he said resentfully.

"You don't pretend to claim," she demanded in apparently great surprise, "that there is any recommendation, in any of them, of—the means that you employed?"

"I don't remember what it said one should do in such a case," he answered morosely.

"And so you followed your own—empiric method."

"On reflection," he continued stoutly, "I believe that I might have done worse."

"You should see that your plan is recommended in a new edition."

"Anyway, you opened your eyes."

"Any one would," she murmured, "at such conduct."

"What do you think I *should* have done?" he demanded more contritely.

"I believe that in a case of fainting," she declaimed formally, "the person must not be supported in an upright position. The patient should be laid down at once—if possible, with the head hanging lower than the body, to allow the heart more readily to send blood to the head. Sprinkle the brows with cold water—even dash water in the face if necessary. Hold ammonia or smelling-salts to the nose—"

"Oh!" he cried. "Stop! You seem awfully well up."

"I went to some classes once," she informed him. "And you asked me what you should have done."

"Not how I should have treated you

as a matter of medical, but of social science."

"I think," she continued, "that you should have behaved toward me as a friend and a brother, or perhaps I should say a sister."

He growled:

"Why not your grandmother?"

"You were *yourself*. I see."

"And I am a cad and a coward and a thief and a brute and a beast—"

"N-no," she said slowly.

"It seems that I must be," he asserted hopelessly.

"But it is n't all as it seems," she repeated deliberately.



"IN HER EXCITEMENT SHE SPRANG TO HER FEET AND
STOOD LOOKING DOWN AT HIM"

"I am sure," she answered, as if eagerly seizing the idea, "that the manner in which you would naturally conduct yourself toward such a venerable relative of mine might have furnished you with an ideal example for the treatment of the situation."

"But, you see, you were yourself. And I—"

"What do you mean?" he asked, surprised by her tone.

"You have been frank," she began. "You have confessed. You—"

She let the words falter into silence as she might break off in lingering notes an interrupted melody.

"Yes," he said curiously, and watching her intently.

"I believe," she continued, "that any fraud invalidates a contract."

"It certainly does," he assured her, with the manner of one who does not know in which direction the wind is blowing, and is uncertain as to what means to employ to find out.

"If something is done under a mistake, it must be the same," she went on. "Perhaps one is n't to blame—"

"As a broad general principle," he assured her, "I am prepared to agree with you—indeed, to accept the conclusion with enthusiasm."

For a moment longer she paused.

"It is n't easy for me," she urged.

"It was n't easy for me," he insisted.

"What will you think of me?" she stammered.

"The question before the house is what you think of me?"

"But there can be another question."

"I don't believe that it is parliamentary."

"But it's necessary," she commanded.

"That's not the same thing at all."

Still she appeared to hesitate.

"I have a confession to make that may change everything," she said desperately.

He looked at her in wonder.

"I—" she began. "They say that a woman does not understand a question of honor like a man. I feel, though, that I ought to tell you," she hurried on quickly. "I—I was n't unconscious at all."

He waited eagerly.

"I was n't unconscious at all," she repeated almost in a whisper.

"Not when I lifted you up and brought you here?" he cried in amazement.

"No. I was a little bewildered and I suppose that I closed my eyes. And then you jumped—pounced—at me and carried me off. I did n't have time to think. I let you do it without speaking."

"And you let me—" he stopped as if regretting suddenly that he had said as much.

"I suppose, therefore, I *let* you kiss me," she said slowly. "It makes a difference—"

"I don't know," he answered.

"It must," she argued. "I don't want to spare myself. You did it, as it were, under false pretenses."

He looked at her questioningly.

"It's very complicated," she sighed. "You did what you knew was not right,

but you did it thinking that I was doing nothing that was wrong."

"And therefore I was guiltless," he pronounced quickly.

"But you knew that you were doing wrong," she maintained. "Still, I am afraid that I may have been a *little* to blame."

"I must take all that on myself," he responded generously.

"Yet I am a little *bit* to blame," she murmured. "Though of course I never—never could have anticipated anything of what happened."

"I don't know," he remarked questioningly.

"I felt always that I could have perfect trust in you—you know," she assured him.

"If you could have seen how pretty you were," he pleaded.

"The question is," she continued, though he could see that she had heard what he had said, in spite of the fact that she gave no very direct evidence of having done so—"the question is, whether, if one is led into wrong-doing because some one else has done—foolishly—"

"Did n't a question like that come up a long time ago?"

"When?" she asked.

"Long—long ago—in a garden."

"Oh," she cried indignantly, "you can't mean that?"

"Why not?" he demanded.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "the woman *tempted* him."

"No—no," he answered hastily. "Of course I did n't mean in that way."

"It is the excuse that men have made since the very first—the cowardly creatures!"

"I did n't think," he went on in great distress. "Of course I did n't. Of course you did n't."

"And yet I don't know," she resumed with an air of great candor, "why you might not be led, by an entire misunderstanding of the situation, into saying a thing like that. Of course, having done as I did, it is perhaps only natural that you should make such a mistake."

"But I don't—I don't!" he implored.

"I am not at all surprised," she went on relentlessly, "that my conduct should be misunderstood. I can easily see how you might fall into error. It is merely a proper punishment for me."

"But I never thought such a thing. The idea never entered my mind that you pretended to be unconscious because you wanted—"

"Oh!" she exclaimed, with a horrified little cry. "Is that what you imagine? Is that what you could for an instant believe? Oh, this is worse and worse! Could it seem like that to any one?" she wailed.

"No—no!" he assured her fervidly.

"I only meant that you might fancy," she said in the same desperate tone, while she gazed reproachfully at him—"I was only afraid that you might think that I was trying to excite pity and sympathy. And now you suggest such an awful thing as this—"

She made a despairing little gesture, as if she quite dismissed all possibility of receiving justice from a cruel world.

"How could I when I knew that you hated me?" he demanded in consternation.

"What?" she asked in the most unmistakable surprise.

"Why, if not that," he answered lamely and dolefully—"that you did n't feel toward me as I wanted you to feel."

"And how do you know that I did n't?" she demanded promptly.

"On the very best authority—yourself."

She turned and looked at him with the sincerest astonishment.

"I did n't tell you so."

"In the first place," he continued, "I think you make a mistake when you say that you were not unconscious. You might very easily be wrong. You might have fainted for a moment and not known it. I have strong reasons to believe this is what happened."

"Then," she warned him, "you were *wholly* to blame."

"I know it," he mourned. "Since all is over, what difference does it really make? I should not have kissed you—but I'm glad that I did."

"Oh!" she exclaimed, in expressive dismay at such a display of recklessness.

"I did n't know when I did it, of course, or I should n't have done it; but—"

"Know what?" she demanded with an impatience that was a command.

"What I learned from what you said," he answered gloomily.

"I said something?" she asked.

"You spoke a name—"

"Indeed," she interrupted quickly, "I might very well have been unconscious and not known it. I believe," she concluded formally, "this was probably the case."

"I must think that it was," he continued deliberately. "Of course you can imagine the blow it was for me—or you can't, because you don't know what you said."

She gazed at him in the most unaffected amazement.

"What in the world do you mean? What *did* I say?" she cried in impatient anger.

"You said a name," he advanced grimly.

"Yes," she replied defiantly. "What if I did?"

"You said—'Tom.'"

"Very well," she retorted as she looked at him swiftly, shyly, almost appealingly, and then glanced away.

"Of course, as my name is Harry—"

"Your name is *Harry*!" she exclaimed, sitting erect and gazing at him with startled and indignant eyes. In her excitement she sprang to her feet and stood looking down at him.

"Certainly," he replied.

"Oh!" she moaned, putting her hands over her face. "How awful! What shall I do!"

"Believe me," he answered deliberately, "that your secret, which I learned in this accidental manner, is quite safe with me. Indeed, I don't know of any 'Tom.'"

"But I don't know a 'Tom,' either," she declared vigorously.

"Then—" he began.

"Oh, how terrible!" she interposed. "What *can* I say? How *can* I make you understand?" She hesitated. "I told you that I was not unconscious."

"Yes," he admitted.

"So that I knew what I said perfectly."

"You knew that you used the name?" he gasped.

"Of course I did"; and she added boldly, though she blushed heavily, "I did it on purpose."

"But why?"

"Why? Why?" she repeated slowly. "It's an awful thing for me to tell you—to confess, but I thought that it was—*your* name."

There was a moment's silence as she made the admission with a sudden onrush

of words, as if fearing that her courage might desert her before she was able to finish.

"Tom! Tom!" he repeated in puzzled wonder.

"I was with your Aunt Margaret coming across in the steamer, and she did nothing but talk about you and always called you 'Tom.'"

"So she does," he cried, jumping up in sudden enlightenment. "It's the name I used to be called when I was a little boy. I had n't heard it for so long that I had forgotten that it was ever used. And you thought that it was my name, and you were

not unconscious. I don't understand, and yet—"

"The conclusion is rather—obvious," she said as she leaned against the tree.

"I wonder," he exclaimed as he drew nearer to her, "if it could be that—"

She did not reply.

"I was telling you that I loved you when the automobile smashed up," he went on breathlessly, "and then I thought that you were unconscious, and you let me—and you used my name—"

"Yes," she said in the faintest whisper.

"And—and—"

"Yes."



TOPICS OF THE TIME

ETHICS IN THE AIR

THE other day, in conversation with one of the great "captains of industry," some one put forth the hope that recent racking exposures of business indiscretions, improprieties, hoggishnesses, and worse would have—at least temporarily—a highly wholesome effect upon the conduct of all business; the idea being that good men would take warning and more strenuously avoid the temptation to "do as others do," and that unscrupulous men, through sheer terror, would be more on their guard; and, too, that the rising generation would find a higher standard of business ethics established. The "captain" agreed with his interlocutor that such would be the effect, but he went further, and declared his belief that this effect would be permanent.

The most hopeful aspect of recent revelations is the demonstration of the soundness of that public opinion which is the mysterious dominator of communities. Those who are interested in the psychology of this element of social advance may find much worthy of study in the developments of the day. One phenomenon to be curiously considered is the question as to the degree of heat, so to speak, required for an explosion of the gases which permeate the ground beneath the social structure.

For as to eccentricities, let us say, in the affairs of great corporations, one of the most damaging revelations, brought about by the penetrating and imperturbable Mr. Hughes and his associates, has merely brought forcibly to the general attention facts which have been widely known for years—namely, the use of corporate funds for political purposes, and for legislative "protection."

In *THE CENTURY* for September, 1894, appeared an article by Mr. Joseph B. Bishop, entitled "The Price of Peace," in which facts were given, from public records, authoritative statements, and private investigation, exhibiting the system, already fully developed, whereby corporations purchased from political bosses, committees, and legislatures "the price of peace." One of the most striking passages in this arraignment was that in which a statement was quoted from one of New York's bravest and noblest citizens, recently passed away. We quote from the article:

"More or less open allusion to the existence of the system had been made from time to time in the newspapers, but the first public exposure of its operation in specific cases, with names and amounts, was made by Mr. Wheeler H. Peckham in March of the present year. In a speech before a Good Government Club, Mr. Peckham described the new system in its

true light as the successor of the old lobby, declaring that one man, the boss, 'says whether a bill shall pass or not,' and that to this boss 'many pay large amounts "for peace," as they put it.' He then went on to say that he had heard of one corporation, which he named, that 'pays \$50,000 a year for peace,' and he knew of another that pays a similar amount for the same purpose. If a man of less character had made these statements, they might have attracted little attention; but Mr. Peckham had, only a few weeks earlier, been nominated by President Cleveland for Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, and the press of all political parties had agreed in declaring him eminently fitted by ability and character for that exalted position. That such a man should make statements like these was a serious matter, and there was a natural expectation that denial or explanation would follow from the corporation named. But, from that day to the present, not a word either of denial or of explanation has been heard. Silence, under such conditions, must be taken as confession."

Mr. Bishop declared that he had made up a list of 2126 names of corporate and other interests which, from the nature of their business, would be likely to be called upon, in the State of New York, to "pay for peace." The aggregate of nominal capital was \$1,890,000,000, subdivided as follows:

With capital less than 1 million	1864
With capital ranging from 1 to 5 millions . .	192
With capital ranging from 5 to 25 millions .	55
With capital ranging from 25 to 100 millions .	15
Total	2126

The article stated that the corporation which Mr. Peckham said paid \$50,000 a year has a nominal capital of only \$3,500,000. "Its liability to harmful legislation is peculiarly great, and in this quality of its business lies its paying ability. That many other corporations pay equally large amounts, I am convinced by information which I have obtained. Among the fifteen that have capital ranging from \$25,000,000 to \$100,000,000 there are several which have special reasons for paying heavily for 'peace.' " - and so on, with details of piquant interest and with damning asseveration. The author told, more-

over, of the prevention, by a gang of corrupt politicians, of such amendments to the Corrupt Practices Act as would compel every campaign committee to publish, under oath, an account of all moneys received or expended during a campaign—a prevention, by the way, which extended down to the time of the last session of the New York legislature.

It will be seen by any one who turns the pages of this exposure, printed eleven years ago, that a basis was furnished in it alone for just such an investigation as has lately shaken the dry bones of the big insurance companies. The truth is that every well-informed person in the community not only knew about the political contributions and suspicious lobbying of corporations, but some knew, also, of other questionable performances on the part of the officers of the same concerns. These things were known, were widely bruited, were told of in the press, and yet it took a picturesque and gigantic personal, interior struggle to move public opinion sufficiently to set in motion the machinery of governmental investigation.

Now that this has been done, with definite and startling revelations, public opinion has been more and more deeply stirred. A reason for the indignation excited is the discovery that, along with a deliberate system of contributions to political parties, and to lobbyists for doubtful uses, have been methods of business which, at any time, it would have been unpleasant to subject to merciless public inquiry.

The result is sure to be not only a reformation of business methods on the part of insurance companies, but a quickening of the business conscience of the whole country. One straw showing the new current of thought among men of business turned up in the newspapers the other day, when the chairman of one of our largest corporations, who himself was said to be a director of some forty others, declared: "We have no right to neglect our duties as directors, and I, for one, intend to give more attention to the affairs of this company in the future than I have in the past."

One most desirable result within sight is the passage of laws assuring publicity in the use of money in elections; and another is the prevention of the deflection of corporate profits - especially those

which are in the nature of trust funds—into political channels. These new regulations not long ago seemed to be coming very slowly; but soon we shall, perhaps, see legislators, with public opinion at their heels in the form of aroused constituencies, scrambling over one another to vote for these long-cherished schemes, these distant dreams, of “pestilent reformers.” What with reform political movements in various cities and States, the patent medicine exposures, and the investigations into the affairs of large corporations, there is a good deal of ethics in the air just now.

THE CHILDREN'S READING

IF one time is ever more appropriate than another for the discussion of the affairs of children—and when were that an untimely topic?—surely it is in the Christmas season, so given over to their enjoyment and to thoughts for their welfare. It is a time of looking before and after—with tender remembrance, perhaps, of a pair of stockings missing from the chimney-piece, or with new gladness in the accession of a tiny pair. The elaboration with which the day is celebrated—sometimes to the point of tension of the affections, by perfunctory gifts between adults which empty heart and purse at the same time—often brings but a harvest of regret and the feeling that

The gift without the giver is bare.

But who ever had a shadow of regret over time spent in making children happy? It is little enough of a return for the abounding joy they bring into the world. In that reservoir of wisdom, Landor's “Imaginary Conversations,” the poet puts into the mouth of Aspasia these words:

Where on earth is there so much society as in a beloved child? He accompanies me in my walks, gazes into my eyes for what I am gathering from books, tells me more and better things than they do, and asks me often what neither I nor they can answer. When he is absent I am filled with reflections; when he is present I have room for none beside what I receive from him. The charms of his childhood bring me back to the delights of mine, and I fancy I hear my own words in a sweeter voice. Will he (oh, how I tremble at the mute oracle of futurity!)—will he ever be as happy as I have been? Alas! and must he ever be as subject to fears and apprehensions?

The last sentences touch the man and woman in us and reflect the wistfulness which lurks about the happiest Christmas as we confront “the mute oracle of futurity.”

In how many cases this mute oracle is but the father or the mother, who holds the future of the child in decisions which are to them but the commonplaces of life! What he shall play, what he shall eat, what he shall learn, with whom he shall associate, to what school and university he shall go, what he shall become—these are all matters of casual and doting speculation after the boy is asleep, but their determination is how often a matter of chance and drift! Who has not to regret that he was so unwise a father? What mother does not remember wisdom that came too late?

In the matter of the children's food there is in our day and generation no little conscientiousness. The dangers of certain diseases have become obsolete through the advance of hygienic and sanitary science; wholesome foods adapted to infants and children simplify the problem of diet; the knowledge of nursing and the care of the young, and of the value of pure air and exercise, is widely disseminated; and no doubt these considerations are all telling upon the physical improvement of the American stock. (It is a common remark, for instance, that nowadays the daughters are taller than the mothers.) Never was more attention given to the improvement of the type of the human body, and no doubt in time the breeding of men will receive as much attention as that of the other animals!

So far, so good. But is there a corresponding care in the provision for the right sort of nutriment for the mind of the child? Is he absorbing wholesome mental food—or is he gorging indigestible or decayed fruit from the street-stands, poisoned candies from the itinerant peddler? What are his tastes in reading?—for tastes are habits, and habit is character. Even presuming that he is being well trained at school, who is looking out for his reading at other times? On all sides are the newspapers: the yellow journals with flashy supplements, baited with color and grotesque pictures, reports of murders and nauseous exploitation of the doings of the vulgar rich, and even the decentest papers with much necessary report of the seamy

side of life—not bad in themselves for adult readers, for whom they are meant, but grossly inept for children. Some account of the world about them the little folks are sure to crave. Happily, in addition to the world's classics, no country is so rich as America in "juveniles," but these do not wholly satisfy. They are more frequently namby-pamby than bad, and parents seldom have the time to search for those of a wholesome fiber. Moreover, the art of addressing children is one not to be learned except by sympathy and long experience.

Over thirty years ago a woman of wise mind and large heart, inspired by the love of children, began the editing of an American magazine for boys and girls which has perhaps been unequaled as a formative influence upon the people of, say, President Roosevelt's generation. By sheer force and charm it has survived all other distinctively juvenile periodicals. In its early career it won from Charles Dudley Warner the compliment of his saying that if the children of America did not like it, it was high time to change the kind of children in this country. Its editor had an exalted ideal of the manliness and womanliness to be cultivated in children, and the magazine has hunted down priggishness, and selfishness, and peevishness, and slothfulness, and all the other "little foxes that spoil the vines." It has been a strong ally of parent and teacher, and has been influential because it has addressed itself first of all to the happiness of its readers. Its success, under its traditions of wholesomeness and helpfulness, has been a matter of pride to thousands. It has given noble voice in a multitude of homes to "the mute oracle of futurity."

A LUXURY OF THE POOR

A PLEA FOR FREE ART

IT is good news that at the impending session of Congress a determined effort will be made to remove the obstacle to the full esthetic development of America which exists in the tariff on works of art. We have repeatedly called attention to the ridiculous lack-logic of "protecting" a class of producers who do not wish to be protected—so ridiculous, in fact, that leaders of the opposition years ago fell back upon the argument that art is a lux-

ury of the rich and must be taxed like diamonds. Had they seen the holiday crowds in the galleries of our art museums they would have said *a luxury of the poor*. Surely these gentlemen can be made to see not only the educational value of art and its ministry to the enjoyment of the people, but its necessity to all manufactures which are related to beauty. At a time when our commercial interests are crying out for the world's markets it is folly to persist in a policy which puts a handicap upon the development of the country in matters of taste.

Few men buy foreign masterpieces for the purpose of keeping them secluded in drawing-rooms—they are freely shown to artists, students of art, and the public in loan exhibitions, at clubs, in museums, and even in tenement-house regions, and eventually will find their way to the great free public collections. Their influence in elevating the taste of the country is direct, strong, and indispensable, and the people opposed to the free importation of them are those who have least acquaintance with them, and who therefore suffer most from the absurd restrictions of the law. The representative of a constituency remote from an artistic center who should vote against free art would simply be cutting off his nose to spite his face.

The argument that free art would open the flood-gates to foreign trash loses sight of the fact that good taste in art is formed by seeing the best pictures, not by failing to see poor ones. There is plenty of wretched art in this country already, but there never can be a sufficiency of masterpieces. If two famous Rembrandts in one dining-room in New York could daily be seen of all men,—they have been loaned for months at a time to the Metropolitan Museum,—they alone would measurably decrease the demand for trash.

Congress is entitled to much praise for what it has lately done to improve the artistic character of our public buildings, notably in Washington. May it once more trust the artistic professions and the country as to what is good for both!

THE SURNAME OF JOHN PAUL JONES

IN our editorial on "The Fame of John Paul Jones," in the October CENTURY, we stated that "John Paul became a Vir-

ginia planter by inheritance from a brother [William Paul], who also left to him the surname Jones, that being the name of the planter who had bestowed the property upon the brother as an adopted son."

Our authority for this statement was the recent "Life" by the late Augustus C. Buell, a work so thorough and so impressive as to win at once the confidence of its readers. But Mr. Cyrus Townsend Brady, also the author of a popular "Life," reminds us that to Colonel Buell's inheritance theory of the adoption of the Jones surname he has opposed a romantic theory which contends that John Paul assumed the name of Jones out of regard for, and compliment to, the noted Jones family of North Carolina of which Mrs. Willie Jones was a fascinating member. The two historians exchanged notes on this subject, Colonel Buell dismissing the romantic theory as "tar-heel mythology," while for the inheritance theory he offered the authority of William Loudon, the great-grandnephew of Paul Jones, whom he met in St. Louis in 1873, and General Taliaferro, who in 1875 was the owner of the Jones plantation in question.

Thereupon Mr. Brady instigated searches which have brought to light the will of Paul Jones's brother, found in the records of Spotsylvania County. It is signed "W^m Paul," and contains no allusion to "Jones" or a "plantation," except as the latter might have been described by the words "my other estate." The record of the probate of the will also describes the testator as "W^m Paul." Furthermore, the name of John Paul is not mentioned, all of the property—"lots and houses" in Fredericksburg, "my other estate," and "outstanding debts"—being left to "my beloved sister, Mary Young, and her two eldest children." Also, the tombstone of William Paul has been recently found in St. George's churchyard, Fredericksburg, and from this the name of Jones is conspicuously absent.

It would be interesting to know what Colonel Buell would have said if he had lived to defend his theory against these stubborn facts. We opine that he would have treated them as negative testimony, at least concerning his belief that John Paul became possessor of the Jones plantation and thereafter added that name to his "sign manual." Merely theorizing, it

is easy to wonder if John Paul, who is supposed to have gone to Virginia to settle his brother's estate, took the Jones plantation (assuming that it was a part of the "other estate") by purchase, or in settlement of accounts with his brother; for the sailor, John Paul, was always active in commercial ventures, sometimes in partnership with friends, and why not with a well-to-do brother? And might not the brother, in so formal a document as a will, have adhered to his baptismal name? The court record would naturally follow the style of the will; and on his survivors would rest the responsibility for the inscription on the tombstone. The will would give them sanction for the ignoring of the previously defunct Jones. This speculation is not offered to detract from the interest of Mr. Brady's discoveries, but it may in fairness be said that while he has discredited the inheritance theory, he has not strengthened his own romantic theory, except by the possible exclusion of a rival.

If the question is to be entertained on theory, these latter-day historians have a serious rival in John Henry Sherburne, Register of the Navy of the United States, who in 1825 published the first documentary life of Paul Jones. He says:

Our adventurer, being at length freed from the trammels of apprenticeship, made several voyages to foreign ports, and in the year 1773 again went to Virginia to arrange the affairs of his brother, who had died there without leaving any family; and about this time, in addition to his original surname, he assumed the patronymic of Jones, his father's Christian name having been John. This custom, which is of classical authority, has long been prevalent in Wales and in various other countries, although it is not practised in that part of the island in which he was born.

At the time of Sherburne's writing neighbors and near relatives of John and William Paul were accessible to the author, and in a position to criticize the statement. It is known that Sherburne's work called forth the Edinburgh and New York editions of the "Life" bearing the name of Janette Taylor, the niece of Paul Jones, who finally received the back pay and prize-money of the vice-admiral. That work endorses, explicitly, the above theory; and it is significant that Sherburne, who revised his work after her visit to America (for one thing, omitting a revealing letter from Aimée de Telison), in the

second edition of 1851 adheres word for word to his theory of the adoption of the surname Jones.

Whatever may have been the personal reason with John Paul for adopting the

Jones family, the elucidation of the question is a matter of curiosity rather than of historical importance, for so great a hero by any other name than Jones would be as great.

OPEN LETTERS

"Saint Catharine in Prayer" by Zurbaran

(PAGE 299)

ZURBARAN was an admirable painter of monks and female saints, and of the latter class the "Saint Catharine in Prayer" is without doubt one of the loveliest and most touching examples. I was told that the original was at Palencia, a good twelve hours north by rail from Madrid; and, Baedeker corroborating the statement, I journeyed thither, only to learn that it was a copy. From higher sources of information I entertained the hope that the original existed at the Queen's palace; but I found, on inquiring, that the Queen had only a small collection,—no collection, in fact,—and that ex-Queen Isabella II, residing at Paris, very probably had the picture I sought. Off I went to Paris, only to learn that it was at Madrid, in the Palace of the Asturias. Back I jogged to Spain, provided with a letter to her Royal Highness the Infanta Donna Maria Isabella Francisca. This lady graciously led me herself to the picture, where it hung in her bedroom, and granted me every facility for photographing it and working up the copy before it. The original measures, without its frame, four feet three inches high by three feet three inches wide. It is very simple in coloring. The drapery of the saint, which is a soft, creamy white, makes a fine effective spot upon the background of umbery atmospheric depth. This is all there is, except that the desk is of a lighter brownish tone than the background. Yet it does not take much to make a picture, and the simpler its elements the more effective it becomes.

Zurbaran, like Velasquez, early made it his determination to accept Nature alone as his mistress, and to appeal to her constantly. We can see in the "Saint Catharine" evidence of his desire to give a faithful transcript of nature in the carefulness of the modeling of the robe; in the delicacy of the gradation of the light, which falls strongest about the neck and shoulders and fades gently downward to the knee; and especially in the modeling of

the hands and face, which have the softness of flesh.

In the arrangement of the whole we have a carefully thought out and well-balanced composition. The blank space above and behind the figure offsets the agreeable disposition of the objects of the other half of the canvas—the crucifix, the clasped hands, the book, the skull, and the pendent rosary. There is emotion in the beautiful face, and one wonders if the artist saw this in his studio model, or if it was not rather the remembrance of some rare occasion when for a brief moment he caught some pure, angelic creature rapt in reverie and oblivious of self.

T. Cole.

John Paul Jones

AN interesting circumstance in connection with the transfer to America of the body of John Paul Jones is the fact that the flag by which the coffin was covered from the time of its reception on board the *Brooklyn* at Cherbourg until it was deposited at the Naval Academy in Annapolis, was one provided by the thoughtfulness and patriotic sentiment of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution. The flag was then returned by Admiral Sigsbee to Mrs. Donald McLean, President-General of the Society, with a courteous acknowledgment of the honor thus done to the occasion.

Alfred Domett's Christmas Hymn

ALFRED DOMETT, author of the well-known Christmas Hymn reprinted in this number with pictures in color by Leyendecker, was born in 1811 and died in 1887. Besides his own reputation as a poet he has the pleasant fame of being the original of Browning's "Waring" and the great poet's "dear old friend" of "The Guardian Angel." He seems to have been one of the most attractive personalities of his time, with a great "genius for friendship." During his long absence from England, Domett rose to be prime minister of New Zealand.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

A Love Policy

AWHILE ago in merriment
 Young Cupid first began
 To urge me to experiment
 With his insurance plan:
 "Insure your life? 'T is folly, see,—
 You have to die to win!
 Insure your love, the policy
 Pays right when you begin!
 "The premiums are candy things,
 And roses, sweet and red;
 The dividends are handy things
 Like kisses," Cupid said.
 Politely he upbraided me
 For leaving it so long,
 Then finally persuaded me
 To purchase with a song.
 Of course Myrtilla heard of it
 All in the course of time;
 I read her every word of it—
 That policy in rhyme;
 And when I reached the vivid end
 She whispered, "Don't forget
 About that little dividend!"—
 And then our lips first met.

Felix Carmen.

Making Sure

I DONE ax de mockin'-bird
 Singin' in de tree,
 Please fin' out an' sen' me word
 Ef my love love me.
 Mockin'-bird he twis' his haid,
 Sassy es kin be;
 Den in song he up an' said:
 "Ax *her* dat an' see."
 I done 'quest de honey-bee
 Will he be so kin'
 Es to ax my Kate ef she
 Please, ma'am, will be mine?
 Mister Bee go hurryin' by,
 He ain' stud'in' me,
 An' jus grumble es he fly:
 "Ax *her* dat an' see."
 Katydids frum whar dey hid,
 Ac' lac' dey don' know;
 "Katy did n'—Katy did,"
 Answer me des so.
 I ain' satisfied wid dis,
 So I comes to you,
 Honey, tell me wid a kiss
 Whedder Katy *do*?

Eloise Lee Sherman.

The Demonstrator

(A MONOLOGUE)

BY EILENE FOSTER



"DON'T THAT MAKE YOU TIRED?"

WE are givin' away free samples of Samsonalis, the new breakfast food. Samsonalis, twenty-five cents a package, and one dollar and ten cents' worth of green tradin'-stamps thrown in! Will you try it, madam? How will you have it? With cream and sugar or without? Hot or cold? Yes, ma'am, that is the beauty of Samsonalis—you can prepare it in forty-nine different ways, and any one of them makes an elegant dish—(Hullo, Annie! Say, I ain't seen you for an age! You 're lookin' fine. Wait a minute, will you?) If anybody understood how to use Samsonalis, they could give a course dinner of dishes made from it. It makes lovely soup. You would n't believe it, but boiled up with milk and seasoned with celery-salt, it tastes jest like cream of celery. Then you can mix it with salt fish and make fish-balls. A lady that was in here yesterday—a lovely lady she is, too; lives in Newark—well, she told me that she puts cheese and nuts with it, and covers it with salad-dressin', and it

makes a fine salad. She says nobody 'd know what they 're eatin'. There ain't no end to the desserts that you can make with it— (How 's Jim, Annie? Ah, go on! You can't bluff me. I see you at the Berkeley Square Theater with him last Tuesday night.) One

a ten-cent package. She 's got sense, though. She knows where she can get the most fillin' free lunch. She goes right by the "Gelatin" and the "Salid-dressin'" and the substitute for coffee, and comes straight for Samsonalis.) How do you do? I was jest



“DID N'T I MEET YOU AT MAME GILLESPIE'S!”

minute, lady. I was tellin' you about desserts; you can make anything from plum-pudd'n' down— (Seen Sue lately? Say, she 's got a fine job. Well, I 'm glad of it. Anybody as homely as her deserves to have something to make up for it.) You 'd better try it, madam. Will you have it as a breakfast dish, as a "food for infants and invalids," as a "dainty bite between meals," or as a "real dessert"? You can try it, anyway, and it won't cost you a cent. (Say, Annie, it 's good you left. It 's terrible here; the boss give us all new books that you have to put down your whole family history in and every time you breathe; they 'd make you tired. Do you like your place?) I am givin' away free samples of Samsonalis, the new breakfast food. Walk right up, ladies! Did you like it, madam? Have a small package for ten cents? Well, you are the first one that ain't liked the taste of it. Must be something wrong with your taste, then; you had better see the doctor. Everybody thinks it is elegant. (Say, Annie, there 's a woman that comes in here every day for her lunch, and she never bought so much as

tellin' my friend that you like Samsonalis so well that you come in here every noon to get some. I ain't givin' away no samples now. My! ain't you improved since you 've been eatin' Samsonalis reg'lar! You look ten years younger than you did two weeks ago. Mr. Foolem, the inventor of Samsonalis, would be real pleased to get a picture of you before and after usin'; it would be a fine "ad" for him. Can't I sell you a package to-day? No, I ain't givin' away no free samples to-day — I 'd advise you to try the Barlilio coffee at the next stand. I should say that it is jest what you want. The sign says that it is "a great nerve-maker." (There! I guess that will keep her for a while. Have some, Annie? Well, I don't blame you.) Try a sample, madam? (Don't go, Annie.) Here you are. Don't that taste like pop-corn and Injun-pudd'n' and molasses candy all boiled up together? Try a package to-day? We are givin' away a dollar and ten cents' worth of green tradin'-stamps with every twenty-five-cent package of Samsonalis. (They say that Mame is goin' to New York. Say, look at the woman with the dog! Don't that

make you tired?—luggin' a dog in a store like this!) Samsonalis! The new food for man and beast! Won't you try a sample, madam? That is, won't you give your dog a sample? Only twenty-five cents a package, and we give away one dollar and ten cents' worth of green tradin'-stamps with every package. Will he bite? I am scared of dogs, anyway. Don't let him get near me, will you? This is fine for them. Sorry! Here you are! Free samples of Samsonalis, the new health and breakfast food! No one should pass it by; made from pure grains and especially prepared for delicate stomachs. Good-mornin'; how did your family like Samsonalis? They never tasted anything like it? I knew it. You did n't mean it that way? Well, then, you did n't prepare it accordin' to directions. How did you fix it?

don't look half as old as you do. Well, her children ain't never had a sick day in their lives, and she jest takes a cupful of Samsonalis and pours a pint of hot water—not boilin' water—on it, and there is their breakfast all ready for them—no wonder she looks young! (Good-by, Annie. See you to-night.) Can I give you a sample of Samsonalis, sir? No bother at all; all the gents like it. Oh, I say; you don't want to give me a swelled head. Cream and sugar, of course. Cold out, ain't it? Do you know, you look awful familiar to me. Did n't I meet you at Mame Gillespie's surprise-party? Well, ain't that strange! I was sure I had seen you before. Say, now I know who it is you look like: you are the dead image of Mr. Foolem, the inventor of Samsonalis. Here 's his picture on the package. Now,



"'AIN'T SHE CUTE?'"

Boilin' water! That was jest the trouble. *Hot water* is what the directions say. Disagreed with the children? Well, I can't believe that, when the outside of every package says, "Especially recommended for children." There is a lady that comes in here,—she dresses elegant, too,—and she brought up her whole family, six children—you 'd never think she had six children. Why, she ain't got a gray hair in her head, and she

ain't there a resemblance? Of course your mustache is better than his—I do like a' elegant mustache myself. I can put up with anything if a feller only has a nice mustache. I suppose I 'm fussy—there, now try Samsonalis. (Hullo, Min! How 's Barlilio coffee goin' to-day? Well, I 've had lots of triers, but not many buyers.) Have a package, sir? Oh, go on, jest a ten-cent package, with forty cents' worth of green tradin'-

stamps thrown in. I knew you war n't mean. Thank you! Cash! Teller! Here, girlie! I guess that kid is froze up to-day. Get a move on! Teller! Forty-seven! (Oh, here you are! Hurry, now, with this gent's change.) Do you live in town? Oh, that is a shame! I would n't live out of town for anything. My chum lives in Brooklyn, and when she goes to a party in town the fellers won't go near her, for fear they'll have to go home with her. I don't blame 'em. Here's your change. Twenty, twenty-five, and twenty-five is fifty. Here's your stamps. Come in again when you're round this way. Hope your wife will like Samsonalis. How'd I know you was married? Search me! Say, are you really? Send her in, and I'll give her a sample. Ta-ta! (Say, Min, ain't he a dandy? Do you think he's married?) Samsonalis, the new breakfast food! Walk right up and get a free sample. (Oh, Mr. Walker, Mr. Walker, say, can I go to lunch a half an hour early to-day? I got to meet my mother.) Hullo, baby! Ain't she cute? Have you ever fed her on Samsonalis, madam? Oh, you ought to! Have a sample? Oh, 't won't hurt her a mite! Oh, is it? Well, I never can tell them apart. Ain't he cute? Jest crazy for Samsonalis—here, give him some. Has he got any teeth? Well, this'll help him cut them. Let him chew it awhile. (Say, Min, ain't he cunnin'?) Do you like it, baby? Here you are! Samsonalis! Greatest breakfast food on the market. Walk up and try it; won't cost you a cent. (Say, Min, wait for me. Am I going out to lunch? Great Scott! You did n't think I'd stay in and eat this sawdust, did you?)

The Twins

A TALE OF TEMPERAMENT

WHEN Goo-goo and Boo-hoo arrived here as twins,—

For thus this astonishing story begins,—
Their verisimilitude reached such a pitch
That really you could n't tell t' other from which.

So round Goo-goo's ankle they tied a red bow,

While Boo-hoo was decked with a blue one;
and so

Was opened an ominous oyster, which you
Will swallow, perhaps, when you've heard
my tale through.

While one looked at life through a roscate haze,

The other was dogged by the "blues" all
his days;

And minds analytical here will detect
A promising problem in cause and effect.

For instance, when fed, Goo-goo chortled
with glee—

Right jocund companions, his bottle and he!
And Boo-hoo his rations took, too, nothing
loath;

Then, weeping, regretted he could n't have
both.

So, during their childhood, its jars and its
joys,

'T was ever the same with their games or
their toys;

For Goo-goo was tickled, but Boo-hoo quite
pained

On learning that dolls only sawdust con-
tained.

Or Goo-goo, mayhap, when came bedtime,
would say:

"My! have n't we had just a *great* time
to-day?"

And Boo-hoo, assenting, with visage of pain,
Would wail: "But we'll ne'er be as happy
again!"

School, time-honored fusion of boy, book,
and birch,

Absorbed the lads next, when of knowledge
in search.

Our Goo-goo worked hard both at book
and at ball,

While Boo-hoo groaned, "What is the use
of it all?"

Well, as they grew up, came Dan Cupid
(with darts),

Who quickly laid siege to our two heroes'
hearts.

When Goo-goo wed early, his brother cried,
"Nay!"

So very few marriages turn out O. K.!"

And so it went on, till my yarn's almost
spun,

The days of the brothers are now nearly
done;

For Goo-goo's a grandfather, gay as a grig,
But Bachelor Boo-hoo's a peevish old pig.

Here, then, is the problem these chronicles
raise,—

Without one, no tale's up to date in these
days,—

Were these two men molded by red bow
and blue?

Or was it just temperament? What say you?

George Alison.



Color drawing by Anna Whelan Betts

AN OLD-TIME SEWING-ROOM

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FENWICK'S CAREER¹

BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

Author of "The Marriage of William Ashe," "Lady Rose's Daughter," "Eleanor," etc.



It was Christmas eve, and the dark had fallen. The train from Euston had just drawn up in Windermere station, and John Fenwick, carrying his bag, was making his way among the vehicles outside the station, inquiring whether any one was going in the direction of Great Langdale who could give him a lift. He presently found a farmer's cart bound for a village on the road, and made a bargain with the lad driving it to carry him to his destination.

They set off in bitter weather. The driver was a farmer's son who had come to the station to fetch his small brother. Fenwick and he took the little school-boy between them, to protect him as best they could from the wind and sleet. They piled some empty sacks from the back of the cart on their knees and shoulders, and the old gray horse set forward cautiously, feeling its way down the many hills of the Ambleside road.

The night was not yet wholly in possession. The limestone road shone dimly white, the forms of the leafless trees passed them in a windy procession, and afar on the horizon, beyond the dark gulf of the lake, there was visible at intervals a persistent dimness, something less black than the sky above and the veiled earth below, which Fenwick knew must be the snowy tops of the mountains. But it was a twilight more mournful than a total darkness; the damp air was nipping cold, and every few minutes gusts of sleet drove in their faces.

The two brothers talked to each other sometimes, in a broad Westmoreland speech. To Fenwick the dialect of his childhood was already strange and disagreeable. So, too, was the wild roughness of the Northern night, the length of the road, the sense of increasing distance from all that most held his mind. He longed, indeed, to see Phœbe and the child; but it was as though he had wilfully set up some barrier between himself and them which spoiled his natural plea-

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sure. Moreover, he was afraid of Phœbe, of her quick, jealous love, and of certain passionate possibilities in her character that he had long ago discerned. If she discovered that he had made a mystery of his marriage—that he had passed in London as unmarried? It was an ugly and uncomfortable "if." Did he shrink from the possible blow to her—or the possible trouble to himself? Well, she must not find it out! It had been a wretched sort of accident, and before it could do any harm it should be amended.

Suddenly, a sound of angry water. They were close on the lake, and waves driven by the wind were plashing on the shore. Across the lake, a light in a house-window shone through the storm, the only reminder of human life amid a dark wilderness of mountains. Wild sounds crashed through the trees; and accompanying the tumult of water came the rattle of a bitter rain, lashing the road, the cart, and their bent shoulders.

"There 'll not be a dry stitch on us soon," said Fenwick, presently, to the young man beside him.

"Ay, it 's dampish," said his companion, cheerfully.

The caution of the adjective set Fenwick grinning. The North found and gripped him; these are not the ways of the South.

And in a moment the sense of contrast, thus provoked, had carried him far—out of the Westmoreland night, back to London, and his shabby studio in Bernard street. There, throned on a low platform, sat Madame de Pastourelles; and to her right, himself, sitting crouched before his easel, working with all his eyes and all his mind. The memory of her was, as it were, physically stamped upon his sight, his hands; such an intensity of study had he given to every detail of her face and form. Did he like her? He did n't know. There were a number of curious resentments in his mind with regard to her. Several times in the course of their acquaintance she had cheapened or humiliated him in his own eyes; and the sensation had been of a sharpness as yet unknown to him. Yet the sharpness had really nothing to do with her—unless, paradoxically, it were the result of her extreme gentleness. He thought, indeed, that if she had discovered the

wounds she had inflicted, she would have been sorry; her sweetness would have been ruffled. Yet there it was. In her presence he had felt himself not once, but many times, a barbarian or an ass, a person grossly ignorant or deplorably ill-mannered.

Of course, there was in it, one way or another, an aristocratic insolence! There must be: to move so delicately and immaculately through life, with such superfine perceptions, must mean that you were brought up to scorn the common way, and those who walk in it. "The poor in a lump are bad,"—coarse and ill-mannered, at any rate,—that must be the real meaning of her soft dignity, so friendly yet so remote, her impossibly ethereal standards, her light words that so often abashed a man for no reasonable cause.

She had been sitting to him, off and on, for about six weeks. Originally she had meant him to make a three hours' sketch of her. He triumphed in the remembrance that she and Lord Findon had found the sketch so remarkable that, when he had timidly proposed a portrait in oils, Lord Findon himself had persuaded her to sit. Since that moment his work on the portrait, immediately begun, had absorbed him to such a degree that the "Genius Loci," still unfinished, had been put aside, and must have its last touches when he returned to town.

But in the middle of the sittings, Madame de Pastourelles being away, and he in a mood to destroy all that he had done, he had suddenly spent a stray evening on a railway ticket to Paris.

There—excitement!—illumination!—and a whole fresh growth of ambition! Some of the mid-century portraits in the Luxembourg, and in a loan exhibition then open in the Rue Royale, excited him so that he lost sleep and appetite. The work of Bastien-Lepage was also to be seen; and the air rang with the cries of Impressionism. But the beautiful surface of the older men held him. How to combine the breadth of the new with the keeping, the sheer *pleasure* of the old! He rushed home—afire!—and fell to work again.

And now he found himself a little more able to cope with his sitter. He was in possession, at any rate, of fresh topics,—need not feel himself so tongue-tied in

the presence of this cosmopolitan culture of hers, which she did her feminine best to disguise—which nevertheless made the atmosphere of her personality. She had lived some six years in Paris, it appeared; and had known most of the chief artists and men of letters. Fenwick writhed under his ignorance of the French language; it was a disadvantage not to be made up.

However, he talked much, and sometimes arrogantly; he gave his views, compared one man with another; if he felt any diffidence, he showed little. And indeed she led him on. Upon his art he had a right to speak, and the keen intellectual interest she betrayed in his impressions—the three days' impressions of a painter—stirred and flattered him.

But he made a great many rather ludicrous mistakes, inevitable to one who had just taken a first canter through the vast field of French art; mistakes in names and dates, in the order of men and generations. And when he made a blunder he was apt to stick to it absurdly, or excuse it elaborately. She soon gave up correcting him, even in the gentle, hesitating way she at first made use of. She said nothing; but there was sometimes mischief, perhaps mockery, in her eyes. Fenwick knew it, and would either make fresh plunges or paint on in a sulky silence.

How on earth had she guessed the authorship of those articles in the "Mirror"? He supposed he must have talked the same kind of stuff to her. At any rate, she had made him feel in some intangible way that it seemed to her a dishonorable thing to be writing anonymous attacks upon a body from whom you were asking, or intending to ask, exhibition space for your pictures, and the chance of selling your work. His authorship was never avowed between them. Nevertheless this criticism annoyed and pricked him. He said to himself that it was just like a woman—who always took the personal view. But he had not yet begun on his last two articles, which were overdue.

On one occasion, encouraged perhaps by some kindness of expression on her part, he had ventured an indirect question or two, meant to procure him some information about her past history and present way of life. She had rebuffed

him at once; and he had said to himself fiercely that it was of course because he was a man of the people, and she one of "the upper ten." He might paint her; but he must not presume to know her!

On the other hand, his mind was still warm with memories of her encouragement, her praise. Sometimes in their talks he would put the portrait aside, and fall to sketching for her,—either to illustrate his memories of pictures, or things noticed in French life and landscapes. And as the charcoal worked; as he forgot himself in hurried speech, and those remarks fell from him which are the natural outcome of a painter's experience, vivacious also and touched with literature; then her brown eyes would lighten and soften, and for once his mind would feel exultant that it moved with hers on equal terms—nay, that he was teacher and she taught. Whenever there emerged in him the signs of that dæmonic something that makes greatness she would be receptive, eager, humble even. But again his commoner, coarser side, his mere lack of breeding, would reappear; and she would fall back on her cold or gentle defensiveness. Thus protected by what his wrath called "airs," she was a mystery to him, yet a mystery that tamed and curbed him. He had never dreamed that such women existed. His own views of women were those of the shopkeeping middle class, practical, selfish, or sensual. But he had been a reader of books, and through Madame de Pastourelles certain sublimities or delicacies of poetry began to seem to him either less fantastic or more real.

All the same, he was not sure that he liked her, and while one hour he was all restlessness to resume his task, the next it was a relief to be temporarily quit of it. As for Lord Findon, except for a certain teasing vagueness on the business side of things, he had shown himself a good friend. Several times since the first variegated evening had Fenwick dined with them, mostly *en famille*. Lady Findon, indeed, had been away, nursing an invalid father; Madame de Pastourelles filled her place. The old fellow would talk freely—politics, connoisseurship, art. Fenwick, too, was allowed his head, and said his say; though always surrounded and sometimes chafing under that dis-

cipline of good society which is its only or its best justification. It flattered his vanity enormously, however, to be thus within touch of the inner circle in politics and art; for the Findons had relations and friends in all the foremost groups of both; and incidentally Fenwick, who had the grudges and some of the dreams of the democrat, was beginning to have a glimpse of the hidden springs and powers of English society—to his no small bewilderment often!

Great luck, he admitted, all this, for a nameless artist of the people, only six months in London. He owed it to Cunningham, and believed himself grateful. Cunningham was often at the Findons'—made a point, indeed, of going. Was it to maintain his place with them, and to keep Fenwick under observation? Fenwick triumphantly believed that Lord Findon greatly preferred his work—and even, by now, his conversation—to Cunningham's. But he was still envious of Cunningham's smooth tact and agreeable, serviceable ways.

As to Welby and his place in the Findon circle, that was another matter altogether. He came and went as he pleased, on brotherly terms with the son and the younger daughters, clearly an object of great affection to Lord Findon, and often made use of by her ladyship. What was the degree of friendship between him and Madame de Pastourelles?—that had been already the subject of many meditations on Fenwick's part.

The cart deposited the school-boy in Brathay and started again for Langdale.

"Yo' couldna get at Langdale for t' snaw lasst week," said the young farmer, as they turned a corner into the Skelwith valley. "T' roads were fair choked wi' 't."

"It 's been an early winter," said Fenwick.

"Ay, and t' Langdales get t' brunt o' 't. It 's wild livin' there, soomtimes, i' winter."

They began to climb the first steep hill of the old road to Langdale. The snow lay piled on either side of the road, the rain beat down, and the trees clashed and moaned overhead. Not a house, not a light, upon their path,—only swirling darkness, opening now and then on that high glimmer of the snow. Fresh from

London streets, where winter, even if it attack in force, is so soon tamed and conquered, Fenwick was for the first time conscious of the harsher, wilder aspects of his native land. Poor Phœbe! Had she been a bit lonesome in the snow and rain?

The steep lane to the cottage was still deep in snow. The cart could not attempt it. Fenwick made his way up, fighting the eddying sleet. As he let fall the latch of the outer gate, the cottage door opened, and Phœbe, with the child in her arms, stood on the threshold.

"John!"

"Yes! God bless my soul, what a night!" He reached the door, put down his umbrella with difficulty, and dragged his bag into the passage. Then, in a moment, his coat was off and he had thrown his arm round her and the child. It seemed to him that she was curiously quiet and restrained. But she kissed him in return, drew him further within the little passage, and shut the outer door, shivering.

"The kitchen 's warm," she said, "at last!"

She led him in, and he found the low-ceiled room bright with fire and lamp, the table spread, and his chair beside the blaze. She made him take off his coat, and kneeling down, she tried to unlace his wet boots.

"No, no!" he said, holding her away; "I 'll do that, Phœbe. What 's wrong with you?—you look so—so queer!"

She straightened herself, and with a laugh put back her fair hair. Her face was very pale,—a grayish pallor,—and her wonderful eyes stared from it in an odd, strained way.

"Oh! I 'm all right," she said; and she turned away from him to the fire, opening the oven door to see whether the meat-pie was done.

"How have you kept in this weather?" he said, watching her. "I 'd no notion you 'd had it so bad."

"Oh! I don't know. I suppose I 've had a chill or something. It 's been rather weariful."

"You did n't tell me anything about your chill."

"Did n't I? It seems hardly worth while telling such things, from such a distance. Will you have supper at once?"

He drew up to the table, and she fed him and hovered round him, asking the while about his work in a rather perfunctory way, about his rooms and the price of them, inquiring after the state of his clothes. But her tone and manner were unlike herself, and there was in his mind a protesting consciousness that she had not welcomed him as a young wife should after a long separation. Her manner, too, was extraordinarily nervous; her hand shook as she touched a plate; her movements were full of starts and checks, as though, often, she intended a thing and then forgot it.

They avoided talking about money, and he did not mention the name of Madame de Pastourelles; though of course his letters had reported the external history of the portrait. But Phœbe presently inquired after it.

"Have you nearly done painting that lady, John?—I don't know how to say her name."

As she spoke, she lifted a bit of bread-and-butter to her mouth and put it down untasted. In the same way, she had tried to drink some tea, and had not apparently succeeded. Fenwick rose and went over to her.

"Look here, Phœbe," he said, putting his hand on her beautiful hair and turning her face to him, "what's the matter?"

Her eyelids closed, and a quiver went through the face.

"I don't know. I—I had a fright a few days ago—at night—and I suppose I have n't got over it."

"A fright?"

"Yes. There was a tramp one night came to the door. I half opened it—and his face was so horrible, I tried to shut it again at once. And he struggled with me, but I was strongest. Then he tried to get in at the window, but luckily I had fastened the iron bar across the shutter—and the back door. But it all held, mercifully. He could n't get in. Then he abused me through the door, and said he would have killed me and the child, if he could have got in—and some day he would come again." She shuddered.

Fenwick had turned pale. With his painter's imagination he saw the thing—the bestial man outside, the winter night, the slender form within pressing against the door and the bolt—

"Look here," he said abruptly. "We can't have this. Somebody must sleep here. Did you tell the police?"

"Yes, I wrote—to Ambleside. They sent a man over to see me. But they could n't catch him. He's probably left the country. I got a bell"—she opened her eyes, and pointed to it. "If I rang it, they might hear it down at Brow Farm. They *might*—if the wind was that way."

There was a silence a moment. Then Fenwick stooped and kissed her.

"Poor old girl!" he said softly. She made but slight response. He returned to his place, repeating with a frowning energy, "You must have some one to sleep here."

"Daisy would come—if I'd pay her."

Daisy was their little servant of the summer, the daughter of a quarryman near by.

"Well, pay her!"

She drew herself up sharply. "I have n't got the money; and you always say, when you write, you have n't any, either."

"I'll find some for that. I can't have you scared like this."

But, though his tone was vehement, it was not particularly affectionate. He was horribly discomposed—indeed, could not get the terrible image out of his mind. But as he went on with his supper, the shock of it mingled with a good many critical or reproachful thoughts. Why had she persisted in staying on in Langdale, instead of going to her father? All that foolish dislike of her stepmother! It had been open to her to stay on her father's farm, with plenty of company. If she would n't, was *he* to blame if the cottage was lonesome?

But as though she divined this secret debate, she presently said:

"I went to Keswick last week."

He looked up, startled. "Well?"

"Father's ill—he's got a bad chest, and the doctor says he may be going into a consumption."

"Doctors'll say anything!" cried Fenwick, wrathfully. "If ever there was a strong man, it's your father. Don't you believe any croaking of that sort, Phœbe."

She shook her head.

"He looks so changed," she said, and began drawing with her finger on the table-cloth. He saw that her lips were

trembling. A strong impulse worked in him, bidding him go to her again, kiss away her tears, and say: "Hang everything! Come with me to London, and let 's sink or swim together."

Instead of which, some perverse cross-current hurried him into the words:

"He 'd be all right if you 'd go and nurse him, Phœbe."

"No; not at all. They did n't want me, and Mrs. Gibson, poor creature, was real glad when I said I was going. She was jealous of me all the time."

"I expect you imagined that."

Phœbe's face flushed angrily.

"I did n't!" she said shortly. "Everybody in the house knew it."

The meal went on rather silently. Fenwick's conscience said to him, "Take her back with you! Whatever happens, take her to London—she 's moping her life out here." And an inner voice clamored in reply: "Take her to those rooms?—in the very middle of the struggle with those two pictures?—go through all the agitation and discomfort of explanations with Lord Findon and Madame de Pastourelles?—run the risk of estranging them, and of distracting your own mind from your work at this critical moment?—the further risk, moreover, of Phœbe's jealousy?"

For in her present nervous and fidgety state she would very likely be jealous of his sitter, and of the way in which Madame de Pastourelles's portrait possessed his mind. No, it really could n't be done!—it really *could n't*! He must finish the two pictures, —persuade Lord Findon to buy the "Genius Loci," and make the portrait such a success that he must needs buy that too. Then let discovery come on; it should find him steeled.

Meanwhile Phœbe must have a servant, and not any mere slip of a girl, but some one who would be a companion and comfort. He began to talk of it eagerly, only to find that Phœbe took but a languid interest in the idea.

She could think of no one, wanted no one, but Daisy. Again his secret ill-humor waxed and justified itself. It was unreasonable and selfish that she should not be able to think for herself and the child better; after all, he was slaving for her as much as for himself.

Meanwhile Carrie sat very silent beside

her father, observing him, and every now and then applying her pink lips to some morsel he held out to her on his fork. He had kissed her and tossed her, and she was now sitting in his pocket. But after these eight months the child of four was shy and timid with this unfamiliar father. He, on his side, saw that she was prettier than before; his eye delighted in some of the rarer and lovelier lines of her little face; and he felt a fatherly pride. He must make some fresh studies of her; the child in the "Genius Loci" might be improved.

AFTER supper, Phœbe seemed to him so pale and tottering that he made her rest beside the fire, while he himself cleared the supper things away. She lay back in her chair, laughing at his awkwardness, or starting up when china clashed.

Meanwhile, as in their farewell talk beside the ghyll eight months before, her mood gradually and insensibly changed. Whatever unloving thoughts or resentments had held her in the first hour of their meeting, however strong had been the wish to show him that she had been lonely and suffering, she could not resist what to her was the magic of his presence. As he moved about in the low, firelit room, and she watched him, her whole nature melted; and he knew it.

Presently she took the child up-stairs. He waited for her, hanging over the fire, listening to the storm outside, and thinking, thinking—

When she reappeared, and he, looking round, saw her standing in the doorway, so tall and slender, her pale face and hair colored by the glow of the fire, passion and youth spoke in him once more.

He sprang up and caught her in his arms. Presently, sitting in the old arm-chair beside the blaze, he had gathered her on his knee, and she had clasped her hands round his neck and buried her face against him. All things were forgotten, save that they were man and wife together, within this "wind-warm space," ringed by night and pattering sleet and gusts that flung themselves in vain upon the roof that sheltered them.

BUT next morning, within the little cottage,—beating rain on the windows, and a cheerless storm-light in the tiny rooms,—

the hard facts of the situation resumed their sway. In the first place, money questions had to be faced. Fenwick made the most of his expectations; but at best they were no more, and how to live till they became certainties was the problem. If Lord Findon had commissioned the portrait, or definitely said he would purchase the "Genius Loci," some advance might have been asked for. As it was, how could money be mentioned yet awhile? Phœbe had a fine and costly piece of embroidery on hand, commissioned through an "Art Industry" started at Windermere the summer before; but it could not be finished for some weeks, possibly months, and the money Fenwick proposed to earn during his fortnight in the North by some illustrations long overdue had been already largely forestalled. He gloomily made up his mind to appeal to an old cousin in Kendal, the widow of a grocer, said to be richly left, who had once in his boyhood given him five shillings. With much distaste he wrote the letter and walked to Elterwater in the rain to post it. Then he tried to work; but little Carrie, fractious from confinement indoors, was troublesome and disturbed him. Phœbe, too, would make remarks on his drawing which seemed to him inept. In old days he would have laughed at her for pretending to know, and turned it off with a kiss. Now what she said set him on edge. The talk he had been living amongst had spoiled him for silly criticisms. Moreover, for the first time he detected in her a slight tone of the "school-marm"—didactic and self-satisfied, without knowledge. The measure Madame de Pastourelles had dealt out to him, he in some sort avenged on Phœbe.

At the same time there were much more serious causes of difference. Each had a secret from the other. Fenwick's secret was that he had foolishly passed in London as an unmarried man, and that he could not take Phœbe back with him, because of the discomforts and risks in which a too early avowal of her would involve him. He was morbidly conscious of this, brooded over it, and magnified it.

She, on the other hand, was tormented by a fixed idea—already in existence at the time of their first parting, but much strengthened by loneliness and fretting—that he was tired of her and not unwilling

to be without her. The joy of their meeting banished it for a time, but it soon came back. She had never acquiesced in the wisdom of their separation; and to question it was to resent it more and more deeply, to feel his persistence in it a more cruel offense, month by month. Her pride prevented her from talking of it; but the soreness of her grievance invaded their whole relation. And in her moral unrest she showed faults which had been scarcely visible in their early married years,—impatience, temper, suspicion, a readiness to magnify small troubles, whether of health or circumstance.

During her months alone she had been reading many novels of an indifferent sort, which the carrier brought her from the lending library at Windermere. She talked excitedly of some of them, had "cried her eyes out" over this or that. Fenwick picked up one or two, and threw them away for "trash." He scornfully thought that they had done her harm, made her more nervous and difficult. But at night, when he had done his work, he never took any trouble to read to her, or to talk to her about other than household things. He smoked or drew in silence; and she sat over her embroidery, lost in morbid reverie.

One morning he discovered amongst her books a paper-covered "Life of Romney"—a short compilation issued by a local bookseller.

"Why, whatever did you get this for, Phœbe?" he said, holding it up.

She looked up from her mending, and colored. "I wanted to read it."

"But why?"

"Well,"—she hesitated,— "I thought it was like you."

"Like me?—you little goose!"

"I don't know," she said doggedly, looking hard at her work,— "there was the hundred pounds that he got to go to London with; and then, marrying a wife in Kendal, and"—she looked up with a half-defiant smile—"and leaving her behind!"

"Oh! so you think that 's like me?" he said, seating himself again at his drawing.

"It 's rather like."

"You suppose you 're going to be left here for thirty years?" He laughed as he spoke.

She laughed, too, but not gaily,—with a kind of defiance.

"Well, it would n't be quite as easy now, would it?—with trains, and all that. There were only coaches then, I suppose. Now, London 's so near."

"I wish you 'd always think so!" he cried. "Why, of course it 's near. I 'm only seven hours away. What 's that, in these days? And in three months' time things will be all right and square again."

"I dare say," she said, sighing.

"Why can't you wait cheerfully," he asked, rather exasperated, "instead of being so down?"

"Because," she broke out, "I don't see the reason of it—there! No, I don't!—However!"—she pressed back her hair from her eyes, and drew herself together.—"You've never shown me your studies of that—that lady—John; you said you would."

Relieved at the change of subject, he took a sketch-book out of his pocket and gave it to her. It contained a number of "notes" for his portrait of Madame de Pastourelles,—sketches of various poses, aspects of the head and face, arrangements of the hands, and so forth. Phœbe pondered it in silence.

"She 's pretty I think," she said at last, doubtfully.

"I 'm not sure that she is," said Fenwick. "She 's very pale."

"That does n't matter. The shape of her face is awfully pretty—and her eyes. Is her hair like mine?"

"No; not nearly so good."

"Ah, if I could only do it as prettily as she does!" said Phœbe, faintly smiling. "I suppose, John, she 's very smart and fashionable?"

"Well, she 's Lord Findon's daughter --that tells you. They 're pretty well at the top."

Phœbe asked various other questions, then fell silent, still pondering the sketches. After a while she put down her work and came to sit on a stool beside Fenwick, sometimes laying her golden head against his knee, or stretching out her hand to touch his. He responded affectionately enough; but as the winter twilight deepened in the little room, Phœbe's eyes, fixed upon the fire, resumed their melancholy discontent. She was less

necessary to him even than before; she knew by a thousand small signs that the forces which possessed his mind—perhaps his heart!—were not now much concerned with her.

She tried to control, to school herself. But the flame within was not to be quenched.—was, indeed, perpetually finding fresh fuel. How quietly he had taken the story of the tramp's attack upon her!—which still, whenever she thought of it, thrilled her own veins with horror. No doubt he had been over to Ambleside to speak to the police; and he had arranged that the little servant, Daisy, should come to her when he left. But if he had merely caught her to him with one shuddering cry of love and rage—that would have been worth all his precautions!—would have effaced the nightmare and filled her heart.

As to his intellectual life, she was now much more conscious of her exclusion from it than she ever had been in their old life together.

For it was a consciousness quickened by jealousy. Little as Fenwick talked about Madame de Pastourelles, Phœbe understood perfectly that she was a woman of high education and refinement, and that her stored and subtle mind was at once an attraction and a cause of humiliation to John. And through his rare stories of the Findon household and the Findon dinner-parties, the wife dimly perceived a formidable world, bristling with strange acquirements and accomplishments, in which he, perhaps, was beginning to find a place, thanks to his art; while she, his obscure and ignorant wife, must resign herself to being forever shut out from it, to knowing it from his report only. How could she ever hold her own with such people? He would talk with them, paint them, dine with them, while she sat at home, Carrie's nurse and the domestic drudge.

And yet she was of that type which represents perhaps the most ambitious element in the lower middle class. It had been a great matter that she, a small farmer's daughter, should pass her examinations and rise to be a teacher in Miss Mason's school. She had had her triumphs and conceits; had been accustomed to think herself clever and successful, to hold her head high among her school-

mates. Whereas now, if she tried to talk of art or books, she was hotly aware that everything she said was, in John's eyes, pretentious or absurd. He was comparing her with others all the time, with men and women—women especially—in whose presence he felt himself as diffident as she did in his. He was thinking of ladies in velvet dresses and diamonds, who could talk wittily of pictures and theaters and books, who could amuse him and distract him. And meanwhile *she* went about in her old stuff dress, her cotton apron and rolled-up sleeves, cooking and washing and cleaning—for her child and for him. She felt through every nerve that he was constantly aware of details of dress or ménage that jarred upon him; she suspected miserably that all her little personal ways and habits seemed to him ugly and common, and the suspicion showed itself in pride or brusquerie.

It is an old and ever-pitiful situation. Meanwhile, if she had been *restful*, if he could only have forgotten his cares in her mere youth and prettiness, Fenwick would have been easily master of his discontents. For he was naturally of a warm, sensuous temper. Had the woman understood her own arts, she could have held him.

But she was not restful, she was exacting and self-conscious; and, moreover, a certain new growth of Puritanism in her repelled him. While he had been passing under the transforming influences of an all-questioning thought and culture, she had been turning to Evangelical religion for consolation. There was a new minister in a Baptist chapel a mile or two away, of whom she talked, whose services she attended. The very mention of him presently became a boredom to Fenwick. The new influence had no effect upon her jealousies and discontents; but it reinforced a natural asceticism, and weakened whatever power she possessed of playing on a husband's passion. Meanwhile Fenwick was partly aware of her state of mind, and far from happy himself. His conscience pricked him; but such pricklings are small help to love. Often he found himself guiltily brooding over Lord Findon's tirades against the early marriages of artists. There was a horrid truth in them. No doubt an artist should wait till his circumstances were

worthy of his gifts, and then marry a woman who could understand and help him on.

Nor was even the child a binding influence. Fenwick in this visit became for the first time a fond father. A certain magic in the little Carrie flattered his vanity and excited his hopes. He drew her many times, and prophesied confidently that she would be a beauty. But, in his secret opinion, she was spoiled and mismanaged; and he talked a good deal to Phœbe about her bringing up, theorizing and haranguing in his usual way. Phœbe listened generally with impatience, resenting interference within her special domain. And often, when she saw the father and child together, a fresh and ugly misery would raise its head. Would he in time set even Carrie against her, teach the child to look down upon its mother?

ONE day he returned from Ambleside, pale and excited, bringing a Manchester paper.

"Phœbe!" he called from the gate.

Startled by something in his voice, Phœbe ran out to him.

"Phœbe, an awful thing 's happened! Old Morrison 's—dead! Look here!"

And he showed her a paragraph headed, "Defalcations and suicide." It described how Mr. James Morrison, the chief cashier of the Bartonbury Bank, had committed suicide immediately after the discovery by the bank authorities of large falsifications in the bank accounts. Mr. Morrison had shot himself, leaving a statement acknowledging a long course of fraudulent dealings with the funds intrusted to him, and pleading with his employers for his wife and daughter. "Great sympathy," said the "Guardian" reporter, "is felt in Bartonbury with Mrs. Morrison, whose character has always been highly respected. But, indeed, the whole family occupied a high position, and the shock to the locality has been great." On which followed particulars of the frauds, and a long report of the inquest.

Phœbe was struck with horror. She lingered over the paper, commenting, exclaiming; while Fenwick sat staring into the fire, his hands on his knees.

Presently she came to him and said in a low voice:

"And what about the money, John—the loan?"

"I am not obliged to return it in money," he said sharply.

"Well, the pictures?"

"That 'll be all right. I must think about it. There 'll be no hurry."

"Did Mrs. Morrison know—about the loan?"

"I dare say. I never heard."

"I suppose she and the daughter 'll have nothing?"

"That does n't follow at all. Very likely he 'd settled something on them, which can't be touched. A man like that generally does."

"Poor things!" she said, shuddering.

"But, John, you 'll pay it back to Mrs. Morrison?"

"Of course I shall," he said impatiently,—“in due time. But please remember, Phœbe, that 's my affair. Don't you talk of it—to *any one*."

He looked up to emphasize his words.

Phœbe flushed.

"I was n't going to talk of it to any one," she said proudly, as she moved away.

Presently he took up his hat again and went out, that he might be alone with his thoughts. The rain had vanished, and a frosty sunshine sparkled on the fells, on the red bracken and the foaming becks. He took the mountain path which led past the ghyll up to the ridge which separates Langdale from Grasmere and Easedale. Morrison's finely wrinkled face, with its blue, complacent eyes and thin nose, hovered before him—now as he remembered it in life, and now as he imagined it in death. Hard fate! There had been an adventurous, poetic element in Morrison, something beyond the ken of the ordinary Philistine, and it had come to this. Fenwick remembered him among the drawings he had collected. Real taste, real sense of beauty, combined no doubt with the bargaining instinct and a natural love of chicanery. Moreover, Fenwick believed that, so far as a grasping temper would allow, there had been a genuine wish to help undiscovered talent. He thought of the hand which had given him the check, and had a vision of it holding the revolver—of the ghastly, solitary end. And no one had guessed—unless, indeed, it were his wife. Perhaps that look of

hers, as of a creature hunted by secret fears, was now explained.

How common such things are—and probably, so ran his thoughts, will always be! We are all acting. Each man, or woman, carries this potentiality of a double life—it is only a question of less or more.

Suddenly he colored as he saw *himself* thus writ double—first as he appeared to Madame de Pastourelles, and then as he appeared to Phœbe. Masquerading was easy, it seemed; and conscience made little fuss! Instantly, however, the inner man rebelled against the implied comparison of himself with Morrison. An accidental concealment, acquiesced in temporarily for business reasons,—what had that in common with villainy like Morrison's? An awkward affair, no doubt; and he had been a fool to slip into it. But in a few weeks he would put it right, come what would.

As to the debt, he tried to fight against a feeling of deliverance, but clearly he need be in no hurry to pay it. He had been living in dread of Morrison's appearing in Bernard street to claim his bond,—revealing Phœbe's existence perhaps to ears unprepared, and laying greedy hands upon the "Genius Loci." It would have been hard to keep him off it, unless Lord Findon had promptly come forward; and it would have been odious to yield it to him. "Now I shall take my time." Of course, ultimately, he would repay the money to Mrs. Morrison and Bella. But better, even in their interests, to wait awhile, till there could be no question of any other claim to it.

So from horror he passed to a personal relief, of which he was rather ashamed; and then again to a real, uneasy pity for the wife and for the vulgar daughter who had so bitterly resented his handling of her charms. He remembered the note in which she had acknowledged the final delivery of her portrait. In obedience to Morrison's suggestion, he had kept it by him a few days; and then, either unable or proudly unwilling to alter it, he had returned it to its owner. Whereupon a furious note from Miss Bella, which—knowing that her father took no account of her tempers—Fenwick had torn up with a laugh. It was clear that she had heard of her father's invitation to him to

"beautify" it, and when the picture reappeared unaltered she took it as a direct and personal insult, a sign that he disliked her and meant to humiliate her. It was an odd variety of the *spretæ injuria formæ*. Fenwick had never been in the least penitent for his behavior. The picture was true, clever, and the best he could do. It was no painter's business to endow Miss Bella with beauty if she did not possess it. As a piece of paint, the picture *had* beauty—if she had only eyes to find it out.

Poor girl!—what husband now would venture on such a termagant wife?—peniless too, and disgraced! He would like to help her, and her mother—for Morrison's sake. Stirred by a fleeting impulse, he began to scheme how he might become their benefactor, as Morrison had been his.

Then, as he raised his eyes from the path, with a rush of delight he noticed the flood of afternoon sunlight pouring on the steep fell-side, the sharp black shadows thrown by wall and tree, the brilliance of the snow along the topmost ridge. He raced along, casting the Morrisons out of his thoughts, forgetting everything but the joy of atmosphere and light, the pleasure of his physical strength. Near one of the highest crags he came upon a shepherd-boy and his dog collecting some sheep. The collie ran hither and thither with the marvelous shrewdness of his breed, circling, heading, driving; the stampede of the sheep, as they fled before him, could be heard along the fell. The sun played upon the flock, turning its dirty gray to white, caught the little figure of the shepherd-boy, as he stood shouting and waving; or glittered on the foaming stream beside him. Purple shadows bathed the fell beyond, and on its bosom the rustic scene emerged, a winter idyll.

Fenwick sat down upon a rock, ransacked his pockets for sketch-book and paints, and began to sketch. When he had made his "note," he sat lost awhile in the pleasure of his own growing skill and sharpening perceptions, and dreaming of future "subjects." A series of "Westmoreland months," illustrating the seasons among the fells and the life of the dalesmen, ran through his mind. Nature appeared to his exultant sense as a vast

treasure-house stored for him only—a mine inexhaustible offered to his craftsman's hand. For him the sweeping hues, the intricate broderies,—green or russet, red or purple,—of this winter world!—for him the delicacy of the snow, the pale azure of the sky, the cloud-shadows, the white becks, the winding river in the valley floor, the purple crags, the lovely accents of light and shade, the hints of composition that wooed his eager eye. Who was it that said, "Composition is the art of preserving the accidental look"? Clever fellow! there was the right thing said, for once! And so he slipped into a reverie, which was really one of those creative moments of the artist by which he makes good his kinship with "the great of old," his right to his own place in the unending chain.

Strange!—from that poverty of feeling in which he had considered the Morrison tragedy, from his growing barrenness of heart toward Phœbe, he had sprung at a bound into this ecstasy, this expansion of the whole man. It brought with it a vivid memory of the pictures he was engaged upon. By the time he turned homeward, and the light was failing, he was counting the days till he could return to London, and to work.

THERE was still, however, another week of his holiday to run. He wrote to Mrs. Morrison a letter which cost him much pains, expressing a sympathy that he really felt. He got on with his illustration work, and extracted a further advance upon it. And the old cousin in Kendal proved unexpectedly generous. She wrote him a long scriptural letter, rating him for disobedience to his father, and warning him against debt; but she lent him twenty pounds, so that, for the present, Phœbe could be left in comparative comfort, and he had something in his pocket.

Yet with this easing of circumstance, the relation between husband and wife did not improve. During this last week, indeed, Phœbe teased him to make a sketch of himself to leave with her. He began it unwillingly, then got interested, and finally made a vigorous sketch, as ample as their largest looking-glass would allow, with which he was extremely pleased. Phœbe delighted in it, hung it

up proudly in the parlor, and repaid him with smiles and kisses.

Yet the very next day, under the cloud of his impending departure, she went about pale and woebegone, on the verge of tears or temper. He was provoked into various harsh speeches, and Phœbe felt that despair which weak and loving women know when parting is near and they foresee the hour beyond parting, when each unkind word and look, too well remembered, will gnaw and creep about the heart.

But she could not restrain herself. Nervous tension, doubt of her husband, and condemnation of herself drove her on. The very last night there was a quarrel—about the child, whom Fenwick had punished for some small offense. Phœbe hotly defended her—first with tears, then with passion. For the first time these two people found themselves looking into each other's eyes with rage, almost with hate. Then they kissed and made up, terrified at the abyss which had yawned between them; and when the moment came, Phœbe went through the parting bravely.

But when Fenwick had gone, and the young wife sat alone beside the cottage fire, the darkness outside seemed to her the natural symbol of her own bitter foreboding. Why had he left her? There was no reason in it, as she had said. But there must be some reason behind it. And slowly, in the firelight, she fell to brooding over the image of that pale, classical face, as she had seen it in the sketch-book. John had talked quite frankly about Madame de Pastourelles—not like a man beguiled; making no mystery of her at all, answering all questions. But his restlessness to get back to London had been extraordinary. Was it merely the restlessness of the artist?

This was Tuesday. To-morrow Madame de Pastourelles was to come to a sitting. Phœbe sat picturing it; while the curtain of rain descended once more upon the cottage, blotting out the Pikes, and washing down the sodden fields.

VI

"I MUST alter that fold over the arm," murmured Fenwick, stepping back, with a frown, and gazing hard at the picture on his easel; "it's too strong."

Madame de Pastourelles gave a little shiver.

The big, bare room, with its northern aspect and its smoldering fire, had been of a polar temperature this March afternoon. She had been sitting for an hour and a half. Her hands and feet were frozen, and the fur cloak which she wore over her white dress had to be thrown back for the convenience of the painter, who was at work on the velvet folds.

Meanwhile, on the further side of the room sat "propriety," also shivering—an elderly governess of the Findon family, busily knitting.

"The dress is coming!" said Fenwick, after another minute or two. "Yes, it's coming."

And with a flushed face and disheveled hair he stood back again, staring first at his canvas and then at his sitter.

Madame de Pastourelles sat as still as she could, her thin, numbed fingers lightly crossed on her lap. Her wonderful velvet dress, of ivory-white, fell about her austere in long folds, which, as they bent or overlapped, made beautiful convolutions, firm yet subtle, on the side turned toward the painter, and over her feet. The classical head, with its small ear, the pale yet shining face, combined with the dress to suggest a study in ivory, wrought to a great delicacy and purity. Only the eyes, much darker than the hair, and the rich brown of the sable cloak where it touched the white, gave accent and force to the ethereal pallor, the supreme refinement, of the rest—face, dress, hands. Nothing but civilization in its most complex workings could have produced such a type; that was what prevailed dimly in Fenwick's mind as he wrestled with his picture. Sometimes his day's work left him exultant, sometimes in a hell of despair.

"I went to see Mr. Welby's studio yesterday," he said, hastily, after another minute or two, seeing her droop with fatigue.

Her face changed and lit up.

"Well, what did you see?"

"The two Academy pictures, several portraits, and a lot of studies."

"Is n't it fine—the 'Polyxena'?"

Fenwick twisted his mouth in a trick he had.

"Yes," he said perfunctorily.



Drawn by Albert Sterner. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"MADAME DE PASTOURELLES SAT AS STILL AS SHE COULD, HER THIN, NUMBED
FINGERS LIGHTLY CROSSED ON HER LAP"

She colored slightly, as though in antagonism.

"That means that you don't admire it at all."

"Well, it does n't say anything to me," said Fenwick, after a pause.

"What do you dislike?"

"Why does n't he paint flesh?" he said abruptly—"not colored wax."

"Of course there is a decorative convention in his painting,"—her tone was a little stiff,— "but so there is in all painting."

Fenwick shrugged his shoulders.

"Go and look at Rubens or Velasquez."

"Why not at Leonardo—and Raphael?"

"Because they are not *moderns*—and we can't get back into their skins. Rubens and Velasquez *are* moderns," he protested stoutly.

"What is a 'modern'?" she asked, laughing. It was on the tip of his tongue to say, "You are; and it is only fashion—or something else—that makes you like this archaistic stuff!" But he restrained himself, and they fell into a skirmish, in which, as usual, he came off badly. As soon as he perceived it, he became rather heated and noisy, trying to talk her down. Whereupon she sprang up, came down from her pedestal to look at the picture, called Mademoiselle to see, praised, laughed, and all was calm again. Only Fenwick was left once more reflecting that she was Welby's champion through thick and thin. And this ruffled him.

"Did Mr. Welby study mostly in Italy?" he asked her presently, as he fetched a hand-glass in which to examine his morning's work.

"Mostly—but also in Vienna."

And, to keep the ball rolling, she described a travel-year—apparently before her marriage—which she, Lord Findon, a girl friend of hers, and Welby had spent abroad together—mainly in Rome, Munich, and Vienna—for the purpose, it seemed, of Welby's studies. The experiences she described roused a kind of secret exasperation in Fenwick. And what was really resentment against the meagerness of his own lot showed itself, as usual, in jealousy. He said something contemptuous of this foreign training for an artist—so much concerned with galleries and Old Masters. Much better that he should use his eyes upon his own coun-

try and its types; that had been enough for all the best men.

Madame de Pastourelles politely disagreed with him; then, to change the subject, she talked of some of the humors and incidents of their stay in Vienna, the types of Viennese society, the Emperor, the beautiful mad Empress, the archdukes, the priests; and also of some hurried visits to Hungarian country houses in winter, of the cosmopolitan luxury and refinement to be found there, ringed by forests and barbarism.

Fenwick listened greedily, and presently inquired whether Mr. Welby had shared in all these amusements.

"Oh, yes. He was generally the life and soul of them."

"I suppose he made lots of friends, and got on with everybody?"

Madame de Pastourelles assented cautiously.

"That 's all a question of manners," said Fenwick, with sudden roughness.

She gave a vague "Perhaps," and he straightened himself aggressively.

"I don't think manners very important—do you?"

"Very!" She said it with a gay firmness.

"Well, then, some of us will never get any"—his tone was surly—"we were n't taught young enough."

"Our mothers teach us generally—all that 's wanted!"

He shook his head.

"It 's not as simple as that. Besides, one may lose one's mother."

"Ah, yes!" she said, with quick feeling. And presently a little tact, a few questions on her part, had brought out some of his own early history—his mother's death, his years of struggle with his father. As he talked on, disjointedly, painting hard all the time, she had a vision of the Kendal shop and its customers, of the shrewd old father, molded by the business, the avarice, the religion of an English country town, with a Calvinist contempt for art and artists, and trying vainly to coerce his sulky and rebellious son.

"Has your father seen these pictures?" She pointed to the "Genius Loci" on its further easel and to the portrait.

"My father! I have n't spoken to him or seen him for years."

"Years!" She opened her eyes. "Is it as bad as that?"

"Ay, that 's North Country. If you 've once committed yourself, you stick to it—like death."

She declared that it might be North Country, but was none the less barbarous. However, of course it would all come right. All the interesting tales of one's childhood began that way—with a cruel father and a rebellious son. But they came to magnificent ends, notwithstanding,—with sacks of gold and a princess. Diffident, yet smiling, she drew conclusions. "So, you see, you 'll make money—you 'll be an R.A.—you 'll *marry*—and Mr. Fenwick will nurse the grandchildren. I assure you—that 's the fairy-tale way."

Fenwick, who had flushed hotly, turned away and occupied himself in replenishing his palette.

"Papa, of course, would say, 'Don't marry till you 're a hundred and two!' she resumed. "But, pray, don't listen to him."

"I dare say he 's right," said Fenwick, returning to his easel, his face bent over it.

"Not at all. People should have their youth together."

"That 's all very well. But many men don't know at twenty what they 'll want at thirty," said Fenwick, painting fast.

Madame de Pastourelles laughed.

"The doctors say nowadays—it is papa's latest craze—that it does n't matter what you eat, or how little, if you only chew it properly. I wonder if that applies to matrimony?"

"What 's the chewing?"

"Manners," she said, laughing,— "that you think so little of. Whether the food 's agreeable or not, manners help it down."

"Manners!—between husband and wife?" he said scornfully.

"But certainly!" She lifted her beautiful brows for emphasis. "Show me any persons, please, that want them more!"

"The people I 've been living among," said Fenwick, with sharp persistence, "have n't got time for fussing about manners—in the sense you mean. Life 's too hard."

A flush of bright color sprang into her face. But she held her ground.

"What do you suppose I mean? I

don't mean court trains and curtseys,—I really don't."

Fenwick was silent a moment, and then said aggressively, "We can't all of us have the same chances—as Mr. Welby, for instance."

Madame de Pastourelles looked at him in astonishment. What an extraordinary obsession! They seemed not to be able to escape from Arthur Welby's name: yet it never cropped up without producing some sign of irritation in this strange young man. Poor Arthur! who had always shown himself so ready to make friends, whenever the two men met—as they often did—in the St. James's Square drawing-room. Fenwick's antagonism, indeed, had been plain to her for some time. It was natural, she supposed; he was clearly very sensitive on the subject of his own humble origin and bringing up; but she sighed that a perverse youth should so mismanage his opportunities.

As to "chances," she declared rather tartly that they had nothing to do with it. It was natural to Arthur Welby to make himself agreeable.

"Yes—like all other kinds of aristocrats," said Fenwick, grimly.

Madame de Pastourelles frowned. "Of all the words in the dictionary, that word is the most detestable!" she declared. "It ought to be banished. Well, thank goodness, it *is* generally banished."

"That 's only because we all like to hide our heads in the sand,—you who possess the privileges, and we who envy them!"

"I vow I don't possess any privileges at all," she said, with defiance.

"You say so, because you breathe them—live in them, like the air—without knowing it," said Fenwick, also trying to speak lightly. Then he added, suddenly putting down his palette and brushes, while his black eyes lightened: "And so does Mr. Welby. You can see from his pictures that he does n't know anything about common, coarse people—*real* people—who make up the world. He paints wax, and calls it life; and you—"

"Go on!—*please* go on!"

"I shall only make a fool of myself," he said, taking up his brushes again.

"Not at all. And I praise humbug, and call it manners?"

He paused; then blurted out, "I

would n't say anything rude to you for the world!"

She smiled—a smile that turned all the delicate severity of her face to sweetness. "That's very nice of you. But if you knew Mr. Welby better, you'd never want to say anything rude to *him*, either! But, for goodness' sake, don't let's talk about him any more."

Fenwick was silent. Madame de Pastourelles, feeling that for the moment she also had come to the end of her tether, fell into a reverie, from which she was presently roused by finding Fenwick standing before her, palette in hand.

"I don't want you to think me an envious brute," he said, stammering. "Of course, I know the '*Polyxena*' is a fine thing—a very fine thing."

She looked a little surprised—as though he offered her moods to which she had no key. "Shall I show you something I like much better?" she said, with quick resource. And drawing toward her a small portfolio she had brought with her, she took out a drawing and handed it to him. "I am taking it to be framed. Is n't it beautiful?"

It was a drawing, in silver-point, of an orange-tree in mingled fruit and bloom,—an exquisite piece of work, of a Japanese truth, intricacy, and perfection. Fenwick looked at it in silence. These silver-point drawings of Welby's were already famous. In the preceding May there had been an exhibition of them at an artistic club. At the top of the drawing was an inscription in a minute handwriting—"Sorrento: Christmas day," with the monogram "A. W." and a date three years old.

As Madame de Pastourelles perceived that his eyes had caught the inscription, she rather hastily withdrew the sketch and returned it to the portfolio.

"I watched him draw it," she explained,—"in a Sorrento garden. My father and I were there for the winter. Mr. Welby was in a villa near ours, and I used to watch him at work."

It seemed to Fenwick that her tone had grown rather hurried and reserved, as though she regretted the impulse which had made her show him the drawing. He praised it as intelligently as he could; but his mind was guessing all the time at the relation which lay behind the drawing.

According to Cuningham's information, it was now three years since a separation had been arranged between Madame de Pastourelles and her husband, Comte Albert de Pastourelles, owing to the comte's outrageous misconduct. Lord Findon had no doubt taken her abroad after the catastrophe. And, besides her father, Welby had also been near, apparently,—watching over her?

He returned to his work upon the hands, silent, but full of speculation. The evident bond between these two people had excited his imagination and piqued his curiosity from the first moment of his acquaintance with them. They were both of a rare and fine quality; and the signs of an affection between them, equally rare and fine, had not been lost on those subtler perceptions in Fenwick which belonged perhaps to his heritage as an artist. If he gave the matter an innocent interpretation, and did not merely say to himself, "She has lost a husband, and found a lover," it was because the woman herself had awakened in him fresh sources of judgment. His thoughts simply did not dare besmirch her.

THE clock struck five; and thereupon a sound of voices on the stairs outside.

"Papa!" said Madame de Pastourelles, jumping up in very evident relief, her teeth chattering.

The door opened and Lord Findon put in a reconnoitering head.

"May I—or we—come in?"

And behind him, on the landing, Fenwick with a start perceived the smiling face of Arthur Welby.

"I've come to carry off my daughter," said Findon, with a friendly nod to the artist. "But don't let us in if you don't want to."

"Turn me out, please, at once, if I'm in the way," said Welby. "Lord Findon made me come up."

It was the first time that Welby had visited the Bernard-street studio. Fenwick's conceit had sometimes resented the fact. Yet now that Welby was there, he was unwilling to show his work. He muttered something about there being "more to see in a day or two."

"There's a great deal to see already," said Lord Findon. "But, of course, do as you like. Eugénie, are you ready?"

"Please!—may I be exhibited?" said Madame de Pastourelles to Fenwick, with a smiling appeal.

He gave way, dragged the easel into the best light, and fell back while the two men examined the portrait.

"Stay where you are, Eugénie," said Lord Findon, holding up his hand. "Let Arthur see the pose."

She sat down obediently. Fenwick heard an exclamation from Welby, and a murmured remark to Lord Findon; then Welby turned to the painter, his face aglow.

"I say, I do congratulate you! You *are* making a success of it! The whole scheme 's delightful. You 've got the head admirably."

"I 'm glad you like it," said Fenwick, rather shortly, ready at once to suspect a note of patronage in the other's effusion. Welby, a little checked, returned to the picture, studying it closely, and making a number of shrewd or generous comments upon it, gradually quenched, however, by Fenwick's touchy or ungracious silence. Of course the picture was good. Fenwick wanted no one to tell him that.

Meanwhile Lord Findon—though in Fenwick's studio he always behaved himself with a certain jauntiness, as a man should who has discovered a genius—was a little discontented.

"It 's a fine thing, Eugénie," he was saying to her, as he helped her put on her furs; "but I 'm not altogether satisfied. It wants animation. It 's too—too—"

"Too sad?" she asked quietly.

"Too grave, my dear.—too grave. I want your smile."

Madame de Pastourelles shook her head.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"I can't go smiling to posterity!" she said, first gaily, then suddenly her lip quivered.

"Eugénie, darling—for God's sake—"

"I 'm all right," she said, recovering herself instantly. "Mr. Arthur, are you coming?"

"One moment," said Welby; then, turning to Fenwick as the others approached them, he said, "Might I make two small criticisms?"

"Of course."

"The right hand seems to me too large,

and the chin wants fining. Look!" He took a little ivory paper-cutter from his pocket, and pointed to the line of the chin, with a motion of the head toward Madame de Pastourelles.

Fenwick looked—and said nothing.

"By George, I think he 's right," said Lord Findon, putting on spectacles. "That right hand 's certainly too big."

"In my opinion, it 's not big enough," said Fenwick, doggedly.

Welby withdrew instantly from the picture, and took up his hat. Lord Findon looked at the artist, half angry, half amused. "You don't buy her gloves, sir—I do."

Eugénie's eyes meanwhile had begun to sparkle, as she stood in her sable cap and cloak, waiting for her companions. Fenwick approached her.

"Will you sit to-morrow?"

"I think not—I have some engagements."

"Next day?"

"I will let you know."

Fenwick's color rose.

"There is a good deal to do still—and I must work at my other picture."

"Yes, I know. I will write."

And with a little dry nod of farewell she slipped her hand into her father's arm and led him away. Welby also saluted pleasantly, and followed the others.

Fenwick was left to pace his room in a tempest, denouncing himself as a "damned fool," bent on destroying all his own chances in life. Why was it that Welby's presence always had this effect upon him, setting him on edge, and making a bear of him? No! it was not allowed to be so handsome, so able, so ingratiating. Yet he knew very well that Welby made no enemies, and that in his grudging jealousy of a delightful artist he, Fenwick, stood alone.

He walked to the window. Yes; there they were, all three,—Mademoiselle Barras seemed to have gone her ways separately,—just disappearing into Russell Square. He saw that Welby had possessed himself of the fair lady's portfolio, and was carrying her shawl. He watched their intimate, laughing ways—how different from the stiffness she had just shown *him*, from the friendly yet distant relations she always maintained between herself and her painter! A fierce and

irritable ambition swept through him,—rebellion against the hampering conditions of birth and poverty, which he felt as so many chains upon body and soul. Why was he born the son of a small country tradesman, narrow, ignorant, and tyrannical,—harassed by penury, denied opportunities,—while a man like Welby found life from the beginning a broad road, as it were, down a widening valley, to a land of abundance and delight?

But the question led immediately to an answering outburst of vanity. He paced up and down, turning from the injustice of the past to challenge the future. A few more years, and the world would know where to place *him*, with regard to the men now in the running—men with half his power—Welby and the like. A mad arrogance, a boundless confidence in himself, flamed through all his veins. Let him paint, paint, *paint*—think of nothing, care for nothing, but the maturing of his gift!

How long he lost himself in this passion of egotism and defiance he hardly knew. He was roused from it by the servant bringing a lamp; and as she set it down, the light fell upon a memorandum scrawled on the edge of a sketch which was lying on the table: "Feb. 21—10 o'clock."

His mood collapsed. He sat down by the dying fire, brooding and miserable. How on earth was he going to get through the next few weeks? Abominable!—thoughtlessly cruel!—that neither Lord Findon nor Madame de Pastourelles should ever yet have spoken to him of money! These months of work on the portrait,—this constant assumption on the part of the Findon circle that both the portrait and the "Genius Loci" were to become Findon possessions,—and yet no sum named,—no clear agreement, even—nothing, as it seemed to Fenwick's suspicious temper, in either case, that really bound Lord Findon. "Write to the old boy,"—so Cuninghame had advised again and again,—"get something definite out of him." But Fenwick had once or twice torn up a letter of the kind in morbid pride and despair. Suppose he were rebuffed? That would be an end of the Findon connection, and he could not bring himself to face it. He must keep his *entrée* to the house; above all, he clung to the portrait and the sittings.

But the immediate outlook was pretty dark. He was beginning to be pestered with debts and duns: the appointment on the morrow was with an old frame-maker who had lent him twenty pounds before Christmas, and was now begging piteously for his money. There was nothing to pay him with, nothing to send Phœbe, in spite of a constant labor at paying jobs in black-and-white that often kept him up till three or four in the morning. He wondered whether Watson would help him with a loan. According to Cuninghame, the queer fellow had private means.

The fact was, he was over-strained,—he knew it. The year had been the hardest of his life, and now that he was approaching the time of crisis,—the completion of his two pictures, the judgment of the Academy and the public,—his nerve seemed to be giving way. As he thought of all that success or failure might mean, he plunged into a melancholy no less extravagant than the passion of self-confidence from which he had emerged. Suppose that he fell ill before the pictures were finished, what would become of Phœbe and the child?

As he thought of Phœbe, suddenly his heart melted within him. Was she, too, hating the hours? As he bowed his head on his arms a few hot, unwilling tears forced themselves into his eyes. Had he been unkind and harsh to her?—his poor little Phœbe! An imperious impulse seemed to sweep him back into her arms. She was his own, his very own; one flesh with him; of the same clay, the same class, the same customs and ideals. Let him only recover her and his child, and live his own life as he pleased. No more dependence on the moods of fine people—he hated them all! Clearly he had offended Madame de Pastourelles. Perhaps she would not sit again—the portrait would be thrown on his hands—because he had not behaved with proper deference to her spoiled and petted favorite.

Involuntarily he looked up. The lamp-light fell on the portrait.

There she sat, the delicate ethereal being, her gentle brow bent forward, her eyes fixed upon him. He perceived, as though for the first time, what an image of melancholy grace it was which he had

built up there. He had done it, as it were, without knowing,—had painted something infinitely pathetic and noble without realizing it in the doing.

As he looked his irritation died away, and something wholly contradictory took its place. He felt a rush of self-pity, and then of trust. What if he called on her to help him—unveiled himself to this kind and charming woman—confessed to her his remorse about Phœbe, his secret miseries and anxieties, the bitterness of his envies and ambitions—would she not rain balm upon him, quiet him, guide him?

He yearned toward her, as he sat there in the semi-darkness, seeking the *ewig-weibliche* in the sweetness of her face, without a touch of passion, as a Catholic might yearn toward his Madonna. Her slight and haughty farewell showed that he had tried her patience—had behaved like an ungenerous cur. But he must and would propitiate her, win her friendship for himself and Phœbe. The weakness of the man threw itself strangely, instinctively, on the moral strength of the woman, as though in this still young and winning creature he might recover something of what he had lost in childhood when his mother died. He mocked at his own paradox, but it held him. That very night would he write to her; not yet about Phœbe,—not yet!—but letting her understand, at least, that he was *not* ungrateful, that he valued her sympathy and good-will. Already the phrases of the letter, warm and eloquent yet restrained, began to flow through his mind. It might be an unusual thing to do; but she was no silly, conventional woman; she would understand.

By Jove! Welby was perfectly right. The hand was too big. It should be altered at the next sitting. Then he sprang up, found pen and paper, and began to write to Phœbe—still in the same softened and agitated state. He wrote in haste and at length, satisfying some hungry instinct in himself by the phrases of endearment which he scattered plentifully through the letter.

THAT letter found Phœbe on a mid-March morning, when the thrushes were beginning to sing, when the larches were reddening, and only in the topmost hol-

lows of the Pikes did any snow remain to catch the strengthening sunlight.

As she opened it, she looked at its length with astonishment. Then the tone of it brought the rushing color to her cheek, and when it was finished she kissed it and hid it in her dress. After weeks of barrenness, of stray post-cards and perfunctory notes, these ample pages, with their rhetorical and sentimental effusion, brought new life to the fretting, lonely woman. She went about in penitence. Surely she had done injustice to her John; and she dreaded lest any inkling of those foolish or morbid thoughts she had been harboring should ever reach him.

She wrote back with passion—like one throwing herself on his breast. The letter was long and incoherent, written at night beside Carrie's bed, and borrowing much, unconsciously, from the phraseology of the novels she still got from Bowness. Alack! it is to be feared that John Fenwick—already at another point in spiritual space when the letter reached him—gave it but a hasty reading.

But, for the time, it was an untold relief to the writer. Afterward she settled down to wait again, working meanwhile night and day at her beautiful embroidery that John had designed for her. Miss Anna came to see her, exclaimed at her frail looks, wanted to lend her money. Phœbe, in a new exaltation, counting the weeks, and having still three or four sovereigns in the drawer, refused, would say nothing about their straits. John, she declared, was on the eve of an *enormous* success. It would be all right presently.

Weeks passed. The joy of that one golden letter faded; and gradually the shadows reclosed about her. Fenwick's letters dwindled again to post-cards, and then almost ceased. When the hurried lines came, the strain and harass expressed in them left no room for affection. Something wrong with the "Genius Loci"!—some bad paints—hours of work needed to get the beastly thing right—the portrait still far from complete—but the dress would be a *marvel*!—without quenching the head in the least. And not a loving word!—scarcely an inquiry after the child.

April came. The little shop in the neighboring village gave Mrs. Fenwick credit, but Phœbe, brought up in frugal

ways to loathe the least stain of debt, hated to claim it, and went there in the dusk that she might not be seen.

Meanwhile not a line from John to tell her that his pictures had gone in to the Academy. She saw a paragraph, however, in the local papers describing "Show Sunday." Had John been entertaining smart people to tea, and showing his pictures, with the rest? If so, could n't he find ten minutes in which to send her news of it? It *was* unkind! All her suspicions and despair revived. As she carried her child back from the village, tottering often under the weight, gusts of mingled weakness and passion would sweep over her. She would not be treated so,—John should see! She would get her money for her work, and go to London, whether he liked it or no, tax him with his indifference to her, find out what he was really doing.

The capacity for these moments of violence was something new in her, probably depending, if the truth were known, on some obscure physical misery. She felt that they degraded her, yet could not curb them.

And, in this state, the obsession of the winter seized her again. She brooded perpetually over the doleful Romney story—the tale of a great painter, born, like her John, in this northern air, and reared in Kendal streets, deserting his peasant wife, enslaved by Emma Hamilton through many a passionate year, and coming back at last that the drudge of his youth might nurse him through his decrepit old age. She remembered going with John in their sweetheart days to see the house where Romney died, imbecile and paralyzed, with Mary Romney beside him.

"I would never have done it—*never!*" she said to herself, in a mad recoil. "He had chosen—he should have paid!"

She sat closer and closer at her work, in a feverish eagerness to finish it, sleeping little and eating little. When she wrote to her husband it was in a bitter, reproachful tone she had never yet employed to him: "I have had one nice letter from you this winter, and only one. As you can't take the trouble to write any more, you 'll hardly wonder if I think you sent that one to keep me quiet." She wrote too often in this style. But, whether in this style or another, John

made no answer, had apparently ceased to write.

One afternoon toward the end of April she was sitting at her work in the parlor, with the window open to the lengthening day, when she heard the gate open and shut. A woman in black came up the pathway, and, seeing Phœbe at the window, stopped short. Phœbe rose, and, as the visitor threw back her veil, recognized the face of Mr. Morrison's daughter, Bella.

She gave a slight cry; then, full of pity and emotion, she hastened to open the door.

"Oh, Miss Morrison!" She held out her hand; her attitude, her beautiful eyes, breathed compassion, and also embarrassment. The thought of the debt rushed into her mind. Had Miss Morrison come to press for it? It was within a fortnight of twelve months since the loan was granted. She felt a vague terror.

The visitor just touched her hand; then looked at her with an expression which stirred increasing alarm in the woman before her. It was so hard and cold; it threatened, without speech.

"I came to return you something I don't want any more," said the girl, with a defiant air; and Phœbe noticed, as she spoke, that she carried in her left hand a large paper-covered roll. In her deep black she was more startling than ever, with spots of flame-color on either cheek, the eyes fixed and staring, the lips wine-red. It might have been a face taken from one of those groups of crudely painted wood or terra-cotta in which northern Italy—as at Orta or Varallo—has expressed the scenes of the Passion. The Magdalen in one of the ruder groups might have looked so.

"Will you please to come in?" said Phœbe, leading the way to the parlor, which smelled musty and damp for lack of fire, and was still littered with old canvases, studies, casts, and other gear of the painter who had once used it as his studio.

Bella Morrison came in, but she refused a chair.

"There 's no call for me to stay," she said sharply. "You won't like what I came to do—I know that."

Phœbe looked at her, bewildered.

"I 've brought back that picture of me

your husband painted," said the girl, putting down her parcel on the table. "It's in there."

"What have you done that for?" said Phœbe, wondering.

"Because I loathe it—and all my friends loathe it, too. Papa—"

"Oh! do tell me—how is Mrs. Morrison?" cried Phœbe, stepping forward, her whole aspect quivering with painful pity.

"She's all right," said Bella, looking away. "We're going to live in Guernsey. We're selling this house. It's hers, of course. Papa settled it on her years before—"

She stopped, then drew herself together.

"So, you see, I got that picture out of mother. I've never forgiven Mr. Fenwick for taking it home, saying he'd improve it, and then sending it back as bad as ever. I knew he'd done that to spite me—he'd disliked me from the first."

"John never painted a portrait to spite anybody in his life," cried Phœbe. "I never heard such nonsense!"

"Well, anyway, he can take it back," said the girl. "Mother would n't let me destroy it, but she said I might give it back; so there it is. We kept the frame; that's decent—that might do for something else."

Phœbe's eyes flashed.

"Thank you, Miss Morrison. It would, indeed, be a great pity to waste my husband's work on some one who could n't appreciate it." She took the roll and stood with her hand upon it, protecting it. "I'll tell him what you've done."

"Oh, then, you do know where he is!" said Bella, with a laugh.

"What do you mean?"

"What I say." The eyes of the two women met across the table. A flash of cruelty showed itself in those of the girl. "I thought, perhaps, you might n't—as he's been passing in London for an unmarried man."

There was a pause—a moment's dead silence.

"That, of course, is a lie!" said Phœbe at last, drawing in her breath—and then, restraining herself, "or else a silly mistake."

"It's no mistake at all," said Bella, with a toss of the head. "I thought you ought to know, and mother agreed with

me. The men are all alike. There's a letter I got the other day from a friend of mine."

She drew a letter from a string-bag on her wrist, and handed it to Phœbe.

Phœbe made no motion to take it. She stood rigid, her fierce still look fixed on her visitor.

"You'd better," said Bella; "I declare you'd better. If my husband had been behaving like this, I should want to know the truth—and pay him out."

Phœbe took the letter, opened it with steady fingers, and read it. While she was reading it the baby Carrie, escaped from the little servant's tutelage, ran in and hid her face in her mother's skirts, peering sometimes at the stranger.

When she had finished the letter, Phœbe handed it back to its owner.

"Who wrote that?"

"A friend of mine who's working at South Kensington. You can see—she knows a lot about artists."

"And what she does n't know she makes up," said Phœbe, with slow contempt. "You tell her, Miss Morrison, from me, she might be better employed than writing nasty, lying gossip about people she does n't know."

She caught up her child, who flung her arms round her mother's neck, nestling on her shoulder.

"Oh, well, if you're going to take it like that—" said the other, with a laugh.

"I am taking it like that, you see," said Phœbe, walking to the door and throwing it wide. "You'd better go, Miss Morrison. I am sure I can't imagine why you came. I should have thought you'd have had sorrow enough of your own, without trying to make it for other people."

The other winced.

"Well, of course, if you don't want to know the truth, you need n't."

Phœbe laughed.

"It is n't truth," she said. "But if it was—Did you want to know the truth about your father?" Her white face, encircled by the child's arms, quivered as she spoke.

"Don't you abuse my father!" cried Bella, furiously.

Phœbe's eyes wavered and fell.

"I was n't going to abuse him," she said, in a choked voice. "I was sorry for him—and for your mother. But you've

got a hard, wicked heart, and I hope I'll never see you again, Miss Morrison. I'll thank you, please, to leave my house."

The other drew down her veil with an affected smile and shrug. "Good-by, Mrs. Fenwick. Perhaps you'll find out before long that my friend was n't such a fool to write that letter—and I was n't such a beast to tell you—as you think now. Good-by!"

Phœbe said nothing. The girl passed her insolently, and left the house.

Phœbe put the child to bed, sat without touching a morsel while Daisy supped, and then shut herself into the parlor, saying that she was going to sit up over her work, to which only a few last touches were wanting. It had been her intention to go with the carrier to Windermere the following day in order to hand it over to the shop that had got her the commission, and ask for payment.

But as soon as she was alone in the room with her lamp and her work, she swept its silken, many-colored mass aside, found a sheet of paper, and began to write.

She was trying to write down, as nearly as she could remember, the words of the letter which Bella had shown her.

"Did n't you tell me about a man called John Fenwick, who painted your portrait—a beastly thing you could n't abide? Well, they say he's going to be awfully famous soon, and make a pile of money. I don't know him, but I have a friend who knows one of the two men who used to lodge in the same house with him—I believe they've just moved to Chelsea. He says that Mr. Fenwick will have two ripping pictures in the Academy, and is sure to get his name up. And, besides that, there is some lord or other who's wild about him, and means to buy everything

he can paint. But I thought you said your man was married?—do you remember I chaffed you about him when he began, and you said, 'No fear—he is married to a school-teacher,' or something of that sort? Well, I asked about the wife, and my friend says, 'Nonsense! he is n't married—nothing of the sort—or, at any rate, if he is, he makes everybody believe he is n't—and there must be something wrong somewhere.' By the way, one of the pictures he's sending in is a wonderful portrait. An awfully beautiful woman, with a white *velvet* dress, my dear,—and they say the painting of the dress is marvelous. She's the daughter of the Lord Somebody who's taken him up. They've introduced him to all sorts of smart people, and, as I said before, he's going to have a *tremendous* success. Some people have luck, have n't they?"

She reproduced it as accurately as she could, read it through again, and then pushed it aside. With set lips she resumed her work, and by midnight she had put in the last stitch and fastened the last thread. That she should do so was essential to the plan she had in her mind.

For she had already determined what to do. Within forty-eight hours she would be in London. If he had really disowned and betrayed her, or if he had merely grown tired of her and wished to be quit of her—in either case she would soon discover what it behooved her to know.

When at last, in the utter silence of midnight, she took up her candle to go to bed, its light fell, as she moved toward the door, on the portrait of himself that Fenwick had left with her at Christmas. She looked at it long, dry-eyed. It was as though it began already to be the face of a stranger.

(To be continued)





From Slatington down to Hosen-sack, from Stin-sville across to Centre Valley, Lehigh County was astir, though it was just dawn of a clear September morning. For this an ecstatic thrill ran down one's spine at the mere mention: this was Fair Week; and, moreover, this was Big Thursday. There were other holidays, of course. Christmas was well enough in its way, and gaily celebrated in the county seat. Out in the country, however, where purses were not so deep, they did not expect so much from Santa Claus. Fourth of July came in the midst of the busiest season of the year, and only faint echoes of the city's boom of cannon and blare of bells reached the farm. But Big Thursday! It was not alone because of his Jersey or Durham cattle in the sheds or his wife's pies or preserves upon the shelves of the exhibition buildings that the Pennsylvania German looked forward, from September to September, to Big Thursday. It was because he himself was part of the exhibit,

he was the fair. He toiled all year on the farm or in the wire-mill or the cigar-factory in order that his family might hold up their heads among their neighbors; and now on this day he meant to lose his own individuality in that of the crowd—the biggest crowd, if you please, at the biggest fair in the finest State in this great and glorious country! If he had consulted the wish which hid itself down in the bottom of his heart, he would have gone to the fair alone. There was the wife, however, who had looked forward to this day as eagerly as he, and there were the children,—six, seven of them,—and there was the grandmother, who had not missed a Big Thursday for years and years. He could not for the world disappoint them, though he did have to engineer their slow progress through the crowd instead of cheerfully elbowing his own way alone. Besides, after dinner he could easily get away to lean on the race-track fence, and with thrills which caught his throat even now watch Prince Alert

break the record. And last year he had seen among the signs in the Midway one which read: "Homo Bovino. Walk in! The Greatest Curiosity of the Age!" That creature he meant to inspect. The children were too young to see such things, and the wife—*ach!* she would not be interested. Besides, he could tell her about it afterward. He had caught a glimpse of the Homo Bovino, and was sure that he detected through the boy's thin clothing the straps by means of which hoofs had been attached to his poor crippled limbs.

The great trolley system, which, like a huge octopus, reached from the county-seat far into the next counties, could not, for all its doubling of forces and speed, gather

in all those who wished to come. The foresighted started early; they arose at four o'clock, packed their luncheon, and hastened to catch the five-o'clock car, when, lo! they discovered that the whole village shared their prescience. Even the first car was crowded far beyond the minimum of safety.

The country through which they sped lay like a vast garden, well watered, well tilled, fertile. Here and there on the hills, a single scarlet beech-limb or faintly yellowed hickory flung out a gay reminder that summer was almost gone. In the fence-corners the asters nodded gently, and the ironweed lifted its head proudly from the lush meadow-grass. There was



Drawn by Leon Gulpon

"THE COUNTRY THROUGH WHICH THEY SPED"

a faint mist in the lowlands, and the morning breeze blew cool. Otherwise it was still summer.

The cars that day did not run straight to the Fair Grounds, as was their usual custom. Instead, in spite of loud objections, they emptied their passengers at Sixth and Washington streets, in the middle of the city, and twelve squares from the fair. Then with a loud clanging of gongs they started back whence they came, to Emaus and Millerstown, to Siegfried's and Coplay, to East Texas and Egypt, to gather in other waiting thousands.

Presently, in long trains which thundered down from the coal-regions or across from Berks County or "Chersey," came the visitors from other counties, eager to find some flaw in the management which might compare unfavorably with their own fair.

"It ain't so many side-shows like ours," Berks County would remark when once within the gates.

"I'd like to see them beat our record at the races," Northampton would rejoin proudly.

From the coal-regions came the miners. Encumbered with no women-folk or children, with the wages of a month in their pockets, they determined to forget for twenty-four long, glorious hours the blackness and heaviness of their toil. They pinned their return tickets in their pockets, and now for a day of it!

For several hours it seemed as though the fair itself were crowded into the space at the intersection of Sixth and Washington streets. And here, where the great arms of the octopus dropped their prey, in the midst of farmers from her own county, of envious kinsfolk from Berks and Bucks and Northampton, of miners from Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, Centralia, and riot-stained McAdoo, of city reporters who had quarreled among themselves for the privilege of reporting the "Dutch Fair," and of sporting-men who came to see the races, stood pretty Mary Kuhns, the prettiest girl in Millerstown, a little village ten miles away. And Mary, who was usually accompanied by a train of gallants, was alone, and therefore a little frightened.

Until the evening before she had expected John Weimer, to whom she was to ~~be~~ married the next summer, to be her es-

cort. Then, however, he had come to make his daily call, with a distressed expression on his round and rosy face.

"We cannot go to-morrow in de fair," he announced. "Pop's cousint at Oley he died, an' I must go to de funeral."

"An' miss de fair!"

"It iss no oder way, Mary. We can go Fridays in de fair."

"Fridays! You know it ain't no good Fridays. Were you, den, such good friends wis your pop's cousint?"

"No, I nefer once saw him. But pop he can't go because he has it so bad in his foot, an' mom she can't go because she has to stay by pop, an' it iss nobody left but me."

"Your pop's cousint, an' you nefer saw him, an' you must go all de way to Oley down to de funeral!" Mary's eyes blazed, and she sat up very straight in the rocking-chair.

"Now, Mary," he said soothingly, "you know how it iss wis funerals. We can go Fridays in de fair."

"You can when you want. I am going to-morrow. It iss me Fridays too slow."

"But, Mary, wis who den will you go?"

"Oh, I guess I can pick somebody up who does not haf to go to his pop's uncle's funeral. I get some one. I can sink already of somebody what would be glad to go, efen if his pop's aunt wass going to haf to-morrow her funeral. Or I can go alone. I sink dat would be, anyhow, de nicest. It iss me anyhow a boder to haf a man always along."

"Mary, when you would go alone in de fair I nefer forgive you."

"I sink I get along," she responded saucily. "Oh, dear, I am getting already sleepy. I sink it iss getting pretty late."

"But, Mary, all de people!"

"Where?" said Mary, as she craned her neck to see out beyond the honeysuckles.

"Ach, Mary, don't be so ugly! At de fair, of course."

"What do I care for de people? I am not afraid of people. When I haf trouble, I can ask de police. Dey will be dere, I guess."

"Mary!"

The creak of her rockers suddenly ceased.

"Chohn, tell me once dis: When a policeman's second cousint dies, dare he get off to go to de—"



Drawn by Leon Guipon. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"'BUT DIS ISS ME FIRST GRAND!'"

"You da's n't go alone, Mary Kuhns! Why, I rader ask Bench an' Chovina Gaumer to take you dan haf you go alone in de fair."

At this Mary rose stiffly. Benjamin Gaumer, who had been one of her own most devoted admirers, had the month before married Jovina Neuweiler; and though Mary was at the time engaged to John, Benjamin's defection had hurt her vanity more than she allowed any one to suspect.

"You can go right aways home," she said. "If you wass de only one in all de world what could go wis me to-morrow in de fair, yet I would go alone."

"Mary—"

But Mary had vanished within doors. He waited for a few minutes in sore distress.

"She had no business to get so mad. I can't help it pop's cousint had to die."

That she would venture to the fair alone he did not for a moment seriously consider. If she were independent like Jovina Neuweiler, he might believe her. But Mary was afraid of Weygandt's mildest cow.

Whether she was braver than he knew, or whether anger and disappointment had bestowed upon her a temporary courage, the next morning found her alone in the great crowd at the county-seat. She wore her best white dress, laundered to a smooth stiffness which would have supported its own weight without the four stiffer petticoats beneath. Although she was uncomfortably cool, she would not for the world have hidden any of the glories of her white dress under the jacket which her mother had bade her take, and which she carried on her arm. A sash of ribbon as blue as her eyes encircled her waist, and the frill of lace around her neck stood out like a little ruff of the Elizabethan period. Under her best hat—a white Leghorn trimmed with buttercups—her fair hair was brushed back as smoothly as its curly nature would allow. On her hands were her white mitts, drawn carefully back from her fingers so that John's ring, a garnet with two emeralds, should show. If the tears did threaten to start when she realized that she was alone, or remembered that she had not told her mother that John was not coming with her, her face wore a most deceptive mask

of cheerfulness, so that many older eyes that day gazed with pleasure upon so much youth and innocence enjoying itself.

There had been many Millerstonians on the car by which she came—Billy and Sarah Knerr and their brood of six, Jimmie Weygandt and Linnie Kurtz, the young Fackenthals, and her own brother Oliver and his wife. Mary succeeded, however, in climbing aboard without being seen by any of them.

"Dey will sink it iss mighty funny dat he did n't come along," she said to herself.

As she listened to the gay chatter in the car her spirits rose. One could have a good time even by one's self. Any time that she got tired of being alone she could join the Knerrs or Ollie and his wife. Presently the fields gave place to long rows of suburban houses built close together, with tiny yards, as though there were no wide fields behind them. Their progress through the streets was slow, with long waits on the switches, then a sudden mad dash where there were double tracks. When they reached Sixth and Washington streets, Mary did not follow her fellow-townsmen through the crowd to the other car, but, mounting the steps which led into a store, she stood head and shoulders above the throng and looked out over them. Then she permitted herself an exclamation for which she had often reproved her brother Oliver.

"*Harrejä!*" she said; "it iss no end of people!"

Car after car added its quota to the multitude, then sped with clanging gong back whence it came. Bewildered-looking women pressed their way through the crowd, the balloon-man and the peanut-vender cried their wares at its edge, and round-faced, tanned youths, with bright ties, and flowers in their buttonholes, jostled one another with rough gaiety. Once the sound of a child's cry rang clear and sharp above the din, but was quickly lost in the shouting, the creak of the car-wheels, and the loud bells.

Presently Mary's eyes fell upon a group of men standing near her. She caught snatches of their conversation,—mentions of Prince Alert and Myrtle Peak,—and she watched admiringly the gleam of the huge diamonds in their shirt-bosoms.

"Well, I bet it 'll be the biggest thing

this county ever saw," one of them exclaimed. "How much you got on it?"

She did not hear the man's answer, but suddenly the group turned and looked at her. She was not unaccustomed to admiring glances, but there was something about the rudeness of their stare which troubled her.

"I—I sink I go on," she said to herself, her cheeks afire, as she started up the street.

The Fair Grounds lay twelve long squares to the west, but Mary preferred the walk to the wild scramble necessary to secure a seat in a car. Besides, there were many interesting things to see—the shop-windows, the great white bear in front of the fur-store, the huge horse at the saddler's, and the dummies at the tailor-shops, which were so natural that once, on a previous visit to the county-seat, she had asked some directions of one and been much astonished that he did not reply. There were also hundreds of people, old and young, by threes or fours or in family groups of six or seven, and many couples, sweethearts evidently, whose air of gaiety sent a sharp stab of envy to Mary's heart.

"He might 'a' come," she thought; "but what do I care? I am hafing chust so good a time as when he wass along."

She bought her ticket at the gate of the Fair Grounds, and then—

"But dis iss me first grand!" she said rapturously at her first glimpse of the enchanted country, bigger, more beautiful, noisier, and more crowded than ever before.

The grounds covered about eighty acres in the form of a square, inclosed by a tall fence. They had originally been covered by a thick grove of trees, half of which had been cut down; and it was there, on the wide, open space, that the chief business of the fair was conducted. There stood the exhibition buildings,—the main building, the agricultural building, the flower house, and various other frame structures designed to shelter the treasures of the county, and beyond them the long sheds whence came sounds which made the farmer feel at home at once—the low of cattle, the crow of roosters, and the long *baa a-a* of sheep. Above them towered the grand stand, and beyond curved *the race-track*—"the best in the State," if

you please, you Berks and Northampton county people. Near the entrance gate lay the Midway, "the size of which, ladies and gentlemen, we cannot guarantee, of course, to be equal to that of the great and only original Midway, but whose quality, we can assure you, is, if anything, superior." It consisted of two parallel rows of tents, their doors, before which platforms had been erected, facing each other, and the ground between beaten as hard as that of the much-vaunted race-track. At one end stood the tent of the famous Georgiana and her company of trained entertainers, "warranted, ladies and gentlemen, not to offend the most refined taste." Across the narrow alley, Penelope,—her manager pronounced her name in three syllables,—the Petrified Lady, exhibited her adamantine charms, and next door Bosco the Wild Man of the Siberian Desert rattled his chains, so that even the crowd outside, who had not money enough to pay the admission fee, could share the horror of his close proximity. The Homo Bovino—a favorite for years—was in his place, and the snake-charmers and the Rubber Man. If one only had money enough to see them all!

In the lower half of the grounds, under the trees, were the shooting-galleries, the merry-go-rounds, the great swings, the tents of the fortune-tellers, and, far beyond them all, stretching its length along the whole side of the great inclosure, a huge bar, where the sporting-man from New York clinked glasses with the Irishman from Hazleton, and the reporter who watched them planned to end his article on the Pennsylvania-German County Fair with this sentence, "The Pennsylvania Dutchman goes to his fair to see and be seen, but the dearest of all to his heart is the mammoth bar, at which, although it extends for the length of two city squares, it is hard to get standing-room."

And over all, from the entrance gate to the race-track, from the cattle-sheds down to that other long shed at the very bottom of the grove, hung Noise like a tangible thing. At a little distance not one of its elements could be distinguished. The cries of the managers of Bosco, of Penelope, of the Rubber Man, the weird fanfare before the tents of the snake-charmers, the shriek of tin whistles, the loud reports at the shooting-galleries, the blare of a band



Drawn by Leon Gulpon. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"'IT ISS MORE AN' MORE PEOPLE COMING ALL DE TIME'"

down toward the bar, the bacclie echoes from the cattle and poultry-sheds, the blasts of the callopie, the jingle of the mechanical piano at the merry-go-round, the sound of ten thousand voices—all blended into one great vociferation, indescribable, elemental.

It was small wonder that little Mary Kulus should stand for a moment bewildered. It was hard to decide where to go first. Presently, however, she climbed the steps of the main building and went slowly down the broad aisle. Here hung a quilt composed, so its tag stated, of four thousand, four hundred, and seventy-six pieces, and beside it an elaborate crocheted spread. There were wax-works, and hair-works, and paper flowers, rolls of crocheted or tatted lace, embroidered doilies, pincushions of unique design—one representing a huge carrot, another a tomato. After admiring them all, Mary hastened on to the food exhibit. There she found Linnie Kurtz's preserved peaches, Savilla Arndt's canned pears, and, standing proudly above them, Jovina Gaumer's cake, five layers high, with an elaborate scroll design in tiny pink wintergreen drops on its white icing. In its side yawned a huge wedge-shaped orifice from which the judges had cut the generous slice from which to test its quality. That it was satisfactory the blue tag, emblem of the first prize, declared.

Mary, however, was not thoroughly appreciative of this evidence of her townswoman's skill.

"Pooh! what do I care?" she said to herself. "He nefer would 'a' married her when it had n't been for her cake. Now I am going to look once for Ollie's chickens and Chimmie Weygandt's cows."

She found them both, each with a blue tag above their stalls, then she laid her hand for an instant on Bossy's broad face.

"You know me, don't you, Bossy?" she said.

She wandered forth again past the side-shows and the race track to the cool shadow of the grove, now transformed into one vast dining room. The tomtoms had ceased to beat, the callopie blew out its last despairing note. Even the fortune teller, with her prosaic husband by her side, partook of huge hot rolls and frankfurters in the doorway of her tent. The tents of Bosco and Penelope and the

Homo Bovino were closed; and did not one's imagination halt before the abode of so much mystery, one might guess that they, too, were dining.

At the eating-stands there were several menus offered. For fifteen cents one could get a huge plate piled with sauerkraut and mashed potatoes; or, for a quarter, a large helping of stewed chicken and three or four waffles. Were one so lacking in discrimination as to care for neither of these delicacies, one might have fried oysters, or sandwiches—ham, chicken, beef, or tongue between thick slices of bread, or oysters or frankfurters between the halves of a long roll.

Mary hesitated for an instant between the chicken and waffles and fried oysters. Of the sauerkraut she would have none. She liked it well enough, to be sure, but one could get sauerkraut any day at home. Chicken and waffles were much more appropriate to high days and holidays, but fried oysters were rarest of all; and presently she sat with a plate of sizzling-hot oysters before her, and a huge saucer of cole-slaw beside the plate. She ate them both, down to the last crumb of oyster and the last bit of slaw. Then deciding that a glass of lemonade would be suitable dessert, she rose and sought the nearest lemonade-stand.

"A three-cent glass or a five-cent glass, madam?" asked the vender.

"Oh, a five-cent glass," she answered; "an' pink."

She drained the glass, her blue eyes peering over its edge in anticipation of all the delights to come.

"It iss more an' more people coming all de time," she said to herself. "It seems as when all de world wass already here, an' dey are yet coming."

The crowd had trebled since her arrival. The newcomers halted to look for an instant over the vast throng and listen to the thousand sounds which, after the temporary lull at noon, grew each moment louder and less distinguishable; then, pressed by those behind, they hastened away toward the exhibition buildings, the race-track, the cattle-sheds, or the Midway. Mary, too, was tempted to investigate the Midway. The mysterious Penelope, especially, fascinated her, and she wished to get near enough to the Circasian beauty to see whether her serpentine



Drawn by Leon Guipon. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"WARRANTED, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, NOT TO OFFEND THE MOST REFINED TASTE."

bracelets and necklaces were really alive. She walked over to the edge of the crowd gathered about the tent of Penelope, and then, when she had listened only a moment, walked quickly away, her cheeks scarlet.

"I don't belief it iss a nice place, dat one. I sink—" and a sudden loneliness overwhelmed her—"I sink he might 'a' come, dat iss what I sink."

Suddenly the timbre of the great chord was altered. The calliope ceased its sepulchral piping, one heard no more the *pop-pop* at the shooting-gallery, and the piano at the carrousel jingled slowly into silence. The noise became vocal, human. The calliope, the merry-go-round, and the shooting-gallery charmed no more: it was time for the races.

Mary found herself carried with the crowd toward the race-track—not, however, without some reproaches of conscience. Her church, the Jonathan Kuhns Baptist, founded by, and bearing the name of, her grandfather, did not approve of horse-racing, and Mary knew well that if any of the members saw her, they would be shocked and grieved. However, she had seen no one from Millerstown since she left the car, and who would be the wiser if she went across to the fence and discovered for herself the secret of the mad shouts which had, during other visits to the fair, excited her curiosity? It did not occur to her to seek a seat on the grand stand. In the first place, that would have been too conspicuous a defiance of Jonathan Kuhns Baptist traditions; in the second, it would have been a shameful waste of money, when there was half a mile of low fence upon which one could lean comfortably. She saw them leading out the horses, and she watched in astonishment the upward toss of their heads and the proud fling of each slender hoof.

"Gee-oh!" she heard some one say; "ain't he a beaut!"

"I wish dey could see once Chimmie Weygandt's Bessie," thought Mary. "She iss me once a pretty horse; she has some fat on her. Dese horses haf surely not enough feed."

She found that the fence was rapidly filling with those who, either for fear of wickedness in high places or else for lack of the admission fee, avoided the grand

stand. She found a place between a stout woman who glanced at her pleasantly, and a tall man in a silk hat who obsequiously made room for her.

"Well," he queried, with smooth pleasantry, "come to see the show? You 'd better come up on the grand stand with me. We can see much better from there."

"No, sank you."

All day people had looked at Mary as she walked about alone in her white dress, and her blue eyes had looked back, unaware of the impudence of their scrutiny. This man, however, was the first who had spoken to her. Had his accent been that of her own people, she would have answered him with frank friendliness; but he was "English," and she feared him.

"Oh, come on." He moved a step toward her.

"No; *ach!* no," she said, and started away. Suddenly the stout woman took a hand.

"Will you leaf once my girl alone?" she questioned sternly. "Ain't you got den no politeness?"

"Oh," the man answered in confusion, and in a moment was gone.

"I am for sure much obliched," said Mary. "I can't sink for why he should talk to me. I nefer once saw him."

"You are for sure welcome," the kind voice answered. "But dis iss a bad place for girls alone. Where are den your folks?"

Mary hesitated. "I don't know," she faltered.

"You did n't come all by yourself in de fair?" There was amazement and reproof in every word.

"No," responded Mary. Were not Jimmie Weygandt and Linnie Kurtz and the Fackenthals and the Knerrs all there, and her own brother Ollie? "Dere are lots a folks here what I know."

"Well, when I wass you I stay by my folks."

"I guess nobody would dare touch me. C'hohn would pretty soon gif dem one."

"Who iss den C'hohn?"

"Ay, C'hohn Weimer." Mary's tone was sufficiently expressive for the dullest comprehension.

"Why ain't C'hohn den here wis you?"

"Ay, his pop's cousin died, an' he had to go to de funeral."

"Could n't you come Wednesdays or Fridays?"

"No."

"Well, could n't he stay away from de funeral?"

"Ay, of course not. Funerals come first, I guess."

"Well, you stay now here by me, an' we watch de races." The woman divined some lover's tragedy in Mary's indignant response. "Den you must find right away your folks. Look out once, you get your nice dress against de fence. See, dey are starting. See once! Look at de funny carts. It iss de brown one what iss de best. My man he saw him race already."

In the excitement she grasped Mary's arm. The roar of the crowd around them settled into a dull murmur, then into silence. There was a false start, then the horses were off again, four of them, almost neck to neck.

"Iss dat all?" cried Mary in bewildered disappointment of something, she knew not what. "Chust horses running?"

"You wait once," said the stout woman. "Twice around iss a mile. Chust watch once how dey fly!"

In a second Mary was holding her breath with the rest. She had never seen a race before, she had no preference among the horses, she knew nothing of the mad excitement of those whose money is staked upon the outcome of the race, to whom victory may mean plenty, defeat ruin. Nevertheless, a strange thrill shot through her, born of the sight of the clean-limbed, glossy-coated racers—which, she began to feel, were vastly superior even to Jimmie Weygandt's Bessie—and the consciousness of the strain and excitement in the crowd about her. In six seconds over two minutes the race was over, and Mary, her cheeks flushed and her eyes shining, leaned out across the fence, hurrahing with the rest.

Presently, when the shouts of the multitude were dying slowly away, she looked around for the stout woman, to find that in some way the crowd had pressed between them. Fearing that the big man might come back and speak to her again, she walked away. The side-shows were deserted except for their proprietors, and she wandered slowly down between the dirty tents. The snake-charmers, deprived of their audience for a while, watched her

with curious wistfulness. There was an air of the woodland about her. One thought instinctively of wide meadows and the sound of softly flowing water bubbling from the cool edge of the woods, and of all manner of pleasant country things. The famous Penelope, who now sat in the tent door indulging in a little talk of the trade with her manager, eyed her curiously.

"Seems to me," she was saying, "if I was a man, I would n't be fooled so often. Once let a woman into this tent, and she 'd be on to my petrifications in less 'n no time. Gracious, Bill! Look at this a-comin'!"

Bill turned and regarded Mary as though she were a visitor from another world.

"They don't make 'em like that in New York, do they, Mamie? Can't you just see the hay growin' and hear the lambs bleat?"

"Well, I guess!" responded the fair Penelope. "But that girl ought n't to be wandering round here by her lonely—that she ought n't. I 've half a mind to tell her."

The manager grinned. "Set down, Mamie. You 'd be a fine one to march up to that sprig o' youth and beauty and warn her against the ways of the wicked world, now!"

The woman drew the shawl which half concealed her shoulders a little closer.

"Sometime we 're going to get out o' this business, Bill. It makes me sick."

"Nonsense!" he rejoined cheerfully. "You 'd be back in a week, Mamie. You know you would."

For the space of a second her eyes followed the white figure. Then she rose.

"Come on, git up and sing your little song," she said with a gaiety that was half real. "There 's more galoots a-comin' to see Penelope. Make hay while the sun shines, for there is rain comin', or my name 's not Mamie Bates, alias the Petrified Lady."

It was a tradition that Big Thursday was always fine. Now, however, in spite of the fair promise of the morning, low clouds began to gather in the west, hid from the crowds by the grove, and a low rumble, indistinguishable from the thunder of hurrahs, presaged the coming of an unseasonable thunder-storm.

Mary, as oblivious as the rest to the ominous sound, started slowly down through the grove. She had always

The manager had gladly started it at the appeal of a number of young people for whom the races seemed to have no attrac-



THE MANAGER HAD GLADLY STARTED IT AT THE APPEAL OF A NUMBER OF YOUNG PEOPLE FOR WHOM THE RACES SEEMED TO HAVE NO ATTRACTION. AND IT GROUND OUT GAILY "THE CARNIVAL OF VENICE," WHILE ITS WOODEN HORSES CURVETED AND THE LIONS PRANCED. MARY WATCHED THE RIDERS ENVIOUSLY. LAST YEAR—

wished to know what attraction at the lower end of the Fair Grounds drew so many people in that direction, and now she meant to find out. She looked lovingly at the merry-go-round as she passed.

"I sink he need n't 'a' gone to his pop's

cousint's funeral," she thought, her lips quivering like a child's. She began, alas! to be tired. She had been walking or standing since seven o'clock that morning, and it was now past four. There was no place to sit down, however, save the beaten, dusty ground, and she walked on down toward the great shed. As she approached it, the multitudinous shouts from behind gave place to another sound, akin yet different—the loud voices of men and women, raised now in heavy laughter, now in shrill dispute. Mary drew nearer. What could they be doing? Suddenly another sound, fainter but as continuous, reached her ear—the clink, clink of glass against glass, and Mary knew. For an instant she was too astonished to move. They did not come and go, these men and women crowded together. They stood and drank and drank, and quarreled or laughed, and drank again. Mary, who, with all her kith and kin, was "strictly temperance," fled, fearful lest the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah should suddenly encompass her. She would go home, straight back to Millerstown. As she passed the exhibition building, the wide, dusty steps, almost deserted, looked so inviting that she sat down for an instant. A man reeled by and she caught her breath in a sob. Suddenly her fright became terror. A stream of something wet and cold struck her in the neck, and she sprang up and looked fearfully around. At her side stood a young man who held in his hand a small squirt from which the water had evidently come.

"What do you mean?" demanded Mary, angrily. "I did n't do you nossing."

For reply, he pointed the little toy at her again. The conviction dawned slowly upon her that he had sprinkled her on purpose. For a second she was speechless.

"W-when Chohn Weimer wass here, you get de worst srashing you efer had, dat I can tell you!"

The boy laughed.

"Or our Ollie or Chimmie Weygandt or Bench Gaumer!"

"You must haf a lot of fellers," he said impudently. "Come on; you be my girl for a while. We go an' get some lemonade wis a straw in it."

Suddenly Mary's deliverance came in the shape of a girl of about her own age,

who, squirt in hand, deluged the young man's celluloid collar and purple tie with a well-aimed jet of water. Mary, more horrified than ever, started rapidly away.

The races were over, and she found herself suddenly pressed on all sides by the crowd. If she could only find Ollie, or the Fackenthals, or the stout woman, or some one to take care of her! Her taste of independence, at first sweet, had turned bitter. Oh, to be home getting supper, or sitting on the porch with John! But would John ever care for her again? The Weimers were all easy-going until they were roused. Then look out! Old John Weimer, her John's uncle, had not spoken to his wife for thirty years, although in all that time they had lived in the same house, eaten at the same table. Suppose her John should never speak to her again! At any rate, she would go straight back to Millerstown and tell him that she was sorry. She started toward the wide gate marked "Exit," her aching feet a little less painful now that they were set toward home, and her blue eyes bright again. Suddenly she felt a splash of water on her hand. She glanced around piteously. Why could they not let her alone? Then Mary's eyes, with more than fifty thousand other pairs of eyes, sought the sky. The storm was almost upon them. The loud rumble needed not the sudden hush to make itself heard. She was caught and whirled along in the mad rush for shelter. She tried at first to struggle out to the edge of the crowd toward the exit gate, but she could not move. Once she slipped and fell on one knee, and a man's strong hand lifted her from the ground. She looked up gratefully from under her broad hat, to meet a pair of sharp eyes and a sarcastic smile.

"Where 's your mother, my dear?"

Mary gasped. It was the big man! She ducked her head under the arm of another tall man on the other side, and elbowed her way frantically through the crowd. Her blue sash became untied and trailed behind her; but she heeded it not until, caught under a heavy foot, it held her back; then she gathered it around her. The rain came no longer in huge drops, but in wind-driven sheets which in a moment washed all semblance of stiffness from her hat and set it flapping about her face. She slipped into her jacket, which

only made her shiver as it pressed her wet sleeves against her arms. Great red stains from her leather purse marked her white mitts. A woman pinched her arm spitefully as she rushed against her in her mad flight, and once a man swore, but she paid no heed. She was afraid to stop; she expected each moment to see that sarcastic smile and hear that smooth voice, "Where 's your mother, my dear?" Suddenly the crowd gave way about her, and she caught a glimpse of the exit. One more determined shove, a ruthless stepping on her neighbor's feet, and Mary was out in the wide street, where thousands of people, rain-soaked and tired like herself, struggled for places in the street-cars. She tried in vain to climb up the steps of a car. As soon as she secured a foothold, she was pushed back. The crowd was no longer a good-natured holiday throng: it was a vast mob of selfish beings, worn out by the day's pleasuring, and angry at the storm which put an end to it.

As she looked about her she was astonished at the bedraggled appearance of the hundreds who started with her down Washington street. The men turned their collars up and their hats down, and thus tramped along in comparative comfort. But the women! Their skirts hung about them limp and soiled, their hats retained not a vestige of the gay jauntiness which had that morning delighted both the wearer and the beholder. One woman, who looked the more bedraggled because her dress had, like Mary's, once been white, tried to make friends with her.

"Dis iss once a surprise, ain't it—dis rain?" she remarked cheerfully. "Haf you den far to go till you get home?"

Mary looked at her, from the dripping roses on her hat to the soiled ruffles above her muddy shoes.

"I sink I do not know you," she responded with dignity.

"Nor I you," the woman answered sharply. "An' when you would see yourself once you would n't want to know yourself."

With which remark, she hurried on, leaving Mary dumfounded. How did she dare to talk to her like that? Was not this her best hat, her best dress, and her new blue sash? All at once Mary realized how she herself must look, and was properly punished then and there for her

haughtiness. She had forgotten, in the blessed prospect of getting home, how her hat flapped against her face. She became suddenly aware of every wet stroke. She realized that her blue sash trailed behind her as she walked, and that her white dress was mud-splashed to her knees.

She plodded on. The west wind, which grew stronger as the rain ceased, was cold, even through her coat, against her wet arms; the water which had soaked through her thin shoes made curious noises as she walked. For a while she had lifted her skirts carefully; now she let them drop. They could not be any wetter or more soiled than they already were. In sudden hopelessness, Mary doubted whether she should ever reach Millerstown again.

The street seemed suddenly dark, then there twinkled out at the corner a faint blue light, then farther down another and another. When she finally came to Sixth and Washington streets her fright was augmented by bewilderment. The crowd of the morning seemed to have increased a hundredfold. It was not yet time for the excursion trains to leave, and the visiting thousands lingered here, waiting for any excitement which might befall. The car-despatcher shouted madly at his subordinates, who would not hear or heed; he cursed the people, who stood constantly between the tracks and, overestimating the patience of the motormen, were dragged almost from under the wheels of the cars by their friends.

Tears of relief started to Mary's eyes as she saw on the front of a car about to start the single charmed word, "Millerstown." She started forward and tried to climb aboard. The conductor, however, took her gently but firmly by the arm and moved her down from the running-board.

"No more room."

"Ach! take me along—please take me along!" she cried, but the car had gone.

How she spent the next hour she did not know. She was aware that several persons spoke to her as she hung about the edge of the crowd, but she could not remember what they said. Once she thought she saw the tall man coming toward her, but she did not move.

When the next car started, however, Mary was aboard. She knew there had been a wild scramble for seats, and she re-

membered a curious ripping sound which seemed to come from under the feet of the man next to her, and which probably marked the separation of the ruffles on her gown, but she did not care. She was going home.

The evening wind, damp and cold, sent shivers up and down her arms and across her shoulders. She would die of consumption. As well that, however, as anything else, since John Weimer no longer cared for her.

When they reached the little village between the county-seat and Millerstown, the car was emptied of all its passengers save her. Evidently the other Millers-tonians, the Fackenthals, the Knerrs, and the Weygandts, had caught the earlier car. As they sped on, she could tell each foot of the way, though she sat with her eyes closed. The smell of tar at the pipe-foundry, the rush of dampness as they dashed through the little valley which Trout Creek makes for itself in the meadows, the grinding of the wheels as they climbed the slope on the other side, the mad leap of the car as they reached the long, level stretch where the conductor bade the motorman "Let her go," the sickening twist as they turned the sharp

curve at the end, the blaze of the flaring bleeder at the furnace, and then—home!

Mary rose stiffly as the car stopped. Her teeth chattered.

"*Ach!*" she thought, "I can nefer again be happy so long as I lif!"

The conductor helped her down. Millerstown had gone to bed. There were lights here and there in the second stories, but beneath all was dark.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" sighed Mary. "If only—"

A pair of strong arms infolded her, and the rest of the sentence was lost in a sob.

"*Ach, Chohn!*" was all she could say over and over again. Then: "But how could you get so soon home from your pop's cousint's funeral?"

"I did n't stay for de funeral," he said. "I went, an' I came wis de first train back. It made me sick. I wass so afraid because you might go alone in de fair, Mary. And de train wass late, an' I only chust got here. I haf been worried crasy, Mary. Were n't you scared, all alone?"

For answer she laid her cheek against his hand.

"I nefer, nefer, nefer will again do any-sing what you say I da's n't," she answered.



"WHEN I AM DEAD"

BY ELSA BARKER

WHEN I am dead and sister to the dust;
When no more avidly I drink the wine
Of human love; when the pale Proserpine
Has covered me with poppies, and cold rust
Has cut my lyre strings, and the sun has thrust
Me underground to nourish the world vine,
Men shall discover these old songs of mine
And say: This woman lived—as poets must!

This woman lived and wore life as a sword
To conquer wisdom; this dead woman read
In the sealed Book of Love and underscored
The meanings. Then the sails of faith she spread,
And faring out for regions unexplored,
Went singing down the River of the Dead.



RAILWAY RATES AND INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS

HOW RATES ARE INFLUENCED BY INDUSTRIAL, GEOGRAPHICAL, AND WEATHER CONDITIONS

BY SAMUEL SPENCER

[In this article the important subject of railway rates is discussed by Mr. Spencer, President of the Southern Railway, and president or director in other railway companies, who writes from the railway point of view. In a following number a competent authority will discuss the subject from the point of view of those who favor an extension of governmental control over railway rates.—THE EDITOR.]

THE workings of the vast machinery of any great enterprise, whether it be a huge ocean liner, a mammoth modern furnace or rolling-mill, or the processes of the administration of a great industrial or transportation corporation, are always of interest to the looker-on; the greater the size and intricacy of the machinery, the greater the popular interest. The gradual crystallization of the great transportation lines of the United States into large groups or units has been not only a useful, but a spectacular feature of the phenomenal growth of the country. The relations of these great highways of commerce to the general government have their political as well as their industrial aspects, and the last few years—more especially the last few months—have witnessed a wide-spread popular interest not only in these relations, but in the internal management and efficiency of the transportation lines themselves. The dis-

cussion which has thus resulted has involved some features not heretofore elaborated, which, stripped of technicalities, may serve to throw side-lights upon the subject which is now so conspicuously occupying the attention of the American public.

It has been suggested in high quarters, and insisted upon, that the Interstate Commerce Commission (an arm of the government, but belonging to none of the three great coördinate branches established by the Constitution) shall have the power, under certain conditions, to annul a rate made by an officer of a railway company, and to substitute another therefor which shall become effective by the Commission's order, regardless of any appeal by the railway company to the courts for a decision as to whether the annulled rate were legally unjust or the substituted rate a fair and proper charge for the service performed. This question, of course, has its legal aspects, which cannot be treated here; but it has practical and commercial aspects as

well, affecting every producer, every consumer, throughout the country. Those charged with the administration of railways believe that from the standpoint of the public interest the rate-making power should remain with the responsible officers of the railway companies, but concede that the acts of those officers should be subject to all proper review and investigation that may disclose illegal or unjust acts, and to such regulation and penalty as shall compel the proper performance upon the part of the carriers of all their public duties. They believe that the retention of such power is necessary not only to conserve the interest of the security-holders, but also of the thirteen hundred thousand railway employees and their families, and of the producers and consumers of all commodities—that is, of the public as a whole.

The public is but slightly enlightened by the very general statement that railroad rates must be made and kept adjusted in strict accordance with changing commercial conditions. Perhaps the story of some rates that have been made or changed on account of commercial conditions, new and old, may serve to give some practical meaning to the generalization.

WEATHER AND RATES

WEATHER conditions are frequently of striking influence upon rates. To start with the seasonable topic of ice, there was in a winter not long past a total failure of the ice-crop on the Hudson River and the lakes and streams in New Jersey and eastern Pennsylvania. It was suddenly realized that distant sources must be utilized for the supply of ice for New York and the populous adjoining region for the coming summer. Lake Champlain and Lake George, several hundred miles away, seemed most available, and rail transportation had to be arranged. Here was a new situation, and a new and exceptional traffic, for which no rates had ever before been needed or established. The emergency was quickly met, the necessary low rates were made, the ice was transported, and the deficiency supplied. A year or so ago the weather gave another aspect to the ice problem. A particularly cold season left a large surplus stock of ice in the ice-houses in the vicinity of New York City.

This depressed the price so as to affect injuriously the business of those places in Pennsylvania which regularly shipped ice to New York. To repair as far as possible this unexpected injury to a regular, established business, the railroads leading from Pennsylvania made a substantial reduction in their rates for ice transportation, in order that their patrons during the emergency might reach other more distant markets.

Two years ago the sheep-ranges of Idaho suffered an unusual drought, which left their flocks facing starvation. The only alternative was to bring in by rail the feed necessary to winter the sheep. The railroads met the situation promptly by establishing very low rates on corn from Nebraska, which enabled the sheep-owners to carry their flocks through the winter at but little more expense than upon the range. In another instance a somewhat similar difficulty presented a different problem. A drought in California made it necessary to move the cattle to the food rather than the food to the cattle. Special rates were established, without delay, for the transportation of the cattle from southern California to points north, and as far east as Idaho and Montana, where the necessary food was available, and the damage was averted.

The following year there was a serious drought in southern California, and feed had to be brought from outside sources. An emergency rate was quickly made on alfalfa hay from the Salt River Valley, Arizona, to points in the afflicted country. Last year the same Salt River Valley suffered a wheat failure. Flour-mills had been established in that region, and even their temporary suspension would have proved most serious. Emergency rates were therefore promptly made from California wheat-fields, and the local Salt River Valley mills were saved from financial failure.

One of the great grain-producing States of the Union is Kansas. Under normal conditions it sends enormous quantities of grain to other States. About four years ago the weather completely reversed this situation, causing a failure of the corn crop; Kansas had to buy corn for its own consumption from Iowa, Illinois, and other favored regions, in order that its cattle might be fed and put upon the mar-

ket. Low emergency rates were promptly established, and the remarkable spectacle was presented of corn moving west-bound in large quantities to Kansas. On another occasion, when the weather went to the other extreme, with the result that the corn crop was unusually large and the price unusually low, Nebraska farmers had to accept a price below the cost of production. To afford relief to those farmers, the Nebraska railroads and their Eastern connections made a temporary reduction in rates that gave the farmers fifty per cent. more for their corn.

DISTRIBUTION OF CROPS

SIMILAR illustrations might be multiplied indefinitely. In 1904 there was an unexpected surplus of about two hundred and fifty thousand cases of tomatoes in Utah, which of course could not be marketed at the normal prices. Emergency reductions in rates were made to California points, to the Missouri River and other unusual markets, enabling the packers to dispose of their surplus. A year ago there was a shortage of hay in Utah and an over-production in Idaho; thus arose a new and temporary traffic from Idaho to Utah, if the railroads would make rates low enough to enable it to move. The low rates were made, and the Utah consumer, without a convenient source of supply, and the Idaho producer, without a market for his surplus, were both accommodated. Corresponding reductions were also made from Idaho to the Pacific coast, with the same object and result.

Last year the potato crop in Colorado was very large, and all of it could not be profitably disposed of in the usual markets. The crop of the North Pacific coast was light, and a very low rate was temporarily made to that territory from Colorado, which made practicable a heavy and unusual movement of potatoes, to the benefit of both the producer and the consumer.

In Maine there is a large production of potatoes, which find a regular market in Boston at rates that are low, but which, by reason of the volume and regularity of the business, are fairly satisfactory to the railroads. Several years ago, on account of an unprecedented crop in Michigan and the consequent low rates made to dispose of the surplus, Boston was flooded

from that source; the railroads from Maine to Boston were compelled to make radical reductions to meet this unexpected competition, and keep the Maine potatoes from rotting in the ground.

For the last two years there have been extraordinary crops of rice in Louisiana and Texas, leaving a large surplus each year to be carried over until the next. Rice, when stored in that warm climate, becomes virtually worthless. To save it, the rice must be taken to New Orleans or elsewhere, where it can be placed in cold storage. The rates which can be reasonably charged for the transportation of rice under normal conditions are too high to admit of this emergency transportation for cold-storage purposes; but the necessary emergency rates were made, and the rice interests were saved from heavy loss.

In recent years, in Texas and western Louisiana, the boll-weevil destroyed the cotton crop in many places. It became essential to supply the planters with new seed not affected by the weevil. The railroad companies therefore made very low temporary rates on cotton-seed from the Mississippi River. It was necessary to make these rates promptly so that they could be availed of during the planting season, and it was also necessary to advance the rates when the emergency had passed, otherwise the normal adjustment of rates on cotton-seed, which is of vital importance to competing cotton-seed oil mills, would have been disturbed, and mills in Texas would, by reason of the exceptionally low rate on cotton-seed to Texas, have enjoyed an undue advantage over the mills near and east of the Mississippi River.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF NEW INDUSTRIES

THE development of new country or the establishment of new industries creates new rate problems which call for prompt solution. Some years ago in Indiana a man acquired an invention for machines for making wooden butter-dishes out of thin sheets or veneers of wood looped up at the corners. It was found that sweet-gum was the best timber for the purpose. It had previously no market value, was difficult to dispose of, was not even good fire-wood, and was a great annoyance to

the farmers. A proposition to use sweet-gum for making butter-dishes was brought to the traffic officers of a railroad; the cost of the raw material, manufacture, marketing, and transportation to a distant market was figured out; and it was found necessary, in order to establish the business, to place the rate on this hitherto useless timber at a figure twenty-five per cent. below the tariff on other lumber which had a marketable value. The new rates were made and a new business was created.

A great many industries have sprung up in Kansas as the result of the discovery of gas and its cheapness as a fuel. Numerous brick-plants have been established in the gas region, and it became necessary to fix rates which would enable the product to be marketed. It was also necessary to place all these plants upon such a basis that they might compete with one another and with producers in other parts of the country. All of this was done by establishing unusually low rates from the Kansas producing points. Numerous Portland-cement plants and glass-factories have also been established in the Kansas gas-belt, and the same steps have been taken with respect to rates on their products.

There is another side to the picture of industrial development dependent on natural gas. Several years ago many glass-factories were flourishing in the Indiana gas-belt, using the gas as fuel. The gas gave out in many places, and the question was, what were the factories to do? Although coal rates in Indiana were low, they were not low enough to admit of the profitable use of coal in those factories. Should the railroads adhere to their reasonably low coal rates, and let the glass-factories go out of business, or should the rates be further reduced to retain the revenue derived from the shipment of the output of the factories, and from the traffic, both passenger and freight, created by the presence of the factory employees? The coal rates were reduced and the factories were retained, to the advantage of the people of Indiana as well as of the railroads.

In the States west of the Rocky Mountains, where there is such rapid development in the reclamation of arid lands, conditions as to the transportation of agricultural products are changing rapidly. A region purchasing such products from

other regions two years ago may now be a producer supplying other markets. Regions that were sage-brush or desert land a year ago are now being cultivated and dotted with settlements, thus shifting from one point to another the base of supplies. Several cities in Idaho that three years ago did only a small retail business are today jobbing centers; local jobbers are gradually wresting from remote competitors the markets of vast regions in and adjacent to the Rocky Mountains. The carriers throughout this part of the Union are called upon almost daily to make some change or adjustment in rates to meet these new developments.

Rates on the standard varieties of lumber grown in the Mississippi Valley are on a definite basis which admits of the profitable development of that business. Cottonwood and gum lumber, however, are of such an inferior quality that they cannot in some instances move on the rates which are proper on lumber generally; therefore in some regions exceptionally low rates on cottonwood and gum have been established, which have enabled the owners to market vast quantities of these grades which otherwise would have been an entire loss. Here is a peculiar set of commercial conditions, which must be considered and studied separately in order to arrive at a rate basis which will enable these woods to be marketed; but it would be ruinous to the railroads to reduce their rates on the entire lumber traffic to the basis necessary to move these inferior grades.

RATES AND IMMIGRATION, ETC.

THE tide of immigration for several years has been directed toward Washington, Idaho, and Oregon, but prospective settlers have hesitated to take their second-hand implements, household goods, and live stock, feeling that the freight rates for a haul two thirds across the continent were more than they could afford; as prices for new articles in the West have necessarily been high, it was apparent that this consideration retarded immigration. Recently railroads interested in building up the West have put in effect exceedingly low rates on immigrant movables, including household goods, personal effects, farming machinery, and not exceeding ten head of live stock to the car. It would have

been out of the question to establish corresponding rates on live stock, agricultural implements, and furniture generally; but the exceptional conditions bearing upon immigration were an ample justification for the low rate made on immigrant movables. The result of this low rate has been to promote the settlement of the West, and consequently indirectly increase the revenue of the railroads.

When asphaltum was first produced in California from crude oil, a rate was made to Eastern points which enabled it to be marketed at Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago, and even to some extent on the Atlantic seaboard. As the volume of the business increased, the competition of asphaltum from Trinidad also increased, and it became necessary to make very radical reductions in the rates. Sometimes temporary reductions had to be made on very short notice in order to meet particularly severe competition from Trinidad. Subsequently Texas began to produce asphaltum; the competition was thereby rendered more intense, and a further reduction had to be made in the rates from California. The California roads are constantly engaged in inducing railways in the East to participate in the low rates, thereby extending the market for the California product.

California canned goods compete in the Eastern markets with those of the Eastern canneries, so that extremely low rates from California must be made, which likewise it is often difficult to induce Eastern connections to sanction. One year, when there was an enormous crop of tomatoes in Kansas, Texas, and Colorado, the canneries of those States produced such quantities that the ordinary markets of the California factories were materially restricted; thus was introduced a further complication necessitating an emergency reduction.

The foregoing illustrations are typical of the vast number of commercial problems which must be dealt with by railroad traffic officials. It is believed that they will demonstrate why it is necessary for probably more than eight hundred traffic experts, with the assistance of probably three thousand soliciting and traveling freight agents, to be steadily engaged in studying the peculiarities of particular lines of business in widely separated localities, keeping in constant touch with the commercial

public and adjusting particular rates to special conditions as they arise.

CONCLUSIONS

THESE illustrations, which are only representative, suggest the following conclusions:

First. It is obviously wholly out of the question to deal effectively with railroad rates by general rules; commerce itself never has been and never can be so governed, and railroad rates must conform to commercial conditions. No general rate adjustment, however skilfully made, could ever adequately provide, even in a comparatively small part of the country, for numerous and constantly increasing fluctuations in these conditions.

Second. The prompt readjustment of rates to meet commercial conditions as they arise gives a downward tendency to all rates. On the contrary, when rates are made on a general basis there ensues a rigidity that materially hampers the movement of traffic and retards the development of commerce. Clearly a railroad can afford to make a reduction on one kind of traffic when thereby the volume of traffic will be increased, whereas it could not afford to make a general reduction on all the other kinds of traffic to which that condition would have no application. Such reductions can be made only in response to special conditions and must in safety be confined to the scope of those conditions. Anything which tends to discourage the prompt recognition by the railroads of new commercial conditions which call for special reductions will strongly tend to keep up the general level of rates. This will clearly not be to the advantage of the general public, and it will be disadvantageous to the railroads because interference with their ability to develop additional traffic interferes with their ability to increase their revenues. As an illustration, ten years ago an effort was made to start a pulp and paper mill in northern Maine to manufacture paper out of spruce timber. To succeed, the mill must produce much larger quantities of paper than could be marketed in the East. To sell paper in Chicago and the Middle West in competition with mills much nearer the latter territory, the rates from Maine must be exceedingly low—far lower, relatively,

than the usual basis of rates from New England to Chicago. The railroads made the very low rates required, with the result that where there was a primeval forest ten years ago, there now stands a town equipped with all modern conveniences, the home of two thousand or three thousand people who gain their livelihood from the paper-mills thus developed. The railroads get all the traffic shipped in and out by this community, and are thus amply repaid for the low rate on paper. If the railroads had been unable to make that reduction without reducing the general rate basis to the West, obviously the reduction would never have been made.

Third. The settled policy of railroads to develop additional traffic by making special reductions in rates when necessary to meet commercial conditions and to extend the markets for the particular product, has a most salutary effect upon the welfare of the people generally. Whenever a railroad, by means of a new rate, puts the commodities produced on its line into a new market previously supplied from some other source, a benefit is wrought to the producers on that line by extending their selling markets, and to the consumers in the locality to which the product is thus introduced. If rates were made on the theory, so often advocated, of giving each place the full value of its geographic situation (assuming that that value could ever be authoritatively ascertained), the result would be that markets, both of production and consumption, would be narrowed; the producer would have fewer markets in which to sell, and the consumer would have a more restricted field of purchase. For example: Numerous cotton-mills are located in Georgia and the Carolinas, which of course compete with the older cotton-mills located in New England. Rates on cotton from the Southern States to these mills are so adjusted as to enable all of them to obtain raw material. This of course enhances the competition for the purchase of cotton. If rates on cotton were so adjusted as to be very much higher to the more distant mills than to the nearer mills, it would perhaps result that the growers of cotton would be virtually confined to the nearest mills for their market. Rates are likewise adjusted from these mills to the markets for cotton goods, in order that the mills may dispose

of their product. If these rates were adjusted primarily with regard to distance, each set of cotton-mills would have a large territory in which it could sell cotton goods virtually without competition from mills in other parts of the country.

Fourth. It is apparent that in many instances conditions suddenly arise and must be very promptly met. No rate adjustment can be established which can guard against the necessity for sudden changes in the future. Any serious obstacle to quick action by the traffic officers immediately in touch with the local commercial situation will prove in many cases an unfortunate embarrassment to the wholesome development of commerce. One example may be added to those already given. About a year ago numerous blast-furnaces in Virginia were temporarily without an adequate supply of Virginia iron ore, having been prevented from accumulating a sufficient stock by the unusually severe winter. If the furnaces were to be kept in blast, they would have to be supplied with ore from the upper lake mines; this would of necessity be carried by rail from the lake port, and at the ordinary rate it would have been out of the question. This case demanded and received prompt action, and thereby a large manufacturing concern was enabled to bridge over a period of local ore famine due to unusual weather conditions.

HOW A GOVERNMENT TRIBUNAL WOULD WORK

It goes without saying that no government tribunal can ever be organized which will be able to deal promptly and effectively with all the rates in this country. The illustrations which have been given in this article are an infinitesimal fraction of all the rate problems constantly arising and demanding solution; and yet, upon the record of the Interstate Commerce Commission as a basis, it would take any one tribunal a lifetime to deal with the specific illustrations which have been given here, assuming that other complications did not exist or arise.

However, to whatever extent a government tribunal might deal with these questions, it is obvious that its action would be characterized by prolonged delay. Many of the illustrations given show that al-

most instantaneous action was required. All of them demanded prompt consideration and decision. The Interstate Commerce Commission now has numerous and important duties to perform which tax the time and ability of the Commission to the uttermost; yet these duties are only a drop in the bucket as compared with the demands to which the Commission would be subjected if charged with the administration of rates, even upon complaint only, throughout the country. With only its present duties, the Commission is forced at times to delay several months, and in some cases years, in reaching a decision upon an important traffic question. Under any proposition which would charge the Commission with the control of rates generally, there would be far more delay than there is at present. The Commission would be subjected to this alternative: either it must take the time to investigate and thereby delay passing upon applications until the relief when granted might come too late to be of value, or it must grant the application without sufficient investigation, and hence make its supervision perfunctory and harmful.

It is said, however, that the Esch-Townsend Bill does not propose to give the Commission charge of all the rates in the country, but only proposes to permit it to change specific rates which may be found to be unlawful. But this does not answer the argument, because it concedes that with respect to rates which the Commission does change there will be a necessity for constant supervision by the Commission, and that these particular rates cannot be thereafter adjusted to commercial conditions without affirmative action by the Commission, which would necessarily be greatly delayed. State commissions sometimes require many months' consideration before they will authorize a concession in rates obviously justifiable and to the advantage of industries in the State; adjustment through the Interstate Commerce Commission, having probably one hundred times as much business to transact as any State commission, would of course encounter similar or even greater delays.

It does not follow, however, that because it is contemplated that the Commission will change only such rates as are complained of, therefore only a few rates

will be changed. The history of the Commission, when it undertook in the past to prescribe rates, shows that it will exercise its power in the most general and wholesale way. In a single order directed against more than twenty carriers, the Commission attempted to change the rates on over two thousand articles from Chicago and Cincinnati to the principal cities in the Southeast; if this order had been made and enforced under the power now proposed, it would have put virtually the entire adjustment of rates on south-bound traffic from the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, and from all points in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, and beyond, to all the cities south of the Ohio and east of the Mississippi River, under the perpetual supervision and control of the Commission, creating a rigidity not in one rate or a few rates, but in the entire schedule of south-bound rates in the territory described.

It is further said that even if the Commission is authorized to make rates in specific cases, this action on the part of the Commission will in no wise interfere with the railroads making special reductions to meet emergencies; that the railroads will only be prevented from increasing the rates above the maximum prescribed by the Commission. This, however, is not the case under the measure which passed the House of Representatives at the last session of Congress, known as the Esch-Townsend Bill. Under that measure the rate fixed by the Commission would be the absolute rate, and could no more be reduced by the railroads than it could be increased by the railroads without affirmative action by the Commission.

Several years ago the citrus groves in southern California were injured suddenly by frost, and the producers had upon their hands a large quantity of defective oranges. These oranges could not be marketed at the prices applicable to fruit in normal condition. They must be moved on reduced rates or not at all, and the reduced rates must be made immediately or the fruit would perish. The railroads established the needed emergency rate and the damaged oranges were marketed. If, under the Esch-Townsend Bill, the Commission had previously fixed a rate on oranges from California to the East, there could have been no reduction to meet this

emergency without affirmative action by the Commission, and doubtless the oranges would have rotted before the Commission could investigate the matter.

Under the Esch-Townsend Bill, or any measure of a similar character, a rate made by the Commission becomes the absolute rate, which can neither be raised nor lowered by the carrier alone; and therefore every emergency which calls for special consideration of that rate and its effects, whether temporary or permanent, must thereafter be referred to the Commission and await its time and pleasure. It is difficult to conceive or state the unfortunate rigidity of rates which would finally result from such a situation.

Even where no rates have been fixed, the mere existence of a rate-making power in a government bureau which can be set in motion at any time at the instance of any complainant would itself deter freedom of action in rate reduction. Several years ago the development of the lumber resources of the State of Washington was a matter of serious consideration on the part of the railroads, which desired to increase their traffic and especially desired to fill cars which, after bringing traffic to the Pacific coast, returned empty to the East. The lumber-men of that region were not able to dispose of their product locally or by export through Pacific ports. After careful consideration of the cost of production and the prices obtainable in the markets of the Middle West, it was determined to make on this lumber a rate of forty cents per hundred pounds, which

in many instances covered a haul of more than two thousand miles. Though the rate was extremely low, it made a market for the Western lumber and loading for the empty cars. That business was built up until now many thousand cars of lumber and shingles are annually transported from the State of Washington to the Middle West. The results have been immensely beneficial to the State of Washington and to consumers in the Middle West and elsewhere. Lumber was also transported to the same markets from Montana and northern Minnesota, which did not have or need as low rates in proportion to mileage as were thus fixed from Washington. If the Commission had had power to make rates, it is clear that the railroads would have been very slow to make a radical reduction from the State of Washington, for fear that would set in motion the governmental rate-making machinery and bring about corresponding reductions from Minnesota and Montana when no such necessity for reductions existed. In other words, when a railroad makes a radical reduction in a rate to develop a new traffic, it of course incurs risk of considerable loss on that particular traffic unless it develops to large proportions. If to this risk of loss is added the much more certain and serious danger of material loss on traffic already established where conditions do not demand a similar reduction, it is clear that the discouragements to making experimental reductions to promote commerce will be enormously increased.





A WINTER BOUQUET



WOOD-BETONY



EVERLASTING



SORREL

A WINTER BOUQUET

BY FRANK FRENCH

WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR

WITH pulse quickened by the effort of progress upon the unsubstantial footing of fresh-fallen snow, ears glowing and tingling with cold, and every nerve stimulated by the ozone of the frosty air, I trudged over the open sweep of field and hill.

The glorious whiteness and shimmer of the snow so stunned the power of vision that I could look upon it it only with nearly closed eyelids, even though it was veiled and softened by vegetable growths, relics of the season of sun and shower,—brown, gray, russet, and purple masses of dried calyx, capsule, and pod, held bravely aloft on graceful and slender stems.

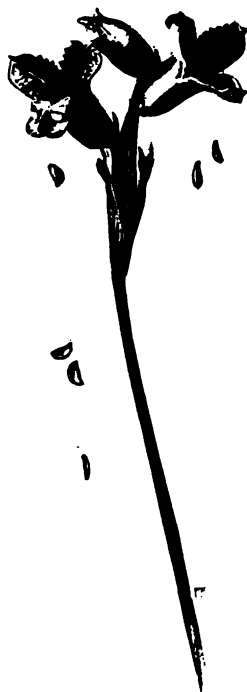
How odd that these frail things should have withstood the winter storms! I said to myself, I will gather a winter bouquet which will rival in graceful expressions of form and in rich, ripe harmony of color the brightest nosegay of summer. But there are so many varieties, how shall I select my material? I will adopt a color-scheme. My intermediate tone shall be a rich purplish gray, running, on the downward scale, through reddish and purplish

brown to rich dark brown, and, on the upward scale, from ashen, pinkish, and greenish brown to yellow, then to yellowish and greenish white. I will then add one

little staccato note of rich crimson. For my purple-gray note I gathered mountain mint, the compact, flattened balls of calyxes of which were massed in ornamental mounds.

These little cushions were perforated with seed-receptacles, then nearly empty, though a few seeds remained in their depths for early spring sowing. The many points of the five-toothed, vase-like calyxes so caught and reflected light as to invest the little cushions with a rich, velvety blue-gray sheen which accentuated their rounded form. About the edges of the mass, straggling balls made decorative spots against the snow.

For my deep red-brown note I gathered the tufted panicles of the bunch-flower and the long, unopened beak-like pods of dogbane. These pods sometimes attain a length of six inches and are comically out of proportion to the tiny bell-shaped flowers which bloom along the road-



SEED CAPSULES OF
BLUE-FLAG

LIVERWORT (*HEPATICA*)

sides and in the pastures in early summer. Continuing on the upward color-scale, I added oxeye daisy, pearly everlasting, evening primrose and silver-rod; and for my rich crimson note a bunch of berries of the sweetbrier rose.

I gathered these beautiful time-mellowed, storm-tossed souvenirs of a summer's gaiety without sadness, knowing that there was a life for them beneath the snow.

Many of the common flowers, like the buttercup, the yellow avens, the sorrel, the goldenrod, the aster, the thistle, and the mullein, put forth in the late summer or autumn beautiful rosettes of leaves which remain green all winter. This winter foliage withers in the warm spring sun and gives place to the foliage of summer. One of the most interesting of these rosettes is that of the hepatica. Its winter foliage usually withers just as the flowers appear. As the flowers fall, the spring foliage takes their place. This operation is so nicely timed that this plant appears to keep one eye always open. Occasionally one may find the hepatica in full bloom beneath its blanket of autumn leaves, still circled about by its green winter foliage; while in the center, among the flower-stems, appears a little nest of downy things

like caterpillars. These are the curved stems of the new foliage pushing upward, bringing with them to the light and warmth the folded leaves of spring. Thus one will see the culmination of all the graces of this modest little plant in a display which will illustrate the complete cycle of the year.

The direction which I had chosen took me to a forest, as every winter ramble should. Here I found the air fragrant with the exhalations of pine, hemlock, and spruce, and the temperature mollified by their presence. The stillness was so profound that the falling of a needle from a hem-

lock was distinctly audible. The tapping of a tiny nuthatch—

Shrewd little hunter of woods all gray,
Whom I meet on my walk of a winter day—

seemed strangely loud. Pine branches rose above, tier upon tier. They were loaded



WINTER FOLIAGE OF BUTTERCUP

upon the upper side with snow, while the greenish-brown bark beneath appeared intensely dark by contrast with spaces of blue sky between. They extended horizontally from the trunk, supporting great masses of dusky-tasseled needles, as soft as a cloud. From these mysterious masses the cones of several seasons' fruitage gleamed

gradually detached as the valves open. Immediately on falling from the cone, the resistance of the air upon the curved surface imparts to them a rotary motion, and they come whirling down, holding the seeds suspended in their cavities. The gyrations of the shining wings are rapid, but the descent is slow and as beautiful as that of a



WITCH-HAZEL, NOVEMBER 15

like sculptured ornaments. The cones of the year, which hung nearest to the termination of the branches, were of a fresh pinkish green. These had their scales tightly closed, while the mature red-brown cones of preceding years had opened.

The cones are objects of rare beauty. The scales are arranged in spirals with such precision that the spiral form is perfect both from right to left and from left to right. The fruit of the pine requires two, and sometimes three, years in which to ripen. The seed-sowing of the pine, like the development of its seeds, is a very deliberate operation, extending throughout the winter months. The seeds are very small and borne in a depression at the apex of the lining membrane of the scale.

These wing-like membranes become

bird. It is very amusing to drop these scales from the hand and observe their movements.

The reddish-brown trunks of the pines were in strong contrast with the ashy gray of the beech which grew near. Its finely sculptured and sinewy trunk was whiter than in summer, and was beautifully embellished with splashes of emerald and deep-olive lichens. Clinging about the drooping branches near the trunk were golden autumn leaves from the axils of which projected long, slender buds, grown in November, in which lay carefully folded the leaves of the coming spring. These persistent autumn leaves of the beech, like the maroon and golden-brown leaves of the young oaks, which added their touch of autumn coloring to the winter woods,

often cling to the twigs until pushed off by the new growth.

The winter buds of all the early-blooming trees, like the hickory, ash, elm, maple, and tulip, contain not only the leaf, but the flower of spring perfect in all its parts. It lies sleeping, the daintiest, tenderest little creature to be imagined, securely wrapped in warm underclothing, soft furs, and stout overcoat, to be awakened only by the first breath of spring. The catkin-bearing trees, like the hornbeam, the alder, and the birch, have their buds formed in late summer or fall. These also sleep in swaying cradles upon the trees throughout the winter, unharmed by the northers which shake the mother-tree and play upon her rude harp-strings the wild crescendo of the storm.

It is in winter only that the beauty of the sculptured trunks of the deciduous trees is fully revealed, or the unrivaled grace of their branches disclosed, as they stretch outward and upward against the sky their matchless tracery. I know a great oak which I like to observe in winter as though it were a design for a



WILD CLEMATIS

mighty window, with a grand arrangement of branched and diverging mullions every sweep and curve and angle of which indicates power. I like to study the spaces between the mullions as though sheets of glass were fitted in them, —gray, blue, orange, or violet glass, according to the hour and character of the day. I find these spaces quite as interesting as the mullions. They, too, indicate strength, the angles which they form are not very acute, their width is so well balanced with their length that one feels that if they were fitted with glass it would not be easily broken.

The very great variety of their forms also impresses me, as I cannot find two of the same size or shape. These spaces

are refined by the delicately traced lines of the many branchlets and twigs which diverge from the mullions, and by the myriads of leaf-buds which alternate along these lines, softening them like the bur upon the lines of an etching.

Contrasted with the masculine grandeur of the oak, what could be more fascinating than the birch? Could anything be more charming than the lustrous whiteness of its bark as it stands naked in the snow, its delicate spray of dark-brown twigs clearly defined against the sky? Could anything be more feminine than the naïveté with which, though robbed of its robes, it still wears many jewels? Its staminate aments sit jauntily in the ends of the lateral twigs, waiting their blossom-time; while



DISSECTED WINTER BLOSSOM BUD OF THE SASSAFRAS TREE (ENLARGED)



BUD OF THE SASSAFRAS TREE (NATURAL SIZE)



HEMLOCK
CINQUEFOIL
SUMMER BLOSSOM OF
THE THISTLE

CATTAIL
RUSH
SEDGE
FERNS CURLED
BY FROST

NORWAY SPRUCE
BLACK ALDER
DANDELION
WINTER ROSETTE OF
THE THISTLE

its myriads of strobiles, or ripened catkins of the previous year, hang light and pendulous, bearing the seeds which are to be scattered widely by the winds of March.

I shook a small birch under which I stood, and there rained down upon me such a copious shower of winged seeds as to fill me with amazement at the prodigality of nature.

Under the trees I gathered racemes of the beautifully formed seed-capsules of foxglove, and of the dainty yellow - brown purses of black cohosh, then empty of seeds. I also found there the yellowish - white tufts of thimbleweed, within which the seeds were still wrapped in softest wool.

Returned from my ramble, I carefully arranged my specimens, placing them in a jardinière filled with earth. This enabled me to adjust the stems in about the position in which they grew. Behind the mass I placed a background of neutral gray. My winter bouquet was a thing of beauty and had the advantage of permanence. As I observed it day by day, it spoke to me of the continuity of nature's laws and of the infinite complexity of design which provides for the fertilization of the flower and the proper and timely scattering of the seed. After a few days in the warmth of the room, the pods of the

dogbane opened and a crowning glory was revealed. This plant preserves its seeds through the winter, warmly packed in silky fiber, which serves the purpose of sails to waft the seeds abroad when the pods open in the first warm days of March.

I had cheated the dogbane into a premature disclosure of its hidden treasures. The inner surfaces of the pods were bright orange, as though they had imprisoned some of the warmth of summer.

The filmy, silken wings of the seeds expanded in the dry atmosphere, and, lo! there hung about my winter bouquet an aureole of cool, lustrous white. Now and then a draft of air would free one of the winged seeds and send it flashing and soaring about my room like a miniature bird of paradise.

It would be well for one who has never studied vegetation in winter to begin his cold-weather rambles in November. At that season, in sheltered places, an occasional leaf will cling to the stem, furnishing the key to identi-



ASTER SEEDING

fication, if he does not readily recognize his companions of the summer. He will then find the witch-hazel, latest flower of the year, flaunting its belated blossoms in freakish abandon among its sear and yellow leaves; while its mimic artillery bom-

bards the surrounding thicket with polished seeds, the fruitage of a year ago.

He will find the stone walls decked with clustered whorls of the long, fuzzy seed-tails of wild clematis. Asters will hold up their puffballs of downy seeds by the roadside, inviting the wind to waft them to fresh fields and pastures new. The goldenrod will be shorn of her hoyden yellow tresses and will stand chastened and penitent in tassels and fringes of gray, exhibiting throughout the winter a quality of beauty which she did not possess before.

Even after the blizzards of February have howled over the marshes he will find them fringed with sedges and studded with cattails, still proudly erect. The low-lying thickets will be wreathed with the vine and decked with the bronze-yellow seed-pods of the yam.

The dark-blue fruit of the carrion-flower will mingle with the red berries of the black alder. So on to the warm March day when the skunk-cabbage thaws its pathway up through the frozen ground, nature will yield abundant satisfaction to his craving for the wonderful and the beautiful. The pillared aisles of the winter forest will be to him as worthy a temple as the greenwood. Its ever-changing vistas will beckon him on to

fresh discoveries, and will stir his being with that vague sentiment of expectation and hope which alone renders life worth living.

On the other hand, he who sits gloomy and sluggish in the ingle-nook, gazing through a frosted window upon his buried garden, feeling that winter is dismal and nature dead, will miss the keenest, most chaste and refined pleasure which the changing seasons hold.



AVENS



LILY



HICKORY BUD



GOLDENROD



From a photograph by permission of Arthur Knightr.

AN UNPUBLISHED PORTRAIT OF THACKERAY

CRAYON DRAWING FROM LIFE BY F. GOODMAN LEWIS

The drawing was in the possession of the Mackworth Praeger family, at the sale of whose effects it was sold
and the original portrait was acquired by the Kensington Public Library.

"THROUGH A GLASS, DARKLY"

BY KATHARINE HOLLAND BROWN



LOOKING from the major's deep west window, the patch of park and the avenue beyond shone clear in the orange afterglow of late November; but the study itself already gloomed in tranquil dusk. Here and there the light lingered, caught in the gold of a tarnished binding, glimmering in tiny spectral flames on the crossed swords above the door. The great white Athene shined on the east wall stooped pallid through the gloom. A low fire crackled on the hearth; dim-penciled smoke-wreaths drifted as blue as incense about the rosy portrait throned above it. The room breathed deep with fragrant life; for all its stately order, one who entered felt its welcome like warm, clasping hands.

The major's tired face relaxed as he came slowly up the stairs and entered its soothing calm. He crossed the room to the fire as though he hastened to greet a friend; but his eyes lifted instead to the eyes of the portrait, drawing from them swift, glad assurance. The weariness faded quite out of his face; he moved about briskly, humming a low tune as he put up his books and tossed over the heap of letters on his desk. Presently he turned away to his west window,—“The Well-Beloved,” as Sidney always called it,—and stood looking absently down upon the darkening street.

Despite his eight-and-sixty years, he was a fine figure of a man as he stood there; his spare old frame, erect with the alert and springing grace of soldierly training, cut black and clear against the vivid sky. There was a quaint harmony between his grave and gentle personality and that of this room, his comrade, with its staid, high-shouldered elegance, its formal ornament, its mingled notes of candor and reserve. One felt instinctively that the place revealed him; his loved profession; his

broad and unassuming scholarship; his lofty, gentle faith.

A heavy door crashed in the next room; there was a ring of footsteps across the bare floor; the piano burst into a hurtling prelude. The major's lips tightened; his eyes grew grave. Sidney must be very tired to play like that. She had been tired last night, and the night before—so tired that she could not eat. She had even pushed away the broth that Thomson had carefully prepared for her. She had reproved Thomson, too, for some trifling oversight; but her rebuke had not been a trifling one. The father winced as he recalled her low, stinging words, the servant's frightened stammer of remonstrance. It had hurt Thomson cruelly; the man was trying his utmost to please her. It was not a fault that he was still clumsy in his efforts to satisfy. Sidney should have remembered. But when she was tired, Sidney seldom remembered. And to-night she must be worn to exhaustion. The light was still streaming over the transom of her studio when he had awakened at five that morning and she had scarcely left her work all day. Yes, she would be tired—and worse. Her haggard, absent face at the breakfast-table had betrayed her mood, and now this storm of music proclaimed it in every thunderous chord. Music was Sidney's safety-valve. Sometimes even her hard-worked piano proved an inadequate vent.

The overture stopped abruptly. Sidney switched down the hall with a clatter of staccato heels, and swept into the room. Her black hair clouded about her brows in wild disorder; the sleeves were still pushed back from her thin wrists—it was a cardinal tenet in Sidney's creed that only the Philistine born approached his image with covered arms. The smell of wet clay enveloped her like a cloak; as soft as gray snow an airy powder lay on her

shoulders and masked her straight brows, the very dust of her lofty workshop. She stood leaning against the doorway, breathless. Her clean-cut, stern young face held a curious burnt-out pallor—the whiteness of a spent body, yet a triumphant will.

"It's finished, dad," she said, with a high, excited little laugh. "Done! I'm done, too, though that does n't signify. You look pretty well worn out yourself. What was it this afternoon—the S. P. C. A., or the Children's Hospital, or the Fiji Muffler fund?"

"I'm glad to hear that you're through with this—this statue," said her father, gravely. "You were making yourself ill at it." He crossed over and kissed her shyly. She took the caress with wooden unconcern. "If you could only limit your hours of work to the daytime, daughter, and have your rest more regularly, I feel sure that it would be better for you. Then your meals—"

Sidney broke in upon his halting protests with a gesture which silenced him like a blow. "I've told you over and over, seventy times seven, that I do the best I can, dad," she cried hotly. "Try it for yourself, and see how easy it is. It's a bit different from historical associations and missionary relief—"

"Is it the 'Melpomene' you are working on now?" he put in hastily, to stem the tide. "Or the group—'Charity'?"

"The 'Charity,'" she returned, only half mollified. "I'd think you'd remember that I broke up the 'Melpomene' and stuffed her back into the clay heap, where she belonged. Hateful thing! My first sketch was well enough, maybe; but when I came to work it out, the face looked like a gingerbread cat, and the shoulders—gr-r-r! They were worse than mine." She shrugged her angular young back with a grimace. "Grandmother used to make me hickory-nut dolls—the nut for a head, and a twig body, and broom-straw arms. You'd think I had had one of them for a model!"

"What became of the woman who sat for the group? For the head of 'Charity'?" It was Mrs. Lagorio from the mission, was n't it?"

"Yes. I sent her away on Monday. She was worse than hopeless. Oh, of course I paid her—more than she earned."

"I wish you might have kept her, dear. You know her husband is still in the hospital, and she has two children to support."

"I thought the society was taking care of them."

"Well, it is; but we cannot afford to provide for all the family; and she seems to show no aptitude for anything but posing."

"She has an unrivaled aptitude for ruining a pose by gabbling all the time," snapped Sidney. She sat crouched before the hearth, bathed in the mingling glow of lamp and fire. She was twenty-six years old, and ordinarily she looked thirty; but in this soft luminousness the lines of straining work and eager study were blotted out, and only weariness and youth remained.

Above her smiled the rosy portrait, aloof, serene. It was the likeness of a young girl—younger than herself—dressed with the crude elaboration of the early seventies, yet lovely with a loveliness which triumphed far above the horrors of bungling line and flaunting ornament. She seemed to lean from the portrait, waiting, expectant; her dark eyes shone with happy wonder; her lips curved in joyous, trusting question. She looked down now upon life as she had looked upon it through her dear, fleeting hour; a child upon a balcony, leaning to pelt the maskers with roses and to be pelted in return, seeing only the garlands, the merriment, the light. She had made of life the one petition—the right to give. And her face held all the rapture of a prayer fulfilled.

The father glanced up at the portrait; then his eyes fell tenderly upon the girl below. The haunting resemblance between the two stung him afresh with keen, exquisite pain. Her life had been one largess, this beautiful, dead young mother; but for all her royal giving, what had she bequeathed to this, her child? Her beauty, perhaps; the virginal grace of line and poise; the heaped, soft clouding night of hair; the free young limbs; at best, this was but meager heritage against the boundless treasure of her spirit.

Sidney had been defrauded, somehow, poor child. Ah, poor child, indeed! The father looked at her restless eyes, her bitter young mouth, with heartsick



Drawn by Paul Julien Meylan. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"THE FACE OF THE 'CHARITY' SHONE FLAWLESS, A WHYYE SYAR"

self-reproach. Was it a flaw of her own making, this strange wilfulness which so grieved and daunted him? Or could it be that he himself had marred and blighted, striving with tender, awkward hands to do his best by her, his motherless beloved?

The supreme pang of fatherhood struck at his heart anew. By what right had he given life, when he might not promise the heart of peace, that best that life might bring?

"Oh, I am so tired!" Sidney stood up with a long, quivering sigh. "I could locate every bone in my body. There are two hundred and eight of them, two aches apiece. Come on to dinner, father. I'm starving, perishing. I could eat Thomson, if he were dished up with cream gravy."

After dinner Sidney went back to her piano, playing irresolutely. The major wandered in and listened for a while; but her fatigue was too broadly evident in touch and attitude for the music to give pleasure.

"You'd better get to rest before long, daughter," he said, rising at last. "I believe I shall go over to vestry meeting. You—you will not be lonely?"

It was his invariable gentle question; to-night, for the first time, he realized its grotesque futility. Lonely! Although they might stand within a hand's grasp, they lived as remote as upon alien spheres.

"Certainly. It does n't matter," said Sidney, absently. She stood up, brushing down her shabby skirt; it seemed to occur to her for the first time how untidy she must appear. "I forgot all about dressing for dinner," she said half apologetically. "But I dare say you never noticed; so it does n't matter. You're going upstairs, dad?"

"Yes." He hesitated. "Shall I—would you object if I looked in on the statue? I should like very much to take a peep at it."

"Should you?" Sidney gave him an inscrutable look. Her lips shut tightly; a slow, painful flush mounted to her hair. The major wondered.

"Of course not, if you would rather I waited till another time. But I was going up, anyway, and I thought—"

"Oh, go on. Surely I want you to see. Only—"

She did not finish the sentence. She thrust her hand into the neck of her blouse, and pulled out the studio key. "Lock the door when you come down, will you? I'm not going up again to-night."

The entr'acte of "Carmen" echoed through the halls in noisy jubilation as the major stooped to unlock the door. He entered the long, high, pale-lighted room with the curious trepidation which its gaunt spaces always roused in him. The air felt wet and cold after the fire-lighted comfort of the study. He shivered a little as he lifted the cloths and looked at the fresh-molded image.

The conception was exquisite; the young, gracious figure, clasping her own child to her breast and stooping, thus encumbered, to lift the woman who lay face down, fallen most piteously, at her feet. The work was still in rough draft. The prostrate body was scarcely outlined; the child's form was an armful of half-shaped clay. But the face of the 'Charity' shone flawless, a white star.

The major looked at it with troubled eyes. It was beautiful—beautiful beyond expression. But in its hushed perfection it made a new, pitiless barrier. The wonder of her genius thrust him even farther apart from her. He might love with his whole being; but though he laid down body and soul in love, it would not be given him to understand.

And yet—and yet— He stooped close over the white, lifted face. The room swam and darkened: his strong old hands gripped tense on the heavy key. Slowly he knew, and his heart knelt down before the miracle.

It was not her face. Not even a hand inspired might mold its loveliness. But as clear as dawn light her soul looked up to him, mirrored within the work of this, their child. Her lovely heart of greeting to the world; her shy, wistful fancy; her fathomless tenderness. All her dear beauty, that light the fading of which left his years so dusk and empty, breathed up to him in radiance new-created. All the pity of her torn young life caught at his heart with rapt, unutterable pain.

Ah, she was her mother's child. She was her mother's soul. For of herself she could not know. For of herself she could never soar past these heights; she could

never fathom these depths of holy suffering, of immemorial love.

He stumbled down the dark, warm stairway, groping blindly, his face uplifted, as one who walks in dreams. 'The wild, barbaric cry of the dance shrieked up to him like a taunting voice. He did not hear. He pushed on to the music-room. Sidney rose up, startled at his white face.

"What 's the matter, dad? Has anything gone wrong?"

He felt her tremble against his breast. He looked down into her black eyes, **af**lash with their keen, indomitable spirit, her brave lips, set hard against the tempest of her tears.

"You did n't suppose I had it in me." She spoke evenly, gulping back her sobs. "You did n't know—we never do. But it was there always—yours and hers. Only I was so everlasting obstinate. I could n't tell it. There, now, kiss me, dad. Don't let 's be such—fools."



A RESPONSE

BY JULIA DITTO YOUNG

"I can call spirits from the vasty deep." — OWEN GLENDOWER.

FROM a void beyond the sun—
Neither night nor day is there,
Nothing to be lost or won,
Nothing foul and nothing fair,
Neither garlands are, nor scars,
Sense is fled and spirit numb,—
From a desert 'mid the stars,
Since you called me, I have come!

Learn we may not, nor can teach,
Joy we know not, neither fear,
Vacant gaze we each on each,
None is dreaded, none is dear,—
Sight there 's not, nor is there sound,
Save the mighty spheric hum,—
But your cry that thunder drowned,
You have called, and I have come!

Once an age a comet tears
Ruthless through our filmy files,—
Then we shudder, for it bears
Millions off a million miles,
And each further league of space
Adds unto our blankness' sum,—
I was not exiled past grace,—
When you called me, I could come!

Bold were you, and overbold
Thus to jar a soul at peace,—
Know you not the bells were knolled
Cycles since for my release?
What was man is mingling now
With the Mother, crumb by crumb,—
Did you pause to question *how*,
If you called me, I must come?

Oh! it was a fearsome way!
Groan I could not, nor could bleed,
Neither could I weep or pray,
Dizzy with that frightful speed,—
Oh! the pang to mix again
With the gross earth-atmosphere,
With the reek of fog and fen,—
But you called, and I am here!



THE YIDDISH "HAMLET"

BY ISRAEL ZANGWILL

I



HE little poet sat in the East-side café, looking six feet high. Melchitsedek Pinchas had arrived in New York only that very March, and already a crowd of votaries hung upon his lips and paid for all that entered them. Again had the saying been verified that a prophet is nowhere without honor save in his own country. The play that had vainly plucked at the stage-door of the jargon theaters of Europe had already been accepted by the leading Yiddish theater of New York. At least there were several jargon theaters, each claiming this supreme position, but the poet felt that the production of his play at Goldwater's Theater settled the question between them.

"It is the greatest play of the generation," he told the young socialists and free-thinkers who sat around him this Friday evening imbibing chocolate. "It will be translated into every tongue." He had passed with a characteristic bound from satisfaction with the Ghetto triumph into cosmopolitan anticipations. "See," he added, "my initials make M.P.—Master Playwright."

"Also Mud Pusher," murmured from the next table Ostrovsky, the socialist leader, who found himself almost deserted

for the new lion. "Who is this uncombed bunco-steerer?"

"He calls himself the 'sweet singer in Israel,'" contemptuously replied Ostrovsky's remaining parasite.

"But look here, Pinchas," interposed Benjamin Tuch, another of the displaced demigods, a politician, with a delusion that he swayed Presidential elections by his prestige in Brooklyn. "You said the other day that your initials made 'Messianic Poet.'"

"And don't they?" inquired the poet, his Dantesque, if dingy, face flushing spiritedly. "You call yourself a leader, and you don't know your A B C!"

There was a laugh, and Benjamin Tuch scowled.

"They can't stand for everything," he said.

"No—they can't stand for 'Bowery Tough,'" admitted Pinchas; and the table roared again, partly at the rapidity with which this linguistic genius had picked up the local slang. "But as our pious lunatics think there are many meanings in every letter of the Torah," went on the pleased poet, "so there are meanings innumerable in every letter of my name. If I am playwright as well as poet, was not Shakspeare both also?"

"You would n't class yourself with a low-down barn-stormer like Shakspeare," said Tuch, sarcastically.

"My superiority to Shakspeare I leave to others to discover," replied the poet, seriously, and with unexpected modesty. "I discovered it for myself in writing this very play; but I cannot expect the world to admit it till the play is produced."

"How did you come to find it out yourself?" asked Witberg, the young violinist, who was never sure whether he was guying the poet or sitting at his feet.

"It happened most naturally—order me another cup of chocolate, Witberg. You see, when Iselmann was touring with his Yiddish troupe through Galicia, he had the idea of acquainting the Jewish masses with 'Hamlet,' and he asked me to make the Yiddish translation, as one great poet translating another—and some of those almond-cakes, Witberg! Well, I started on the job, and then of course the discovery was inevitable. The play, which I had not read since my youth, and then only in a mediocre Hebrew version, appeared unspeakably childish in places. Take, for example, the Ghost—these almond-cakes are as stale as sermons: command me a cream-tart, Witberg. What was I saying?"

"The Ghost," murmured a dozen voices.

"Ah, yes—now, how can a ghost affect a modern audience which no longer believes in ghosts?"

"That is true." The table was visibly stimulated, as though the chocolate had turned into champagne. The word "modern" stirred the souls of these refugees from the old Ghettos like a trumpet: unbelief, if only in ghosts, was oxygen to the prisoners of a tradition of three thousand years. The poet perceived his moment. He laid a black-nailed finger impressively on the right side of his nose.

"I translated Shakspeare,—yes,—but into modern terms. The Ghost vanished—Hamlet's tragedy remained only the internal incapacity of the thinker for the lower activity of action."

The men of action pricked up their ears.

"The higher activity, you mean," corrected Ostrovsky.

"Thought," said Benjamin Tuch, "has no value till it is translated into action."

"Exactly; you've got to work it up,"

said Colonel Klopsky, who had large mining and mining interests out West,

and, with his florid personality, looked entirely out of place in these old haunts of his.

"*Shtuss!* [Nonsense!]" said the poet, disrespectfully. "Acts are only soldiers; thought is the general."

Witberg demurred. "It is n't much use *thinking* about playing the violin, Pinchas."

"My friend," said the poet, "the thinker in music is the man who writes your solos. His thoughts exist, whether you play them or not—and independently of your false notes. But you performers are all alike—I have no doubt the leading man who plays my Hamlet will imagine his is the higher activity. But woe be to those fellows if they change a syllable!"

"Your Hamlet?" sneered Ostrovsky. "Since when?"

"Since I recreated him for the modern world, without tinsel and pasteboard; since I conceived him in fire and bore him in agony; since—even the cream of this tart is sour—since I carried him to and fro in my pocket, as a young kangaroo is carried in the pouch of the mother."

"Then Iselmann did not produce it?"

"Then Iselmann did not produce it?" asked the Heathen Journalist, who haunted the East Side for copy, and pronounced Pinchas, "Pin-cuss."

"No; I changed his name to Eselmann, the Donkey-man. For I had hardly read him ten times before he brayed out, 'Where is the Ghost?' 'The Ghost?' I said, 'I have laid him. He cannot walk on the modern stage.' Eselmann tore his hair. 'But it is for the Ghost I had him translated. Our Yiddish audiences love a ghost.' 'They love your acting, too,' I replied witheringly. 'But I am not here to consider the tastes of the mob.' Oh, I gave the Donkey-man a piece of my mind."

"But he did n't take the piece!" jested Grunbitz, who in Poland had been a *Badchan* (marriage-jester) and was now a Zionist editor.

"Bah! These managers are all men-of-the-earth! Once, in my days of obscurity, I was made to put a *besom* into the piece, and it swept all my genius off the boards. Ah, the donkey-men! But I am glad Eselmann gave me my 'Hamlet' back, for before giving it to Goldwater I made it even more subtle. No vulgar

nonsense of fencing and poison at the end—a pure mental tragedy, for in life the soul alone counts. No—this cream is just as sour as the other—my play will be the internal tragedy of the thinker."

"The internal tragedy of the thinker is indigestion," laughed the ex-Badchan; "you 'd better be more careful with the cream-tarts."

The Heathen Journalist broke through the laughter. "Strikes me, Pin-cuss, you 're giving us Hamlet without the Prince of Denmark."

"Better than the Prince of Denmark without Hamlet," retorted the poet, cramming cream-tart down his throat in great, ugly mouthfuls; "that is how he is usually played. In my version the Prince of Denmark indeed vanishes, for Hamlet is a Hebrew and the Prince of Palestine."

"You have made him a Hebrew?" cried Mieses, a pimply young poet.

"If he is to be the ideal thinker, let him belong to the nation of thinkers," said Pinchas. "In fact, the play is virtually an autobiography."

"And do you call it 'Hamlet' still?" asked the Heathen Journalist, producing his note-book, for he began to see his way to a Sunday sensation.

"Why not? True, it is virtually a new work. But Shakspeare borrowed his story from an old play called 'Hamlet,' and treated it to suit himself; why, therefore, should I not treat Shakspeare as it suits me? The cat eats the rat, and the dog bites the cat." He laughed his sniggering laugh. "If I were to call it by another name, some learned fool would point out it was stolen from Shakspeare: whereas at present it challenges comparison."

"But you discovered Shakspeare cannot sustain the comparison," said Benjamin Tuch, winking at the company.

"Only as the astronomer of to-day is superior to the medieval astrologer," the poet explained with placid modesty. "The muddle-headedness of Shakspeare's ideas—which, incidentally, is the cause of the muddle of Hamlet's character—has given way to the clear vision of the modern. How could Shakspeare really describe the thinker? The Elizabethans could not think. They were like our rabbis."

The unexpected digression into contemporary satire made the whole café laugh.

Gradually other atoms had drifted toward the new magnet. From the remotest corners eyes strayed and ears were pricked up. Pinchas was indeed a figure of mark, with somebody else's frock-coat on his meager person, his hair flowing like a dark cascade under a broad-brimmed, dusky hat, and his somber face aglow with genius and cocksureness.

"Why should you expect thought from a rabbi?" said Grunbitz. "You don't expect truth from a tradesman. Besides, only youth thinks."

"That is well said," approved Pinchas. "He who is ever thinking never grows old. I shall die young, like all whom the gods love. Waiter, give Mr. Grunbitz a cup of chocolate."

"Thank you—but I don't care for any."

"You cannot refuse—you will pain Witberg," said the poet, simply.

In the great city around them men jumped on and off electric cars, whizzed up and down lifts, hustled through lobbies, hulloed through telephones, tore open telegrams, dictated to clacking typists, filled life with sound and flurry, with the bustle of the markets and the chink of the eternal dollar; while here, serenely smoking and sipping, ruffled only by the breezes of argument, leisurely as the philosophers in the colonnades of Athens, the talkers of the Ghetto, earnest as their forefathers before the great folios of the Talmud, made an Oriental oasis amid the simoom-whirl of the Occident. And the Heathen Journalist who had discovered it felt, as so often before, that here alone in this arid, mushroom New York was antiquity, was restfulness, was romanticism; here was the Latin Quarter of the city of the Goths.

Encouraged by the master's good-humor, young Mieses timidly exhibited his new verses. Pinchas read the manuscript aloud, to the confusion of the blushing boy.

"But it is full of genius!" he cried in genuine astonishment. "I might have written it myself, except that it is so unequal, a mixture of diamonds and paste, like all Hebrew literature." He indicated with flawless taste the good lines, not knowing they were one and all unconscious reproductions from the English masterpieces Mieses had borrowed from the library in the Educational Alliance.

The *avvytes* listened respectfully, and the beardless, blocky-faced Mises began to take importance in their eyes and to betray the importance he held in his own.

"Perhaps I, too, shall write a play one day," he said. "My 'M.' too, makes 'Master.'"

"It may be that you are destined to wear my mantle," said Pinchas, graciously.

Mises looked involuntarily at the ill-fitting frock-coat.

Pinchas rose. "And now, Mises, you must give me a car-fare. I have to go and talk to the manager about rehearsals. One must superintend the actors one's self--these pumpkin-heads are capable of any crime, even of altering one's best phrases."

Radsikoff smiled. He had sat still in his corner, this most prolific of Ghetto dramatists, his big, furrowed forehead supported on his fist, a huge, odorous cigar in his mouth.

"I suppose Goldwater plays *Hamlet*," he said.

"We have not discussed it yet," said Pinchas, airily.

Radsikoff smiled again. "Oh, he 'll pull through--so long as Mrs. Goldwater does n't play *Ophelia*."

"She play *Ophelia*? She would not dream of such a thing. She is a saucy soubrette; she belongs to vaudeville."

"All right. I have warned you."

"You don't think there is really a danger?" Pinchas was pale and shaking.

"The Yiddish stage is so moral. Husbands and wives, unfortunately, live and play together," said the old dramatist, dryly.

"I 'll drown her truly before I let her play my *Ophelia*," said the poet, venomously.

Radsikoff shrugged his shoulders and dropped into American. "Well, it's up to you."

"The minx!" Pinchas shook his fist at the air. "But I 'll manage her. If the worst comes to the worst, I 'll make love to her."

The poet's sublime confidence in his charms was too much even for his admirers. The mental juxtaposition of the seedy poet and the piquant actress in her frills and furbelows set the whole café rocking with laughter. Pinchas took it as a tribute to his ingenious method of draw-

ing the soubrette-serpent's fangs. He grinned placidly.

"And when is your play coming on?" asked Radsikoff.

"After Passover," replied Pinchas, beginning to button his frock-coat against the outer cold. If only to oust this *Ophelia*, he must be at the theater instantler.

"Has Goldwater given you a contract?"

"I am a poet, not a lawyer," said Pinchas, proudly. "Parchments are for Philistines; honest men build on the word."

"After all, it comes to the same thing--with Goldwater," said Radsikoff, dryly.

"But he's no worse than the others; I've never yet found the contract any manager could n't slip out of. I've never yet met the playwright that the manager could n't dodge." Radsikoff, indeed, divided his time between devising plays and devising contracts. Every experience but suggested fresh clauses. He regarded Pinchas with commiseration rather than jealousy. "I shall come to your first night," he added.

"It will be a tribute which the audience will appreciate," said Pinchas. "I am thinking that if I had one of these aromatic cigars, I too might offer a burnt-offering unto the Lord."

There was general laughter at the blasphemy, for the Sabbath, with its privation of fire, had long since begun.

"Try taking instead of thinking," laughed the playwright, pushing forward his case. "Action is greater than thought."

"No, no, no!" Pinchas protested, as he fumbled for the finest cigar. "Wait till you see my play--you must all come--I will send you all boxes. Then you will learn that thought is greater than action--that thought is the greatest thing in the world."

II

SUCKING voluptuously at Radsikoff's cigar, Pinchas plunged from the steam-heated, cheerful café into the raw, unlovely street, still hummocked with an ancient, uncleared snowfall. He did not take the horse-car which runs in this quarter; he was reserving the five cents for a spirituous nightcap. His journey was slow, for a side street that he had to pass through was, like nearly all the side streets of the great city, an abomination

of desolation, a tempestuous sea of frozen, dirty snow, impassable by all save pedestrians, and scarcely by them. Pinchas was glad of his cane; an alpenstock would not have been superfluous. But the theater, with its brilliantly lighted lobby and flamboyant posters, restored his spirits; the curtain was already up, and a packed mass filled the house from roof to floor. Rebuffed by the janitors, Pinchas haughtily asked for Goldwater. Goldwater was on the stage and could not see him. But nothing could down the poet, whose head seemed to swell till it touched the gallery. This great theater was his, this mighty audience his to melt and fire.

"I will await him in a box," he said.

"There 's no room," said the usher.

Pinchas threw up his head. "I am the author of 'Hamlet'!"

The usher winced as at a blow. All his life he had heard vaguely of "Hamlet"—as a great play that was acted in Broadway. And now here was the author himself! All the instinctive snobbery of the Ghetto toward the grand world was excited. And yet this seedy figure conflicted painfully with his ideas of the uptown type. But perhaps all dramatists were alike. Pinchas was bowed forward.

In another instant the theater was in an uproar. A man in a comfortable fauteuil had been asked to accommodate the distinguished stranger and had refused.

"I pay my dollar—what for shall I go?"

"But it is the author of 'Hamlet'!"

"My money is as good as his."

"But he does n't pay."

"And I shall give my good seat to a *Schnorrer*!"

"Sh! Sh!" from all parts of the house, like water livening, not killing, a flame. From every side came expostulations in Yiddish and American. This was a free republic; the author of "Hamlet" was no better than anybody else. Goldwater, on the stage, glared at the little poet.

At last a compromise was found. A chair was placed at the back of a packed box. American boxes are constructed for publicity, not privacy, but the other dozen occupants bulked between him and the house. He could see, but he could not be seen. Sullen and mortified, he listened contemptuously to the play.

It was, indeed, a strange farrago, this

romantic drama with which the vast audience had replaced the Sabbath pieties, the home-keeping ritual of the Ghetto, in their swift transformation to American life. Confined entirely to Jewish characters, it had borrowed much from the heroes and heroines of the Western world, remaining psychologically true only in its minor characters, which were conceived and rendered with wonderful realism by the gifted actors. And this naturalism was shot through with streaks of pure fantasy, so that kangaroos suddenly bounded on in a masque for the edification of a Russian tyrant. But comedy and fantasy alike were subordinated to horror and tragedy: these refugees from the brutality of Russia and Rumania, these inheritors of the wailing melodies of a persecuted synagogue, craved morbidly for gruesomeness and gore. The "happy endings" of Broadway would have spelled bankruptcy here. Players and audience made a large family party,—the unfailing result of a stable stock company, with the parts always cast in the same mold. And it was almost an impromptu performance: Pinchas, from his proximity to the stage, could hear every word from the prompter's box, which rose in the center of the footlights. The Yiddish prompter did not wait till the players "dried up": it was his rôle to read the whole play ahead of them. "Then you are the woman who murdered my mother," he would gabble. And the actor, hearing, invented immediately the fit attitude and emphasis, spinning out with elocutionary slowness and passion the raw material supplied to him. No mechanical crossing and recrossing the stage, no punctilious tuition by your stage-manager: all was inspiration and fire. But to Pinchas this hearing of the play twice over—once raw and once cooked—was maddening.

"The lazy-bones!" he murmured. "Not thus shall they treat my lines. Every syllable must be engraved upon their hearts—or I forbid the curtain to go up. Not that it matters with this fool-dramatist's words: they are ink-vomit, not literature."

Another feature of the dialogue jarred upon his literary instinct. Incongruously blended with the Yiddish were elementary American expressions—the first the immigrants would pick up. "All right,"

"Sure!" "Yes, sir," "Say, how 's the boss?" "Good-by," "Not got a cent," "Take the elevated," "Yup," "Nup," "Get out!" "Rubber-neck!"—a continuous fusillade of such phrases stimulated and flattered the audience, pleased to find themselves on such easy terms with the new language. But to Pinchas the idea of peppering his pure Yiddish with such locutions was odious. The Prince of Palestine talking with a twang—how could he permit such an outrage upon his Hebrew Hamlet?

Hardly had the curtain fallen on the act than he darted through the iron door that led from the rear of the box to the stage, jostling the cursing carpenters, and pushed aside by the perspiring principals, on whom the curtain was rising and re-rising in a continuous roar. At last he found himself in the little bureau and dressing-room in which Goldwater was angrily changing his trousers. Kloot, the actor-manager's factotum, a big-nosed, insolent youth, sat on the table beside the telephone, a peaked cap on his head, his legs swinging.

"Son of a witch! You come and disturb all my house. What do you want?" cried Goldwater.

"I want to talk to you about rehearsals."

"I told you I would let you know when rehearsals began."

"But you forgot to take my address."

"As if I don't know where to find you!"

Kloot grinned. "Pinchas gets drinks from all the café," he put in.

"They drink to the health of 'Hamlet,'" said Pinchas, proudly.

"All right; Kloot 's got your address. Good evening."

"But when will it be? I must know."

"We can't fix it to a day. There 's plenty of money in this piece yet."

"Money—bah! But merit?"

"You fellows are as jealous as the devil."

"Me jealous of kangaroos! In Central Park you see giraffes— and tortoises, too. Central Park has more talent than this scribbler of yours."

"I doubt if there 's a bigger peacock than here," murmured Goldwater.

"I 'll write you about rehearsals," said Kloot, winking at Goldwater.

"But I must know weeks ahead—I may go lecturing. The great continent calls for me. In Chicago, in Cincinnati—"

"Go, by all means," said Goldwater. "We can do without you."

"Do without me? A nice mess you will make of it! I must teach you how to say every line."

"Teach *me*?" Goldwater could hardly believe his ears.

Pinchas wavered. "I—I mean the company. I will show them the accent—the gesture. I 'm a great stage-manager as well as a great poet. There shall be no more prompter."

"Indeed!" Goldwater raised the eyebrow he was penciling. "And how are you going to get on without a prompter?"

"Very simple—a month's rehearsals."

Goldwater turned an apoplectic hue deeper than his rouge.

Kloot broke in impishly: "It is very good of you to give us a month of your valuable time."

But Goldwater was too irate for irony. "A month!" he gasped at last. "I could put on six melodramas in a month."

"But 'Hamlet' is not a melodrama!" said Pinchas, shocked.

"Quite so; there is not half the scenery. It 's the scenery that takes time rehearsing, not the scenes."

The poet was now as purple as the player. "You would profane my divine work by gabbling through it with your pack of parrots!"

"Here, just *you* come off your perch!" said Kloot. "You 've written the piece; we do the rest." Kloot, though only nineteen and at a few dollars a week, had a fine, careless equality not only with the whole world, but even with his employer. He was now, to his amaze, confronted by a superior.

"Silence, impudent-face! You are not talking to Radsikoff. I am a Poet, and I demand my rights."

Kloot was silent from sheer surprise.

Goldwater was similarly impressed. "What rights?" he observed more mildly. "You 've had your twenty dollars. And that was too much."

"Too much! Twenty dollars for the masterpiece of the twentieth century!"

"In the twenty-first century you shall have twenty-one dollars," said Kloot, recovering.

"Make mock as you please," replied the poet, superbly. "I shall be living in the fifty-first century, even. Poets never die—though, alas! they have to live. Twenty dollars too much, indeed! It is not a dollar a century for the run of the play."

"Very well," said Goldwater, grimly. "Give them back. We return your play."

This time it was the poet that was disconcerted. "No, no, Goldwater—I must not disappoint my printer. I have promised him the twenty dollars to print my Hebrew 'Selections from Nietzsche.'"

"You take your manuscript and give me my money," said Goldwater, implacably.

"Exchange would be a robbery. I will not rob you. Keep your bargain. See, here is the printer's letter." He dragged from a tail-pocket a mass of motley manuscripts and yellow letters, and laid them beside the telephone, as if to search among them.

Goldwater waved a repudiating hand.

"Be not a fool-man, Goldwater." The poet's carneying forefinger was laid on his nose. "I and you are the only two people in New York who serve the poetic drama—I by writing, you by producing."

Goldwater still shook his head, albeit a whit appeased by the flattery.

Kloot replied for him: "Your manuscript shall be returned to you by the first dust-cart."

Pinchas disregarded the youth. "But I am willing you shall have only a fortnight's rehearsals. I believe in you, Goldwater. I have always said, 'The only genius on the Yiddish stage is Goldwater.' Klostermann—bah! He produces not so badly, but act? My grandmother's hen has a better stage presence. And there is Davidoff—a voice like a frog and a walk like a spider. And these charlatans I only heard of when I came to New York. But you, Goldwater—your fame has blown across the Atlantic, over the Carpathians. I journeyed from Cracow expressly to collaborate with you."

"Then why do you spoil it all?" asked the mollified manager.

"It is my anxiety that Europe shall not be disappointed in you. Let us talk of the cast."

"It is so early yet."

"The early bird catches the worm."

"But all our worms are caught," grinned Kloot. "We keep our talent pinned on the premises."

"I know, I know," said Pinchas, paling. He saw Mrs. Goldwater tripping on saucily as *Ophelia*.

"But we don't give all our talent to one play," the manager reminded him.

"No, of course not," said Pinchas, with a breath of hope.

"We have to use all our people by turns. We divide our forces. With myself as *Hamlet*, you will have a cast that should satisfy any author."

"Do I not know it?" said Pinchas. "Were you but to say your lines, leaving all the others to be read by the prompter, the house would be spellbound, like Moses when he saw the burning bush."

"That being so," said Goldwater, "you could n't expect to have my wife in the same cast."

"No, indeed," said Pinchas, enthusiastically. "Two such tragic geniuses would confuse and distract, like the sun and the moon shining together."

Goldwater coughed. "But *Ophelia* is really a small part," he murmured.

"It is," Pinchas acquiesced. "Your wife's tragic powers would only be displayed in 'Hamlet' if, like so many celebrated actresses, she appeared as the Prince of Palestine himself."

"Heaven forbid my wife should so lower herself!" said Goldwater. "A decent Jewish housewife cannot appear in breeches."

"That is what makes it impossible," assented Pinchas. "And there is no other part worthy of Mrs. Goldwater."

"It may be she would sacrifice herself," said the manager, musingly.

"And who am I that I should ask her to sacrifice herself?" replied the poet, modestly.

"Fanny won't sacrifice *Ophelia*," Kloot observed dryly to his chief.

"You hear?" said Goldwater, as quick as lightning. "My wife will not sacrifice *Ophelia* by leaving her to a minor player. She thinks only of the play. It is very noble of her."

"But she has worked so hard," pleaded the poet, desperately, "she needs a rest."

"My wife never spares herself."

Pinchas lost his head. "But she might spare *Ophelia*," he groaned.

"What do you mean?" cried Goldwater, gruffly. "My wife will honor you by playing *Ophelia*. That is ended." He waved the make-up brush in his hand.

"No, it is not ended," said Pinchas, desperately. "Your wife is a comic actress—"

"You just admitted she was tragic—"

"It is heartbreaking to see her in tragedy," said Pinchas, burning his boats. "She skips and jumps. Rather would I give *Ophelia* to one of your kangaroos!"

"You low-down monkey!" Goldwater almost flung his brush into the poet's face. "You compare my wife to a kangaroo! Take your filthy manuscript and begone where the pepper grows."

"Well, Fanny *would* be rather funny as *Ophelia*," put in Kloot, pacifyingly.

"And to make your wife ridiculous as *Ophelia*," added Pinchas, eagerly, "you would rob the world of your *Hamlet*!"

"I can get plenty of 'Hamlets.' Any scribbler can translate Shakspeare."

"Perhaps; but who can surpass Shakspeare? Who can make him intelligible to the modern soul?"

"Mr. Goldwater," cried the call-boy, with the patness of a reply.

The irate manager bustled out, not sorry to escape with his dignity and so cheap a masterpiece. Kloot was left, with swinging legs, dominating the situation. In idle curiosity and with the simplicity of perfectly bad manners, he took up the poet's papers and letters and perused them. As there were scraps of verse amid the mass, Pinchas let him read on unrebuked.

"You will talk to him, Kloot," he pleaded at last. "You will save *Ophelia*."

The big-nosed youth looked up from his impertinent inquisition. "Rely on me, if I have to play her myself."

"But that will be still worse," said Pinchas, seriously.

Kloot grinned. "How do you know? You've never seen me act."

The poet laid his finger beseechingly on his nose. "You will not spoil my play, will get me a maidenly *Ophelia*? I and you are the only two men in New York who understand how to cast a play."

"You leave it to me," said Kloot; "I have a wife of my own."

"What!" shrieked Pinchas.

"Don't be alarmed—I'll coach her.

She's just the age for the part. Mrs. Goldwater might be her mother."

"But can she make the audience cry?"

"You bet; a regular onion of an *Ophelia*."

"But I must see her rehearse; then I can decide."

"Of course."

"And you will seek me in the café when rehearsals begin?"

"That goes without saying."

The poet looked cunning. "But don't you say without going."

"How can we rehearse without you? You should n't have worried the boss. We'll call you, even if it's the middle of the night."

The poet jumped at Kloot's hand and kissed it.

"Protector of poets!" he cried ecstatically. "And you will see that they do not mutilate my play; you will not suffer a single hair of my poesy to be harmed?"

"Not a hair shall be cut," said Kloot, solemnly.

Pinchas kissed his hand again. "Ah, I and you are the only two men in New York who understand how to treat poesy."

"Sure!" Kloot snatched his hand away. "Good-by!"

Pinchas lingered, gathering up his papers. "And you will see they do not adulterate it with American. In Zion they do not say, 'Sure,' or 'Lend me a nickel.'"

"I guess not," said Kloot. "Good-by."

"All the same, you might lend me a nickel for car-fare."

Kloot thought his departure cheap at five cents. He handed it over.

The poet went. An instant afterward the door reopened and his head reappeared, the nose adorned with a pleading forefinger.

"You promise me all this?"

"Have n't I promised?"

"But swear to me."

"Will you go—if I swear?"

"Yup," said Pinchas, airing his American.

"And you won't come back till rehearsals begin?"

"Nup."

"Then I swear—on my father's and mother's life!"

Pinchas departed gleefully, not knowing that Kloot was an orphan.



Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"MY WIFE WILL HONOR YOU BY PLAYING OPHELIA"

III

On the very verge of Passover, Pinchas, lying in bed at home with a cigarette in his mouth, was reading the morning paper by candle light. He contemplated one of those magnificent bare rooms which should make New York the photographer's paradise. The yellow light illumined his forehead and nose, his features agitated by grumblings and sniffs, as he critically perused the paragraphs whose Hebrew letters served as the channel for the mongrel Yiddish and American dialect, in which "congress-men," "sweater," and such like credibles of to-day had all the outer Oriental coloring of the Old Testament. Suddenly a strange gurgle spluttered through the cigarette smoke. He read the announcement again.

"The Yiddish 'Hamlet' was to be the Passover production at Goldwater's Theater. The author was the world-renowned poet, Melchisedek Pinchas, and the music was by Ignatz Levitsky, the world-famous composer.

"World famous composer, indeed!" cried Pinchas to his garret walls. "Who ever heard of Ignatz Levitsky? And who wants his music? The tragedy of a thinker needs no caterwauling of violins. Does Goldwater imagine I have written a melodrama? At most will I permit an overture—or the cymbals shall clash as I take my call."

He leaped out of bed. Even greater than his irritation at this intrusion of Levitsky was his joyful indignation at the imminence of his play. The dogs! The liars! The first night was almost at hand, and no sign had been vouchsafed to him. He had been true to his promise: he had kept away from the theater. But Goldwater! But Kloot! Ah, the godless gambler with his parents' lives! With such ghouls hovering around the Hebrew "Hamlet," who could say how the masterpiece had been mangled? Line upon line had probably been cut; nay, who knew that a whole scene had not been shorn away, perhaps to give more time for that miserable music!

He flung himself into his clothes and, taking his cane, hurried off to the theater, breathless and breakfastless. Orchestral music vibrated through the lobby and almost killed his pleasure in the placards

of the Yiddish "Hamlet." He gave but a moment to absorbing the great capital letters of his name; a dash at a swinging door, and he faced a glowing, crowded stage at the end of a gloomy hall. Goldwater, limbo, occupied the center of the boards. Hamlet trod the battlements of the tower of David and gazed on the cupolas and minarets of Jerusalem.

With a raucous cry, half anger, half ecstasy, Pinchas galloped toward the fiddling and banging orchestra. A harmless sweeper in his path was herself swept aside. But her fallen broom tripped up the runner. He fell with an echoing clamor, to which his clattering cane contributed, and clouds of dust arose and gathered where erst had stood a poet.

Goldwater stopped dead. "Can't you sweep quietly?" he thundered terribly through the music.

Ignatz Levitsky tapped his baton and the orchestra paused.

"It is I, the author!" said Pinchas, struggling up through clouds like some pagan deity.

Hamlet's face grew as inky as his cloak. "And what do you want?"

"What do I want?" repeated Pinchas, in sheer amaze.

Kloot, in his peaked cap, emerged from the wings, munching a sandwich.

"Sure, there 's Shakspeare!" he said. "I've just been round to the café to find you. Got this sandwich there."

"But this—this is n't the first rehearsal," stammered Pinchas, a jot appeased.

"The first dress-rehearsal," Kloot replied reassuringly. "We don't trouble authors with the rough work. They stroll in and put on the polish. Won't you come on the stage?"

Unable to repress a grin of happiness, Pinchas stumbled through the dim parterre, barking his shins at almost every step. Arrived at the orchestra, he found himself confronted by a chasm. He wheeled to the left, to where the stage-box, shrouded in brown holland, loomed ghostly.

"No," said Kloot, "that door 's got stuck. You must come round by the stage-door."

Pinchas retraced his footsteps, barking the smooth remainder of his shins. He allowed himself a palpitating pause be-

fore the lobby posters. His blood chilled. Not only was Ignatz Levitsky starred in equal type, but another name stood out larger than either:

Ophelia . . . Fanny Goldwater.

His wrath rekindling, he hurried round to the stage-door. He pushed it open, but a gruff voice inquired his business and a burly figure blocked his way.

"I am the author," he said with quiet dignity.

"Authors ain't admitted," was the simple reply.

"But Goldwater awaits me," the poet protested.

"I guess not. Mr. Kloot's orders. Can't have authors monkeying around here." As he spoke Goldwater's voice rose from the neighboring stage in an operatic melody, and reduced Pinchas's brain to chaos. A despairing sense of strange plots and treasons swept over him. He ran back to the lobby. The doors had been bolted. He beat against them with his cane and his fists and his toes till a tall policeman persuaded him that home was better than a martyr's cell.

Life remained an unintelligible nightmare for poor Pinchas till the first night—and the third act—of the Yiddish "Hamlet." He had reconciled himself to his extrusion from rehearsals. "They fear I fire *Ophelia*," he told the café.

But a final blow awaited him. No ticket reached him for the première; the boxes he had promised the café did not materialize, and the necessity of avoiding that haunt of the invited cost him several meals. But that he himself should be refused when he tried to pass in "on his face,"—that authors should be admitted neither at the stage-door nor at the public door,—this had not occurred to him as within the possibilities of even theatrical humanity.

"Pigs! Pigs! Pigs!" he shrieked into the box-office. "You and Goldwater and Kloot! Pigs! Pigs! Pigs! I have indeed cast my pearls before swine. But I will not be beholden to them—I will buy a ticket."

"We're sold out," said the box-office man, adding recklessly, "Get a move on you; other people want to buy seats."

"You can't keep me out! It's con-

spiracy!" He darted within, but was hustled as rapidly without. He ran back to the stage-door and hurled himself against the burly figure. He rebounded from it into the sidewalk, and the stage-door closed upon his humiliation. He was left cursing in choice Hebrew. It was like the maledictions in Deuteronomy, only brought up to date by dynamite explosions and automobile accidents. Wearying of the waste of an extensive vocabulary upon a blank door, Pinchas returned to the front. The lobby was deserted save for a few strangers: his play had begun. And he—he, the god who moved all this machinery—he, whose divine fire was warming all that great house, must pace out here in the cold and dark, not even permitted to loiter in the corridors! But for the rumblings of applause that reached him, he could hardly have endured the situation.

Suddenly an idea struck him. He hied to the nearest drug-store, and entering the telephone cabinet, rang up Goldwater.

"Hello, there!" came the voice of Kloot. "Who are you?"

Pinchas had a vivid vision of the big-nosed youth, in his peaked cap, sitting on the table by the telephone, swinging his legs; but he replied craftily, in a disguised voice, "You, Goldwater?"

"No; Goldwater's on the stage."

Pinchas groaned. But at that very instant Goldwater's voice returned to the bureau, ejaculating complacently: "They're loving it, Kloot; they're swallowing it like ice-cream soda."

Pinchas tingled with pleasure, but all Kloot replied was, "You're wanted on the 'phone."

"Hello!" called Goldwater.

"Hello!" replied Pinchas, in his natural voice. "May a sudden death smite you! May the curtain fall on a gibbering epileptic!"

"Can't hear!" said Goldwater. "Speak plainer."

"I will speak plainer, swine-head! Never shall a work of mine defile itself in your dirty dollar-factory. I spit on you!" He spat viciously into the telephone disk. "Your father was a *Meshumomad* [apostate], and your mother—"

But Goldwater had cut off the connection. Pinchas finished for his own satisfaction: "An Irish fire-woman."

"That was worth ten cents," he muttered, as he strode out into the night. And patrolling the front of the theater again, or leaning on his cane as on a sword, he was warmed by the thought that his venom had pierced through all the actor-manager's defenses.

At last a change came over the nightmare. Striding from the envied, illuminated within appeared the Heathen Journalist, note-book in hand. At sight of the author he shied. "Must skedaddle. Pin-cuss," he said apologetically, "if we're to get anything into to-morrow's paper. Your people are so durned slow—nearly eleven, and only two acts over. You'll have to brisk 'em up a bit. Good-by."

He shook the poet's hand and was off. With an inspiration Pinchas gave chase. He caught the Journalist just boarding a car.

"Got your theater ticket?" he panted.

"What for?"

"Give it me."

The Journalist fumbled in his waistcoat pocket and threw him a crumpled fragment. "What in thunder—" he began. And then, to Pinchas's relief, the car removed the querist.

For the moment the poet was feeling only the indignity of the position, and the Heathen Journalist as trumpeter of his wrongs and avenger of the Muses had not occurred to him. He smoothed out the magic scrap and was inside the suffocating, close-packed theater before the disconcerted janitor could meet the new situation. Pinchas found the vacated journalistic chair in the stage-box; he was installed therein before the managerial minions arrived, on ejection bent.

"This is *my* house!" screamed Pinchas. "I stay here! Let me be—swine, serpents, Behemoth!"

"Sh!" came in a shower from every quarter. "Sit down there! Turn him out!" The curtain was going up; Pinchas was saved. But only for more gruesome torture. The third act began. *Hamlet* colloqued with the *Queen*. The poet pricked up his ears. Whose language was this? Certainly not Shakspeare's or his superior's. Angels and ministers of grace defend him! this was only the illiterate jargon of the hack playwright, with its peppering of the phrases of Hester street.

"You have too many dead flies on you," *Hamlet's* mother told him. "You'll get left." But the nightmare thickened. *Hamlet* and his mother opened their mouths and sang. Their songs were light and gay, and held encore verses to reward the enthusiastic. The actors, like the audience, were leisurely; here midnight and the closure were not synonymous. When there were no more encore verses, Ignatz Levitsky would turn to the audience and bow in acknowledgment of the compliment. Pinchas's eyes were orbs straining at their sockets; froth gathered on his lips.

Mrs. Goldwater bounded on, fantastically mad, her songs set to comic airs. The great house received her in the same comic spirit. Instead of rue and rosemary she carried a rustling green *lulov*—the palm-branch of the Feast of Tabernacles—and shook it piously toward every corner of the compass. At each shake the audience rolled about in spasms of merriment. A moment later a white, gliding figure, moving to the measure of the cake-walk, keyed up the laughter to hysteria. It was the *Ghost* appearing to frighten *Ophelia*. His sepulchral bass notes mingled with her terror-stricken soprano.

This was the last straw. The *Ghost*—the *Ghost* that he had laid forever, the *Ghost* that made melodrama of this tragedy of the thinker—was risen again, and cake-walking!

Unperceived in the general convulsion and cachinnation, Pinchas leaped to his feet and, seeing scarlet, bounded through the iron door and made for the stage. But a hand was extended in the nick of time,—the hand he had kissed,—and Pinchas was drawn back by the collar.

"You don't take your call yet," said the unruffled Kloot.

"Let me go! I must speak to the people. They must learn the truth. They think *me*, Melchitsedek Pinchas, guilty of this *tohu-bohu*! My sun will set. I shall be laughed at from the Hudson to the Jordan."

"Hush! Hush! You are interrupting the poesy."

"Who has drawn and quartered my play? Speak!"

"I've only arranged it for the stage," said Kloot, unabashed.

"You!" gasped the poet.

"You said I and you are the only two men who understand how to treat poesy."

"You understand push-carts, not poesy!" hissed the poet. "You conspire to keep me out of the theater—I will summons you!"

"We had to keep all authors out. Suppose Shakspeare had turned up and complained of *you*."

"Shakspeare would have been only too grateful."

"Hush! The boss is going on."

From the opposite wing *Hamlet* was indeed advancing. Pinchas made a wild plunge forward, but Klood's grasp on his collar was still carefully firm.

"Who 's mutilating the poesy now?" Klood frowned angrily from under his peaked cap. "You 'll spoil the scene."

"Peace, liar! You promised me your wife for *Ophelia*."

Klood's frown relaxed into a smile. "Sure! The first wife I get, you shall have."

Pinchas gnashed his teeth. Goldwater's voice rose in a joyous roulade.

"I think you owe me a car-fare," said Klood, soothingly.

Pinchas waved the rejoinder aside with his cane. "Why does *Hamlet* sing?" he demanded fiercely.

"Because it 's Passover," said Klood. "You are a 'greener' in New York, otherwise you would know that it is a tradition to have musical plays on Passover. Our audiences would n't stand for any other. You 're such an unreasonable cuss! Why else did we take your 'Hamlet' for a Passover play?"

"But 'Hamlet' is n't a musical play."

"Yes, it is! How about *Ophelia's* songs? That was what decided us. Of course they needed eking out."

"But 'Hamlet' is a tragedy!" gasped Pinchas.

"Sure!" said Klood, cheerfully. "They all die at the end. Our audiences would go away miserable if they did n't. You wait till they 're dead, then you shall take your call."

"Take my call, for *your* play!"

"There 's quite a lot of your lines left, if you listen carefully. Only you don't understand stage technic. Oh, I 'm not grumbling; we 're quite satisfied. The idea of adapting 'Hamlet' for the Yid-

dish stage is yours, and it 's worth every cent we paid."

A storm of applause gave point to the speaker's words and removed the last partition between the poet's great mind and momentary madness. What! here was that ape of a Goldwater positively wallowing in admiration, while he, the mighty poet, had been cast into outer darkness and his work mocked and crucified! He put forth all his might, like Samson in the hall of the Philistines, and leaving his coat-collar in Klood's hand, he plunged into the circle of light. Goldwater's amazed face turned to meet him.

"Cutter of lines!" The poet's cane slashed across *Hamlet's* right cheek. "Perverter of poesy!" It slashed across the left cheek.

The Prince of Palestine received each swish with a yell of pain and fear, and the ever-ready Klood dropped the curtain on the tragic scene.

Such hubbub and hullabaloo as rose on both sides of the curtain! Yet in the end the poet escaped scot-free. Goldwater was a coward, Klood a sage. The same prudence that had led Klood to exclude authors saved him from magnifying their importance by police squabbles. Besides, a clever lawyer might prove the exclusion illegal. What was done was done. The dignity of the hero of a hundred dramas was best served by private beefsteaks and a rumored version, irrefutable save in a court of law. It was bad enough that the Heathen Journalist should supply so graphic a picture of the midnight melodrama, colored even more highly than Goldwater's eyes. Klood had been glad that the Journalist had left before the episode; but when he saw the account he wished the scribe had stayed.

"He won't play *Hamlet* with that pair of shiners," Pinchas prophesied early the next morning to the supping café.

Radsikoff beamed and refilled Pinchas's glass with champagne. He had carried out his promise of assisting at the première, and was now paying for the poet's supper.

"You 're the first playwright Goldwater has n't managed to dodge," he chuckled.

"Ah!" said the poet meditatively. "Action is greater than Thought. Action is the greatest thing in the world."



THE TURNING

BY GRACE S. H. TYTUS

THE blinds were undrawn across the square window; he had wished it so, and now his slightest wish was law. Outside the gathering twilight of a winter's day stooped to meet the whiteness of the half-deserted street, along which a cab rolled sullenly from time to time, while great flakes of snow fell and fell with a relentless gentleness that seemed to draw a veil over the dying day.

It was all so pitilessly appropriate, she thought, as she sat there by the bed, with an enveloping sense of something closing in upon her as surely as the outer darkness. He had a chance, a faint one, the doctor had said; "but"—that was all. No one could do anything, not even she, but wait. He had spoken only once in the last three hours, that once when he had asked her not to shut out the day. She had longed so for some personal word, something that should be hers; but he had said nothing more and, closing his eyes like a tired child, had sunk back again into unconsciousness. As she sat there, turning his words over and over mechanically in her mind, a thought burned itself into her brain. Could there have been a hidden meaning in that simple request, anything—? She steadied herself on the edge of the mattress. Did he *want* to die?

She searched the six years of their mar-

ried life feverishly, but they had been happy, really very happy, as couples go. Yet something in the tone of his voice haunted her, as if he had feared she might refuse. Refuse him, now—ah! That was it; now everything was different. With a rush it all came over her—the unconscious selfishness on her part that had bred a mutual habit of six years standing; she remembered now, so acutely that it hurt, though she had been proud of it before, that he had never once told her to do anything, but had merely asked, respecting her imperious claim to leadership. It was strange, she thought, as her grasp on the mattress-edge tightened and a shiver ran through the long tense fingers, that she had been so blind; for now her frightened, driven memory retraced bit by bit every step of the slow, disintegrating effect she had had on her husband's life. It had all begun so gradually, so as a matter of course. Her personality, essentially dominant, had rushed forth to meet each new situation with the spontaneity of a young geyser springing from mother earth, and the warm torrent of her nature had swamped alike all sense of selfishness on her part, and all impulse to resistance, at first, on his. Later, when he might have cared to have it otherwise, use had already bred a habit which shackled him. Besides, his nature was different: strong, perhaps

stronger than hers, to bear, and to love, and, above all, to be content, more delicately flexible of mold, the fitting sacrifice on which the happiness of their union had been built. For they *had* been happy, in a way: if she had swamped him, all the tides of her being had set only to him. That was why she wondered so now, wondered at her blindness.

An hour passed. The doctor had come and gone again, but beyond that everything was unchanged in the room. The sick man lay there, still wrapped in that deadly torpor that she longed, and yet dreaded, to see broken; for the first movement would mean virtually life or death. If he regained consciousness, the doctor had said, sufficiently to know her, it would denote such a change for the better that they might reasonably hope for his recovery; otherwise— She dared not face the alternative.

Outside the snow fell whiter and whiter, but the room was almost dark, save for a flickering glare from the open fire. She leaned aside to let this play upon his face and searched the still features as if to coax some sign. Was he really tired of it all? A sobbing breath broke from her, and she leaned her face close to his, and put her arms about him, lest he slip from her before she knew. Oh, if he would only stay, everything should be so different! She tried to pray, but her brain seemed to beat against her temples, while her thoughts spun round and round in endless circles, and she tried in vain to catch them. Then she remembered how, as a child, the spoken word had fixed the wandering idea, and she tried to pray aloud; but her dry lips refused to formulate. She looked at him again; the firelight had caught his closed eyes, and they were strangely gray; for a moment her heart stood still while she bent over him and felt for his—yes, it still beat, though so faintly that even in that tense silence she could scarcely hear it. A mouse scuttled across the floor and made her shiver—shiver at the isolation of her utter helplessness.

They say that when the soul of the dying is called out of the depths to face the final issue, man lives all his past life again in one brief moment; but perhaps really it is those others, those who are left behind, who make this vital retrospect. Our own passing matters so very little,

compared with the loss of those we love, that it is when they stand face to face with eternity that we tremble and are afraid. Between them and us there is such a great gulf fixed that the poor human heart, in an instinctive effort to span it, rushes back and gathers up the past, to help bridge the unknown future of separation.

So to her, as she watched, the present faded: the falling snow against the cold glass pane; the sick-room, with its heavy shadows and flickering gleams of firelight, drifted into the background, and she seemed to be in an apple orchard on a far hillside, where it was spring. Clouds of pink-and-white blossom weighted the branches, robins nested in the tree-tops, and great waves of perfume shot like heart-beats through the fresh, warm air. It was there that he had come to her that first day that was the beginning of all that lay between. She wished she could sit on there always in the cool grass under the apple-trees, her hands clasped on her knee, while his strong fingers held them fast, her heart singing high harmonies with the wind-swept sky. Now reality tugged at her skirts and she was in the darkened room again.

A clock on the mantel struck seven, slowly, deliberately, as if its maddening philosophy were measuring out the limits of a life. He was very white now. She slipped to her knees by the bed, to get closer; every minute he seemed to be drifting farther away from her, and she could not follow. The warm glow from the fire, the monotonous ticking of the clock, the muffled street sounds filtering in through the snow-shrouded window, lulled her, rocked her; the physical fatigue of hours of watching began to make itself felt, and a drowsiness crept into her veins and spread soothingly over her tired senses. She fought against it, tried to rouse herself; but the scent of sleep was in her nostrils, and slowly, irresistibly, her head drooped forward till it rested on the counterpane.

How long she slept she knew not. At first strange dream fantasies, grotesque medleys of the real and the unreal, possessed her. Then everything was vague and luminous for a while, till she seemed to be swinging through space on bounding circles of light that grew in brilliancy and power till they culminated in a blinding flash that swept across her line of vision. Then the radiance faded and she was back

by the bedside again, where a still white figure was looking at her with wide eyes. She choked back a cry as she bent over him. It had come at last, the moment she had waited for, and now—

His eyes were open, but as she held her breath and waited, it seemed as if his gaze distended till he looked clear through her eyes, as through a window, at something in the dim distance of the shadow beyond. She called to him, crooned to him, but his lips were closed, and, even as she looked, the light in his eyes faded and she knew that he was dying. Her ear was close to his face now, alert to catch any sound. Oh, for some word, she prayed. He was hers, hers, hers; it seemed as if the very passion of her longing must hold him. She raised her head an instant, startled by a shifting of the embers on the hearth, and even as she did so, a faint, scarcely perceptible tremor ran through the recumbent figure on the bed; then all was still and, with a smothered cry, "Forgive!" she fell forward on her face across his body.

It was a long time she had been lying there, she knew, when something roused her. The room was shrouded in almost perfect darkness; even the whiteness outside had merged itself into the enveloping night. She was afraid, desperately afraid, afraid to stir, to look, alone there with the still figure on the bed.

Suddenly she was aware of something on her arm, something touching her that had been there all along, and she started; as she did so, a coal from the dying fire tumbled down into the ashes, and for a moment a faint glow suffused the room and struck across the bed. Then she saw. Her husband's hand lay across her arm, just as it had fallen when he waked her, and he was smiling at her with a tender smile in his eyes, as she heard his old familiar voice saying: "Wake up, dear; you have been saying such strange things in your dreams."

Along the path of dreams, and thro' the valley of the outer blackness, He pointed out the Way to those who had lost it.—From the Pali.



JOHN HAY

REMINISCENT OF HIS SONNET IN THE CENTURY, JUNE, 1904:

THANATOS ATHANATOS

(DEATHLESS DEATH)

BY JOHN HAY

At eve when the brief wintry day is sped,
I muse beside my fire's faint-flickering glare—
Conscious of wrinkling face and whitening hair—
Of those who, dying young, inherited
The immortal youthfulness of the early dead.
I think of Raphael's grand-seigneurial air;
Of Shelley and Keats, with laurels fresh and fair
Shining unwithered on each sacred head:
And soldier boys who snatched death's starry prize,
With sweet life radiant in their fearless eyes,
The dreams of love upon their beardless lips,
Bartering dull age for immortality:
Their memories hold in death's unyielding fee
The youth that thrilled them to the finger-tips.

BY MARY CATHERINE CALLAN

HE whom we mourn late hymned the youthful dead;
His deed crowned length of days he left unsung.
Our heritage, those years so nobly sped;
And life is richer that he died not young.



EUROPE
BY
DANIEL
CHESTER
FRENCH



AFRICA
BY
DANIEL
CHESTER
FRENCH



ASIA
BY
DANIEL
CHESTER
FRENCH

1

FRENCH'S GROUPS OF THE CONTINENTS

THE FOUR MARBLE GROUPS BY DANIEL CHESTER
FRENCH, DESIGNED FOR THE MAIN FRONT OF
THE NEW CUSTOM-HOUSE IN NEW YORK

BY CHARLES DE KAY



IF one pores over a chart of the oceans, grilled with curving lines that mark the main pathways of commerce, one sees a skein of threads mingling together off the port of New York. Here focus the hopes of merchant, sailor, and immigrant; hither converge Teuton and Celt, Russ and Greek, Syrian and Armenian, Lascar and Hindu, Chinaman and Japanese. Among four hundred arrivals in one vessel, this autumn, twenty-two different languages were counted.

And here those who are to remain must pass the Caudine Forks of barge office and Ellis Island before a jealous government admits them to residence and eventual citizenship. Even innocent articles of commerce must submit to a more than medieval censorship in that edifice on Bowling Green and Battery Park which rises over the site of the old fort, once the sole defense of Manhattan from corsair and predaceous merchant and from the old navies filled with a greed for land.

As decorations of the new custom-house which will meet the eye first when one approaches the building, what more natural than personifications of the continents, in view of New York's place with regard to the currents of commerce round the globe?

Other figures will speak of races and nations, but their places are in closer connection with the building. As the dominant groups of the approach, Europe and

America, the pushing, strenuous continents of the Western hemisphere, will stand on broad, rectangular pedestals well in front of the façade and at the sides of the central stairway. Asia and Africa, the brooding, half-awakened continents, will hold similar somewhat elevated posts near the outer corners of the front. The four groups will form an advanced line of statuary which will set the pace for the figures that enliven the building at higher levels.

The new custom-house, designed by Cass Gilbert, will stand in marked distinction, through its wealth of statuary, from most American architecture, even that of Gothic style. Usually our buildings are sparing of sculpture to a degree that suggests penury of pocket or meagerness of the imagination. These four groups are the fine imagings of Daniel Chester French. They are the ground-notes of the chorus sounded by the leader of many other artists employed to embellish the building.

Not the army of officials alone who defend the sacred tariff within the walls of our custom-houses from those desperate bandits the importers, not alone the bands of honest brokers who act as peace-makers, will fall under the sweet influences of French's groups. The citizen also, poor man! who has dared to import old paintings under the impression that his country is civilized, will pass these groups with beating heart, persuaded that, unwittingly



AMERICA

and in some obscure way, he has done his own land wrong and may be fined heavily therefor. Wretched soul! he thought, perchance, that works of ancient art or foreign would instruct, form, and elevate? He finds that some Congress of his fellow-men has known better. So he pays his tax and slinks away, wondering, perhaps, whether darkest Africa would be guilty of the follies and crimes against fair play enacted at the national capital.

Seen from all sides in broad daylight, where Bowling Green looks so strangely small among the towering piles of iron, brick, and stone, these groups offer some of the most difficult problems a sculptor has to solve. There is no escape from an all-round examination, no favor from a sheltering niche. The material used will be Tennessee marble, which is found in various light colors that harmonize with the grayish stone of the custom-house.

At one step Mr. French has moved forward to a new feeling, an original method in dealing with abstract ideas in sculpture. He has treated the groups as if, originally, each had been carved from a conical mass of stone in such a way that the main and tallest figure should be a seated woman representing a continent.

Beside and behind her are other figures in due subordination, to carry out the symbolism, but also to present, from each of three sides at least, some object interesting enough in attitude, curve, and mass to induce one to pause and turn and follow the group about in order to explore its meaning point by point.

Although varied in composition, observe that each group has a general contour pyramidal in outline; and though its masses will offer pleasing contrast to the upward and transverse heavier lines of architecture behind, each has a sense of breadth and weight that suits the somewhat low and powerful structure. The problem here is very different from that offered for the other figures, which will stand on higher levels, forming closer union with the building itself.

Taking the group for the extreme left near the corner of Whitehall street,—that of Asia,—note that the fine, sinuous line of back and neck in the tiger rounds inward toward the head of the main figure. This female genius represents Asia in her function as the mother of religion. Tiara on hair, and with eyelids closed, she sits in a trance suggestive of aloofness from the world of change, recalling that doctrine



EUROPE

of introspection which finds its poetic completion in Nirvana. The rapt, ecstatic mood is further told by the Buddhist statuette on her lap, a figure of Gautama Buddha in contemplation, and also by the placing of her hands, one of which holds a lotus-flower with a serpent rolled round the stem. Active religious fervor is shown by the youth prostrate in adoration to her left and by the nearly nude elderly man in closer contact, who half kneels, half runs, in anxious prayer, his hands bound by superstition behind his back; also by the young mother, quite undraped, carrying her child, who thrusts herself between him and the seated figure in a ghostly panic of fear. Asia's footstool is upheld by skulls, perhaps in token of the cruelties which have marked the march of religions over the earth. The cross and sunburst at her back refer to that religion which bulks largest in modern times so far as power is concerned.

Africa is on the extreme right, near the Battery Park. As a dark and unexplored continent, the genius, whose lower limbs are covered with a robe, has her head bent in a somber dream. Eyes, mouth, and hands hint of lassitude and discouragement. She rests one elbow on the head of

a lion, with the hand clenched on her knee, knuckles downward, while the other arm rests loosely on the granite sphinx of Egypt. Behind her crouches, deeply enveloped in a mantle, a figure that expresses the mystery of the deserts and the unexplored recesses of Africa's primeval forests.

It is as if the sculptor, an early admirer and portraitist of the sage of Concord, had meant to suggest that Africa, not awake, but on the eve of change, still struggles with a troublous vision. Were bits from one of Emerson's finest poems floating through his mind?

The Sphinx is drowsy,
Her wings are furled.
Her ear is heavy,
She broods on the world.
Who 'll tell me my secret
The ages have kept?
I awaited the seer
While they slumbered and slept.

Near the main central portal, to right and left, are the pedestals for Europe and America. The genius of America has her head raised, and in her uplifted eyes there is a look of one seeing a vision. Her right hand holds the torch of liberty, and on



ASIA

her lap lies a sheaf of maize. One of her attendants is the plumed Indian crouched at her back. The American past is further symbolized by the head of a serpent carved of stone in the Mexican style, with a curl for a feather. It is the character used for the rain and culture god Quetzalcoatl, and forms her foot-rest. By her side kneels a nude youth with a winged wheel before him to signify the inventive genius of modern America and her industrial enterprise.

If Africa has the sphinx, the drowsy attitude, the look of disconsolateness, then America recalls, by her poise and look of inspiration, that other stanza in Emerson's poem :

Uprose the merry Sphinx
And crouched no more in stone,
She melted into purple cloud,
She silvered in the moon.
She spired into a yellow flame,
She flowered in blossoms red,
She flowed into a foaming wave,
She stood Monadnock's head.

The billowy movement of the mantle at the back of America emphasizes the mental movement and inspiration by which the sculptor wishes to indicate the lively genius of the Americans and to separate this group sharply from the others.

Europe looks straight forward with the

gaze of conscious power. She is the teacher of letters and the arts. With corselet over her Grecian gown, she sits her throne in a proud attitude, like Cybele of the crown edged with battlements—Cybele the great mother of the gods. But she is more the marine than the land goddess, and so her right arm lies on the prow of an antique galley, while her left is propped on a big book which lies on a globe of the earth. For Europe has conquered the seas and pushed her sciences, arts, and letters into the remotest corners of the earth. The side of her marble throne is enriched with figures from the frieze of the Parthenon. Behind her head stands the eagle, that "dog of Zeus" and symbol of the sun, a favorite also on the standards of Roman legions.

Turning from the darker continents of twilight and night,—from Asia and Africa toward America and Europe, those children of the day and ocean,—one may murmur :

Twice I have molded an image
And thrice outstretched my hand,
Made one of day and one of night
And one of the salt sea sand.

Behind Europe is the figure of History in the form of an old woman, heavily draped, who studies a scroll as she holds

in her right hand a skull that rests in a wreath of laurel. At her feet are the crowns of dynasties long leveled to the dust.

Only an artist can realize what it means in mental strain and hard labor to compose and carry through their various stages four groups on this scale, having a common motif, but varied so that each emerges distinctive, each representing a series of ideas different from the other. Can a layman understand what studies must precede even a single group of this sort? And is he likely to appreciate how few sculptors there are who can master such a task? Surely congratulations are due to the genius and profound skill which have combined to produce such results.

These groups differ radically from any previous work by Daniel French, and mark a stride forward in his career. They are cast in a larger, more masculine mold than any hitherto, and show a richer vein of imagination, as indeed befits the task of expressing through large group-sculpture large elemental ideas by the channel of human and other forms.

Nowadays the realist no longer monopolizes the attention in art. There is room once more for ideal and symbolical sculp-

ture, as one may see in some of the figures of Rodin, Paul Dubois, Barrias, and Meunier, of Saint Gaudens and such earlier but less grandiose groups from French as the Milmore tomb and the monument to John Boyle O'Reilly.

In the groups here shown the sculptor has held a middle path between realism and extreme symbolism. One observer may object that the faces of Asia and her attendants are not types of East Indians, another may not like even so much attention to Oriental figures and accessories as the group shows. One critic may call for a Berber, Abyssinian, or negro type or touch in the features and form of Africa, while another resents such obvious symbols as sphinx and lion. The sculptor, however, has steered a course that suits him and will suit those whose appreciation is worth while. When the last touches are given to the façade, though much excellent other work is to be there, it is more than likely that the four groups by French will be the most admired of all the statuary, not because of their size and prominent place, but for their intrinsic dignity and beauty. Certainly they are worthy of prolonged study. They are the strongest work of one of our greatest sculptors.



AFRICA




Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"NESTLING UP TO HIM LIKE A KITTEN"—"THE OLIVE-VENDER"

THE OLIVE-VENDER

BY BEATRICE E. RICE

WITH PICTURES BY JAY HAMBIDGE

 PIUS BODESTA, he of the lofty mien and beetling brows, hauled the small green tub containing the octopus sold him by Casimir Galbrina, the Smyrnian, into a more conspicuous position in the little shop; then he regarded doubtfully the pinky, soft mass of poulp reposing amid tendrils of crisp seaweed. It was evidently no setting for so great a delicacy. With an eye to improvement, he glanced critically at a generous bushel of Savoy cabbages lying in a purple heap back of the keg of herring, exclaimed, "*Sì, sì*, it is good!" and proceeded with renewed energy to elevate the tub to the top of the herring-keg and pile the cabbages at its base. Still the arrangement failed to please. He rubbed his hands downward on his blue jeans apron and delved head first into a barrel of apples, drawing forth several small samples of fruit arsenical green as to color and as hard as the heart of Pharaoh. These he tucked neatly in among the cabbages. Even the last attempt at decoration did not bring into due prominence the latest innovation in Mulberry street; for the purchase of the octopus had been a venture on the part of Pius Bodesta, keeper of the delicatessen-shop, and he felt the uncertainty of his position as an introducer of a novelty.

A varied assortment of viands were displayed in the windows of the little shop. Big, round Italian cheeses were ranged side by side, and strings of spaghetti, garlic, and glossy-red peppers were festooned in loops from wooden pegs driven into the woodwork inclosing the glass panes. On the walls of the interior were pasted portraits in vivid coloring of the King and Queen, of Garibaldi, a remarkable chromo of Washington crossing the Delaware, and

the latest poster of the plump prima donna of the Italian theater. The shelves of the shop were filled with numerous canned and bottled articles; on the counter, holding the scales and measures, was a glass case filled with sweet biscuit and *taralucci* generously sprinkled with aniseed. Kegs of herring and salt-water pickles, with barrels of vegetables, stood about on the sawdust-covered floor. Near the door a half-cask of olives was placed, a wire sieve covering the top, lest the shoppers of the district should take sly tastes of the oily fruit. Pius Bodesta, be it understood, was not stingy by nature, but he had a disinclination to having many fingers dip into his olive-cask. To be sure, on top of the sieve was the wooden noggin for measuring, placed within easy reach of all; but his customers, especially that Mariana de Jaraimelo, would persist upon diving in with fat be-ringed fingers.

"Ah, Mr. Bodesta," Mariana would remark as she munched upon an olive and afterward tucked the stone in her cheek-pouch like a saucy monkey—"ah, Mr. Bodesta, why then do you look so ill-favored to-day? Is it because you are not well?" Then again she would lift the sieve and dip in that pudgy hand to fish for another olive. The octopus, thank Heaven! was certainly *ben trovato*, for Mariana would assuredly not attempt to tweak off one of its rosy tentacles to taste, and yet—she might. Who could say? Pius sighed and drew his heavy eyebrows together above his aquiline nose as he thought bitterly of the delinquencies of Mariana's manners.

"Holloa! Olive-a! juicy olive-a! fat olive-a!" A voice, musical and gay, awakened him from his unpleasant reverie. He rose from his stooping posture near the

Savoy cabbages and went to the open door.

"Come here," he called in his mother-tongue; "come here, Giuseppe, you happy

graceful build, seemed the very embodiment of joy. His laughing eyes had caught and held in their brown depths the sunlight of Naples. When he smiled,



Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

"THE TWO MEN WENT OUTSIDE TO INSPECT THE RESULT"

rascal, and fill my olive-cask." His face cleared and his voice rang a whole-toned welcome, as he stretched out his big hand, which was quickly and warmly clasped in two strong brown ones.

Giuseppe Figure, tall, slender, and of

which was frequently, two deep and most unmanly dimples played at the corners of his mouth, giving him the innocent look of a child; and his glistening teeth were the envy and admiration of his elder brother, who, having set up a dental es-

tablishment in the Bowery, desired above all things that Giuseppe should stand at the door and hand out cards and smiles to advertise the business. He had even offered to clothe and board him, paying beside a salary of two dollars per week; but Giuseppe only laughed aloud in his face and frankly admitted that the position of olive-vender suited his taste better. Tiring of that, he would, he declared, become a priest; and, with that end in view, still attended a Catholic parochial school, where he was beloved alike by pupils and masters.

Perhaps it was because of their dissimilar dispositions, or perhaps—and more likely—Pius Bodesta was a keen discernor of human nature; but certainly it is safe to say that in all his life Pius was never so agreeably disposed as when Giuseppe Ligure dropped into his shop for a chat and to fill his olive-cask, as in the present instance.

"You are not happy, Pius. What then makes you heavy of heart?" Giuseppe spoke in Italian, but Pius answered in rapid and uncertain English:

"Eh, I have-a invest-a unfortunate-a."

"*Chi non s'arrischia, non guadagna* [Nothing venture, nothing have]," answered Giuseppe, cheerfully, as he hoisted a small keg of olives on his shoulder and entered the shop preparatory to filling the cask.

"What have you here?" he exclaimed, with surprise, as he peered down into the green tub containing the octopus, and then looked up at Pius and grinned with delight. "Not since I left home have I seen one. Where got you it, and why do you so hide it from sight?"

"Bought-a eem from my frien' Casimir Galbrina. You-a know-a Casimir Galbrina? He keep four alive in a cask of water until-a he come in on de sheep de otha day; then-a he bring eem here, and I have-a de pickle for eem like-a in Napoli. Eh, you unstan'? De pipples in Amerik not like-a de pipples in Napoli." Pius spoke uninterestedly, and Giuseppe saw at a glance that something failed to please him.

"You should place it where it may be seen. Let me one window fix for you, Pius, and soon—vary soon—you will have a crowd." He did not wait to be bidden, but ran out of the door, anchored his

hand-cart by placing a stone under the front wheels and a stick beneath the handle, and was back again in the shop. It seemed to Pius that it took his visitor but a minute to divest the window of cheese and peppers and to redress it with draperies of kelp and small, compact piles of ripe tomatoes and cucumbers. "This tub it is too deep," he exclaimed. "Have you no plate, my Pius, to expose the fish upon?" Having received a large wooden dish, he arranged the octopus thereon and placed it in a nest of seaweed. "Now come outside and look, after I have put dishes filled with olives on each side." But Pius strenuously objected to the latter arrangement, giving as his reason that Mariana de Jaraimelo would shortly be in for some *taralucci* for dinner.

All being ready, the two men went outside to inspect the result, and Pius found it in his heart to smile grimly; for Giuseppe had caused the window to appear as that of a prosperous restaurateur, and the poulp, which before had looked rather soft and uninviting, seemed quite good enough to eat as it now appeared.

"Let us go inside, and I will fill the cask while we watch for that which must happen." Giuseppe seized Pius by the arm and skipped as lightly as his companion's bulk would permit back into the shop, where he at once busied himself replenishing the olive-barrel. He had been at work several minutes when the light in the shop lessened perceptibly, and, glancing at the window, he motioned Pius to look and laughed silently; for outside stood half a dozen or more customers of Neapolitan nationality, jabbering and whispering in singsong tone as they gazed with delight upon the principal object in the window decoration. A few moments more, and they had entered the shop and were rapidly and volubly bargaining for so much and so much of the novel edible.

Then came Lucia Pacini, daughter of Paolo Pacini, who kept the *pizze cavui* shop in Mott street. She wore about her shoulders a gaily colored silk shawl and glanced coquettishly beneath the fringe of her long black eyelashes toward Giuseppe, who, to all intents and purposes, seemed bent upon ripping the very splinters from the inside of the cask, so busily was he cleaning it.

"I have come for some cheese," mur-



Drawn by H. A. Heald; colored by G. W. Chudwick

"‘SHE HAVA DE FEVAH,’ SIGHED MRS. BARBARIL."

mured Lucia, with downcast eyes, as she tendered Pius a small silver piece. "And let it be as much for the money as you can make it, for summer is not a good time for *pizze* cakes and business is poor with us." She lifted her eyes and smiled up into Pius Bodesta's face. The smile sank deep into the heart of her middle-aged admirer, and he proceeded to slice off a generous piece of Roman cheese, which he wrapped carefully in several layers of paper before handing it to his fair customer.

Giuseppe, from his citadel, the olive-cask, watched the changing expressions on the face of Pius, then he looked at Lucia and wondered at the feeling of ecstasy that filled his very being; but glancing from Lucia to Pius and back again, the ecstatic sensation changed to one of dismay, for the usually dull countenance of his friend appeared as if illumined, and he saw two sinewy hands close caressingly over two small brown ones as the package was transferred from one to the other.

Giuseppe left the shop hurriedly, under pretense of bringing in another keg of olives from his cart. Once on the street, he looked about him in bewilderment, as though the world had suddenly become new and strange to him; then his eyes sought the blue of the skies. "*Chi trace accconsente* [Silence gives consent]," he muttered. "She will marry him. And I—I alone am sad." He struck his breast fiercely with his open hand.

Within a month the courtship of Pius Bodesta and Lucia had progressed to the extent that Paolo Pacini, the prospective father-in-law of Pius, had decided to retire from business that he might end his days in peace—although they bid fair to be many—at the expense of his dutiful son-in-law, and in the rooms above the delicatessen-store. Already a sign, "To Let," adorned the front door of the *pizzi carui* shop.

In the autumn the wedding took place with much ceremony, and so numerous were the friends of the happy pair, of necessity a hall was hired that all might be entertained; for to slight a friend in Mulberry street may be productive of a "pointed" discourtesy later on.

Giuseppe, attending the merrymaking, was the light, the life, and sparkle, of that

company. He quieted an uprising between Philemon Dansigh and Lazarus Zadek, the Polish partners in the clothing-trade who had supplied Pius with an astonishing wedding outfit; danced the tarantella with the bride *all' alba*; then raising a glass of the red wine of Tuscany to his lips, he kissed the rim, crying gaily, "*Alla vostra salute*," looked once into the eyes of Lucia, and was gone, with an ache at his heart that he could not quiet and a knowledge that he had loyally loved Pius Bodesta and therefore must not disloyally love his wife. His feelings toward Lucia were a constant source of anxiety to him, and he felt that the day must come when he would throw discretion to the winds and tell her openly why his visits to the little shop must be discontinued.

It was certain, he thought, that Lucia had not divined his state of heart, for she persisted in nestling up to him like a kitten whenever he came to fill the olive-cask, and with her satin-smooth little hands would caress his face, look deeply into his eyes, and ask in her musical language, "Do you love me, Giuseppe?" Then he would resolutely put her from him. "You are a wife now, and not a child," he would answer seriously, so that the dimples might not betray him. Then would Lucia stamp her foot and scold. "You are not a Neapolitan at all, Giuseppe Ligure. You are an impostor, else why have you the laughing face and eyes that look warm brown when your heart is cold? Bah to you! You are a feesh like that which Casimir Galbrina peddles." And having stormed herself into a flood of tears, Lucia would rush from the shop, only to return with soft blandishments when Giuseppe came again to fill the cask.

But there came a time when weeks passed and the olive-vender did not appear, then months, and finally a whole year. Another voice, gruff and nasal, cried, "Olive-a! sweet olive-a! fat olive-a!" A rumor went the rounds of Little Italy that Giuseppe Ligure was passing his novitiate at the priest-house preparatory to taking the final vows.

Lucia Bodesta laughed knowingly when she heard the news, and joked with Mariana de Jaraimelo about the handsome "father" he would make; while Pius exclaimed musingly, "Eh, well, one-a de-

sire-a, one-a receive-a, an' one-a is disap-point'." He looked thoughtfully at Lucia and shook his head slowly. "It is well-a, maybe, he did-a no' marry."

Lucia shot an arch glance at him from beneath her half-lowered eyelids. "Giuseppe loved, but was not loved," she answered shortly.

"Then-a it was that woman seek-a de gold and not-a de heart." Unwittingly Pius had reached a correct solution, and Lucia, deeming further conversation superfluous, turned her attention to a customer and her back upon her husband.

Now in the neighborhood of the delicatessen-shop there lived one extremely youthful descendant of the Barbarels, about as large in point of size as the fat, iron-rusted tea-kettle which hung from the sign advertising her father's profession as that of a tinsmith. Perhaps it would have been as well—and safer—if, like the kettle, the young Barbarel had also been secured to the sign and thus prevented from taking numerous and adventurous journeys of discovery; but, being an inhabitant of a free country, she was given her entire liberty, and took advantage of it to form several international attachments which were better detached, inasmuch as she returned to her home one day, after a prolonged absence, with hot, flushed face and brilliant eyes.

"She have-a de fevah," sighed Mrs. Barbarel, regarding the child's heightened color with suspicion as she bundled her in a shawl and seated her before the red-hot pot-bellied little stove to burn out the ailment. More red of face became the small sufferer, and her high-pitched voice mingled shrill and strange with the noise of her father's hammer in the next room, where he mended the boiler belonging to Mrs. O'Flarity.

"Her mine it ees seem-a effec'," said Mrs. Barbarel—otherwise Sophia—to her husband; "and you mus' go for a priest. It ees on you she have nevah receive-a the baptize; and eef she would die—"

"Eh! eh! eh!" answered Pietro Barbarel, enigmatically, emphasizing each exclamation with a sharp note on the boiler; then he pushed his spectacles up on his forehead and looked wonderingly at his wife.

"Doan' you un'stan', stoop-id!" demanded Mrs. Barbarel, shaking him by

the arm. "She have-a no receive the baptize, and it ees on you. You say, 'Wait, wait, wait,' an' I wait, but no more I do." She wagged her head determinedly.

"She ain' goin' die." Pietro was skeptical regarding the demise of his offspring; for with the cutting of each tooth she had threatened to relinquish her feeble hold upon life.

"But maybe she can-a no help, an' you mus' do as I say." Sophia suddenly, and without further argument, clapped his hat upon his head and hurried him into his coat and out of the house before his sluggishly working brain discovered her intention.

For weeks and months Father Giovanni had worked unceasingly among the people given into his care. The winter had been a hard one, and in his special colony sickness vied with want, physician and priest alike being called into constant requisition. To each new demand upon his strength and charity Father Giovanni responded with his usual buoyant energy, giving to the ailing ones renewed courage and shriving the dying until they passed in peace.

Upon hearing of the illness in the Barbarel family, he had expressed, substantially, his sympathy; but also his satisfaction had been apparent when summoned to baptize the child, who had been, so to speak, one of the stray lambs of his flock—made so by her father's eccentricity. Therefore Father Giovanni rejoiced exceedingly when Pietro himself came to make the urgent request, and not waiting to don his outdoor habiliments, he gathered up the articles necessary to the occasion, and hurriedly followed Pietro Barbarel into the storm of the night.

Once in the warm confines of the tin-shop, the cold which had penetrated his clothing and chilled his warm young blood was a thing to be forgotten; and having persuaded the excited Sophia to forego her rapidly formed intention of making an occasion of the christening, he washed his hands, and vesting himself in his white stole, began the ceremony, with the little wanderer smiling up into his sunlit eyes and nestling in the hollow of his arm to receive the rites of the church.

"Francesca Pintelli Barbarel, *quid petis ab ecclesia Dei?* [what dost thou ask of the church of God?]" Clear and sweet,

his voice rang out in the stillness of the room.

"Faith," answered Pietro and Sophia in unison for the child, who nestled closer in the strong arms.

"*Fides quid tibi præstat?* [What doth faith bring thee to?]"

"Life everlasting." Even Pietro's dimming eyes shone with a happy light.

Then followed the rest of the service, and at the ending of it Father Giovanni bent his head to imprint a kiss upon the child's forehead. Her eyes were closed in sleep, and she breathed almost peacefully.

"She will be not long sick," he said, turning a smiling face upon the mother; "but I will speak a doctor of her on my way back; and if I am more to you of use, speak, and I will come."

"So handsome an' so young to be a priest," sighed Sophia, drawing down the window-shade reluctantly, for it gave her pleasure to watch the broad-shouldered form of the young "father" disappearing in the distance, minding not at all the storm of sleet that beat against him.

"He would-a no' be so handsome eef the age have-a heem," muttered her elderly husband, holding the boiler between himself and the light from the small lamp, so that his near-sighted eyes might better discover the thoroughness of his work. "Hees face ees no' so fine."

"Bah! bah!" exclaimed Sophia, with dancing eyes. "You have-a the jealousy here-a." She touched the brilliantly colored handkerchief above her heart lightly, and, still laughing at the sour expression of her husband's face, returned to her child.

A FORTNIGHT later, Mariana de Jaraimelo precipitously entered the shop of Pius Bodega. Her eyes were wide and bright, and her mouth described an oval of feigned horror. At a glance it could be seen that Mariana de Jaraimelo was inflated with news.

"Did you hear," she exclaimed, shaking the rain-drops from the shawl she had thrown over her head—"did you hear that Giuseppe Ligure—Father Giovanni—died last night?"

"Si, si," murmured Lucia Bodega, with a pretended yawn. "Casimir Galbrina and Pius were with him. Casimir says he caught the sickness—"

"Umoni-a," corrected Mariana, learnedly. "With a 'p' it is written."

"—the night he went to that Barbarel house," continued Lucia, paying no attention to the interruption.

"And again that Francesca is well and in the streets." Mariana held up her fat hands in disgust for the delinquencies of the youthful Barbarel, and also to show a new and astonishing collection of rings.

"*A cader va chi troppo alto* [He goes to fall who climbs too high]. Giuseppe should have remained a vender of olives. As a priest he did not prosper." Lucia rocked the baby on her breast back and forth, singing, "La-la-la," in a sleepy monotone.

"If you mean did not live, say as much. He was more fitted to be a priest than any man I ever knew," hoarsely answered Pius Bodega in Italian, as he dived in the brine-tub to conceal his feelings. "Nor would I make confession to naught but a man like him." He rubbed the sleeve of his brown jumper across his eyes and failed to chide Mariana de Jaraimelo, who was making furtive dives into the olive-cask, covering her theft by bemoaning the fate of Giuseppe.

"Shall you go to his funeral?" she asked of Lucia.

"Na, na! Why should I go? He was nothing to me." The woman answered pettishly, jolting her knee to quiet the fretting child as she stirred the coals in the brazier that stood near by. Mariana ascribed her suddenly heightened color to the flame that danced like heat-lightning above the embers.

"Lucia not know-a a good man when she meet-a eem," growled Pius, returning to his broken English. "She alway' hard upon dat Giusep' and try-a to make-a me fight weeth-a eem."

"La-la-la," sang Lucia, softly, cuddling the little head against her heart.

IN the dim light of the quiet church, the features of Giuseppe assumed the cold, fine look of chiseled marble, though the mouth, as in life, retained its gentle beauty of outline, giving to the face a look of childlike innocence and peace. Lighted wax tapers surrounded the casket, their light casting pale-golden rays above the waving hair, and delineating every fold of

the vestments inwrapping the graceful form—the cassock, indicating the cuirass of the armor of Christ; the cincture of linen girding his waist, symbolizing purity of heart; and the maniple, the rope by which Christ was led to the cross. In his hands was placed a crucifix of olive-wood.

All was still within the little sanctuary, for the funeral obsequies would not take place for half an hour. A side door leading from one of the confessionals to the chancel was softly opened, just wide enough to permit a woman to enter, unobserved by the young priest muttering, "*Kyrie eleison, Christe eleison, Kyrie eleison, Pater Noster* [Lord, have mercy upon us! Christ, have mercy upon us! Lord, have mercy upon us, Our Father]," at the altar. The woman knelt for a moment beside the bier, her small, sleek head bent meekly above her folded hands, and her silken lashes lowered so that they cast dark shadows on the smooth oval of her

check. Presently she arose to her feet, glanced furtively about her, and then looked down upon the sleeping figure.

"You *loved* me, Giuseppe, though you would not speak it," she murmured, gazing fixedly into the calm face as she held her rosary of ebony beads against her breast to still the rapid beating of her heart. For a moment she listened, as if half expecting a denial; then very slowly a look of triumph crept into the depths of her dark eyes. "*Chi trace confessa* [He who is silent confesses]," she whispered, and pressed her lips to those of the dead; but they responded not, and were as ice.

As she left the church she met Mariana de Jaraimelo wending her way indolently across town.

"You said you were not going to the funeral, Lucia," said Mariana, eying the wife of Pius Bodesta with suspicion.

"Nor am I," answered Lucia; "I have been to confession," and she passed on toward her home.



EVENFALL

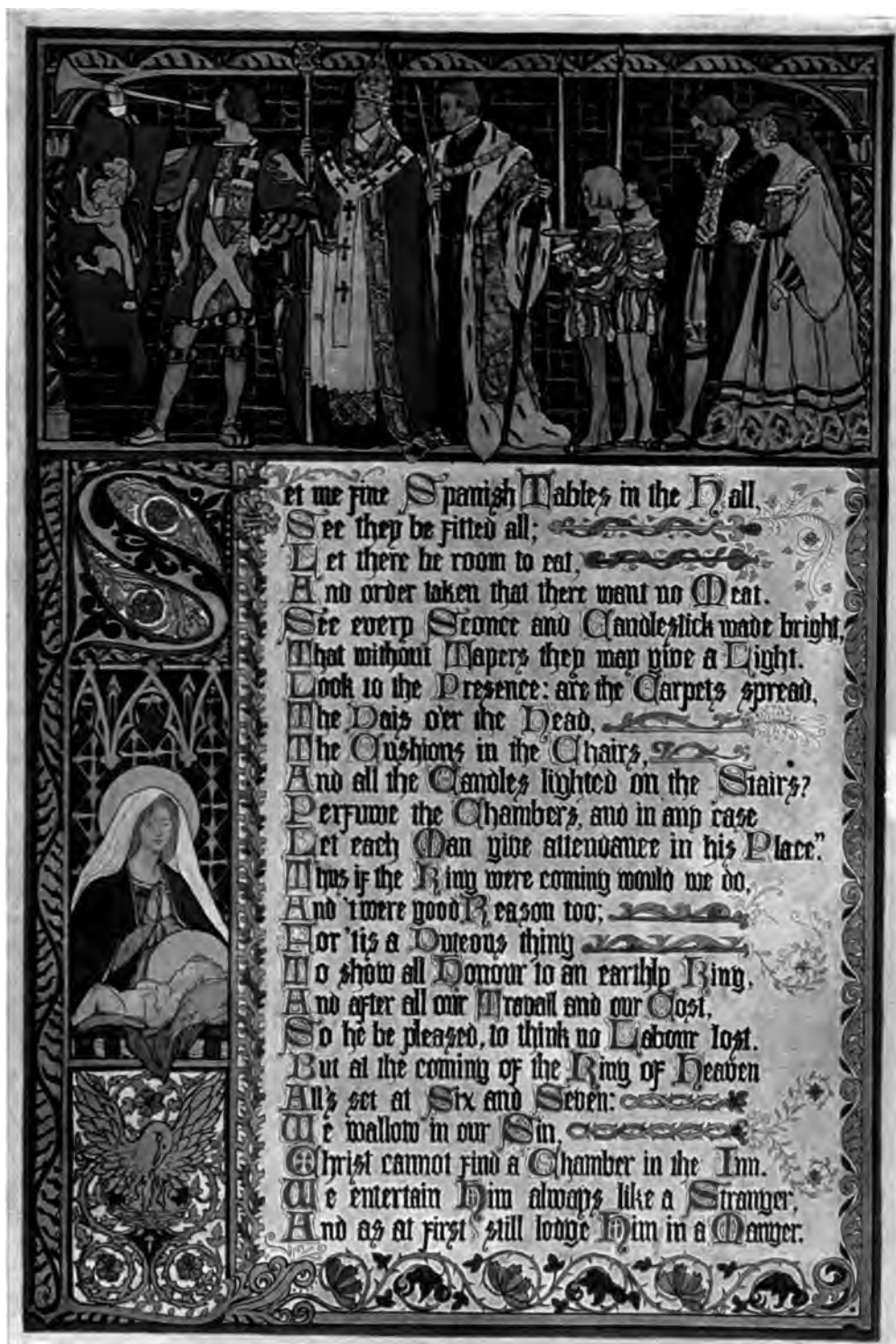
BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD

COME, heap the logs, and send the blaze up higher,
And make good cheer about the roaring fire—
Nay, but the bluebird 's here! Or, stay, I think
I heard the laughing of the bobolink!
Was that the ash upon a coal took shape,
Or is 't the blue bloom of a pulpy grape?
Within my chimney-corner's happy gleam
A cloud of wizard sprites the seasons seem,
And all the year a many-colored dream!

Can I mistake, or was 't but yester-eve
I saw the firefly-dance the fairies weave?
Was it this morn that from his sphere of flame
Love stooped, deific, uttering my name?
Surely no music or of flute or bird
Like the child's voice this afternoon I heard!
Through what meridians of light you fare,
Oh, lovely Life, and through what stress you bear
My wondering soul to this scener air!



Vet if his Majesty our Sovereign Lord
Should of his own accord
Friendly himself invite. *Enight.*
And say I'll be your Guest to morrow.
How should we stir ourselves, call and command
All hands to work! Yet no man idle stand.





THE POWER OF ANCESTORS

BY FLORIDA PIER



"YOU know, Lucy, every time I sit at the front window I feel real satisfied with the whole house."

"Yes; I guess there 's nothing much that we miss. You at your window and me at mine, atween us we see 'most everything."

"And since those Thorntons bought the old Fisher place and fixed it up, I never know what 's coming next. I 've counted six different kinds of vehicles this week, and every one of them theirs."

"Goodness, Harriet! It don't seem possible!"

"I know it don't," and Miss Harriet's voice trailed off into an exasperated little gasp as the threading of her needle became less likely; when she was safely started on the hem of her tea-towel she said: "This is the way I 've figured it out. They 've got two sets of good strong wheels, or maybe only one,—because, you know, they 're all red,—then they have a lot of attachments, jes like sewing-machines and those new cook-stoves, and they screw 'em on when they feel they want a change."

"Most likely thing in the world," agreed Miss Lucy. "An' when we see 'em with all them wicker baskets strapped on, it 's because they think they may want to change while they 're out."

She was delighted to have these questions finally settled, and, with her eyes on the road, Miss Lucy knitted blindly but busily at a marvelous affair that was sure to be gracefully given, gracefully received, and then to continue its existence neatly folded in a bureau drawer until some sensible mouse chewed off the fringe and so saved a tasteless maiden from wearing it.

Miss Harriet, who had never been known to miss a real excitement, saw a high dog-cart come rolling down the vil-

lage street and exclaimed! "Lucy, look at this! They 've actually split their set of wheels!"

"Well, I do declare, something must be loose, the thing 's jogging so. Harriet, they 've stopped here. Hide them tea-towels and get right into your black silk. Goodness! I feel kind of frightened."

"Now, Lucy, don't be silly. Remember you 're a Barker. I think it 's real nice and neighborly of them not to wait for us to call."

Miss Harriet and Miss Lucy dressed hurriedly while the little maid-servant showed Mrs. Phillips Thornton and her sister into the delightful old parlor. They walked from the Sherraton table to the Chippendale cupboard with loud exclamations of pleasure, and were examining a mahogany desk when Miss Harriet and her sister rustled into the room, their lace caps fluttering with hospitality.

"This is Miss Harriet Barker, I 'm sure. I am Mrs. Thornton, and this is my sister Pussy White. Oh, how do you do, Miss Lucy? So glad to know you! We 've heard so much about your lovely old antique furniture, and so to-day we 've come to see. You know I 'm collecting it. Oh, I 've spent a great deal of money—Pussy, do look at this ducky little tea-table," and the two callers rushed off to the other end of the room.

"Why, Harriet, I don't think they 're polite," whispered Miss Lucy.

"Now it 's real nice and frank of them; they know we 're proud of Grandmother Forbes's furniture; they just want to be pleasant, Lucy."

"Oh, Miss Harriet, you have n't a Chippendale desk. I 'm so sorry!"

"Why, thank you, Mrs. Thornton; it 's real kind of you. I 've often thought I would like one to match the chairs."

"Yes, they would sell better as a set,"

replied Mrs. Thornton; and rapping sharply on the back of a chair, she murmured, "You know, Pussy, good judges of furniture always keep hitting the things they want to buy."

"Harriet, what did she mean by 'sell'?" whispered Miss Lucy again.

"I don't know. I'm sure, Lucy. Do fetch some of the blackberry wine, and a slice for each and one extra—that's five; cut five pieces of the cup-cake." Miss Lucy left the room, and Miss Harriet said pleasantly: "Won't you be seated, ladies? This warm weather 's been real pleasant, has n't it?"

"I simply can't sit down until I've seen all your lovely things—and books, too. Do you sell them? My husband will be so interested."

Fortunately Mrs. Thornton did not wait for an answer, but fluttered about the room, calling her sister's attention to many things, while Miss Harriet sat in her straight-backed chair, puzzled and a little dazed. A new problem had been presented to her. Twice these ladies had mentioned her selling her things. This was new and odd; but Mrs. Thornton was greatly admired by every one,—Miss Harriet had never questioned why,—so it must be correct and kind. Ah, of course! To imply that a thing could be sold meant that it was valuable, and to remark that one had valuable possessions was a modern compliment. She understood perfectly now: simply to admire a friend's things was no longer genteel; up-to-date people said, "This is good enough to sell." Very well, she might be a bit awkward at first, but she would try to be modern.

"I am sure, Mrs. Thornton, that the tasty diamond pin you have on would sell very well." Miss Harriet received no answer to her remark, as her guest had turned a chair upside down and was examining the bottom closely. Such interest was really flattering. She must try again. Before another question had occurred to her, Miss Lucy returned, carefully watching the small servant as she carried a silver tray on which tinkled the frailest of glass and china.

"Now, Mrs. Thornton and Miss White, won't you sit down and let me serve you with a little wine and cake?"

"Oh, Miss Harriet, how sweet of you! *This really is too charming*; but what a

lovely old tray! It just matches one I got in Deerfield. Oh, yes; I went all through Deerfield. I did that place thoroughly—got a great many things. I wonder if I'll have money left for that love of a tray. I hope so. Now, I'll tell you what I've decided on: the table of course, and those four straight-backed chairs. They are not sold, are they?"

Miss Lucy was aghast, but her sister, with her best manner, said: "No—oh, no; and your watch, I hope that is not sold, Mrs. Thornton?"

The would-be purchaser was puzzled, but her sister thought she understood, so dropping her bag and clanking chatelaine and allowing Miss Harriet and Miss Lucy to pick them up, she whispered to Mrs. Thornton: "We've made a mistake. They're as rich as Cræsus. She meant she could buy us out."

"Rot! They're putting on airs—seen better days—you know they always have. I'll manage them. Now, Miss Harriet, how much are you going to charge me for the lot?"

Poor Miss Harriet did not know what reply to make to this; so, like many a better diplomat, she trusted to non-committal politeness, and with the famous Barker smile passed the cake.

There was a strained silence, of which each woman tried to look unaware. All nibbled cake and marveled at the blankness of their own minds.

"Miss Harriet, may I ask how old that beautiful mahogany desk is?" Miss White wished to be polite, but was unable to completely change the subject.

"I do not know, ma'am. It has always belonged to the head of our family. Every Barker has made his will at that desk, the marriage settlements have been written there—challenges, proposals, everything of importance; and my grandfather's grandfather died at that desk."

There was silence in the room for a moment, then Mrs. Thornton said solemnly: "You are so intimate with your ancestors, it's no wonder you don't require a large circle of acquaintances." And she added: "We have n't got a thing that's been in our family more than five years."

The small servant was making violent signals from the doorway, and as Miss Harriet rose to go to her, Mrs. Thornton whispered to her sister: "I'm cheap be-

side her; she 's the rare Miss Harriet. Pussy, I 've had everything else at my dinners; now I 'm going to have a gentlewoman."

When Miss Harriet had assured the young servant that the visitors were not going to stay for dinner and that there was no need for her packing her trunk and leaving, she returned to her guests and smiled sweetly when Mrs. Thornton said, "We really must say good-by now, but I 've enjoyed—" here Mrs. Thornton paused, then continued bravely—"every moment of my call, and I want you to promise me that you and your sister will dine with us on Wednesday."

Miss Harriet bowed graciously and,

glancing at Miss Lucy, replied, "My sister and I accept with much pleasure, Mrs. Thornton."

"Then that 's all settled. Come, Pussy, we must go. So glad to have met you, Miss Lucy"; and bowing cordially, but with nervous smiles, they left. As they walked down the path it was noticeable that there was a meekness about their aspect and that they went with bowed heads.

Miss Harriet was standing before the mirror. "Lucy," she said, "I wonder if I dare wear a feather in my hair—a short one," she added quickly.

"Harriet Barker," scolded Miss Lucy, "if you wear a thing on your head but your best lace cap, I 'll know the reason why."



FRANKLIN IN FRANCE

BY JOHN HAY

By a strange fortune, just as the nation is preparing to celebrate the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of Franklin, we are enabled to present to our readers an account and estimate of the work of the most distinguished and successful of the early American diplomats by the most distinguished and successful of American diplomats of our time,—the late Secretary Hay. The address was, as stated by his secretary, prepared several years ago, for delivery in Chicago, but owing to Mr. Hay's ill-health was laid aside.—THE EDITOR.



WHEN the men of the Revolution threw into the game of war their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor, they meant to stand by their solemn professions. They intended to fight the battle out—to stand or fall with the principles they had announced. They were ready for death and defeat, but they were resolved on life and victory. They held success to be their immediate duty. They were not greedy of glory; they wanted liberty. And they were anxious to gain this inestimable good in the quickest possible way. They cast their eyes over-seas to search for what help

might come from abroad. If there was among the nations of Europe a sense of wrong, a jealousy, or an antipathy to England which might be useful to their cause, a motive of interest, a spirit of gain, which might be caught and set to work for the new and struggling freedom, they were ready to use them. The gnomes working for the heroes was a well-worn myth. They knew they were fighting the battle of the human race. Let the human race lend a hand, if it would.

So, one of the early acts of the Continental Congress was to form a secret committee to correspond with friends abroad.

It was composed of five members, Benjamin Franklin, John Jay, Thomas Johnson, John Dickinson, and Benjamin Harrison—names we all recognize yet. The committee was a strong one. Franklin was the most skilled diplomatist in the colonies, by natural aptness and by technical experience. So the bulk of the work naturally devolved upon him. He began correspondence with British Liberals, Dutch lawyers, French doctors, and Spanish princes. It took at least six months to exchange letters between Paris and Philadelphia. We can now scarcely imagine the sickening weariness of hope deferred in those days.

To France, as the traditional enemy of England, all eyes were naturally turned. Mr. Jay relates a singular incident, which powerfully impressed many minds, of an old gentleman who arrived in Philadelphia in 1775, and offered to the Congress then in session, in good Parisian English, the assistance of the King of France, in stores, arms, ammunition, and money. Being asked for his name, credentials, and other ambassadorial baggage, he drew his hand across his throat and said politely but positively, "Gentlemen, I shall take care of my head." No tombstone was ever more discreet than this old gentleman. He disappeared the next day from Philadelphia, and took such good care of his head that the keenest-scented annalists have never discovered a trace of him. If we were inclined to be superstitious, the only two circumstances we know of him—his Parisian accent and his tender care of his head—might induce us to take him for St. Denis. This and other incidents made men think and talk much of France. No letters came from Franklin's correspondents. The committee resolved to send an ambassador to France; and a candidate turned up the moment he was wanted—Silas Deane of Connecticut.

It is a curious fact, and one which shows how our nation sprang at once fully developed into being, that our first foreign minister was a defeated member of Congress. A quiet legation is the stuffed mattress which the political acrobat wants always to see ready under him in case of a slip.

Silas Deane sailed to France and soon set on foot very extensive business operations for the assistance of the colonies.

With the aid of that strange mixture of charlatanry and genius, Caron de Beaumarchais, he sent a large quantity of valuable stores to America, and a small quantity of worthless officers. He had the favor and the secret assistance of the court. The virtuous and far-seeing Turgot, who knew there was much to lose and little to gain by the American alliance, after protesting in vain against the Beaumarchais interest, had been dismissed the cabinet. The Comte de Vergennes assisted the colonies privately with one hand, and with the other dexterously stroked the right way the fur of the irritated British lion.

It was thought best, however, that stronger hands should take charge of this business. On September 26, 1776, Congress elected an embassy to France, consisting of its two most illustrious names. The choice of Franklin and Jefferson shows how vital the French alliance had come to be considered. Jefferson declined. Congress elected in his place Arthur Lee of Virginia. Mr. Deane was also retained in the embassy.

When Franklin was elected in secret session he turned to Dr. Rush and said in shopman's phrase, "I am an old remnant—you may have me for what you please." He was seventy years old and the most famous American of that day. He sailed in the swift sloop of war *Reprisal*, Captain Wickes, which captured two prizes on the way; and about six weeks later he descended at the Hotel de Hambourg, in the Latin Quarter. I dined there once, for Franklin's sake. I hope the kitchen was better in his day.

It was a wonderful France that he found. The old dispensation was drawing nigh its end, and no one dreamed it. The new delight was dawning and the darkness comprehended it not. The best King of his race was sitting on his thorny throne, doing, according to his feeble lights, his best for the people who should one day slay him. Over his weak head were gathering the storms that had been brewing for centuries. His ancestors had eaten the sour grapes of tyranny, and his innocent teeth were set on edge.

Through long ages of wrong and rapine and murder this great, patient France had submitted to its masters. These are not phrases. The kings and

great lords robbed and killed their vassals with no thought of accountability. It was not a hundred years since the young Prince Charolais invented that humorous amusement of shooting tilers on the roofs of houses and seeing them roll and tumble into the street—from mere gaiety of heart, says the chronicler. Still in many parts of France that odious right of *seigneurie* was retained, which made peasant husbands loathe the face of their first-born. And everywhere there was no right of the poor that the rich man greatly respected. There was no feeling of the plebeian which the noble thought worth caring for. The monarchy was still the most splendid of Europe. The court was more brilliant than anything the world will ever see again. There was an appearance of wealth and movement in the great cities. But in the fields there was gaunt famine and dull hopeless misery. D'Argenson says that in 1738, an era cited as one of peace and prosperity, "men died thick as flies, in poverty and eating the grass of the fields." Rank had prepared its own destruction by its crimes. Its part in the play was over. The groans of suffering humanity were not yet heard, but of God. He would take care of his little ones in due time.

This vast French monarchy was undermined. The enormous power, built up with labor and pain by a long line of kings from Charlemagne to Louis le Grand, was gone: not the less utterly gone that no one saw it go, and no one had as yet marked its absence. It had grown by fitful though continual advances through the English wars of the Charleses, plucking always prerogative from the bloody fields of disaster. It had grown stout and plethoric, fed with blood and nourished with crimes by that quaint and pious knave, Louis XI. Before he died it was out of its nonage, and it flourished on without much effort on the part of the subsequent kings. In the reign of Louis XIV it reached its acme. So great a king as Louis never lived. Yet he was the most commonplace of men, were he not king. His reign was glorious, people say. That is, a great army and able generals, whom he let alone, fought frightful and useless battles which impoverished France and gained nothing. He encouraged arts and literature, by giving to Molière and Ra-

cine, and the rest of those Titans, about the same distinction and favor which he would have given to a clever dancing-master. He built Versailles. This is the masterpiece, the outward manifestation of the consummate bloom, of European kingcraft. This stupendous work was the last great effort of the royal prerogative—the last great enterprise which a king has undertaken without at least attempting to persuade the people that it was for their benefit. But this vast pile and these lordly pleasure-grounds say cynically to the world, "The King is the State." Monarchy has never recovered from the strain of that effort. It is the infallible symptom of decadence in a man or a government when they undertake works which cannot pay expenses. The Pharaohs perished when their Pyramids were finished. Napoleon went to Moscow to meet his evil genius. Every country town in America has the ruins of a fine house called "Somebody's Folly."

This great King Louis died in a miserable old age, and they carted him off to St. Denis with small ceremony, and his great grandson, Louis XV, reigned in his stead. But the Regent of Orléans ruled over France in the babyhood of the King. We know what this candid prince thought of his own rule. He said one day to the Abbé Du Bois, his prime minister, "A devil of a kingdom this—governed by a sot and a pander!" A good-natured man, this Duke of Orléans, thoroughly corrupt, with good intentions that were never fulfilled, with amiable qualities that led to nothing but shames and crimes. Breathing a poisoned air from his birth, moral health was impossible to him. He meant well to the people, but his vampires drew their blood and coined it to supply those mad revels of the Palais Royal that our decent age refuses to describe. His reign served to grade the passage from the Fourteenth to the Fifteenth Louis.

And here the last word of the monarchy is indeed said. When a king like Louis XV becomes possible, then the world begins to ask whether it may not get on without kings. The life of this unspeakably mean creature seems meant to show us how questionable is any system that may sometime give to utter depravity a practical omnipotence of mischief. There may have been others as licentious, as con-

ardly, as cruel, as false, as avaricious as he. But no other man could set these sordid vices up in the sight of the world, and by the accursed alchemy of power turn them to graces and examples to be praised and followed by all who were weakly loyal or meanly servile. This was the work of Louis the Well-beloved. He rolled in the garbage of vice so that the purple could hardly be clean again. He depraved and corrupted the court, so that from the courtier class nothing more was to be hoped. You would not pardon me if I should give you a catalogue of his enormous and cowardly crimes. One who reads attentively the memoirs of those times comes back as from a visit to a charnel-house. The tone of levity in which these horrors are recorded is the most saddening thing. This man was so flattered and fawned upon that his conscience went to sleep disgusted, and he really thought he was rather a good sort of fellow.

That he might play out his part to the end he was granted robust health and long life. His last sin found him out, and he crowned a despicable life by a loathsome death. He was riding in the park and he saw a peasant's funeral go by. He rode up and asked who was dead. He turned pale at the answer—it was the name of his last victim. But some dreadful fascination induced him to question again. What did she die of? "Smallpox, sire!" Gasping for horror, he dashed away to the palace and lay down to die. Carlyle has drawn with the un pitying hand of an avenging angel the scenes of that unedifying death-bed. The polluted soul broke loose at last, and sped away to its own place. The church blessed the parting. We will try to be charitable, too; but we are irresistibly reminded of one of the few bitter things that Franklin ever said: "If such souls escape, it is not worth while to keep a devil."

The courtiers rushed to congratulate Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette on their accession to the throne. But they fell on their knees and said: "Help us, O God! We are too young to govern."

It was a true presentiment that saddened for the youthful and virtuous monarch this first moment of power. He did not see, as we do, the full extent of the monstrous debt that monarchy owed to the moral equilibrium. He did not fully ap-

preciate the deplorable state of his realm, in finance, in agriculture, in every incident of national life. Least of all did he understand the mighty power of public opinion, which had been stealthily gaining ground through the last two reigns. A power had grown up never contemplated by earlier kings.

A race of audacious thinkers had arisen—a modern growth for France. Under the great Louis, literature was encouraged, as cooking was, as music was, as tailoring was, to add to the splendor of the court. But under the Regency the new spirit came to light. The Regent loved letters for their own sake. He had a sentimental love for freedom, even; and if he had not been a Bourbon he might himself have been a patriot. Under him began that powerful impulse of research and philosophical speculation that continued amid neglect or impotent, fitful persecution under the reign of Louis XV and reached its lordly stature and attained its predestined purpose in the wreck and chaos of the Revolution.

The first conspicuous name among those who led the van of this great intellectual movement was Montesquieu, who began at twenty by writing an argument against the eternal damnation of the heathen, and through a long and busy life sent forth, in rapid succession, those bold and brilliant disquisitions that opened to the mind of France a vastly wider horizon of political speculation than ever had been dreamed of before. His "Spirit of Laws" alone ranks him with those great original geniuses that clasp hands in spirit across the gulf of ages. He was the earliest of the philosophers. He shines almost sole in his generation, clear as the morning star, unconscious of the red tumult of the coming dawn. Then came Voltaire, who ran with that lightning-flash of intuition through the whole cycle of letters and science and politics, finding nothing good or venerable, touching with the Ithuriel spear of wit and logic every department of human affairs, and discovering everywhere only hopeless disease—as the wild humor caught him, now mocking like a fiend, now weeping like a pitying angel; and Diderot, with his great genius and incomplete character, his gigantic schemes and his little life, his mighty collaborators in the Encyclopedia, d'Alembert, de

Prades, Dumarsais, and the incomparable Turgot, whose genius and virtue shine together, a beacon in those dark days—all these, working confusedly without plan, were building up that vast edifice of public opinion which was to harbor and protect the free thought of the century.

Never before had there been seen such activity in the natural sciences. Buffon and Malesherbes were busy plucking its mystery out from the heart of nature.

In the world of metaphysics there was a vast and restless energy, with results always more disheartening. Condillac deduced all moral and mental phenomena from sensation. Helvetius, adopting the theories of Condillac, went mercilessly through to atheism and pure selfishness. The age was so corrupt, they cynically hailed this theory of absolute selfishness as the new gospel and cried, "This man has told everybody's secret." (*"C'est un homme qui a dit le secret de tout le monde."*)

The mind of the world seemed dropping into mere materialism when a shabby fellow came to Paris and spoke a word that the world was vaguely waiting for. This was Jean Jacques Rousseau, who, weak, wicked, half mad as he was, demonstrated the impotence and barrenness of this materialist philosophy, and prepared, more than any other, the minds of men for the reception of the wild evangel of the Revolution. There was never a shabbier prophet sent on earth, but the lesson he taught was simple and necessary. He recalled to the world what the wits had forgotten—that there are such facts as God, and love, and liberty.

Floating at random in the writings of that century, we find scraps of prophecy not half understood by their authors and not at all by the world. Leibnitz said in 1704 that a revolution was coming by which the great would lose and the world profit. Chesterfield said (1753), "Before the end of this century the trades of king and priest will lose half their value." D'Argenson in 1739, in his great treatise on decentralization, practically eliminated the aristocracy,—aristocrat though he was,—calling them the drones of the hive, and enunciated the sublime doctrine that, though equality was impossible, it should be the aim of all governments to attain it. Voltaire said in 1764, with the dim regret

of an old prophet who should not see the coming of the rosy footsteps on the mountains of the future, "Young men are lucky—they will see fine things." But Diderot came nearest the true spirit of the Pytho-ness possessed when he said in 1774, "The public execution of a king will change the spirit of a nation forever."

These utterances sound startlingly clear and distinct to us after the fact. But then they were voices crying in the wilderness, and the world, if it heard them at all, smiled indulgently and tapped its wise forehead. Countless vague and indistinct systems of government had been shaped in philosophic garrets. But of late young men had begun to study constitutions—the Greek, the Roman, the English, and, later, those almost perfect specimens of statecraft afforded by the constitutions of the American Colonies, which were styled by Tom Paine the grammar of politics. They were to liberty what grammar is to language, defining its parts of speech and practically constructing them into syntax. The tempest in America was manifestly shaping the current of free thought in France. Thus did our nation, even in its godlike babyhood, teach the doctors in the temple of liberty.

I have delayed you some time with this résumé of the state of thought and opinion in France at the arrival of Franklin, but I think you would pardon me if you knew how much I had rejected. It seemed necessary to say this much to explain in some measure the immediate and enormous popularity that greeted the American envoy. The world of pomp and glitter and tradition had in reality passed away. The age of ideas had dawned. To the sight of the world Franklin came as the agent of certain revolted colonies of England to seek material aid to sustain the hard-pushed rebellion. But to the enlightened eye of history he is an envoy from the New World to the Old, addressing to its half-awakened heart and conscience the soul-stirring invitation to be free. No fitter choice was ever made by any nation in any age. There was too heavy a sea running to have any incompetence on the quarter-deck.

An interest which we can scarcely comprehend was taken in that day in natural science. Franklin was, by universal consent, the greatest natural philosopher of

his time. He was hailed as the confidant of nature—the playmate of the lightning, a Prometheus unpunished. The brightest constructive and critical energies of the best minds were devoted to the solution of political problems. And here, they said, was a man who had founded many states upon the principles of abstract justice, and had consolidated them at last into a superb model republic. For this hasty generalization had seized the foreign mind, always too apt to regard leaders instead of masses, and it was long before the millions of Americans got their due abroad.

Thus it came that the great heart of liberal France went out at once in a quick rush of welcome to Franklin. He was the point that attracted the overcharged electricity of that vast and stormy mass of active thought. He became the talk of the town. They made songs about him. They published more than one hundred and fifty engravings of him, so that his fur cap and spectacles became as familiar as the face of the King on the louis d'or. The pit rose when he entered a theater. These are not trivial details. Those spontaneous honors, paid to an alien citizen by a people so long the victims of degrading tutelage, showed the progress they had made toward liberty. In honoring him they honored themselves. They vaguely felt he was fighting their battle. They read in his serene and noble countenance the promise of better times.

He lived in free and generous style, in a fine house in Passy, to your right as you may have stood in Exhibition years on the ramp of the Trocadéro and looked over the flashing Seine at the Festival of Peace in the Field of Mars. The company one met there was the best in France—the true elite; that is to say, elect. I will give you a few of their names: La Rochefoucauld, Morellet, Buffon, Turgot, Malesherbes, d'Alembert, Condorcet, d'Holbach, Cabanis, Necker, Mirabeau. I utter only names, yet how each starts a spirit! These men, princes all by intellect and many of them by birth, were proud of the friendship of Franklin. I must mention one curiously characteristic expression of Ralph Izard, who was taken by Congress from the bosom of one of the first families of South Carolina, and sent as minister to Tuscany. He accepted the mission as readily as did in our times a defeated

Western senator who, on receiving a despatch from an old public functionary whose name has escaped everybody's memory,—“Will you accept the mission to Bogota?”—replied in five minutes by lightning, “Of course I will. Where the capital D is Bogota?” Mr. Izard never found out where Tuscany was, but spent some years in Paris in geographical studies. He was at Franklin's, one evening, in the company I have mentioned, and said sneeringly, “Why could n't we have some of the *gentlemen* of France?” What a faithful forerunner of Preston Brooks!—except that slavery had seventy-five years longer to elaborate Brooks, and so produced a more finished work.

It is needless to say that the adulation which Franklin received did not injure him. Honest praise never hurt any one. It is only men who are meanly flattered that are ruined by it. He went energetically about his work. For a year his position as envoy was unrecognized by the court, but none the less the French government paid the greatest deference to his representations. Frequent flittings to and from Versailles to Passy; numerous mysterious interviews in Franklin's library with M. Gérard of the Foreign Office (afterward minister to the United States), usually ending in a fresh shipment of arms to America by the sympathetic firm of Hortalez & Co., or a replenishing of the exhausted exchequer of the colonies. The mystery which hung about the firm of Hortalez & Co. has never been wholly cleared; though now it appears that Beaumarchais—the immortal creator of *Figaro*—was Hortalez, Beaumarchais was the company and the shareholders and the board of directors of that public-spirited firm. The French government seems to have been the rock from which, on Franklin's periodical smiting, gushed forth the streams that kept the mill of Hortalez in motion. But the secrecy necessary to throw dust in the wide-awake eyes of the English ambassador was in the end the cause of woes unnumbered to Beaumarchais. He lived to appreciate in bankruptcy and ruin the serpent-toothed ingratitude of two republics.

The French government, true to the ruinous policy of that day, omitted no effort to cripple England by secretly aiding the colonies; but while the issue of

the war remained doubtful they held aloof from open alliance. The position of our diplomacy abroad seemed almost hopeless at one moment, when Lord Howe was in Philadelphia and a clever young officer named André was quartered in Franklin's house, amusing himself with the philosopher's electrical apparatus, and contenting himself, for all loot on departing, with the sage's picture.

It may amuse some of you who were made merry by Mr. Seward's famous sixty days' reprieves to our late rebellion, to know that Franklin used in Paris a thousand times the same expressions as those by which the sage of Auburn quieted from time to time the semi-rebel diplomatic corps at Washington. He never lost heart, however gloomy the situation. He called our disasters blessings in disguise, and when asked one day if Howe had really captured Philadelphia, he answered, "No. Philadelphia has captured Howe."

This was the dark hour. But it passed, and the first streak of day was the news of the surrender of General Burgoyne. The war was not half over, but its issue was certain from that day. Only the blind obstinacy of the King of England could have protracted it to such brutal and bloody lengths. The French Jupiter saw that the Yankee wagoner was himself getting out of the mire, and so concluded to give him a serious lift. The treaties of alliance and of amity and commerce between France and the United States were signed on February 6, 1778.

It was the sunburst to the colonies after a troubled dawn. The tattered and frost-bitten soldiers of Valley Forge were paraded to receive the joyful news, and the army of the republic shouted, "Long live the King of France!" Washington issued a general order saying it had "pleased the Almighty Ruler of the universe propitiously to defend the cause of the United American States, and by finally raising up a powerful friend among the nations of the earth to establish our liberty and independence upon a lasting foundation." The act of France gave us a standing abroad which we had hitherto lacked. A man's character is made by himself; his reputation exists in the minds of others. Our Declaration asserted our independence, the French alliance proved it. Even before 1776 we were a nation; but

until our treaties with France the world regarded us as a rebellion.

This first great act of our diplomacy was as dignified in form as it was valuable in substance. The struggling transatlantic revolt met the proudest monarchy of Europe on terms of absolute equality. By a strange equation of prophecy, the negotiators seemed to recognize the possibilities of the crescent republic and the waning dynasty. "There shall be a firm, inviolable, and universal peace and a true and sincere friendship between the Most Christian King, his heirs and successors, and the United States of America." There is no note of patronage or subservience in these words, nor in these: "If war should break out between France and Great Britain during the continuance of the present war between the United States and England, his Majesty and the said United States shall make it a common cause, and aid each other mutually with their good offices, their counsels, and their forces, according to the exigence of conjunctures, as becomes good and faithful allies. . . . Neither of the two parties shall conclude either truce or peace with Great Britain without the formal consent of the other first obtained; and they mutually engage not to lay down their arms until the independence of the United States shall have been formally or tacitly assured by the treaty or treaties that shall terminate the war."

The effect of the treaty was immediate and most important. Even before it was made public, the rumor of it powerfully affected the courts of the world. Lord North introduced into the House of Commons proposals for conciliation which, if they had been presented in time, would have been gladly accepted by the colonies; but the water had passed by the mill. The American Congress promptly rejected these belated propositions. The British ambassador quitted Paris in justifiable anger; war ensued between England and France. On February 13, 1778, in the harbor of Brest, Paul Jones, in the *Ranger*, had the satisfaction of seeing the American flag saluted for the first time by the guns of a foreign power. The American navy was born and entered at once on its career of glory. The battle under the starlight between the *Bonhomme Richard* and the *Serapis* set a standard of heroism

which may always be emulated but never excelled. In the summer of July, 1778, a stately fleet, under Count d'Estaing, brought to America the first French minister and four thousand troops. Spain joined France against England, through no sympathy with the colonies, but in pursuance of her European policy. And the final harvest of the French alliance was gathered in the crowning victory at Yorktown.

More than a year before, Franklin had been received with joyous enthusiasm by the people of France—for the French people had already come into existence. Now the court was to have the privilege of knowing him. Immediately after the signing of the treaty, he was presented at Versailles and took the palace by storm. One of those trifling chroniclers so dear to the readers of history tells us that he went without the flowing wig required by the full dress of those days. It was not an act of audacity, but a lucky accident. There was not a wig in Paris large enough to harbor the great brain of the philosopher. A *perruquier* had brought him a wig on that memorable morning, and, after repeated efforts to put it on, dashed it angrily to the floor. "Is the wig too small?" asked the placid doctor. "No, monsieur; your head is too big!" roared the disgusted artist. So it came that Franklin went to court in the majesty of his own silver hair.

Franklin wore, when presented to the most brilliant court of Christendom, a full suit of plain black velvet, white ruffles at wrist and bosom, white-silk stockings, and silver buckles--the dress that the world is familiar with in Stuart's great revolutionary portraits. This was perhaps the first time, since heralds first went on embassies, that an envoy approached a sovereign in his own every-day garb.

Franklin was received in the dressing-room of the King. The monarch "had his hair, undressed, hanging down on his shoulders: no appearance of preparation to receive the Americans, no ceremony in doing it." There have not been, since embassies and alliances and wars were invented, many more important interviews than this, and a man must have the soul of a milliner if he thinks that the simplicity of this international greeting detracts anything from its dignity. For my part, I

am pleased to think of this fine tableau of the perfect Pallas birth of American diplomacy displayed in the strong light of that historic day: the contrasted figures of the good, weak Louis and the great, wise Benjamin, greeting so simply, where the Republican paid conventional homage to the King, but where in reality the dying Past stood in the large presence of the great free Future.

Franklin became the fashion of the season. For the court itself dabbled a little in liberal ideas. So powerful was the vast impulse of free thought that then influenced the mind of France,—that susceptible French mind that always answers like the wind-harp to the breath of every true human aspiration,—that even the highest classes had caught the infection of liberalism. They handled the momentous words Liberty and Human Rights in their dainty way, as if they were only a new game for their amusement, not knowing what was to them the terrible import of those words. It became very much the accepted thing at court to rave about Franklin. The young and lovely Queen, Marie Antoinette, was most winning and gracious toward him. The languid courtiers crammed natural science to talk with him. The small wits who knew a little Greek called him Solon and Aristides and Phocion. It is sad to think of the utter unconsciousness of these amiable aristocrats. They never dreamed that this man Franklin was a portent and a prophet of ruin to them. He was incarnate Democracy, and they petted him! They never imagined that in showering their good-natured homage upon this austere republican they were sowing the wind which would ripen in an awful harvest of whirlwinds. Later, when the whirlwinds had hardly got beyond the frisky stage of their development, the Queen lamented bitterly the folly of these ovations to the great democrat. There was one sagacious head that was wisely shaken over these indiscretions while they lasted. Joseph II, Emperor of Austria, brother to the Queen, who was in Paris on his travels, and who was as much of a democrat himself as an emperor can be, when his sister rebuked his coolness on the American question, replied, "Madam, the trade I live by is that of a royalist."

Court incense could not turn the philo-

sophic head any more than the loud acclaim of the people. When Franklin found himself the honored guest of royalty, his thoughts reverted to those far-away days of boyhood when his father used to quote to him, in the old candle-shop at Boston, the words of the wise man, "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings." The old sage heard the echo of that paternal voice resounding over half a century, and a new and strange light, as of prophecy fulfilled, illumined the immortal words. Surely no man ever lived more diligent in his business. Surely no man ever stood, with more of the innate dignity of upright manhood, before kings.

It was in this year of 1778 that Voltaire returned to Paris after an exile of thirty-seven years. It was like a visit to posterity. The France he had left existed no more. A new France, with a people and a public opinion, had come into the world, as bright, as critical, as aspiring as his own turbulent youth had been. The old man coming from the tranquil shades of Ferney, where he had dwelt for many years still as his shadow, was dazed and bewildered by this fresh and vivid life, by this quick intellectual movement, this fervid homage of an intelligent people who had been born since he was young. He had lived so long that he had gained the unquestioning reverence due to the consecrated past. He breathed the sweet but deadly incense of posthumous fame. He was smothered under immortelles.

But before his frail life went out in the gale of popular adoration, he and Franklin met several times. At the first interview he laid his shadowy hands upon the head of Franklin's grandson and blessed him in the name of God and liberty. They met again on the platform of the French Academy. The crowd caught sight of the two patriarchs and clamorously roared that they should embrace, "*à la Française*." The two venerable men rose, approached, and kissed each other, to the wild delight of the entire vast assembly. Rarely has a stranger contrast been seen in the world than when these two great geniuses clasped hands and kissed before that shouting people. They were both old men. But Voltaire belonged to a world that was passing away, and Franklin to a world just coming into being.

Voltaire stood in the evening of his days, weary with conflict, glad of the coming rest, his work all behind him forever. Born in the foulest days of the monarchy, his alert and vivid intelligence had gone forth like the raven from the ark and had flown over the whole wide waste of earth and had found no green or healthful thing in church, or state, or society. Everywhere unpitied suffering and unpunished crime, the cry of the desolate going up forever unheard. Whatever was, was wrong, and he armed his spirit for indiscriminate war. The work of his marvelously laborious life was therefore almost purely destructive. The ruins of the systems he had helped demolish were his only monument. To what better destinies was Franklin born! He came to the light among the stern, God-fearing Puritans. He grew up in a society whose virtues, say what you will, are as yet unequalled in history, and whose faults were those of earnest men. In dewy freshness and freedom as of the primeval morning, he and his great coadjutors began their beneficent work. They had nothing to destroy. Their godlike mission was to create. A struggle with outside resistance, and the mighty work was accomplished. Each effort of Franklin's life for the advancement of freedom and science had been founded on faith in God, from which springs belief in the innate goodness of man, and perfection of nature. God is good. His works are good. Doing good is doing his will, and is best. So, as he saw the shadows of the coming night grow long about his path, he could hope that though he might pass away, his work would never perish. The torch he had lighted would pass from hand to hand down the ages. His labor would not be in vain as long as the lightning lived in the cloud or the thought of freedom in the mind of man.

This is the lesson we draw from this strange greeting of Franklin and Voltaire: to teach is better than to deny, to love and trust is wiser than to hate and doubt, to create is nobler than to destroy.

I have spared you many details of the diplomatic work of Franklin in these eventful years. You care only for results, and those you all know. Franklin, by the mere force of his personal character, obtained such influence with the French gov-

ernment that he rarely asked for anything that was not readily granted. He obtained from France the fleet of De Grasse and the army of Rochambeau. But, what was of vastly more importance, he obtained those timely grants of money from Versailles that saved us and helped "to bleed the French monarchy to death." And he kept the hands of the government from the heroic Paul Jones, and enabled him to inaugurate our naval history with a burst of glory amid which his dandy figure already stands half mythical in the light of his apparently impossible exploits. And finally he lent his masterly hand to the framing of the Treaty of Paris, by which drums were silenced and flags furled over the globe, and the United States took "the place among the nations of the earth to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitled them."

His work abroad was over, and he begged to be permitted to return to the land he had so nobly served. But it was only in the spring of 1785 that Congress passed their resolution allowing the Hon. B. Franklin, Esq., to return to America and appointing the Hon. Thomas Jefferson, Esq., in his stead.

Franklin's journey from Paris to the sea-shore was one long festival. At the considerable towns which he passed the authorities received him with public honors and the great nobles disputed the privilege of entertaining him at their châteaux. It was not a republican demonstration. The old régime honored itself in its last days in nothing more than in its cordial appreciation of this artisan-philosopher.

This may have been one reason why Franklin, one of the most sagacious observers that ever lived, had apparently no clear perception of the tremendous change that was imminent in France. He heard in the court circles dilettante ideas of liberty discussed. The King was trying to redress in his inefficient way the deep-rooted wrongs of ages. There was a kind of false philanthropy in fashion. There was a specious show of revival of trade and commerce. There were two men at court—an old and a young man—who represented the new time, the vast and earnest future, but Franklin never seemed to recognize the significance of their attitude. For one of these men was himself

and the other was Lafayette. He had returned from America matured by varied experience, educated by intercourse with the immortal rebels, perfectly attuned to the strange and swelling music of the age. He stood alone, calm and severe amid the gay crowd of courtiers, a chivalrous stoic among the amiable epicures of the decadence, at once a protest and a prophecy. While Franklin lived in Paris the personages of the dreadful scenes of '93 were scattered quietly over France, waiting for destiny to give their cue. Mirabeau he often entertained at Passy, for the wild young rake always loved letters and felt at home with philosophers. Danton was a broad-shouldered, briefless barrister, unknown out of the Latin Quarter. Robespierre was copying briefs at Arras, a dreamy enthusiast who fainted at the sight of blood. Marat came to Franklin one day, looking dirty and disreputable, with the smell of the Count d'Artois's stables about him, and with a scheme to destroy the British with elementary fire; and Charlotte Corday was a sweet little girl, the light of a quiet household in Normandy. And down in an Italian island, wearing out the seat of his trousers on a Corsican school-bench, was a moody, olive-complexioned boy named Buonaparte, who was to inspire the superb free France with so blind and mysterious a passion that she would follow him with unflinching adoration through slaughter and outrage to the gates of ruin.

All unconscious of these vivid colors scattered as yet unrecognizable in the loom of fate, Franklin sailed home to receive a welcome full of love and reverence, to be seized after scanty repose and put again in harness, to coöperate greatly in framing the Constitution—"work not unworthy men who strove with gods." Two of the last incidents of his life are lovingly remembered. It was he who introduced the motion in the Constitutional Convention to open their meetings with prayer. His last Public act was to indite from his death-bed, as president of the Society for the Abolition of Slavery, a noble and touching appeal "for those unhappy men who, amidst the general joy of surrounding freemen, are groaning in servile subjection," in which the warm heart of the aged philanthropist seems united to the unerring conscience of the glorified saint.



Drawn by C. N. Cochin, 1777
Engraved on steel by A. H. Ritchie

Benjamin Franklin

"His fur cap and spectacles became as familiar as the face
of the King on the louis d'or." JOHN HAY.

It is fitting that this beneficent and symmetrical life should be closed with this large utterance of humanity. Washington, Franklin, and Jefferson, in their mature age, scorning the dictates of a vulgar prudence, deliberately put on record their detestation of this growing crime. They at least believed in the words which make the Declaration immortal: "All men are created equal." I am glad to remember, too, that Lincoln, not many days before he went to join the august assembly of just men made perfect, said to me, "A man who denies to other men equality of rights is hardly worthy of freedom; but I would give *even to him* all the rights which I claim for myself." A plain phrase, but all the law and the prophets is in it.

Franklin died in the night of the 17th of April, 1790. It is related that his last glance fell upon a picture of Christ on the cross.

It was the first great sorrow of the young nation. The people mourned for him. Madison made a speech of five minutes, and Congress wore mourning for a month—extraordinary honors in those

days, from which we have somewhat worn the gloss since then.

The news reached France in June. The titanic games had begun. The mighty throes by which a nation was born were darting through the convulsed frame of society. The unchained Revolution, on which many had built absurd and fantastic hopes, was nearing that stage where many sank into equally absurd and fantastic despairs. Mirabeau was then the rugged and sparkling crest of the topmost wave. It was his clarion voice that announced to the National Assembly the death of the statesman and philosopher of two worlds, and sank into the wailing notes of a dirge as he recounted his virtues and glory. The delicate and sympathetic heart of France responded in a demonstration unique in the world's history. The Assembly and the nation turned for a time from their stupendous work to pay due honors to this alien tradesman. The hurricane stopped short in mid-career to waft a breath of tender regret to the grave of a citizen, growing green in the dewy hush of sunset a thousand leagues away.

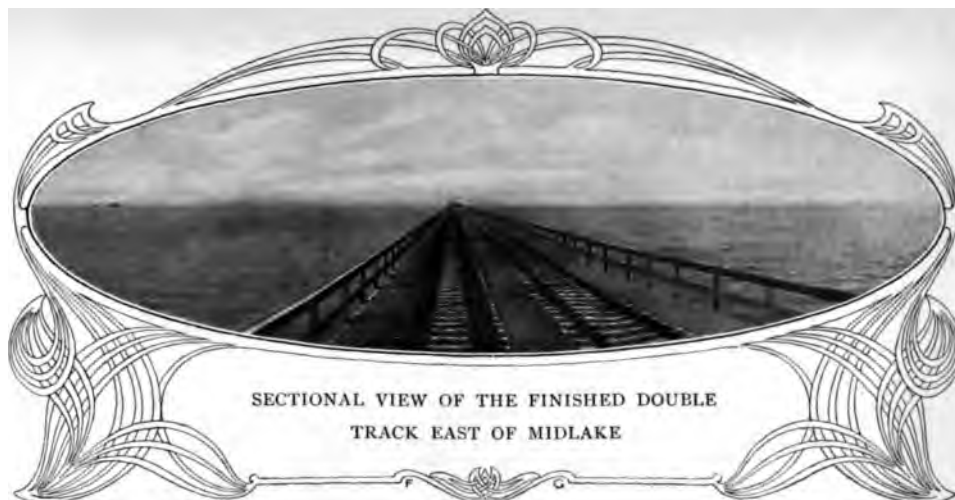
EXIT—SIR HENRY IRVING

BY CHARLES D. STEWART

LIFE'S act is o'er; Westminster rings;
No more he'll play the numbered kings
Deposed by Death, exacting;
For there where Albion's kings are made,
Now buried with the kings he played,
Is Henry, king of acting.

He played them well, each in his part;
The Abbey's dead lived in his art,
Restored unto the throne;
And now his myriad self he brings
Where all the silent, confined kings
Receive him as their own.

Time gave his cue, he dropped the rôle,
And cast the semblance from his soul:
He is himself at last;
And 'neath the Abbey's sculptured stage
He's conned of life the final page
With players of the past.



THE LUCIN CUT-OFF

A REMARKABLE FEAT OF ENGINEERING

ACROSS THE GREAT SALT LAKE ON EMBANKMENT
AND TRESTLE

BY OSCAR KING DAVIS

WHEN the first survey of the Union Pacific Railroad came out of the mouth of Weber Cañon, a little southeast of the present city of Ogden, it found the Great Salt Lake lying across its path westward to a junction with the Central Pacific. Even at that early date some idea of the possibilities of the later-day triumphs of railroad construction seems to have occurred to the engineers of the survey, for they discussed a little, though perhaps more jocularly than seriously, the feasibility of driving straight across the lake, or at least across its eastern arm. Of course they gave it up. The idea then was almost chimerical. There was neither the genius in finance bold enough to undertake such a stupendous work, nor the traffic to warrant such an expenditure. It may be doubted, too, if there was engineering faith equal to the task. So the line was built up through the hills around the north end of the lake.

But that light talk of the early sixties was not without its fruit. The idea re-

mained the dream, the hope, the faith, of one of the young men employed in building the Central Pacific. William Hood was of that company of "across the isthmus" pioneers who have made their mark and their fame in the development of California and the Pacific slope. As he worked his way up to the responsible post of chief engineer of the Southern Pacific system, owner of the old Central Pacific, he never lost sight of the possibility of that line across Salt Lake. Collis P. Huntington, the master of the Pacific railroads, was inclined to think that it might be done; but the time was not yet ripe, the traffic was not heavy enough to justify the expense, and such enterprises were not easy to finance. But after Mr. Huntington's death there came to the head of Southern Pacific affairs a man whose financial ability and boldness matched the engineering skill and pluck of Mr. Hood. In Edward H. Harriman Mr. Hood found a man who sympathized with and believed in his plans, and who was able and willing to provide the money.

The times had changed. The day of great and bold enterprises had come. The old era of pinching and often false economy, that let road-bed and rolling-stock run down in order to squeeze out an unjustified dividend, was ended. The condition had been reached where it was only necessary for the engineer to show how the interest on the investment could be made to be told to go ahead. Traffic had increased to such a point that operation over the steep and crooked old line was becoming constantly more and more vexatious and difficult. Relief must be had. Financier agreed with engineer as to how it could be obtained, and the result is the "Lucin Cut-Off," as it is called, the line that runs from Ogden straight over Great Salt Lake, which it crosses on a trestle nearly twelve miles long and on twenty miles of "fill," and over the desert flats, one hundred and two miles in all, to Lucin, where it rejoins the old road. It is a "cut-off" indeed [see map, page 466]. Forty-three miles in distance are lopped off, heart-breaking grades avoided, curves eliminated, hours of time in transit saved, and untold worry and vexation prevented, at the same time that expenses of operation are reduced more than enough to pay interest on the whole cost twice over.

The line around the north end of the lake had two stretches especially difficult to operate, one about Promontory, where it crossed the range of that name, and the other near Kelton, where it traversed a spur of the Hogup Mountains. At one the rise was seven hundred feet in a little more than eleven miles, at the other five hundred feet in five and a half miles. As you look at it on the map the Great Salt Lake appears something like a base-ball catcher's left-hand glove, back up. Thumb and fingers are separated by the southern extension of the Promontory Mountains. Bear River flows into the eastern, or thumb, arm at its northern end. A line along the northern shore was out of the question, because of the extreme irregularity of the land. The first survey had discussed the proposition of building across the eastern arm to Promontory Point and then following the north-shore line around the western arm; but that, too, had been rejected as not feasible, owing to the character of the country to be traversed. As soon as there was talk of rectification

of the old line, both these propositions found new advocates, and at the same time the people of Salt Lake City, who had always felt a little aggrieved that the road went to Ogden instead of to their town, came forward with a proposition for a line around the southern end of the lake.

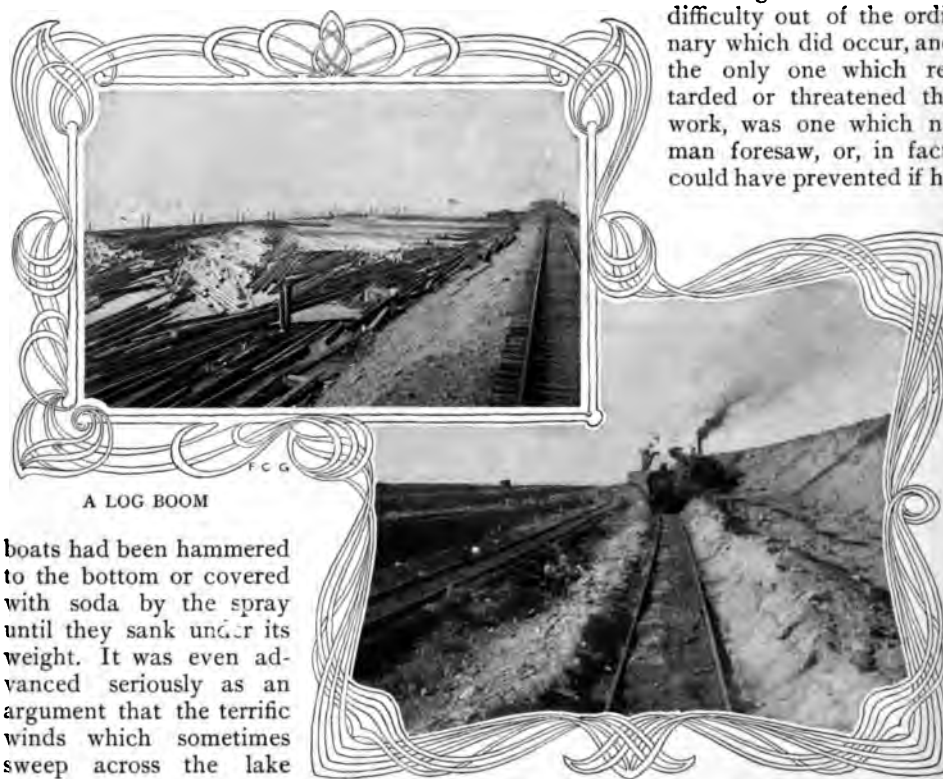
Long before the decision was made to build the Lucin Cut-Off, Mr. Hood had satisfied himself as to the conditions which would have to be met. He had considered all the other plans, as well as that of a line straight across. The old objections to the northern proposals still held good. The southern route would meet many of the obstacles of the cut-off and would increase the mileage instead of shortening it. The more he studied the whole situation the more firmly convinced he became of the feasibility and advisability of the straight line. He made repeated examinations of the bottom of the lake, by borings and soundings, and sometimes by driving pipes which brought up a core showing exactly what there was under the heavy salt water.

It was found that there was a crust of salt, soda, and gypsum overlying the mud. The layers of these different salts varied in thickness and evenness, but in general the crust seemed strong enough to withstand the strain to be put upon it. Moreover, it was steadily increasing through the regular precipitation which takes place during cold weather. It has been observed that in summer the percentage of these salts held in solution in the lake runs up to twenty-three; but with each winter there is a precipitation which reduces the percentage by spring to nineteen or eighteen.

Pending the acceptance of Mr. Hood's plans, several examinations of the bottom of Salt Lake, and of the general conditions, were made by other experts. But the fact that most of their reports were adverse, on the ground that the difficulties of construction were too great, did not convince him that he was wrong. In fact, the lively opposition that developed seemed only to strengthen his conviction. The experts were not the only ones who were against him. Railroad men, especially in the operating department, declared that the plan was not practical. There was the likelihood of blocks on the track to be considered, and the danger of accidents, of wrecks which might seriously damage

or even destroy part of the work. Salt Lake is at times subject to very severe storms. Its water is extremely heavy. The waves rise to a considerable height and pound with great force. It was urged that they would seriously endanger the stability of trestles, and be certain to cause heavy damage to fills by washing away the material of the embankment. The tradition of the natives was against the plan. They shook their heads and told stories of how

two stations in the hundred and two miles, each with more than a mile of side-track—make blocks impossible. Strict regulations as to speed limit, keeping trains always under full control, and careful inspection of cars before taking the cut-off, minimize the liability to wreck, and virtually eliminate the danger of serious accident. Not a prophesied mishap has occurred, perhaps because to be prophesied meant that it could be foreseen and provided against. The only difficulty out of the ordinary which did occur, and the only one which retarded or threatened the work, was one which no man foresaw, or, in fact, could have prevented if he



A LOG BOOM

boats had been hammered to the bottom or covered with soda by the spray until they sank under its weight. It was even advanced seriously as an argument that the terrific winds which sometimes sweep across the lake would be liable to blow trains bodily from the track into the water.

In the long list of objections, serious and trivial, there were many things to give pause to a man who was contemplating, as was Mr. Harriman, the expenditure of the millions the cut-off would cost. But it is a curious fact that of all these arguments not one has been justified by the event. There has been no damage to trestles by waves, and only a slight wash on the embankment—never large enough to cause anxiety. Winds blow and blow without causing a tremor in the cars. Frequent and long sidings—there are twenty-

had foreseen. It was big enough to make up for the absence of all the others, but it was that very one which made the construction of the cut-off the remarkable work that it is, which brought out a wonderful demonstration of Anglo-Saxon grit and persistency, and which at length put the feather in the cap of the successful engineers. That difficulty was the tendency of the bottom of the lake to leave its abiding-place of centuries and seek a lower level, to the disastrous undoing of the plans and labor of the builders.



THE LUNCH HOUR AT CAMP 31

The plans provided for a permanent trestle about eleven miles long—it is nearly twelve as completed—across the western arm of the lake, over water averaging about thirty feet in depth. In the construction of that trestle, piling one hundred and twenty-five feet long was to be used. In the main roadway bents were to be of five piles, at sidings of nine. These bents are fifteen feet apart, so that something like twenty-five thousand of these huge piles had to be obtained. They were mostly Oregon fir, and cost, delivered at the lakeside, about sixty dollars apiece. But there was also a temporary trestle to be built—many miles of it. In constructing the fill, a trestle was first made, on which a track was laid. Over this track trains loaded with rock and gravel for the fill were run out and dumped. In the shallower places this temporary trestle was of forty-foot piles, but in the deeper water approaching the permanent trestle seventy-foot piles were used. In the temporary trestle only four piles were driven in a bent, but the bents were the same distance apart as in the permanent trestle. Thus for the two trestles a perfect forest of piles was

needed. The agents of the Southern Pacific scoured the great timber districts of the country, and train-load after train-load of the huge timbers was headed toward the Great Salt Lake.

And piling was far from all. There were the big stringers and caps for both permanent and temporary trestles, and besides all the rest, though a bagatelle compared with it, timber for stations, boarding-houses, and sidings, guard-rails, and even a steamboat. For the construction of the Lucin Cut-Off developed a new rule of railroad-building—first get your steamer.

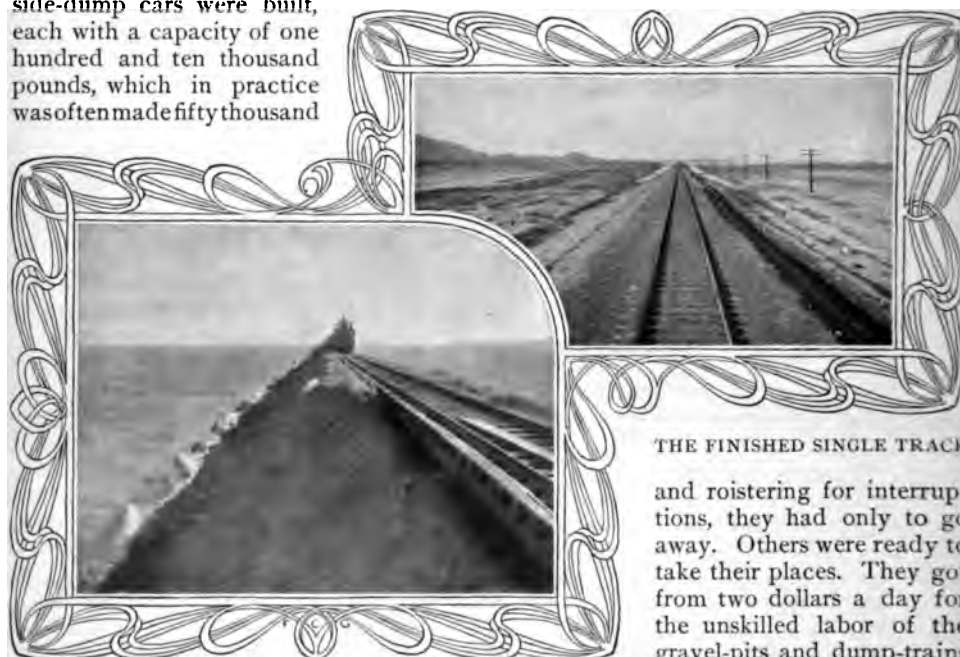
To place all these piles in position there must be drivers, and since the work was to be put through with all speed, they must be numerous. So while the tall, straight trunks were falling in the forests of Oregon, Michigan, and Texas, or trundling on their long journey to Salt Lake, twenty-five huge pile-drivers were building in San Francisco, at a cost of several thousand dollars each, for the same destination. As fast as they were ready they were shipped out, in sections, to Ogden, whence, as soon as the temporary track to the lake

was completed, they were hauled out and put up. Each hammer weighed thirty-two hundred pounds.

Material for the fill was everywhere at hand. At Little Mountain, on the eastern shore of the lake, at Promontory Point, at Lakeside, on the western bank, and at Hogup, the southern end of the Hogup Mountains, gravel-pits and quarries were opened, whence rock and gravel enough to turn Salt Lake into a stone-yard were easily obtainable. To transport this material to the point where it was to be used, four hundred great steel side-dump cars were built, each with a capacity of one hundred and ten thousand pounds, which in practice was often made fifty thousand

tons of rock and gravel. Eight great steam-shovels, with dippers of five cubic yards capacity, were provided at a cost of more than ten thousand dollars each, to dig the material out of the banks and to load it into the dump-cars.

To handle all this equipment, a small army of men was required. They were gathered from the four quarters of the country, attracted by the prospect of long, steady work at good wages. If some of them found it longer and steadier than they had expected, with less amusement



THE TEMPORARY TRESTLE NEARLY FILLED

pounds greater, and each at a cost of fifteen hundred dollars. But these were not enough. All the dump-cars belonging to the company that possibly could be spared from other work were brought to the task, and every road in the country that had such equipment was called on to lend or sell to the Southern Pacific. Even ordinary flat-cars were used, and when all were at length collected, they numbered between eight hundred and a thousand. Eighty locomotives, great and small, furnished the motive power to handle them, and it takes a powerful engine to haul a train of twenty or twenty-five of those great steel cars, each loaded with from sixty to seventy

THE FINISHED SINGLE TRACK

and roistering for interruptions, they had only to go away. Others were ready to take their places. They got from two dollars a day for the unskilled labor of the gravel-pits and dump-trains to four and four and a half for the skilled mechanics,

carpenters, bridge-workers, and engineers.

In February, 1902, the contractors began their grading across the flats at the east and west ends of the cut-off. Material was already pouring in, and by March the company forces took hold. The first thing was to get a track out to the lake from Ogden. Salt Lake is not as big as it used to be. In the last twelve years the water has receded eight or ten feet, and there is talk that it is drying up. There are those, however, who believe that it will rise again, and, in fact, that is what it does after a winter of particularly heavy snowfall or a very wet spring. The possibility that it would do that and submerge embankment

and trestle was one of the arguments against the cut-off. The recession of the last ten years has left a strip of mud nearly three miles wide along the eastern shore, and when the contractors struck that they gave up. They could not grade over it. It is ten feet or more thick, and is covered with a crust of salt. The company force that took hold laid down long planks on this mud and covered them with hundred-pound bags of sand. On these heavy cross-timbers were laid, over which stringers were placed which carried a temporary track. On this the material-trains were run out, the cars loaded with rock and shale, and thus the permanent way was built up.

As soon as the temporary track reached the water, the first of the pile-drivers was sent out and put up. The very first work it did was to drive the piles for a steam-boat slip and landing, and the building of the steamer *Promontory* was begun, a vessel one hundred and twenty-seven feet long, twenty-two feet wide, and only eighteen inches draft. She was to be the general tender for all the work in the lake, to take stores and water to the different stations, and to fetch and carry wherever useful, the indispensable auxiliary always. While this supply-vessel was building, the rest of the pile-drivers were set up, and piles were brought out and dumped into the lake. Booms were constructed to hold them at different places, whence they could be towed by launches to the spot where they were needed. As fast as the pile-drivers were ready, they were set to work. A station was erected at each mile-end of the projected road. There two pile-drivers went to work back to back, driving away from each other. Five bents of five piles each, or seventy-five feet in all, was a good day's work. At each station a boarding-house was built on a platform raised on piles well out of the way of storm-waves. There the men lived until their work was finished. The company furnished supplies and cooks, and the men paid four dollars a week for their board. They worked in ten-hour shifts, day and night, Sundays and holidays.

It was not a very exciting life, but it was frugal and thrifty. There was not much to do but work and sleep, and there was no place to spend money. No liquor was allowed. All stores and all packages coming out to workmen were carefully

searched, and any liquor found was promptly confiscated. From first to last two car-loads were taken in this way. The company was in a hurry, and it could not afford to have the work interrupted by drunkenness or sprees, to say nothing of the rows and fights inevitable if liquor were in camp. It was not so easy to keep it out on the fills as on the trestles. Two or three times squatters came down on government land adjoining parts of the right of way and set up grogeries. Usually it was not much trouble to drive them away, but one fellow who set up shop near Hogup determined to brazen it out. However, when one of the engineers took a gang of men to his place and began to drill holes under his shanty preparatory to blowing it up with giant-powder, his courage oozed, and he fled.

"He surely would have been blown up," said one of the engineers in telling about it.

Assuredly so. It would have been cheaper to pay the damages than to have the trouble-maker let loose among the men.

With the single exception of the channel of Bear River, the eastern arm of the lake is crossed on a fill. The temporary track for making this fill was carried on sand-bags out into the lake until a depth of four feet was reached. There the temporary trestle began. Great differences were found in the bottom. Sometimes the crust would be of almost solid gypsum, so hard that the huge hammers of the pile-drivers could not force a timber through, and it had to be cut out with a steam-jet. The first pile driven for the temporary trestle in the old Bear River bed, however, did not meet such resistance. It went out of sight at the first blow. Another was set up on the end of the first, and that, too, disappeared with one smash of the great weight. Then two piles were tied, braced and capped, and driven together. They held. Investigation showed that the bottom, for a depth of more than fifty feet, was soft mud. In the hundred-foot channel of Bear River, however, where the ten feet of water flows with a swift current, a solid hard-pan bottom was found on which to erect the permanent trestle.

In the western arm, where the piles of the temporary trestle were seventy feet long, often a blow of the hammer would sink a pile only an inch or two, although



MAP OF THE LULIN CUT-OFF

at times it would go down as many feet. Sometimes when a pile had been driven from thirty to forty feet it would suddenly spring back two or three feet after a blow. That was when it had struck the hard gypsum, which had to be cut out with steam.

The early summer of 1902 found more than three thousand men in the company's force on the cut off. A thousand of them were busy on the permanent trestle alone. Work was progressing rapidly at several places. The great gravel pit at Promontory Point and the quarry at Lakeside were beginning to send out their trainloads of gravel and rock, and the yard at Hogup was pouring out its tons of material along the embankment at the western shore of the lake. Things were going smoothly and the sky was fairly serene. From both sides of each arm of the lake the work advanced. Many of the men brought out their families, and to each the company allotted an "outfit" car in which they lived. The men bought their supplies in Ogden, and the company hauled them out free of charge. Long lines of these box-car homes stood on the temporary sidings, and flocks of children played about in the yards. At Lakeside forty or more such cars stood in one string near the quarry. It was not intended by the blasts there to do more than shake up the rock so that the big steam-

shovels could handle it. But sometimes, when blasts were unusually heavy, pieces flew uncomfortably near the outfit cars. So it was ordered that at the cry of "Blast!" all the women and children should come out of their wheeled houses and crawl under them for safety.

Good luck attended the work. There were plenty of accidents of the minor sort, limbs broken and hands smashed, but only one that was serious, caused by a collision which exploded a car of dynamite. Several men fell into the heavy salt water and came near strangling. Of all who fell not one thought to shut his mouth and keep the brine out of his throat. The company maintained a hospital on the work, with surgeons in constant attendance.

Mr. Hood planned to have the roadway on the permanent trestle fifteen feet above the normal high stage of the lake. The margin on the fill was not so great, because if at any time the water should rise threateningly it could be easily and quickly raised. The top of the fill is twenty feet broad. In twenty-four feet of water, the greatest depth it was undertaken to fill, the embankment, as planned, was therefore a little under forty feet high. As finally made, it is something like fifteen times that. Under normal conditions a fill forty feet high and twenty feet broad at the top will be about a hundred and forty feet

broad at the bottom. But in this fill it was from two to four times that. The brine of the lake is so heavy that it fairly floated away the lighter material. Gravel and dirt seemed almost of no use. The slope of the embankment, instead of being steep and sharp as above water, fell away often as gradually as a bathing-beach on the sea-shore. Tons and tons of material seemed to disappear altogether. This was one of the things that had not been foreseen. Some allowance had been made for the unusual power of flotation of the salt water, but not enough. There are places where the material of the fill can be traced for three hundred feet or more on each side of the track. It was rock that counted in this work. Great chunks of it, weighing thousands of pounds, were thrown in, only to be swallowed up by the insatiable bottom of the lake. But at last the effect began to be felt, and then the smaller material had a chance.

It was on the fills that all the trouble and struggle took place. There was never a hindrance on the permanent trestle, save when now and then a heavy storm smashed a log-boom and sent the scattered timbers and piles cruising about the lake on their own account, to be slowly and painfully collected again by the launches and towed back to new booms, while the men in the boarding-houses played cards, read, smoked, and talked, and drew their pay in idleness.

Thus a year went by and the temporary track was completed the whole length of the cut-off. Then the devilment began. It was as if the old lake had not realized what was going on until, just as the task began to reach the hopeful stage where the work showed what was doing, she suddenly awoke and bestirred herself to its undoing. On March 24, 1903, the first engine was started across the cut-off. Up to that time it had been the practice to back the material-trains out to position for dumping. There were two spots that had been specially difficult to handle, one in the east arm, about the old Bear River bed, and the other in the west arm, near the station called Rambo. The fill was not yet nearly up to grade in either place, although it was well above the water. The trial engine pursued its course leisurely until it struck the old Bear River bed, and then, without warning, the embankment

settled out of sight and the engine stood in a foot or two of water, but still on the rails. Thereupon a cable was attached to her, and she was hauled out.

That was the first. The track was raised again and the fill brought back to its old level. A week later it went down under a work-train, and gave the men a good start, although no one was hurt. So it kept doing. Always the settling stopped when the top of the fill was a little under water, and often the track was left wriggling and squirming on the surface. The treacherous crust on the bottom had given way under the weight of the fill. As often as the embankment reached a certain height and its weight thrust too great a strain on the limitless mud of the bottom, the mud gave way, and down the whole structure sank to the point where the strain was relieved.

Here the real work of building the Lucin Cut-Off came in. For a year and nine months that thing kept up, and the day on which there was not a sink somewhere along the job is crossed and starred and bordered with red on the calendars of the engineers in charge. That first sink began a fight the like of which has not been seen in railroad engineering. It became, apparently, the stupendous task of filling up the bottomless pit. Twenty-five hundred men were at it day and night without cessation. Every hour saw at least one great material-train thrust out on the crazy track to pour its tons of rock and gravel into the greedy, yawning hole. The daughters of the horse-leech had their home at the bottom of Salt Lake, and Mr. Hood had taken on the task of stopping their mouths. It was a fine exhibition of pluck.

"We know what it ought to do," said one of the engineers, "but what we don't know is why it does n't do it."

There was only one course for them, and that was to keep on filling. Gradually they saw their work beginning to tell. The embankment reached a greater height above the water before it sank, and they knew that sometime they would get it up to grade and it would stay.

The permanent trestle was completed, with its road-bed laid on three inches of asphalt roofing over heavy planking put down on twelve-inch stringers, and ballasted with fourteen inches of gravel and rock. The solid waves, that it had been prophesied would twist and tear and per-

LINCOLN THE LAWYER

BY FREDERICK TREVOR HILL

Author of "The Case and Exceptions," "The Accomplice," etc.

VI

LINCOLN THE LAW STUDENT



HE quality of the talk which passed over the counters of Offutt's store was probably superior to the quality of its merchandise, for, despite the remarkable popularity of the salesman, the business dwindled until it finally "winked out," as Lincoln said of one of his later ventures.

At this crisis, however, an event occurred which set all the country talking, and the passing of the village emporium was scarcely noticed. Black Hawk, an Indian chief, was reported to be on the war-path, and the governor of the State hastily called for volunteers. Lincoln instantly responded, and was subsequently elected captain of his company—a success which, he declared, gave him more pleasure than any of the honors which afterward fell to his lot.

The so-called Black Hawk War lasted only a few weeks. It was in many ways a ridiculous, if not contemptible, affair, and Lincoln did not reach the front until it was virtually over. His company was disbanded shortly after it was formed, but he reënlisted as a private for the remainder of the campaign, and was finally mustered out by a young lieutenant of the regular army whom he was destined to meet again under more dramatic auspices—Major Robert Anderson, the commander of Fort Sumter.

It was characteristic of the man that at a time when military titles were the fashion Lincoln did not retain his, and would never permit any one to address him as captain. Indeed, years afterward, when

congressmen attempted to make political capital for General Cass out of that gentleman's not too distinguished record in the War of 1812, he disposed of the pretensions with a laugh at his own military history.

"By the way, Mr. Speaker," he began with deep gravity, "did you know that I am a military hero? Yes, sir. In the days of the Black Hawk War I fought, bled, and came away. . . . I was not at Stillman's defeat, but I was about as near to it as Cass was to Hull's surrender, and, like him, I saw the place very soon afterward. . . . If General Cass went in advance of me in picking huckleberries, I guess I surpassed him in charges upon the wild onions. If he saw any live, fighting Indians, it was more than I did; but I had a good many bloody struggles with the mosquitos. Mr. Speaker, if I should ever conclude to doff whatever our Democratic friends may suppose there is of black-cockade Federalism about me, and thereupon they shall take me up as their candidate for the Presidency, I protest they shall not make fun of me, as they have of General Cass, by attempting to write me into a military hero."¹

Farcical as this campaign was, it had, nevertheless, an important bearing on Lincoln's professional career; for it brought him to the notice of his future law partner, Major John T. Stuart, one of the Springfield volunteers, and it was the major's friendly advice and the use of his small law library which encouraged the ex-clerk to pursue his legal studies.

The political canvass in Illinois was almost over when the "veteran" of the Black Hawk War returned to New Salem; but there was still time to make a few

¹ Congressional Record of July 27, 1848.

speeches in aid of his candidacy for the State legislature, and he threw himself into the contest with vigor and spirit. When the votes were counted, however, he found himself rejected—the first and only time he was ever defeated by direct popular vote.

But Lincoln had stated in the circular announcing his candidacy that if the people should see fit to keep him in the background, he was too familiar with disappointments to be very much chagrined, and there is no indication that he was particularly discouraged at the result, although it compelled him to seek immediate employment, and interfered to that extent with his preparation for the bar. He had to earn his living, but if he could find work which would allow him some leisure for study, he did not care much what it was and when a dissolute fellow named Berry, who had purchased an interest in a grocery-store, proposed a partnership, Offutt's ex-clerk grasped the opportunity.

A more ill-assorted couple than Berry and Lincoln it would be difficult to imagine, but their ideas of the partnership were mutually satisfactory. The senior partner drank up all the profits of the business, and the junior member devoted himself to the study of law. As might be expected, this division of the labors and responsibilities of shopkeeping was not highly remunerative, and Lincoln afterward remarked that the best stroke of business he ever did in the grocery line was when he bought an old barrel from an immigrant for fifty cents and discovered under some rubbish at the bottom a complete set of Blackstone's Commentaries. That was a red-letter day in his life, and we have his own word for it that he literally devoured the volumes. They must, indeed, have been a glad contrast to the dry Indiana statutes; and if Lincoln's choice of a profession must be attributed to a law-book, no more plausible selection than Blackstone's Commentaries could possibly be made.

Berry & Lincoln virtually lived on their stock of merchandise, Berry drinking and Lincoln eating it up, and matters soon reached a crisis which drove the junior partner out into the fields again, where he undertook all sorts of rough farm

labor, from splitting rails to plowing. As a man-of-all-work, however, Lincoln did not prove altogether satisfactory to his employers. He was too fond of mounting stumps in the field and "practising polemics" on the other farm-hands, and there was something uncomfortable about a plowman who read as he followed the team, no matter how straight his furrows ran. Such practices were irritating, if not presumptuous, and there is a well-known story about a farmer who found "the hired man" lying in a field beside the road, dressed in his not too immaculate farm clothes, with a book instead of a pitchfork in his hand.

"What are you reading?" inquired the old gentleman.

"I 'm not reading; I 'm studying," answered Lincoln, his wonderful eyes still on the pages of his book.

"Studying what?"

"Law, sir."

The old man stared at the speaker for a moment in utter amazement.

"Great—God—Almighty!" he muttered as he passed on, shaking his head.

But even with odd jobs and the post-mastership of New Salem,¹ Lincoln could scarcely make ends meet, and he was glad to receive the appointment of deputy to Calhoun, the county surveyor. He was sorely in need of the salary, but he would not accept the office under any misunderstanding. With characteristic frankness he admitted that he knew nothing about surveying, and explained that he was not of his employer's political faith. Being assured, however, that his politics made no difference, he applied himself to the study of surveying, and so well did he qualify himself for the work that none of his surveys was ever questioned, and the information he acquired stood him in good stead when he came to practice law. One of his legal opinions on a question of surveying is in existence to-day.

Meanwhile what remained of the grocery business was sold on credit. The purchasers defaulted, and Berry died, leaving his partner to shoulder all the not inconsiderable debts.

Credit in those days was freely extended, and it was not considered dishonorable to evade the payment of claims which passed

¹ This appointment, "too insignificant to make politics an objection," was received in May, 1833, from the Jackson administration, and it was the only Federal patronage which Lincoln ever enjoyed.

The 11th section of the act of Congress, approved Feb. 11, 1805, prescribing rules for the subdivision of sections of land within the United States system of surveys, standing unrevoked, in my opinion, is binding on the respective purchasers of different parts of the same section, and furnishes the true rule for Surveyors in establishing lines between them— That law, being in force at the time each became a purchaser, becomes a condition of the purchase—

And, by that law, I think the true rule for dividing into quarters, any interior section, or section which is not fractional, is to run straight lines through the section from the opposite quarter section corners, fixing the point where such straight lines cross, or intersect each other, as the middle, or center of the section—

Nearly, perhaps quite, all the original surveys, on to some extent, erroneous, even in some of the sections, greatly so— In ^{each of} the latter, it is obvious that a more equitable mode of division than the above, might be adopted; but as error is infinitely various, perhaps no better single rule can be prescribed.

At all events I think the above has been prescribed by the competent authority—
Springfield, Jan. 11, 1859. A. Lincoln.

By permission, from a pamphlet by Z. A. Enos

A LEGAL OPINION FROM LINCOLN ON A QUESTION OF SURVEYING

into the hands of speculators. Berry & Lincoln had obtained very little when they purchased the grocery, and the sellers probably parted with the firm's notes for a small fraction of their face value. The men who bought paper of that sort usually sold it again at the first opportunity or traded it off for something else, and thus it passed from hand to hand until some speculator

who had obtained it for nothing or next to nothing appeared and demanded the uttermost farthing. Naturally, this dubious business encouraged evasion of the debts, and public opinion countenanced the repudiations. But to Lincoln a promise was a promise, and although the action of one of the parties who had acquired his and Berry's notes was particularly contempt-

ible, he stooped to neither compromise nor evasion. Little by little he reduced the claims, and fourteen years afterward he devoted part of his salary as congressman to this purpose, and finally extinguished what he jestingly termed his "national debt."

In these days, when lawyers of high standing lend themselves to the thousand and one trickeries by which bankruptcy has become a new way to pay old debts, when influential firms accept retainers from insolvent clients who retain their memberships in fashionable clubs, and managing clerks are encouraged to make "affidavits of merit" on behalf of such gentry, it is refreshing to think of the struggling Illinois law student who refused to take advantage of the law.

This episode would be of merely passing interest did it not foreshadow Lincoln's conduct when face to face with the countless temptations and sophistries of the profession. It is important solely because it is illustrative and characteristic of his entire legal career, and it will be seen that he never consented to do anything in a representative capacity which he would not countenance in himself as an individual, that he maintained the ideals of advocacy in his daily contact with the legal world, and made no sacrifice of private principles in his long and active experience. Had he no other claim than this to legal recognition, that service alone should entitle him to high rank as a lawyer, and to far higher standing in the profession than that assigned to many acknowledged leaders of the bar. It will be demonstrated, however, that honor and honesty were not the only rare legal qualities which distinguished Lincoln the lawyer in his three-and-twenty years of practice.

VII

ADMISSION TO THE BAR. THE PRIMITIVE BENCH AND BAR OF ILLINOIS

HIS duties as surveyor carried Lincoln to all parts of Sangamon County and widened his acquaintance until, in 1834, he felt himself strong enough to make another canvass for the legislature. This

time he was successful beyond his hopes, securing more votes than any other candidate save one; and some idea of the esteem in which his neighbors held him may be gathered from the result in New Salem, where he received 208 out of the 211 ballots cast, a tribute which proves that a man is sometimes a prophet even in his own country.

The duties of a State legislator in those days were even less confining than they are now, and although the remuneration was small, it enabled Lincoln to drop his surveying work and devote his entire leisure to the law. He had already begun practice in an apprentice way, occasionally drawing deeds and bills of sale for his neighbors and "pettifogging" before Justice Bowling Green; and biographers, better acquainted with literary values than with law, have seized upon the fact that he was not paid for this work to illustrate his generosity and helpfulness. One of the recent histories states that "poor as he was, he never accepted a fee for such services, because he felt that he was fully paid by the experience."

Probably it more than paid him, but in view of the Illinois law which imposes a heavy penalty on unlicensed persons who accept compensation for attorney work, and in the light of similar provisions in the Indiana Revised Statutes, which Lincoln is supposed to have memorized, page, verse, and chapter, the attempt to praise his forbearance makes a ludicrous virtue of necessity.¹ Lincoln protested that no pseudo-partizans of his should ever make fun of him by trying to write him into a military hero; but he could not protect himself on every side, and his friends, the eulogists, have certainly done their best to make him ridiculous.

At the next election the young law student was again a candidate for the legislature, and his friends were so anxious for his success that they raised two hundred dollars to defray the expenses of a thorough canvass. He was triumphantly elected at the head of the poll, and returned one hundred and ninety-nine dollars and twenty-five cents of the campaign fund, stating to the subscribers that his

¹ The Indiana statute forbidding unlicensed persons to practise law under penalties is contained in the Revision of 1824, under chap. viii, sec. 9, and in the Revision of '31, on p. 86.

The Illinois law, in substantially the same language used in the Indiana statute, is set forth in the *Revision of 1833*, at p. 102, and in the Revision of '45, in chap. xi, sec. 11, p. 74.



From a portrait owned by the Illinois Historical Society

JUDGE JOHN REYNOLDS

A typical judge of the primitive Illinois courts

total outlay had been only seventy-five cents. His plurality at this election was even more a personal tribute than the vote of the previous year, for his services during his first term in the legislature had not been remarkable. Indeed, there is nothing particularly noteworthy in his legislative record from beginning to end, except as it illustrates his growing

political sagacity and genius for leadership.

It was at the close of his second term, in March, 1837, that he moved to Springfield. He was then in his twenty-ninth year, vigorous in body, serious-minded, and developing intellectually with every fresh mental impulse. He arrived at the new State capital¹ without money and

¹ Vandalia was the former capital. It was changed to Springfield largely through Lincoln's efforts.

with no baggage to speak of, but soon found himself among friends. Joshua Speed, a prosperous merchant, offered to share his lodging with the embryo lawyer, and was promptly taken at his word.

This arrangement was merely temporary, for a few days later Major Stuart, in whose office Lincoln had served an informal legal apprenticeship, offered him a partnership, and the firm of Stuart & Lincoln entered on the practice of law, the junior partner literally living in the office.

It is improbable that Lincoln was obliged to pass any examination for admission to the bar. Certainly there is no record of any such formality, and the existing statutes did not, in express terms, provide for it. There was, however, a provision which permitted attorneys from other States to be licensed *without examination*, which suggests that *native* candidates may have been subjected to some sort of mental test.¹ Certainly ten or fifteen years later, Lincoln himself was appointed by the court to examine applicants; but the requirements, even at that date, were not very severe, and about the most important question which a novi-

¹ Rule XXX of the Illinois Supreme Court, adopted March 1, 1841, about five years after Lincoln was admitted, provided that all applicants for a license to practise law be required to present themselves in person for examination in open court. At the July term of the same year, however, this rule was bitterly attacked by old Judge Ford, who did not believe in restricting the membership of the bar, and the rule above quoted was rescinded, despite the objections of Justices Treat and Douglas, who recorded their dissent from the order of rescission.

² Judge R. M. Benjamin of Bloomington, Illinois, is probably the only lawyer now living whom Lincoln examined for admission to the bar. In an interview with the writer the judge described

the matter had to answer was what he proposed to do for the bar in the way of an initiatory "treat," and this took every form, from a dinner to drinks all around.²

The date of Lincoln's admission to the bar has been so frequently misstated that it may be well to give the record in full. It is contained in Record C of the Circuit Court of Sangamon County, on page 173, where, under the date of March 24, 1836, the Hon. Stephen T. Logan presiding, "it

is ordered by the court that it be certified that Abraham Lincoln is a person of good moral character," and the clerk's minutes of the same term of court contain the following entry: "Ordered that it be certified to all whom it may concern that Abraham Lincoln is a man of good moral character."³ His name, however, does not appear on the roll of attorneys until September 9, 1836, and this was not published in the reports until March, 1837, which has led to much confusion, and accounts for the conflicting statements of the biographies. There is no doubt, however, that he was legally qualified on March 24, 1836, and his

professional life properly dates from then.

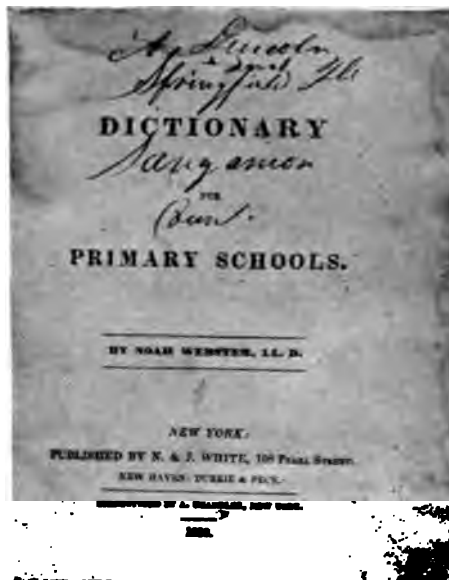
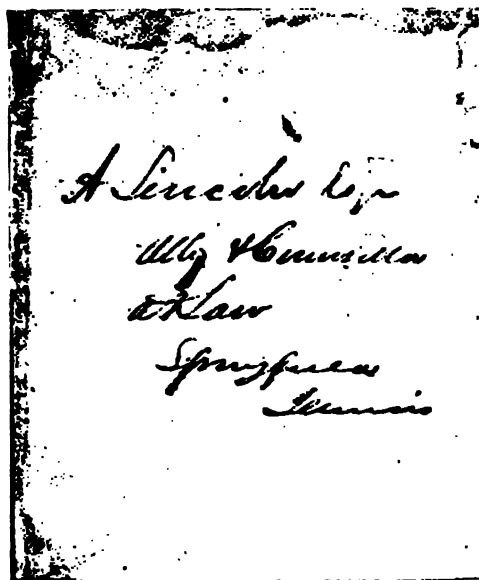
Illinois was only just emerging from the proceedings as being extremely informal, but stated that Mr. Lincoln did not suggest to him any "initiation."

³ Such orders were usually made on the recommendation of one or more persons, who signed a paper certifying to the court that the applicant was of good moral character. If this was done in Lincoln's case, it would be interesting to know who signed his certificate; but after an exhaustive search in the Circuit and Supreme Court records in Springfield, the writer was unable to find any of the original papers touching Lincoln's admission to the bar; and, from the neglected condition of other documents in these courts of about the same date, he is of the opinion that these historical papers have been lost or destroyed.



OFFICE OF STUART AND LINCOLN
AS IT IS TO-DAY

This is No. 109 North Fifth street, the only surviving section of the old "Hoffman Row," on the second floor of which Stuart and Lincoln had their office. According to tradition, this is that part occupied by the law firm. The section adjoining on the north was recently torn down to make room for a modern structure.



Owned by Major William H. Lambert

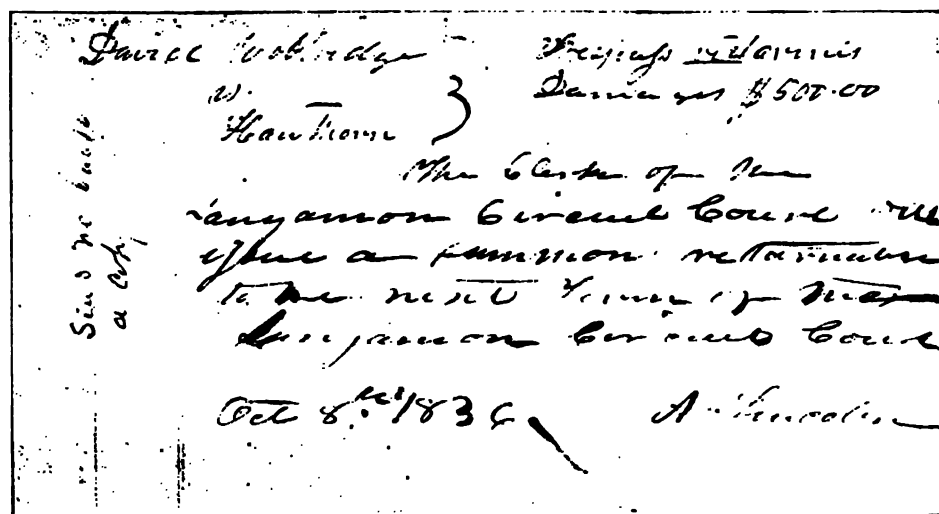
A DICTIONARY FOR PRIMARY SCHOOLS WITH LINCOLN'S AUTOGRAPH

The double title as "Esquire," and also "Attorney," shows that it was probably written in the first flush of professional pride

condition of a frontier State in 1836, and all departments of the government were still very simply administered. The judges were in some respects superior to their brethren of Indiana, but they were not overburdened with learning; and although Governor Ford's "History of Early Illinois" records the names of half a dozen attorneys of reputed ability and scholar-

ship, it is doubtful if the rank and file of the primitive bar knew much more law than the layman of equal intelligence.

Most of the court-houses were log-built, as in Indiana, but in some districts the sessions were held in the bar-rooms of taverns, and the absence of all formality in the proceedings is best illustrated by the fact that in the Circuit Court of Wash-



"PRECIPE" (IN LINCOLN'S HANDWRITING) IN THE CASE OF HAWTHORNE V. WOOLDRIDGE, WHICH WAS LINCOLN'S SO-CALLED FIRST CASE. (FROM MAJOR LAMBERT'S COLLECTION)

ington County, held by Judge John Reynolds, the sheriff usually heralded his Honor by singing out: "Come in, boys! Our John is a-goin' to hold court!" to which cordial invitation those having business with the law responded.

Another sheriff in Union County made a laudable effort to meet the requirements of the occasion by shouting this singular announcement:

"O, yes! O, yes! O, yes! The honorable judge is now opened!"

Both the bench and the bar had become comparatively dignified by the time Lincoln was admitted to practice; but Governor Ford, writing at a much later day, expressed a fine scorn of all formalities, and his comments indicate that the Illinois courts were not offensively ceremonious even in the fifties.

"In some countries," he complacently observes, "the people are so ignorant or stupid that they have to be humbugged into a respect for the institutions and tribunals of the State. The judges and lawyers wear robes and gowns and wigs, and appear with all 'the excellent gravity' described by Lord Coke. Wherever means like these are really necessary to give authority to government, it would seem that the bulk of the people must be in a semi-barbarous state at least."

There was certainly nothing barbarous about the administration of the criminal law in Illinois before that State became what we call civilized. Indeed, the judges were humane to a fault, and whenever it became necessary for them to sentence a prisoner, they were careful to state that they were but the humble agencies of justice. Possibly this extreme modesty reflected a wholesome self-depreciation, but there is just a chance that it evidenced a live regard for their own personal safety. In any event, it is a fact that the judiciary assumed no unnecessary responsibility. In the case of the People *vs.* Green the jury convicted the defendant of murder, and the learned judge,—later a governor of the State,—was obliged to pronounce the death-sentence.

"Mr. Green," he began, addressing the prisoner, "*the jury* in their verdict say you are guilty of murder, and *the law* says you are to be hung. Now I want you and all your friends down on Indian Creek to ~~know~~ that it is not I, who condemn you,

but the jury and the law. Mr. Green, the law allows you time for preparation, so the court wants to know what time you would like to be hung."

The prisoner "allowed" it made no difference to him, but his Honor did not appreciate this freedom of action.

"Mr. Green, you must know it is a very serious matter to be hung," he protested uneasily. "You 'd better take all the time you can get. The court will give you until this day four weeks," he added tentatively.

The prisoner made no response, but Mr. James Turney, the prosecutor, apparently thinking the scene lacked impressiveness, rose and addressed the bench.

"May it please the court," he began, "on solemn occasions like the present it is usual for the court to pronounce formal sentence, in which the leading features of the crime shall be brought to the recollection of the prisoner, and a sense of guilt impressed upon his conscience, and in which he shall be duly exhorted to repentance and warned against the judgment in a world to come."

"Oh, Mr. Turney," the judge interrupted testily, "Mr. Green understands the whole matter as well as if I had preached to him a month. He knows he 's got to be hung this day four weeks. You understand it that way, Mr. Green, don't you?" he added, appealing to the prisoner.

"Mr." Green nodded, and the court adjourned.

Now it may be that this cautious magistrate had too much consideration for the prisoner's sensitive friends on Indian Creek, but our modern jurists who admittedly have the courage of their convictions might take a useful hint from his reticence, for if criminals derive any benefit from judicial lectures or warnings, the evidence of that fact has not yet been forthcoming.

But the pioneer judges were prudent in civil as well as in criminal cases. They never instructed the jurors on the legal effect of testimony, and rarely told them what they could or could not find from the facts. Occasionally, however, some Solon, bolder than his fellows, would depart from this noncommittal practice, with results not always satisfactory. In one case a judge who desired to display his learning instructed the jury very fully,

John R. Neff, George W. Neff
 William R. Wanton, Charles W. Wanton
 trading and doing business }
 under the name style and }
 firm of Neff, Wanton & Co }
 vs }
 Josiah Francis }

The clerk of the Sangamon
 county circuit court will issue process
 in the above cause -
 Stuart Lincoln/jc

John R. Neff, George W. Neff
 William R. Wanton, Charles W. Wanton
 vs }
 Josiah Francis }

I do hereby enter my
 self security for costs in this cause, and
 acknowledge myself bound to pay or
 cause to be paid all costs which may
 accrue in this action either to the op-
 posite party or to any of the officers
 of this court, in pursuance of the laws
 of this state -
 Dated this 4th day of November 1839
 S. Lincoln

From Major William H. Lambert's collection

A LEGAL DOCUMENT SIGNED BY LINCOLN FOR STUART AND LINCOLN AND BY HIMSELF AS
SECURITY FOR COSTS

laying down the law with didactic authority; but the jurors, after deliberating some hours, were unable to agree. Finally the foreman rose and asked for additional instructions.

"Judge, this 'ere is the difficulty," he explained. "The jury want to know if that thar what you told us was r'al'y the law, or on'y jist your notion."

These frontier proceedings were undoubtedly crude, but they reflected the common sense of the people, and it is

fairly debatable whether the modern practice displays any marked advantage over the primitive methods. Certainly every legal appeal of to-day echoes the foreman's question, and only too frequently the highest tribunals inform us, after years of waiting, that what we received from the court below was not really the law, but "on'y jist the notion" of a trial judge.

Picturesque as was this old régime, and practical as it was for pioneer conditions, it speedily yielded to the march of prog-

1839. Nov 2

Henry Kendell

RS

Herding & Reagents

Now

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Jacob Garman

23

John Glascock & others

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William S. Henderson,

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Garrett Elken

Act

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44

James Smith

Sept 10, 1861

10/10/9

1. *Chlorophyll a* and *Chlorophyll b* contents were determined by spectrophotometry using the method of Lichtenthaler and Wherry (1987).

¹ It has frequently been stated that Lincoln practised in some of the old log court-houses, but from his personal investigations in the judicial district about Springfield, the writer is of the opinion that all the courts which Lincoln attended during his early practice were housed in comparatively modern buildings.

MAJOR SEYMOUR, with whom Lincoln had joined forces, was not, in his early years, a well read or even an industrious lawyer, but he was popular and had an extensive,

LINCOLN'S FIRST PARTNERSHIP

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if not very lucrative, practice, which he was entirely willing to intrust to his new associate. Indeed, when the firm was formed he was so deeply engrossed in politics that he gave little or no attention to the law, and Lincoln had to assume virtually all responsibility for the business.

Of course, if the procedure had been complicated or technical, a novice would have speedily come to grief; but the character of litigation was very simple in those days, the precedents were few and far between, and the legal forms exceeding elastic. Lincoln met such difficulties as there were in his own way, asking as little advice as possible and exercising his ingenuity to bridge the gaps in his information when his partner was not available for consultation. The habit of standing on his own feet and doing his own thinking, which was thus forced upon him at the very outset of his practice, became his most notable trait. One of his contemporaries closely in touch with his professional life testifies that he never asked another lawyer's advice on any subject whatsoever. He listened to his associates and consulted with them, but he worked out his own problems, and there was never anything of the "brain-tapper" about his relations with the bar.

The influence of this early training is plainly discernible in the remarkable self-reliance and resourcefulness which he exhibited in his later years. New questions did not confuse him; he faced emergencies with perfect serenity, and he had long been accustomed to responsibility when he was called upon to decide questions of national import.

Springfield, the new capital of Illinois, was a mere village when Stuart & Lincoln hung out their shingle. The state-house had not been built, the sessions of the legislature were held in a church, and the houses were scattered and poorly constructed. The business centered around a vacant plot of ground which passed for a public square, and many of the lawyers' offices were "in their hats."

Lincoln's partner, however, was a person of some importance in the community, and his office was situated in Hoffman's Row, over what was then the county court-house.¹ Compared with the luxury

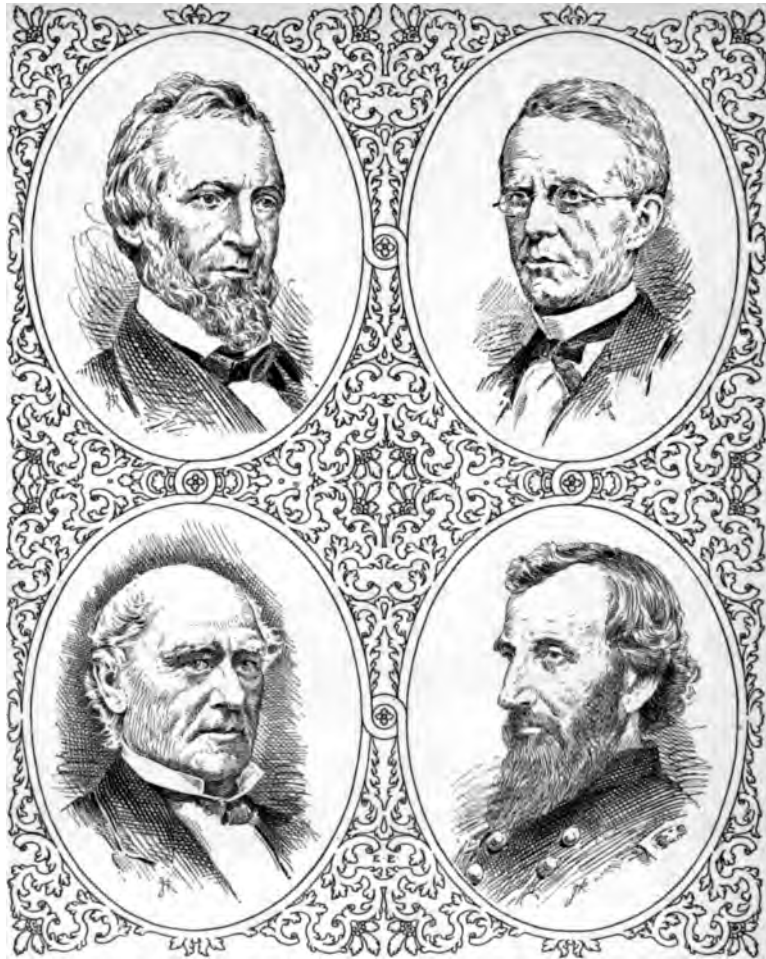
and convenience of modern law-chambers, the appointments of this office seem somewhat meager. The furniture consisted of a roughly made table, one chair, a lounge, a bench, and an old wood-stove, and the library comprised five Illinois Reports and about twenty volumes of miscellaneous law-books, legislative reports, and congressional documents, arranged on clumsy board shelves nailed to the bare walls. Inadequate as this equipment may appear, it was superior to that of the average country practitioner. Indeed, Mr. Conkling, in his legal reminiscences of Chicago, states that there were not at that time half a dozen law libraries in the city which could boast a hundred volumes, and that the Revised Statutes, the Illinois Form-book, and a few elementary treatises constituted the usual legal outfit.

In this small, bare, and uninviting office Lincoln passed much of his time for the next few years, working there by day and sleeping at night on the crazy old lounge, covered with a buffalo robe. Fortunately for him, there was no necessity for such engrossing desk-work as is now required of ambitious attorneys; but there was more dull, clerical routine than falls to the lot of the average practitioner of to-day. All legal papers had to be written out in long-hand; and as there were no duplicating-machines, every additional copy meant considerable manual labor, and most of this drudgery fell upon the junior partner. He not only drew the papers, but he kept the books of the firm, and while Stuart was in Congress he tried almost all the cases.

That he had virtually no legal precedents to guide him was distinctly an advantage. In these days of encyclopedias and digests, a man who enters upon the study of law with a creative mind, capable of logical deductions and close reasoning, is apt to become "case-ridden" before he has fairly started on his practice. Many modern students unconsciously surrender their judgment to the guidance of the court of last resort. Their sense of justice sways with the prevailing opinion; they cease to reason, and merely parrot the latest decisions.

Lincoln was subjected to no such stunting influences. He reasoned out new

¹ This building is still standing in Springfield, and it is now known as No. 109 North Fifth street, just off the court-house square.



Drawn by Jacques Reich

THE HON. JAMES A. McDOUGALL
THE HON. O. H. BROWNING

THE HON. LYMAN TRUMBULL
MAJ.-GEN. JOHN A. McCLELLAND

propositions with an unbiased mind, not with the idea of agreeing or disagreeing with the previously expressed conclusions of some other intellect, but to get at the truth of the matter; and it was doubtless this training which enabled him at a later period to state political issues with more originality and clearness than any other speaker of his day.

There is a story to the effect that when he argued his first appeal before the Supreme Court at Springfield, he announced that all the adjudications he had been able to find were against his contention, and he would, therefore, merely read the decisions he had collated and submit the matter to the court.¹

If this story be true, it is certainly for-

tunate that legal precedents were rare in Illinois, otherwise Lincoln might have been browbeaten by authority, as are some of our case-lawyers of to-day. The anecdote is not authenticated, however, and it is probably apocryphal. Even if the young advocate had been doubtful of his cause, he would never have meekly read it out of court with adverse decisions. As a matter of self-interest, he would have made the best argument of which he was capable; for the public was largely represented at all judicial hearings, and it was highly important for a beginner to make a good impression on the assembled audience. He was far too shrewd to have made an exhibition of himself by quoting decisions against his own client, and

¹ Lincoln's first case in the Supreme Court was *Scammon vs. Cline*, reported in 3 Illinois, 456; and as he had won in the lower court, he had no reason to despair.

tamely submitting his cause to the court. Such a performance would have ruined a newcomer, for it would have been laughed at in every corner of his small community before the day was over. Lincoln, on the contrary, made a favorable impression from the start, and Springfield soon came to hold his legal ability in high esteem.

Although it was important for a young attorney to give a good account of himself in the public sessions of the courts, it was scarcely less essential that he should make himself felt in the rough-and-tumble debates at the general store or other headquarters of public opinion. The lawyer who waited for business to come to him in those days would never have built up a clientele. The village forums were the places where reputations were won or lost, and the man who made his mark there was soon sought as a legal champion. Lincoln more than held his own in these semi-public discussions and arguments, and it was not long before his advent was hailed with delight by the habitués of Speed's store, the most popular arena in Springfield.

But though his friends and neighbors recognized his ability and proclaimed it, his uncouth appearance was decidedly against him, and he not only failed to inspire strangers with confidence, but actually invited their derision and contempt.

Shortly after he became associated with Stuart, the latter sent him to try a case in McLean County for an Englishman named Baddeley, giving him a letter of introduction which advised the client that he could rely upon the bearer to try his case in the best possible manner.

Baddeley inspected his counsel's partner with amazement and chagrin. The young man was six feet four, awkward, ungainly, and apparently shy. He was dressed in ill-fitting homespun clothes, the trousers a little too short, and the coat a trifle too large. He had the appearance "of a rustic on his first visit to the circus," and as the client gazed on him, his astonishment turned to indignation and rage. What did Stuart mean by sending a country bumpkin of that sort to represent

him? It was preposterous, insulting, and not to be endured.

Without attempting to conceal his disgust, Baddeley unceremoniously dispensed with Lincoln's services and straightway retained James A. McDougall, later a United States senator from California, to take charge of the case. History does not relate whether the irate Englishman won or lost the cause, but we know that he lived to become one of Lincoln's most ardent admirers.

This was not the last time Lincoln's personal appearance was to prejudice him in the practice of the law. Many years later, Stanton, then one of the leading lawyers in the country, was to snub "the long-armed creature from Illinois" who presumed to assist him in a celebrated case; and he also lived to revise his judgment and acknowledge the superiority of the man he flouted.

IX

HIS EARLY CASES AND COMPETITORS

THE record of Lincoln's practice with Stuart is very meager and unsatisfactory. The first case with which his name was connected as an attorney was *Hawthorne vs. Woolridge*, one of three cases growing out of the same matter which was being litigated in Stuart's office before Lincoln was admitted to the bar, and of which he apparently had charge during his apprenticeship.¹ The action, however, never came to trial, being settled out of court, and the papers indicate that it and the other cases with which it was connected made much ado about nothing, a not uncommon feature of pioneer lawsuits. People carried their differences into the courts far more readily in those days than they do now, and petty actions for trespass, assault, and similar grievances filled the docket. The conduct of such cases did not require any very intimate knowledge of law; and as the advocates relied largely on fervid oratory to influence the juries, Lincoln had no trouble in meeting his opponents on even terms. Some of his early political speeches which have

¹ The action was begun on July 1, 1836, and was discontinued on March 17, 1837. Every biography which mentions the subject states that Lincoln lost his first case, but this is a palpable error. Costs were imposed on his client by the order of discontinuance in one of the three actions, and against his opponent's clients in another, while in the third the costs were divided,—all of which was evidently part of the compromise by which the whole litigation was settled; but none of the cases was ever tried.

been preserved demonstrate that he was capable of providing flowery eloquence of the most sonorous quality when occasion demanded it, and unquestionably he gave the country jurors just the sort of talk they liked, for he was admittedly successful as a pleader.

Springfield instantly recognized Lincoln as a first-class stump-speaker, an irresistible mimic, and an inimitable raconteur, and it was not long before his humorous stories and dry, witty remarks began to pass from mouth to mouth; but he had been in practice fully a year before he demonstrated his qualities as a lawyer, and then it was discovered that this tolerant, good-natured attorney, though slow to wrath, was, when once aroused, a relentless enemy to the evil-doer.

One James Adams, who called himself a general and posed as a lawyer, became a candidate for the office of probate justice in Springfield. At or about the same time a widow named Anderson discovered that some one had forged her husband's name to a deed of his real estate, and that the property to which she supposed she was entitled stood in the name of "General" Adams. At this stage of the proceedings she retained Stuart & Lincoln, and trouble began for the "general." Lincoln speedily made up his mind that this man was a scoundrel, and he not only brought suit for the recovery of the widow's property, but camped on Adams's trail, attacking him with handbills, newspaper articles, and in the courts, and never resting until he unearthed a copy of a New York indictment charging him with another forgery, and describing him as "a person of evil name and fame and of wicked disposition." This put the "general" to flight; the woman won her suit and recovered the property, and Lincoln's services as a lawyer began to be in demand.

But though his cases were numerous, they were not very lucrative. Only two or three of the fees recorded in the firm's books for the year 1837 amount to \$50, and most of the entries show \$5 charged as trial fee. A chancery case under date 1837-8 shows a debit of \$50, below which is written "credit by coat to Stuart, \$15," making the net cash charge \$35, which indicates that the firm sometimes "took it out in trade."

These modest retainers, however, do not

by any means indicate that Stuart & Lincoln were unsuccessful or even in a small way of business. The firm ranked well in Springfield, and the capital was at that period second only to Chicago in importance in the State of Illinois. The days of great retainers and vast fortunes accumulated in the practice of the law had not yet arrived, and the highest legal authorities in the land did not command very princely revenues. There is reason to believe that Daniel Webster's income from the practice of his profession did not average \$10,000 a year, and often fell far short of it.

Lincoln never kept any private account-books, and the firm records are incomplete, so it is impossible to tell exactly what his early practice was worth in dollars and cents. At all events, it was sufficient, with his salary as State legislator, to enable him to pay his expenses and reduce his debts, and this was his only ambition in monetary matters.

In 1839, while Lincoln was attending the sessions of the legislature, a company of players "on tour" reached the city, and their adventures, as described by the late dean of the American stage, then a little lad of ten, give an excellent picture of the times.

Springfield being the capital of Illinois [writes Mr. Jefferson in his *Autobiography*], it was determined to devote the entire season to the entertainment of the members of the legislature. Having made money for several weeks previous to our arrival, the manager resolved to hire a lot and build a theater. The building of a theater in those days did not require the amount of capital that it does now. Folding opera-chairs were unknown. Gas was an occult mystery not yet acknowledged as a fact by the unscientific world of the West. The new theater was about ninety feet deep and about forty feet wide. No attempt was made at ornamentation; and as it was unpainted, the simple lines of architecture upon which it was constructed gave it the appearance of a large dry-goods box with a roof. I do not think my father nor Mr. McKenzie (his partner) had ever owned anything with a roof until now, so they were naturally proud of their possession.

In the midst of our rising fortunes a heavy blow fell upon us. A religious revival was in progress at the time, and the fathers of the church not only launched forth against us in their sermons, but by some political manœuver got the city to pass a new law en-

joining a heavy license against our "unholy" calling. I forget the amount, but it was large enough to be prohibitory. Here was a terrible condition of affairs. All our available funds invested, the legislature in session, the town full of people, and we, by a heavy license, denied the privilege of opening the new theater.

In the midst of these troubles a young lawyer called upon the manager. He had heard of the injustice and offered, if they would place the matter in his hands, to have the license taken off, declaring he only desired to see fair play, and he would accept no fee whether he failed or succeeded. The young lawyer began his harangue. He handled the subject with tact, skill, and humor, tracing the history of the drama from the time when Thespis acted in a cart to the stage of to-day. He illustrated his speech with a number of anecdotes, and kept the council in a roar of laughter; his good-humor prevailed, and the exorbitant tax was taken off.

This young lawyer [continues Mr. Jefferson] was very popular in Springfield and was honored and beloved by all who knew him, and after the time of which I write he held a rather important position in the government of the United States. He now lies buried near Springfield, under a monument commemorating his greatness and his virtues—and his name was Abraham Lincoln.

There are many more or less authentic anecdotes concerning Lincoln's early practice, but neither the character of the litigation in which he was engaged nor its remuneration affords any fair criterion of his legal ability. He should be judged by the place he won for himself among his contemporaries, and to estimate the value of that judgment it is necessary to know his competitors and what manner of men they were.

The newly settled States attracted immigration of a high order of intelligence, and Illinois was particularly fortunate in its new citizens. Young men came from the East and the South, Americans of energy, ambition, and strength, who rapidly adapted themselves to their new surroundings and became thoroughly identified with the local interests. Douglas,¹ Baker, Logan, Edwards, McClernand,

¹ In many of the legal documents in which Douglas appears as an attorney, his name is spelled with a double "s." This might be imputed to the error of copyists, but some of the papers examined by the writer were in Douglas's own handwriting, and one of them was an affidavit with the signature plainly showing the double "s." The law reports also spell his name in this way. The ca-

Stuart, Trumbull, McDougall, Browning, Hardin, Davis, Lincoln—every one of them was of Anglo-Saxon stock, and only one was foreign-born. These were some of the men with whom Lincoln associated in his practice, and many of them were already admitted to the bar when he joined the ranks of the profession. That they were a remarkably talented company does not admit of doubt. Among the members of the backwoods legislature to which Lincoln was first elected were a future President of the United States, a future candidate for the Presidency, six future United States senators, eight future members of Congress, a future cabinet secretary, and no less than three future judges of the State, to say nothing of other men who distinguished themselves professionally in later years. Almost without exception, these men were lawyers, and Lincoln met and practised against all of them during the four-and-twenty years of his professional life. To hold one's own in such a brilliant coterie would certainly be a creditable achievement, but it can be demonstrated that Lincoln, early in his career, became one of the leaders, if not the leader, of the Springfield bar. It may be urged, however, that most of his competitors were politicians, and not lawyers of marked ability, so it is proper to examine their records a little more minutely.

Stephen T. Logan, who came originally from Kentucky, was elected a judge of the Circuit court, and is admitted to have been the best *nisi prius* (trial) lawyer in the State. He was undoubtedly the leader of the Illinois bar in his day.

Edward Dickenson Baker, the Illinois congressman, the leader of the California bar, and the United States senator from Oregon, had a national reputation as an orator, and as a jury advocate he was second to none in Illinois as long as he practised in that State. He and Lincoln were pitted against each other for years.

Stephen Arnold Douglas, a public prosecutor at twenty-two and a judge at

reers of Douglas and Lincoln were strangely parallel. Both men were born to poverty and they were both self-educated. They were members of the same Illinois legislature, competitors in the same profession and before the same courts, rivals for the hand of the same woman, ran against each other for the United States senatorship, and were opposing candidates for the Presidency.

twenty-eight, congressman, United States senator, and candidate for the Presidency, has always been recognized as one of the ablest men of his day, and his seven years' career at the Illinois bar is scarcely paralleled for brilliancy in the legal annals of the United States. Certainly he and Lincoln were adversaries often enough to leave no doubt as to which had the better legal mind.

James A. McDougall, who supplanted Lincoln in his case for the Englishman Baddeley, afterward became attorney-general for the State of Illinois and United States senator from California, and, despite his eccentricities, was unquestionably a lawyer of ability.

Lyman Trumbull, United States senator from Illinois, was distinguished at the bar long before he won political honors, and every writer with knowledge of those times includes him among the eminent practitioners of his day; while David Davis, judge of the Eighth Illinois Cir-

cuit, United States senator, and justice of the Supreme Court of the United States at Washington, was, of course, a jurist of national repute.

All of these men, and others equally able, were actively engaged in practice in Springfield or its vicinity when the firm of Stuart & Lincoln was formed, and the junior partner successfully practised against them during his apprentice years.

Leaving the question of his relative standing in the profession at large for further consideration, it is confidently submitted that Lincoln won a creditable position at the local bar, almost at the outset of his career, among contemporaries who were not only capable lawyers, but men of exceptional force and character. Indeed, it is exceedingly doubtful if the bar of any other State in the Union possessed as much native talent and ability as the frontier State of Illinois when Lincoln won his spurs.



A POWER-PLANT

(The Fisk-street turbine-engine electric station in Chicago)

BY HARRIET MONROE

THE invisible wheels go softly round and round—
 Light is the tread of brazen-footed Power.
 Spirits of air, caged in the iron tower,
 Sing as they labor with a purring sound.
 The abysmal fires, grated and chained and bound,
 Burn white and still, in swift obedience cower;
 While far and wide the myriad lamps, a-flower,
 Glow like star-gardens and the night confound.
 This we have done for thee, almighty Lord;
 Yea, even as they who built at thy command
 The pillared temple, or in marble made
 Thine image, or who sang thy deathless word.
 We take the weapons of thy dread right hand,
 And wield them in thy service unafraid.

THE ELEVENTH HOUR

BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE

Author of "The Led-Horse Claim," etc.



"OM, I want your entire attention for a few moments. I am going to take you into a family secret; and then I intend to ask you a question—as you shall answer at the Great Day.

And what you say to me and I to you must be buried between us absolutely henceforth, as if the words had never been said; for Katherine's sake," the fluent woman ended weakly.

It was the daughter's name that conjured young Hilliard out of his familiar, acquiescent silence (the part he usually took in conversation with Mrs. Durbrow) into a fierce preparedness.

"She is going to tell me Katherine is engaged, and she wants to pump me about the man," he thought.

In a flash he ran over the list of possibles or barely possibles whose acquaintance he shared with his guardian's family—youths in whom the heart of a widowed mother may not safely trust, nor yet, without evidence, condemn. It was a loathly opportunity.

She saw resistance in his look. There was a change in his well-drilled features as if she had carelessly probed him in a sensitive spot, but he could bear it. It pleased her, what she saw; it helped her to continue.

Amidst the rout of his conjectures Tom found difficulty in following her. He wished she would be more simple—or that she could be. But he fixed his strong, wide-set gaze upon her, and two stiff lines of torture appeared between his brows. She would not have had him feel it less.

"Are you not all but my own son, Tom?" she began seductively. "Be my son while you listen! It is about Kath-

erine, of course. Who is there but you I could talk to?"

He cleared his throat but did not answer. She smiled and seemed to hesitate, then she plunged into the deep waters of confidence.

"For the last three years I have been staving off the proposals of a man—a person of importance, as men go. I've had him on my mind pretty steadily—putting him off. I told him he must wait till she could answer him like a woman, not a babe. And he has waited. I made the conditions, and he has kept them. But just that, you see, puts me at a disadvantage. It amounts to a sort of entente, or else I exaggerate. Very likely I do. I certainly made no promise to keep my growing girl wrapped in tissue-paper—to be called for' at eighteen."

Tom started.

"That was the limit of his silence," she explained. "He can speak now. In three days,—to-day is the sixteenth, is n't it?—in three days he will be here, a regular, accredited suitor. He's rich, clever,—awfully clever,—and thirty-five. The most *all-there* person you could imagine. Now do you wonder I am frightened to death?"

"Who is he?" Tom asked.

"I will tell you presently. I want you to get my idea of him first."

"Have I ever heard of him?"

"Everybody has heard of him. Just let me tell it as it happened. I want you to follow me from the beginning—you won't understand if you don't." The young man thought differently, but he did not interrupt her again.

"He has reminded me from time to time that while he was keeping my terms, he was doing it with the same idea in view. And I feel so underhand toward Kath-

erine! Of course she was too young then; but there must have been a time, between, when I might have told her. Yet how could I set her thinking about him! He is a man of abnormal consequence, you know, in the business world. He might be quite likely to fascinate a girl's imagination. Power is power. And how could I have been sure he'd keep it up and persist in this mad way, with every marriageable maiden in the land thrust at him?"

"When did this begin?"

"Why, three years ago. Perhaps you were away? Yes; I think you were in Germany the winter she was fifteen. She shot up so tall—I thought we had better skip a year's school and let her build up. She was so beautiful that winter! I can say it, for she never will be in just that way again. There is, of course, the chance he may be disappointed. He may not find her—well, I can't discuss it. If I thought it was in him to see her as I see her—why, the whole thing would be different."

Tom swallowed hard in silence. A bit of loose cement from the stone bench where they sat, high on the drowsy autumn hillside, went to powder in his fingers. He and Katherine had sat there the evening before and watched a hunter's moon, big and cold, break softly on the east. The glow of early twilight behind them flooded the deep inland valley. That was his moment, and he had let it go. It was Katherine who had pried out that bit of mortar, her face downcast, while he told her about Valparaiso: how his house offered to send him out for three years, at a better salary than he could get at home, and he had accepted—certain prospects thrown in. It had looked hopeful to the boy. The temptation had been strong to anticipate his right to speak to the child of his dead guardian words which might have bound their lives together beyond the cold peradventures of those long three years. Why had he not spoken, in that soft hour between the lights? Now loomed up this blazing sun-god of prosperity, with his "abnormal consequence"—be hanged to him! How looked now the prospects of twenty-two!

He had not spoken. They had bandied words over the bit of crumbled stone, which he tried to recapture as a souvenir—she knew of what; but she brushed it

away with a laugh, called him Goth and Vandal names, and asked if he could not revisit the family ruins without wanting to carry them away in his pocket. It seemed plain to him that her mood did not match his own.

"Was it the Kennedys' where she met him?" he asked in a dead, quiet voice.

"Yes, yes; Rachel Kennedy was at the bottom of it. She came on to New York just in time to turn me all around about Katherine. Instead of taking her abroad and meeting you in the Engadine in May, she persuaded me there could be nothing like six months' rough-riding in the plains' air to set her up. So they carried her off to Las Mesas. Rachel Kennedy is a witch when she gets hold of you with one of her plans. What she tells you really exists for her at the moment.

"He stopped there with a party of men looking at copper-mines or some such thing. Katherine was the only girl staying at the ranch: she was brought forward, of course. Rachel was only too proud to have her to show off. There was a fire one night at the stables. All the men turned out to save the horses, and this man was the coolest one of all. He did something really quite worth while—and got hurt, which made it better. His party had to go on and leave him laid up on the Kennedys' hands.

"They have got a library at Las Mesas full of books none of them ever read. Katherine was at the lazy age when a girl asks nothing better than an excuse to stay in one spot all day with a book. This was how she built up! I never shall know if it was of fell purpose, but Mrs. Kennedy left that child alone with him for hours, reading aloud—to that mass of money! He was not literally made of it then, but the contrast in other ways would have appealed to any one but a person as purely practical as Rachel. She has been on his side from the first; thinks we ought to help put a little poetry into his life. Not that she objects to the life. It is her own to a great extent.

"Oh, I don't say he did n't behave well. He wrote like any man of thirty asking for a child of fifteen. He did n't expect to ogreize her—marry her out of hand. He wanted what I suppose he would call a bond on her. I don't wonder you look at me, Tom. I'm nervous, don't you see?

I feel like a double traitor: first, hiding it all from Katherine, and now rushing in between her and what may be her destiny, for what I know. It certainly looks like a great life for a little girl. I want you to help me see it straight."

"No, you don't," said Tom, speaking to himself—"you want me to see it as you do!"

"I never thought I should be afraid of money," she continued, musing aloud. "When Katherine began to shoot up—such a flower!—I thought she was going to be one of the girls made for tiaras. Her beauty did go to my head—I confess it. But I did not know her then. And we had never lived one whole year, winter and summer, in the country—we two. It has a strangely sobering effect. And I was not used to deciding things alone." The widow sighed. "You were only a boy, Tom. I felt very poor and stripped. My girl was fatherless. It touched me, this man's infatuation for the child. We do judge people by what they think of those we love. Then, my common sense told me it could not last out the three years. I had faith in his ultimate inconstancy. Perhaps it was that doubt which gave it the charm—as of dreams we play with. Now tell me—and don't spare the truth. Has this man got any private life at all? Is he all in the newspapers? What do men say about him when they are by themselves? It is David Dilke Cameron I am talking about."

Tom had expected something of the sort, but not quite so much of it. "You don't want to ask me about him. We don't trot in the same class," he replied.

"I don't care anything about your 'class'. I want your opinion—boy or man, whatever you call yourself—of David Dilke Cameron. Is he all right—as right as he can be, owned by that money? Mind, I know what his father was. I've heard Katherine's father and yours discuss old Dilke Cameron's operations."

"Well, there it is, of course. His life is laid out for him. But I can't talk about him. He's half a generation ahead of me."

"And of Katherine!"

"That's different. Why don't you let her decide for herself? Is n't it going to come to that in the end?"

"I don't know whether it is or not. It

is n't fair, Tom! You talk of 'class'; what chance would she have with him? No man has ever made love to her. That's in his favor if he is wise. You know he is wise. Whatever else he may be, he's a king of opportunity. Simple persons like us don't know our own minds on the instant. His is made up."

"Then what's the matter with him?" Tom asked, thinking the lady did protest too much. "If he is a king, don't you want your daughter to be a queen?"

"Not his queen! If I seem to brag about him, you must not think I am dazzled. It is best to value him at his full strength. You know, dear Tom, a mother 'sits at the springs of fate' for her girls, in marriage, if there is sympathy and trust between them. Shall I hand her over to this arch-persuader, the man they call the king of the lobby in Washington? If he is such a reader of men, don't you suppose he may know something about women?"

"Not about little girls, please God!" said Tom in his heart, but he merely shivered and was silent.

"Fitness," she bore on—"fitness in the long run means happiness in marriage. Contrasts are exciting, but they wear you out. Is n't it better for the boys and girls to keep together—start together and keep step?" Tom's silence continued to draw her heart out in words.

"This swooping in and carrying one's child away—like Pluto in the fields of Enna! Those fables mean just as much that's true now as then. Whether she likes his kingdom or hates it, we lose her, all the same. You know if they tasted the fruits of that kingdom they never came back—to stay. They lost the sight and taste for simple things they used to love. I've thought about it as deep down as I'm able to understand, and I have honestly as much desire to have that man in my life as to see his private car come plunging into our little garden down there. Would there be much left of the garden?"

They sat awhile without speaking. Then Tom said: "This is the secret, I suppose. Now—the question?"

"Tom! If you had a little more conceit about you! Have n't you any idea what I want to ask of you?"

"No, I have n't," said Tom, heavily.

"Well, it's a pity you could n't spare

me. Any third person to hear us would simply laugh."

"There is n't to be any third person, is there? I thought that was understood."

"No, indeed there is not! Forever and forever this is between us two. What did I say just now—about boys and girls—and fitness? If you are near enough for me to say such things as I have been saying to you—need I say the rest?" She laid her hand on his brown fist. He imagined from her voice there might be tears, and he could not look at her, but his fingers closed on hers in a suffering grip.

"It hurts you too—something hurts you! Tell me what it is. Be honest with me, can't you? Would you ever have—except as a brother, you know? I'm taking a fearful thing upon myself; but it's you, Tom. It's only you!"

"That 'only me' business has gone about as far as it can, Mrs. Durbrow. There would have to be a change if I stayed."

"Why not now, then, before you go? This was not quite in cold blood, Tom. I thought I could see—but appearances are deceptive at your age."

"My appearances are not," said Tom.

"And you are going away for three years without letting her know?"

"Would n't it be a rather gratuitous piece of information, on the whole?"

"It would give her something to think about."

"While she was waiting? Three years—nothing doing!"

"But you would be doing—and waiting. too. I must not tamper with your scruples, my dear. But is n't it safer to be natural, considering there are other men in the world? No, I take that back!"

"Considering there is David D. Cameron? I am considering it."

"But before you heard of him? Are you quite sure you had resolved to be silent?"

"It does n't matter now," said Tom.

"Perhaps it does. Perhaps it might matter. We are not people who need such a great lot of money. Have you ever done anything in your life, Tom, that you could n't have told her father?"

"They don't marry our deportment marks," said the boy.

"Oh, they do, without knowing it.

They marry just what I see in your face, dear Tom,—you can turn it away if you like,—just what would make me so happy if I could think of you together and say, 'The children.' 'The children'," she repeated wistfully, as if she had ceased to plead and was alone with her thoughts.

It was more moving than any argument. It took him so far back into their lives, into that love which was all he had known of mother-love. Still, Katherine had no father.

"I could not speak to her now," he said almost plaintively. His own wounded happiness seemed to reproach him. "What you have just told me makes it impossible, don't you see? If I were to cut in now and steal her right to a free choice? I would n't want her, now, till she had chosen."

"I don't see why you should borrow my responsibility?"

"It's hard for me to say just how it looks to me. I don't want to bully anybody with my notions; but if you ask me, I love her too much to want to win her on a fluke or a foul. There it is! There are two of us, and he has the ball. It was n't the beauty part made him not forget her face." Tom floundered in these heavy seas of controversy, his own great desire tugging at his heart like a drowning weight. He could scarcely draw breath for the load of it.

"It's something in her look that everybody sees. If she were a man, you'd call it great. It's what fits people for the big choices."

"You will only lead her into a trap. She'll misunderstand you and think you don't care, and she'll turn to him for pride's sake."

"I don't think she will be trapped," said Tom. "But if she were, I would not like to be the one who did it. It would n't be a safe way to get a girl like her."

"So, if I had held my peace you might have spoken?"

"I thought we might break into it, perhaps, saying good-bye," he confessed.

"And you will let pride carry the day! And I shall have to see how this hurts you for years to come—or perhaps congratulate you on being consoled! Your pain is

my pain, almost as hers would be. I bear it with you, Tom."

"But if she was my girl, you know, she would n't want D. D. Cameron. And if she is his girl, she would n't want me."

"That 's the code of the amateur, dear boy. I see, with my old eyes, what this great choice is you call her natural opportunity. Can there be anything natural about fifteen millions! She could be 'great,' as you call it, in a modest place. Put her in your life, she would fill it to the brim. His is too wide—and too shallow. She would n't be a drop in the cup."

"I know you don't say these things to tempt a man," said Tom, gently, but as if his soul were tired; "but, as I am human, I 'll go off a little by myself while you think it over."

"No, no; stay where you are. I am done. I 'm going down." He smiled and made way for her past the bushes that narrowed the bit of terrace where they stood.

"I have worn you out," she said, searching his face with her tenderest gaze.

"It crashed into me pretty hard at first; but that 's not your fault."

She put out her hands, and he took them in his as they stood facing. "I suppose no mother is ever prepared for wisdom in her own offspring. The little I have I 've been long in getting. But I do from my heart congratulate you on the way you have withstood me, Tom. It holds a much larger faith in Katherine—in everything. It deserves a great reward."

Tom moved restlessly, and she let him go.

PACING the garden path by herself, Katherine wondered much at this long colloquy on the hill, filling all the best hour of the afternoon. She could see who sat there on the bench, and how absorbed they were in what they were saying.

Few mothers and daughters could have lived more closely for and in each other than these two since death had made them two instead of three.

At the close of their first winter in the country together as two grown women, Katherine had said, "We have virtually inhabited the same body." Yet neither pursued the other with any insistent need

of companionship. Each as often preferred to be alone. They simply fitted with a free play of adjustment, like a single motif developed through complex harmonies. The girl had been trained on lines of silence and suggestion by her mother's vast communicativeness. They were passionate readers, both; not systematically, but with pauses as the right book came to hand or some intellectual friction from outside set the flame a-going. To each other they seldom read aloud except with due apologies. Not to give one's eyes a share in the feast, not to go back and linger and retaste, was but half reading: none the less did they read together, wrapped in silence and profound mutual content. And out of such silences sprang their best moments of speech—and of listening. No eyes nor lips could listen more responsively than Katherine's, giving answer in language the most exquisite the human heart can read. Speech cannot limit that language. And her words, though few, were singularly just and quaint. Such a girl was born for the simple life of high-bred persons. What wonder the mother dared not face her own (purely conjectural) fancy of King Pluto in his blazing chariot bearing off her blossom-gatherer from the sweet home fields to his roof-tree of gold and gems.

To Katherine's surprise—and uneasiness—she saw her mother come down the hill alone and take a side-path to the house, avoiding the garden and ignoring her own conspicuous wave of the hand.

In her bedroom, with the door shut, Mrs. Durbrow went to the window and looked out. There was Katherine staring at the house, then she slowly resumed her walk.

"Now let us see where we stand on this question," mused the mother.

But there was no new ground. They stood where they had stood two hours ago, only she had murdered Tom's opportunity.

"I to talk of nature, and doing things simply! If only I had let the thing alone! And now he 'll avoid her like grim death, and break his heart, poor fool! If it does n't break his, it will mine. I could n't have Tom bring another girl into this house as his wife. If Katherine could bear it, I could not."

True to the morbid drift of things on this sensitive afternoon, Katherine had

constructed out of a few simple occurrences one of those "test moments." She saw Tom come plunging down among the laurels some time after her mother had reached the house. Impossible at that height he should not have seen her; the color of her dress was the only note of blue. If he came and joined her it would mean that he could not keep away. And if he could keep away, this last evening, after the whole afternoon, with all the garden, all the house, all the valley, waiting for him, then let him keep away and keep his distance and his peace for all time! They could still be friends. Her heart choked her. Up to a certain point, with such vague young friendships, precursors of passion in pure young souls, undefined relations are enough. Beyond that, something more must happen or we lose what we had before. Expectation has a sad trick, if thwarted, of stealing all that led up to it.

Tom was not coming; so, it was settled. He must have seen her, and had sheered off deliberately in a contrary direction.

She hung about in her mother's room at bedtime, after saying good night, but was disappointed. Mrs. Durbrow made no reference to the long session on the hill, even when Katherine, braiding and unbraiding her hair in the fire-light, suggested: "You and Tom seemed to have a good deal to say to each other this afternoon. Was he laying out his whole future to you—or was it his past?"

"Oh, dear, no!" said her mother.

"Tom was not at all expansive."

"So you were the one?"

"Oh, I am always the one," Mrs. Durbrow assented, still unsatisfactory.

"And whose future were you laying out?"

"That remains to be seen," said the mother.

"And shall this person be permitted to see?"

"More than likely, before we get through. But go to bed now, dear. I am very tired to-night—for some reason," she added prudently.

"What are we going to do to-morrow? Ought n't we to be rather nice to Thomas—his last day?" Katherine's manner was of the gayest; she smiled very much.

"There 's never anything one can do on

the last day," Mrs. Durbrow answered peevishly.

"Well," said Katherine, still smiling, "if that 's all, I may as well go to bed."

Her mother pulled her down and kissed her again. "Did you want to say anything to me?"

"Oh, no—I should think not. I was only—" she tossed back the long braid over her shoulder—"I shall be one of the old girls when Tom comes back. I shall have been out two years. It must be fine—to be flung out to find one's own place in the open market. Girls never know if they have any character, do they? They never hear anything about themselves—unless it 's a 'swap.' I don't believe I have ever obeyed a single sharp command or heard an unpleasant truth about myself—not since—"

"But why should you?"

"Because—is n't that what makes men strong? Why should n't *we* be strong? Think how Tom will grow in the next three years! Going 'to take charge,' not be a charge. It must be fine to be a man!"

"That 's a bad sign," thought Mrs. Durbrow. No happy girl ever wishes such a wish as that. Foolish Tom! She sent Katherine off to bed and was half tempted to go down for a last word with that obdurate boy, but refrained.

"I have done enough. If it is to be—well, at least I have n't tried for it, as nine tenths of the mothers would."

She felt not a little complacent over that; and since dreams will be dreams, and she had done her best to keep on the safe side of reality, the unsafe side was not to be despised. Pluto's kingdom was a vast and wonderful domain. Money power is as good as any other kind—in the right hands. She did not believe, deep down in her heart, that Katherine would lose her poise, or be dazzled or drugged by the fruits of that kingdom made with hands; nor that as a mother she would really lose her child. She had believed it when she said it, but love is a power, too.

When Tom, at breakfast, announced his intention to return to the city that day, Katherine looked at Mrs. Durbrow, expecting a vigorous protest. None came. She did not appear even to be surprised.

Katherine sat up a little straighter. But when he asked if Mullins could drive

him over to the station that afternoon, and her mother quietly assented, she remembered that she was the daughter of the house, and said across the table:

"Does n't it seem a rather feeble way to let him go off—for three years? Would you *prefer* to have Mullins see you off?" she asked, raising languid eyes to Tom's face.

"I 'm prepared for anything," he answered collectedly. "A brass band if you like, or the Dead March—"

"Would a person object to riding Black Dan in his train trousers?"

"Not if he had another person to ride Graygown beside him! Sad about those trousers!" he added desperately, to change the key.

"Trains are n't half as bad as boats," said Mrs. Durbrow, dabbling in her finger-bowl. "When you see the water widen and the women get out their handkerchiefs,"—she wiped her fingers daintily,—"and the men take off their hats—"

"I should n't mind it a bit," Katherine broke in. "I should feel just as Tom does."

Tom shot a great look at her out of his disconcerting eyes. "Have I said how I feel?"

Mrs. Durbrow made a move to rise, then sat down to finish her coffee. "Be sure you keep up your dancing, Tom. You know you are a little weak there. They say the Spanish women are lovely waltzers."

"I shall not see any Spanish women. They are a lot of half-breeds down there."

"Well, Katherine will have one less bouquet at her coming-out dance."

"If you mean mine," Tom muttered, "I think it will get there somehow."

"Make it 'willow,' Tom; make it 'willow'!" Katherine cried, and drummed the tune on the table. "I'll split a waltz for you, and sit out the last half in remembrance."

"Would both halves crack your remembrance any?"

"You would n't want a whole dance, you know. You never were an energetic waltzer."

Tom submitted to the past tense in silence with a goaded look.

Mrs. Durbrow had left the table. He rose, too, then sat down again to wait for Katherine. He followed her presently

into the hall, where they stood around, each expecting the other to say something, but apparently not the least interested in what it was to be.

"If I should write to you, I suppose you 'd get your mother to answer?"

"That 'if' is well put in," said Katherine.

"There are about as many 'ifs' already as a man can stand," said Tom, carelessly wretched.

"I suppose you know that what you are saying has *no* sense in it whatever?" Katherine pulled him up severely.

"We shall see," he said.

He went out and sat on the porch steps, staring at the valley, with the two strong lines of trouble between his brows.

In her room she leaned on her dressing-table a moment and shut her eyes. "Could anything be more cheap!"—to spoil the last half-hour! As for letters, Tom could not write letters if he wanted to. Those three years would part them as only life can part the young and living. They had been playmates, children, and now he was a man. She looked ahead through hundreds of years, as it were, during which she must bear this and hide it. "When we are both old, he will like me then," she said, "if I have behaved myself."

She carried it in her face the rest of the morning, the sum of those moments by herself. Her eyes had caught a glimpse of the possible higher choice that makes pain, one's own little personal, self-made pain—a thing one would be ashamed not to bear.

It was this look of sheer nobleness, bringing her soul into her eyes, that caused Tom to close up his countenance like unto a box with his heart inside. The size of the stakes did not alter for him the rules of the game.

THEY were in a little-traveled region, a deep valley-country between ranges of hills, narrowing and widening to let in glimpses of blue mountains. They rode in silence along a side-path lower than the main highway. A piece of woodland, skirting it, filled the path with dead leaves, hushing their horses' feet as they shuffled on. Where the trees were thinner they could see the gray sky barred with yellow, and one clear spot the sun was

trying to break through. The farther woods, eastward across the sere meadows, were blurred by a trail of mist; out of it their tops rose blandly in tender autumn colors, ash and oak and chestnut. It was all sweet and listless and pale, this last afternoon.

DAVID DILKE CAMERON was reported to be out of town for a few days, staying at West Mountain, a place he had bought and was getting into shape for one of his occasional and fitful residences.

An operator in stocks, knowing him to be on the same train and desiring a few words with him, lay in wait in the smoker in vain, and discovered him through the blinds of the closed drawing-room section, shut in by himself, playing solitaire furiously. This interested observer was alarmed, and telegraphed at the next stop a list of orders to his agent in Wall Street, expecting a coup.

It took Cameron barely one morning to gather, in a preoccupied way, what had been done and was doing on his mountain farm. By noon he had decided to change the date of his promised call on Mrs. Durbrow and make it that afternoon instead of Saturday. He had waited three years: he had worn out the candle, he could not "hide the inch."

The Durbrows called their little place "Westerly." It was fifty miles away. What is fifty miles to one who owns a Plutonian car whirled by viewless horses! He drove them himself,—he was a bold and practiced chauffeur,—and he chose to cover his trail on this delicate adventure.

To come down the mountain it took him about as long as it took Katherine—while he was doing it—to braid up her hair afresh and tie it in a club under her tricorne hat. As he traversed the sleepy valley, he had the appearance of a large red streak. This was some years ago, and touring-cars had not often occurred in that neighborhood. Most of the farmers' dogs that ran out to bark got under the home fence in safety, but one lay twitching in the road when King Pluto had gone by, and a sound of children's weeping arose in a poor little house by the wayside; and an old hen, trying to recross in front of him at the last moment deprived of reason, was picked up and car-

ried into another house, a flouncing mass of dust and feathers.

These were as lumps of dirt beneath the wheels of his progress. He neither saw nor heard; his thoughts were entrained on that hazardous first look into the eyes of a girl he had dreamed for three years of possessing. He called it love, like any other man. It was an experience delicately unique in his life, hoarded jealously, tasted in secret. Much thought, and hundreds of games of solitaire, he had given to it. Now he proposed to give time—all that it might require—and close the deal.

He had reached the lower farm-lands; insensibly under his hand the speed increased. It was a physical impossibility that he could have seen those two absorbed young riders on the by-path pacing their horses through the deadening leaves. He flashed by them in a whirring swoop. But a scene had taken place before his vision, to be collected an instant later when its actual forms had been left behind. A young man, white in the face, who threw up his right hand in the air as he spurred his horse in front of another horse, reaching for its bits—was it a girl on the back of the other horse that broke away and bolted through the wood?

He reversed his machine, and went back to the spot where this thing had seemed to happen. A riderless horse, saddled with a man's saddle, stood unhitched a little way within the wood. It pricked its ears and backed aside nervously as he passed. He followed fresh, floundering tracks diverging through the leafy paths. One could not have sent a bullet through the wood without hitting a tree, yet here a horse had torn at full speed with a girl on its back!

Tom had seen this thing and followed, but not on his horse; for Katherine's crazed mare had unseated him clinging to her reins. He had no time to remount. It was all so quick, he could not see if a tree had struck her or some merciful bough had swept her off to lie there in the soft leaves as if she were asleep. He loved those leaves—of the dead summer which he called his last. He groveled down beside her. His fears almost took away his consciousness. With hard, spent breaths and grunts of anguish he gathered her up and felt her all over, limb by limb; last

the sweet head unconscious of pain that hung backward from his arm. There was not a scratch upon her that he could find, only the shock had put her brain to sleep—and there was a stain of moss on the shoulder of her white blouse and the bits of twigs and leaves he softly plucked from her hair. His face unlocked and all his love was in his eyes. And then she opened her eyes and answered his long look, dreamily at first, but more and more consciously as the silence grew and held them.

"Lost your train!" She smiled so exquisitely that he could only stoop and kiss her. Then she wept a little weakly, and he kissed the tears.

"To-morrow, then?"

"Not till Monday, now; not ever—only to get you the sooner," he whispered between many kisses that made her cry. "Now, if you could try to move a little!" He groaned beneath his breath in sympathy with the effort. "Good God! can it be possible you are not hurt!"

Both at once perceived a man who had stopped not many feet away and was regarding them with a strange look. He might have been standing where he was for some moments, but when he saw that they were aware of him he came forward quickly, like one aroused. He wore the coat and cap of a gentleman chauffeur. Tom knew the face, but he had never seen it with that expression on it.

No one spoke for a moment. The approach of this man had something momentous in it, though he seemed the least conscious one of the three. His lips were dry and white. All the blood had gone out of his face with the shock of recognition, as when one has been chilled and buffeted by a drinking wind, but he did not recall himself to Katherine or speak to her by name.

"Don't I remember you?" she asked dazedly. She was still trembling, her voice unsteady, as she protested against his distress on her account—too personal for that of a stranger. "I must have seen you somewhere!"

"At Las Mesas, perhaps," Cameron supplied dryly with cold lips. Tom moved away and picked up her riding-crop from the leaves.

"Of course," she responded. "You saved Sweet Peggy the night of the fire."

"She had n't sense enough to live. Horses are frightful idiots," said Cameron between his teeth.

"This is Mr. Hilliard—Mr. Cameron." Katherine strove to be light and casual. "I have made him lose his train—that 's the worst that has happened so far. Do you think we had better ask Mr. Cameron to take me home, Tom? We seem to be 'shy' one horse."

Tom looked at his watch. "Mullins should be coming back from the station very soon," he said with excessive gravity. "Perhaps we had better wait for Mullins. It might give mama a shock to see her daughter brought home in a strange touring-car. You know, yours is the only one here," she said, smiling at Cameron. "You might be regarded as an apparition." She repented her effort to say something pleasant, and the weak color began to rise under Cameron's long gaze that took no account of her words.

"I see. You are very fortunate all round, including my rival 'Mullins.'" His lips drew up in a tight smile. "I trust my inquiries to-morrow will find things equally satisfactory. Sorry I can't make them in person. I have to leave for the city by an early train." He shook her hand firmly, and, raising his cap with a farewell look at Tom which held just the slightest touch of seniority, he passed out of their private lives forever. Tom did not resent that look: he no longer quarreled with the fact that he was young.

"What a strange face he has!" said Katherine, standing stock-still. "I did n't remember that he looked like *that*! We must have given him a horrid scare."

The meeting was not without its unexplained effect upon her. She had come within an inch of an encounter with a force she little knew or was able to measure. It had grazed her and passed on, tossing her aside on the lap of common earth with her lover's arm around her.

THERE is a beautiful Mrs. Cameron now, whose small, low head the tiara fits much better than it would have suited Katherine's Madonna arch. Hers is too broad in the home of ideality to bear any ornament but her own soft hair as Nature bade it part in two dividing waves with the low-looped knot at the back.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

ETHICS IN THE BALLOT-BOX, AND A LOOK AHEAD

THE ethics which last month we spoke of as being in the air, at the recent elections got into the ballot-boxes. The result, in several of our cities and States, had the effect of an explosion of moral dynamite. The elections registered the popular protest against the corrupt corporations and the corrupt political bosses. In rare instances corrupt and corrupting demagogues profited by the reaction, but in the main the results were inspiringly wholesome beyond all hope.

In Ohio, Pennsylvania, Maryland, New Jersey, and New York the bosses went down like grass before a mower. In New York city Jerome's election as district attorney was a repetition of his campaign four years ago, with the added feature of a canvass into which he entered without an organization, or a party column on the ballot, to aid him, the late indorsement of the Republican convention not in the least altering his attitude of absolute independence of, and antagonism to, bosses, boss nominations, and boss ridden conventions.

The fight in Philadelphia, in coöperation with Mayor Weaver's militant attitude toward the corrupt leaders of the Republican organization, was picturesque in the extreme. The visitor to that most attractive "city of homes" finds now a new atmosphere there—an atmosphere of civic enthusiasm breathed not, as heretofore, by a comparatively few earnest and indomitable souls, but apparently by the entire community. Long after the day of conflict blue and yellow flags (the city colors), often accompanied by the national emblem, hung from the windows, and everywhere one met a spirit of relief and of elation. As a logical sequence to the elections, preparations are being made in various States for the repeal of out-

rageous legislation—as the "ripper" bill in Pennsylvania,—and for enactments in improvement of ballot laws and in obstruction of "corrupt practices."

No thoughtful person expects a political millennium to follow even a successful ethical campaign. Looking over the whole field, there is much food for deep and anxious thought. The immediate need is evident for such legislation as we have spoken of touching the ballot and corrupt practices; but the elections suggest new dangers and the necessity of recognizing and attacking new problems in our politics and public affairs.

The preceding disclosures as to the outrageous handling of large monetary interests by individual managers of large corporations,—the "rake-offs" and the employment of corruption funds,—all these cut nearly as large a figure in the elections as the boss question and the question of public franchises. To the thoughtful part of the public it is evident that conscienceless and remorseless rich men and the vulgar boss—often in alliance—have prepared the way for a reaction that has brought into deplorable prominence both the demagogue-financier and the rich demagogue-politician. The masses of the people are apt, in their indignation, to "use any stick," as the phrase is, "to hit the bosses" and to beat down the corrupt and corrupting exploiters of public franchises and gigantic corporate funds. These are the days, therefore, not only of splendid victories for the right, but also of prosperity for the sensational financier and the rich and self-exploiting demagogue, who use the wholesome indignation of the people for their own personal ends. Here are ghastly dangers to the Republic.

So while the nation felicitates itself upon and avails itself of the good just accomplished through our system of universal suffrage, our people need to take account of the whole situation and go on

with the work of purifying and upbuilding the State in the spirit of wisdom. It would be well if the sincere devotees of reform causes would say, when impure hands seize the banner of a good cause: "Hands off! We will follow the flag only in clear hands and toward no selfish ends!" But too often the character of the leader, and the motives and quality of the leadership, are forgotten, to the detriment and degradation of the causes involved and of public morals in general.

In the civic battles to come, the need is great not merely of disinterested leadership, but of leadership in thorough sympathy with the ways of thinking and with the needs and legitimate aspirations of the masses of our people. Our politics must be concerned more and more with the practical matters of civic administration; there must be "welfare" government, not according to an impracticable and demagogic program, but in the spirit of conservative radicalism: radical, because thorough and just; and conservative, because whatever is good in existing conditions must be conserved, and because advance must be made through calm investigation and reasonable experiment, by evolution not "spelled with an r."

Among the encouraging features of the recent campaign in various communities was the loosening of tongues that had been tied. In New York the daring leadership of Jerome, with its evident and growing success as the fight thickened, was most refreshingly the occasion of daring in others. In Philadelphia the great revolt of Mayor Weaver opened up the pathway of revolt to every citizen of his party in whom conscience had not been stifled. In Ohio, Secretary Taft's independence led to even greater independence in the electorate.

Another good feature was the active influence of good women; they helped to make that public opinion which controlled

the righteous action of men—above all, the righteous votes.

Still another encouraging feature was the training in independence of the new generation of young men. In Philadelphia, especially, youths who had long seen many of their elders timidly acquiesce in corrupt administration, or mildly and ineffectually deplore it, were in this new era of emancipation started—one may say hurled—upon the path of manly indignation and independence. Let us hope that no young man who started right last autumn will fall into the slough of corrupt politics. For these youths the future has possibilities of enormous usefulness; every man of them is needed.

For it is to be feared that in the future the dangers from the demagogues in American politics is perhaps greater than ever. It sometimes looks as if we were deteriorating as to the character of our demagogues; as if some even of our decent citizens were willing to advance the fortunes of politicians of more disreputable record, of more vindictiveness in their methods, of more loathsome cant and hypocrisy, and of more evil influence, than have hitherto been able to make good men their dupes. In every community there is crying need of men, young and old, who will take a hand in civic concerns, not for the graft that is in them, not merely for the glory that is in them, but in a pure and patriotic spirit and with the love of and the reward of legitimate fame. Our institutions are making such men; two bright examples are now living and greatly honored among us—inspirations to all. One of these men has been the President of our country, and one is now its President. The country that has found and used and honored such men is capable of producing more of the same fiber,—and, in fact, is doing so before our eyes. In this is the hope of America.



OPEN LETTERS

The School City

A NEW EXPERIMENT IN THE SELF-GOVERNMENT
OF THE YOUNG.

A NEW system of moral and civic training has been recently introduced into some of the schools of Boston and vicinity, and your readers may be interested to know something about it. The children in a school building are organized as a school city. They elect a mayor, judge, city clerk, etc., and a city council representing the various wards (school rooms) and authorized to make laws for the government of the school, subject to the provisions of the "charter" granted by the teachers or the school board. The charter secures the right of direct nominations and provides for the initiative and referendum.

The writer was present a few weeks ago when the first school city was organized in Boston by Wilson L. Gill, the inventor and founder of the system. There were seven hundred pupils, all girls of the grammar grades. They were delighted with the plan, voted unanimously and enthusiastically to adopt the Golden Rule as the fundamental law of their school city, supplemented it with various provisions against disorder, destruction or injury of property, profanity, rudeness, unkindness, etc., and showed remarkable discretion in the election of their officers.

The mayor was a bright-faced girl of twelve and a half years. When asked, shortly after the election, what it meant to her to be mayor of Hancock School, she said: "It means to see that every girl is orderly, clean, and good. It means that they must have good conduct. They must be clean and neat in their dress and habits. They must keep the school-rooms and the school-yard neat. And they must be kind to everybody."

"That is a great task. Are n't you afraid of it?"

The answer was prompt and clear: "No, for I think they are all good citizens."

Mary Finn, the judge, said: "I shall warn citizens who don't behave, and if that does no good I shall punish them. They must behave."

The whole discipline of the school is put into the hands of the pupils. The teachers give instruction, and advice when it is needed, and the ultimate responsibility and authority are always with them. But the students make laws and really govern themselves, al-

though there is an authority above them, just as a grown-up city governs itself although the legislature may at any time revoke its charter.

In fact, there is more real self-government in these school cities than in most of our larger cities. For there is no apathy in the school city, no stay-at-home vote, no political machine or boss.

There is no graft in the school city, no boodle on the council, no "understanding" between the police and wrong-doers. The ten-year-old judge and the twelve-year-old mayor are absolutely incorruptible. Habits of good citizenship are formed while the mind is plastic, open to the full force of considerations of right and justice, and free from commercial motives and other influences that in later life so often interfere with the duties of citizenship. The love of liberty is strengthened and ennobled by recognition of the rights of others and the necessity of mutual limitations for the public good. Respect for law and authority is developed. The sense of justice is strengthened and the judicial attitude of mind is cultivated.

The results have been excellent in every way. Both conduct and scholarship are greatly improved. Disobedience is pulled up by the roots. Public sentiment ranges itself on the side of law when the public makes the law. A breach of order is no longer regarded as a defiance of an alien government, but as an injury and an insult to the community. Even the most disorderly schools have been reduced to good conduct by the institution of the school city.

In the first school in which the system was tried an astonishing transformation was effected. It was a rough and disorderly school of a thousand pupils or more in the suburbs of New York. The order was so bad as to require the constant presence of a policeman in the playground. Within a week after the school city was organized good order was attained, and the teachers were relieved from all anxiety as to discipline from that time on. Equally remarkable results have been achieved in a number of other schools.

The character development resulting from civic responsibility is often most remarkable. For example, in a Philadelphia primary one of the worst boys, dirty, disorderly, careless, and low in his class, was elected a member of

council. His teacher "thought the school city hopeless if the children were going to elect such little rascals as that." But six weeks later this "rascal's" principal said to him: "Tommy, I am just delighted to see how nicely you are getting on. You have not been absent once, and you are never tardy any more. You are as neat as a little gentleman, and you have come up in your class from the bottom almost to the top. I am proud of you." The little fellow looked up and said, "You know they expect so much from a member of the city council."

In another school a dirty, disagreeable, tardy, runaway girl was appointed a policeman by the school-city mayor. The teacher says: "The change in that girl is marvelous. She is clean, agreeable, in school every day, and comes on time. She is a new creature." In another case one of the dirtiest boys in the school was put on the sanitary committee, one of whose duties it is to see that the citizens have clean hands and faces. As soon as this boy could get to the school-yard he rushed for the pump, washed his hands and then his face, wiping them on his hat. If he were going to be a sanitary officer, he felt that he must be clean himself. Very likely the children made this selection on purpose. They understand the principle involved and often act on it. For example, the mayor of a large school city came one day to consult with the principal about a very bad boy, the most lawless boy in the school. The mayor said they were thinking of appointing that boy to be chief of police, hoping it would make him a good citizen. The principal approved the plan. The appointment was made, and the unruly boy became at once a good citizen and an excellent officer.

The school city has a beneficial influence upon the children at home and on the street as well as in the school. It improves the morals of the students. It develops honor, respect, and obedience to law. It releases for constructive work much of the teacher's energy formerly consumed in police duty. It gives the students an acquaintance with governmental forms, and prepares for future participation in the civic affairs of the city, the State, and the nation a body of citizens who are informed as to their duties, trained in the

practice of them, and imbued with the interests and purposes of a true public spirit.

The enfranchisement of the children is only a little less important than the enfranchisement of their elders. And the future historian may rank the invention of the school city as one of the most important developments of republican institutions. The educating and developing effects of self-government—the moral and intellectual evolution consequent upon civic activity and responsibility—is one of the most vital principles of modern life, the application of which is by no means limited to adults.

Direct participation in the legislative, judicial, and administrative functions of these miniature republics awakens great enthusiasm among the children, and gives them a vital, practical knowledge of government and human nature. Civic training in early years forms habits of good citizenship that are invaluable in after life, both to the individual and to society. Purity and efficiency in political life, and high character in every relation of life, are fostered and developed by the school city. The school city is to the child what the town meeting has been to New England—a developer of thought and conscience and civic spirit.

The school city has been organized in thirty-three of the Philadelphia schools, and in a number of schools in New York, Syracuse, and other cities. Besides this, Mr. Gill, at the invitation of General Wood, spent two years in Cuba, as an appointee of the United States government, organizing this system in the public schools, to the boundless delight of the children and the hearty appreciation of the authorities. The government has also stated to Mr. Gill its desire that he should do similar work in the Philippines.

The Franklin Institute, President Roosevelt, the Rev. Dr. Josiah Strong, Dr. Albert Shaw, President Eliot, and many other eminent authorities have expressed their hearty approval of the system, and an organization has been formed to push the work throughout the country. Teachers and others who desire publications on the methods of organizing, etc., may obtain it by addressing Mr. Ralph Albertson, Secretary National School City League, Jamaica Plain, Boston.

Frank Parsons.

BOSTON, October 20, 1905.



IN LIGHTER VEIN

Aunt Glory's Marriage Certificate

"YOU ain' neber heard 'bouten dis heah c'tificum business—ain' you, Miss Sally? Lawd, honey, Mose is plumb nigh tu'ned fool 'bouten it—say he gwine had one writ up an' put in er shiny frame, fer mah *Chris'mus gij*'. He 'low it 'll look rale eddicated fer ter see dat readin' an' writin', wid de names o' Glory an' Mose bof jined tergedder, a-hangin' on de wall. But de sword o' de Sperrit sho will come in, Miss Sally, an' 'vide de sheep f'om de goats, 'ca'se ole Glory ain'—gwine—hab—none—ob—it. Here I 's been a-cookin' fer dat no-'count nig-gah sence long afo' de wah, an' a-puttin' up wid all his debilmint; but jes ez sho ez he go ter *tie me down* wid one o' dem dar c'tificums—g' long, chile—ole Glory won't be dar *ter tie*!"

"No, Miss Sally, I ain' er'lowin' ter ac' lak de po' white trash heah in Sleepy Creek, who—he'p me King!—is er-*buyin'* dem c'tificums; an' ef Mose Turnah come in dis cabin wid one o' dem ongodly perceedin's—'fo' de Lawd, Glory gwine 'o git out!"

"You ax how all dis heah fuss come stirred up?"

"Well, honey, one day when I was stan'in' heah in de cabin do', a-puffin' mah ole corn-cob pipe, all peaceable-lak, dere come erlong one o' dem dar meddlin' mens f'om Conne'ticul; an' ez he hed a lean, hongry look, I ax him in de house to tek a cheer.

"Well, he sot hisself down, an' I sees 'im a-castin' his eyes roun' de room, lak he was a-s'archin' fer some'in' nudder—when all ter once he bus' out er-sayin', 'Miss Turnah, whar is yo' c'tificum?'"

"'C'tificum?' I says. 'Lawd, man, what is dat?'"

"'De c'tificum ob yo' mayage,' he say.

"'Well, dat ain' pesterin' me none, mistah,' I says. 'What do hit look lak?'"

"'Why, mah good 'oman,' he say, 'hit am de writin' what show dat you an' yo' husband was 'nited by de law an' de Gospel, an' is determine fer to lib tergedder all de days ob yo' life.

"'I is a preachah ob de Wud,' he say, 'an' I 's come down Souf to show de cullud ladies an' gemmen de right way ter lib. I wants ter sell 'em all certificums, so I 's been a-goin' roun' yo' town a-seein' ef de fust famblys won' buy 'em, an' I heard Mistah Turnah say he 'd lak to hab one.'

"'Well, look heah, man,' I says, 'we hain'

got no c'tificum, an', he'p me Lawd! we ain' gwine git none, nudder; 'ca'se one o' dem c'tificums mek you feel jes lak a kickin' mule in de harniss, an' ef you eber is broke a mule you knows what dat is.

"'Bruddah Lisha Jones, down heah,' I says, 'he got one o' dem fool t'ings when de elder ma'y him to Sis' Lucindy Brown; an' Sis' tole me dat he put it in er *gol*' frame on de wall, an' eb'ry time she see it lookin' at her, an' a-bindin' her lak a fettah, she feel herse'f a-loosin' an' a-loosin' f'om him, twell she jes natchelly could n' stan' it. So she done leab him—an' he a preachah-man, too—an' tuk herse'f off wid dat yaller Jim Jackson, who 'clar' she kin leab when she got er mind ter.

"'Mah ole miss,' I says ter him, 'ain' neber had one o' dem monimints to *her* mis'ry a-hangin' on de wall, an' she an' ole Marse lib down heah on de plantation tergedder for mo' 'an forty yeah; an' what 's good enough fer mah ole miss am jes good enough fer me.' An' I tole dat man she done tell us many time dat it war n't no way fer a Christum ter do—a-partin' deyselves; but you sees, Miss Sally, Sis' Lucindy war n't ter blame fer dat dividin', 'ca'se hit were all de fault ob—de—c'tificum.

"Well, honey, I skeer dat long-legged razor-back so he ain' gib me no mo' direction how to lib wid Mose, but he moobe right erlong, an' say he gwine 'o see Mistah Turnah 'bouten hit; an' dat 's what 's a-pesterin' me, 'ca'se hit 'ould be rale unconvenient fer me to light out jes now.

"You axes what in de name o' common sense I gwine do wid de chillun ef I *does* go; an' how many ob 'em is dey ob us?"

"Now, Miss Sally, you knows dey is sech er pizen lot o' dese heah little niggahs dat, 'fo' de Lawd, I is done los' de track ob 'em long ago.

"De Lawd only know what *is* gwine 'o come ob 'em—no mo' does I know mahse'f. Mose—sho—has—kep'—me—'dustr'ous,' she added in reflective tone, puffing at her corn-cob pipe, "a-habin' all dese heah forty-'leben chillun; an' er fine lot o' rapscallioms dey is—dat's what I calls'em—rapscallioms—'ca'se you knows, Miss Sally, er rapscalliom am er chile what tek arter its *daddy*, an' sho all o' dese heah chillun is jes de ve'y spit o' Mose Turnah.

"You ax how many ob 'em is dey? Well—lemme sec. Hit wah nine—dat—time—when—dey—hab—de—overflow, an' fibe o' dem got drowned. An' sence den, heah come Sapolio, Tooty-Frooty, little spin'lin' Job (Mose

name him dat 'ca'se he 'low he sholy am 'flicted lak de profik, wid *wuss* 'an biles), San'iago de Cuby, an' Hobson Merrimac (dem is name fer de Spaniel Wah); an' den Lastes' an' Leab'er¹ come, an' dey done wind up dis fambly tree.

"You ax what I name 'em Lastes' an' Leab'er fer, Miss Sally? You says you ain' neber heard no names lak dat afo'?"

"No, 'm, I spec' not; 'ca'se *dem* names was med up fer to suit de 'casion. Mose he call dat gal Lastes' 'ca'se he 'low she be de lastes' one ob de bunch; an' den when de udder gal come, I calls her Leab'er, 'ca'se Mose 'low it a-gittin' too hot roun' heah, an' he done leab me den.

"But he done come back ergin—lak I knowed he 'ould—an' seem ter be a-'havin' hisse'f all right till dat der Conne'ticul man come aroun' an' stir him all up 'bouten dis heah c'tificum business, which I is p'intedly—gwine—ter—spile. Yah—heah me, Lawd! —jes—ez—sho—ez—mah—name—is—Glor-iana.

"Dere 's mo' dan one way ter kill er cat; an' jes so, ef er pusson cyarn' rule de roos' wid dey *mouf*, dey mout do it wid dey *foot*. An' when hit do come ter de *las' pinch*, Miss Sally, I is allus moobed by de Sperrit; an' so I good to de meetin' las' night, an' ax de Lawd ter guide dese willin' feet, an' show me what to do. Well, honey, I no mo' 'an gib two or free big groans an' rock mahse'f back an' fof,—'mos' a-tumblin' ober Bro' Lige Willums,—when I heard de Voice f'om on high. An' hit say, 'Glory, don' you stan' no mo' imperence f'om no man, an' don' you gib in to de mashinations ob de debil.'

"So, Miss Sally, ef de ch'ice lays 'tween me an' dat c'tificum, *I is boun' ter be dat ch'ice*; 'ca'se ef not, ole Glory gwine 'bey de Wud what come to her, an'—git out! An' ef she go, she don' tek no baggage, nudder—heah me, Lawd! —fer she *come* to Mistah Moses Deuteronomy Turnah 'outen dese heah leben chillun, an', 'fo' de Lawd, she—gwine—ter—*leab—widout—'em—too*."

Mary Fairfax Childs.

Stop Thief!

WANTED!—for larceny petty and grand
Throughout the world, on sea and land,
In darkest night and brightest day,
Always in the stealthiest way
An arrant vagrant.

He may be known
By the length to which his beard has grown,
His scanty robe, his round bald head
With a single lock in front. 'T is said
Unless he 's seized by his forelock gray
He 's very sure to slip away.

¹ These last four names are borne by little darkies in Albemarle County, Virginia.

An hour-glass is in one hand
Wherein flows never-resting sand;
And he wields a scythe with a fatal aim,
That never fails to slay or maim.
Unnumbered victims have fallen before
This lethal blade in days of yore;
And if for a season life he spares
No treasure is so safe he dares
Not look upon it as his prey.
Nor locks nor bolts avail, they say,
To keep one's wealth from his attack;
And what he takes he ne'er brings back.

He pilfers bloom from beauty's cheek,
The warrior's strength, and leaves him weak;
The poet's fame, the miser's hoard,
The merchant's fleet, the patriot's sword,
All of value, use, or worth,
He takes and buries in the earth,
Where cunning artisans transmute
The spoil to baffle all pursuit.

All peoples of his deeds complain;
Some strive to kill him, but in vain.
No one knows his fixed abode,
Nor when he first took to the road.
He will not pause when begged to stay,
He will not hasten on his way—
But ever keeps the same jog-trot
Whether he be pursued or not.

Who will end this life of crime
By apprehending Father Time?

Tudor Jenks.

The Vicar of Coxall

THERE is a new vicar of Coxall
Whose conduct frequently shocks all,
For he put down his head
When the lessons were read
And snored through the service at Coxall.

There 's a stupid young curate at Coxall
Who is given his slippers and socks all;
If he 'd only been quicker
He 'd have wakened the vicar
And saved all the scandal at Coxall.

There are three prim old ladies at Coxall,
And twisted in curls are their locks all,
Who, too pious to stare
When he snored in a prayer,
Tried to think 't was the organ at Coxall.

There 's a stone-deaf old beadle at Coxall
Who looks after the bells and the clocks all;
He thought something was "queer,"
But of course could n't hear
The snore of the vicar of Coxall.

There 's a moral to parsons and flocks all
In this singular story from Coxall:
When church slumbers invite,
Keep your mouth shut up tight,
Lest you snore like the vicar of Coxall.

Frederick George Scott.

A Walled Garden .

I HAVE a fair walled garden,
The winds are shut outside;
Its every aspect southern,
Though compasses deride.

No fruit of growth so foreign
But in its soil finds room,
And never lift mine eyes in vain
To find some bough abloom.

The flowers gleam like beacons
For butterflies that throng;

Nor doth it lack for nightingales
To jewel it with song.

And where the friendly shade-trees
Clasp hands to arch a shrine,
Are carven all the names I love—
A radiant roll they shine.

The leaves disdain to wither;
And, when a breeze goes by,
They flutter into laughter
Whose echo is a sigh.

At eve, when tent of twilight
Shuts out the spying sun,
I almost hear them whispering
The Thousand Tales and One!

Yet (by a strange enchantment
Their eyes were holden so!)
Some who within my garden walked
Saw only books arow!

Margaret Root Garvin.



Drawn by J. R. Shaver

LATTER-DAY AMBITION

GRANDPA: Now, Madge, it 's your turn for a gallop.

MADGE: I don't care for a gallop, thank you, but I wish you'd be a nautomobile with two men on the box.

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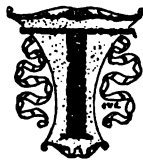
NO. 4

THE BRIBE THAT WENT ASTRAY

BY ELLIOTT FLOWER

Author of "The Unexpected Strike," "The Wall Street Plan," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY ARTHUR I. KELLER



THE only question to be settled was, Who shall hold the money?

The "trolley crowd" was to advance the money, and certain legislators were to get it. There was no misunderstanding as to the amount that was to be put up, no misunderstanding as to what was necessary to "earn" it, and no misunderstanding as to how it was to be divided. The price of each man needed had already been quoted and accepted. But the sum was large, the transaction rather complicated, and the confidence of one party in the other extremely limited. The "trolley crowd" did not care to pay the money and trust to the "honor" of the legislators to "deliver the goods," nor did the legislators care to "deliver the goods" and trust to the "honor" of the "trolley crowd" to pay the money. A man does not always "stay bought" when the purchase price is paid in advance. He may mean to do so when the deal is made, but the pressure of public opinion is often

strong, and there is no way of recovering a bribe that is paid. On the other hand, it is unwise to deliver goods for which it is impossible to collect if the "purchaser" chooses to repudiate. These were all honorable men, of course, and they prided themselves on keeping faith—with each other, but not with the public. Still, it is just as well to protect one's interests in all possible ways. So it always came back to the question, Who shall hold the money?

The "trolley crowd" had planned to put a line through a certain part of the State, and, in fact, had already built part of the line. But there was a marsh that proved most annoying. To cross the marsh would entail a heavy expense; to skirt it would be cheaper, and they could not forget that the marsh represented many miles of country that would give them no traffic. A virtually uninhabited stretch of country gives little encouragement to trolley-road promoters, even when there is a good district on each side of it. In this case the two good districts prom-

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ised an excellent profit, which the space between would sadly curtail. Not that it was not good business policy to make the line complete and continuous, but it was hard to have any part of the territory going to waste.

The "trolley crowd" had gone over the ground many times and discussed many plans, but the marsh was always there to add to their expenses and cut into their profits.

"This line," said Major Butts, "would be nothing short of a gold-mine if we could make this ten miles of marsh produce traffic."

"Of course," admitted Henry Pettison; "but it's the very fact that it won't produce traffic that has left the district undeveloped from a trolley point of view, and has given us our chance to break in. It has stood in the way of progress for some distance on each side of it. But there's a pretty good thing in our plan, anyhow, especially as we will connect with some of our other systems and strengthen our trolley mortgage on the State."

"Oh, yes," returned Major Butts, "it is a pretty good thing, but it is n't good enough. The marsh has kept people away until we got here, but it seems like a personal affront for the marsh not to move on when we're ready to take this stretch into our system."

"It could be drained," suggested Fanning, the engineer of the party. "It would cost a good bit, but it would be worth it to the road, especially if we acquired some of the land in advance."

"There ought to be a good thing in that," remarked Pettison, thoughtfully. "Acquire the land—or rather the water—first, while it can be had for practically nothing. Some of it belongs to the State, you know. Then put the trolley through, and that will lift the price a little. After that we can organize a company to take over a part of the land and drain it all. We ought to win two ways on that plan."

This looked like a big thing to several members of the party, and after a moment of thought they commended it with enthusiasm. It would cost a great deal of money, but men who had financed a big trolley system should have no difficulty in a scheme that promised such big returns as this. It was a big undertaking for big men.

"Don't you think," asked Major Butts at this point, "that it would be better and cheaper to have the State drain the marsh?"

The possibilities brought into view by this question were so great that there was a dead silence, while the various members of the party made mental calculations. If the State would build a drainage ditch to reclaim its own land for sale and settlement, the rest would be easy. They could acquire the rest of the marsh without appearing in the transaction at all, and then bring up the drainage question on the plea of developing the district in connection with the trolley. The trolley plan had not been announced yet, so it could be said that it depended upon this. That would bring all the people of the vicinity to the support of the measure, for they wanted the trolley, to break down the barrier that now existed. And a drainage ditch would be of great value to many of the farms in the vicinity. But each and every one of them knew that these arguments would carry no weight at all, except as they were used as a subterfuge by the men who supported the plan from other motives. It would be a steal of wonderful magnitude; the State would be asked to spend a great sum of money to reclaim a small tract of land for itself and a big tract for the "trolley crowd." The legislation would have to be "greased," and even then it would be advisable to have it put through as quietly as possible, in order that the public might not grasp the real meaning of it until it was too late. The "greasing" would be expensive, but not nearly so expensive as the drainage, and the profits, in connection with the trolley development, would be enormous.

So Major Butts, being the practical man in legislative matters, went to the State capital to look the ground over, and shortly thereafter certain "ring" legislators learned that some one was going to "cut a large melon." It had to be a large one, because they could readily see what it was going to be worth to the promoters.

"It will cost us \$65,000," Major Butts reported, "but it will cost the State \$200,000. We save the difference."

When the "trolley crowd" had calculated the difference and taken another

look at the probable profits, the money was promptly forthcoming, although Major Butts was advised to be extremely cautious as to the method of paying it out.

Then it was that the question arose, Who shall hold the cash?

\$65,000 is a large sum to intrust to the "honor" of any one, especially when there are so many different views of what constitutes "honor." A man who is most punctilious in all the business dealings of which commercial law takes cognizance may prove untrustworthy when so large a sum is left to him without possibility of its legal recovery. On the other hand, a man whose vote is on the market or who is an adept at all kinds of trickery may be absolutely honest in the handling of such a fund. A good many men would rather trust a boodler than a business associate with an uncounted roll of bills. One man's "honor" depends on the law, and another's on the custom of his kind; the unrecorded transactions of one class would give the shivers to another, and in boodling there must be implicit trust somewhere.

Major Butts showed that he had the money, and announced his willingness to do anything in reason to prove his intention of paying it over at the proper time, but he positively would not pay for undelivered legislation. Some of the legislators had sufficient confidence in him to leave the matter in this shape, after actually seeing the cash; but others feared the major might forget, and they were sure they would be too diffident to care to

use strenuous measures to bring the matter to his attention: they preferred to have the cash in the hands of some trustworthy third party. But who? The man who was conducting the negotiations, in order that the law-makers might not be seen too often with the major, charged up two pairs of shoes to expenses and became discouraged.

"How about Billy Creeden?" some one finally suggested.

Billy Creeden had his point of "honor," like the rest of them. He was one of the clerks of the lower house, and he was not above selling perquisites of one kind or another; but he was "square." There were many favors (some proper and some not so proper) that he could do for legislators and others, and he received occasional financial presents, but he always "delivered the goods." Major Butts himself had got inside information from Creeden at times, and had learned to trust him. Creeden was fat and jolly and apparently very frank, and this made him popular with such of the general public as

knew him. He was, in truth, one of the last men who would be suspected of countenancing any crooked work in the legislature, which added to his value to those who knew how to use him.

"Creeden will suit me," said Major Butts, when the suggestion was brought to him, "if he'll tackle the job."

The majority of the "ring" also decided that Billy was all right, if he would tackle the job. There seemed to be some doubt on this score. As before stated, there are degrees and kinds of "honor,"



Drawn by Arthur I. Keller. Half-tone plate engraved by W. Aikman

BILLY CREEDEN

and Billy might readily accept "tips" for information, and even questionable favors, and still balk at handling "real boodle." It was the difference between a misdemeanor and a crime. But he naturally knew all about these things, and it was worth trying.

Major Butts went to see Billy himself. At first he thought of having Billy come to see him, but the wiser course seemed to be to go to Billy. A good deal of interest was manifested in the major's callers, for he had been identified with other legislation needed by men with great corporate and business connections, and this was a matter of such importance that it was advisable to take every possible precaution. The major could go to Billy's rooms with little chance of discovery, and with a practical certainty that no one would note the length of the conference, for Billy lived in a boarding-house and the major at the principal hotel.

Billy was writing a letter when the major called. He put the letter aside and greeted the visitor warmly, but with some surprise: he knew that the major was not making social calls on a mere clerk of the house. Still, Billy did not underrate his own standing as a "good fellow," clever entertainer, and valuable "friend." He stood in no awe of the major, but, on the contrary, gave him the familiar greeting of a friend.

"What 's doing, major?" he asked.

"Something pretty big," answered the major.

"Naturally," said Billy, "or you would n't hunt me up. Want a little advance information on a committee report, if I can get it?"

"That would n't bring me here, Billy," returned the major. "We could fix that up in two minutes anywhere that we happened to meet— hotel lobby, barroom, or anywhere. But this may need a little talk, and I could n't trust it to any one else."

"Let 's have it," said Billy in his bluff way; "and I hope you 're feeling generous, major, for I need the money."

"Oh, I should say that your assistance in this matter would be worth a thousand dollars to me," the major announced.

"Wait a minute, major," cautioned Creeden; "wait till I get my breath. Fifty or a hundred, or even two hundred,

for some favor I could do you might be all right; but a thousand— Why, major, that 's getting big enough to look like bribery."

"Not in the least, Billy," explained the major. "This is something entirely outside of your official duties; so it 's about as far from bribery as anything can be."

"Glad of that!" exclaimed Billy. "Have a cigar, major, to give me time to think it over. I was afraid you wanted me to get a bill stolen, or a roll-call doctored, or an error slipped in, or some other dangerous thing. I always like to favor my friends when I can, but I don't want to be asked to sell out my whole job. Now, go ahead and tell me what 's wanted."

"I want to place a little matter of \$40,000 in your hands, to be distributed, according to agreement, in a certain contingency," said the major, slowly and impressively; "or to be returned to me, in a certain other contingency."

The major paused, and Creeden suddenly lost his light, jocular air.

"Go on," he said.

"That 's all just now, Billy," returned the major; "that 's all, until you say you 'll do it. You were n't born yesterday, and you don't need any explanations."

"What 's it for, major?" persisted Billy.

"You will get full instructions with the money," answered the major. "There are reasons why this money can't be paid in advance, and there are reasons why the money should be placed in escrow before the desired services are rendered. All you have to do is to take the money and pay it out or return it, according to the instructions that will be given you. Will you do it?"

Billy Creeden was no child in legislative matters: he knew exactly what this meant, and, if pressed, he could have made an accurate guess as to the legislation that it concerned. He knew it was bribery—not the bribery of himself, as he looked at it, but the bribery of others, for whom he was to hold the bribe-money. Billy might have found some difficulty in explaining the difference between the presents he got for certain improper favors and the presents legislators got for

certain improper votes, but they did not seem to him at all the same thing. He never had been mixed up with "the real thing" before, although he generally knew what was going on.

"I did n't think," remarked Billy, thoughtfully, thus showing his knowledge of the general situation, "that the boys would do so big a job so cheap."

Creeden smoked and looked at the ceiling as he sprawled back in his chair, and the major smoked and looked at Billy. It may seem strange to the man with another point of "honor" that Billy should have any hesitation about this, in view of the minor industries that served materially to increase his income; but he was really having a fight with himself. Billy



Drawn by Arthur I. Keller. Half-tone plate engraved by S. Davis

"BILLY BLEW SMOKE AT THE CEILING FOR A LONG TIME"

"There is \$25,000 more," explained the major, "that is to be paid direct. Some of the boys are willing to trust me, and some don't seem to want to take any chances."

"Will they trust me?" asked Creeden.

"They have agreed to that," replied the major. "All they want is your assurance that you have the money. You stand pretty well with everybody, Billy."

"Yes," admitted Creeden in a matter-of-fact way; "I'm square in all my dealings. You know that, major."

"If I did n't," replied the major, "I would n't trust you with \$40,000 of good money."

was good-natured and popular. The things that he did added to his popularity as well as to his income, and a wish to be obliging first led him to do many of them. This obligingness helped to make his position secure, so it all worked together in a sort of endless chain. But handling bribe-money was another matter. Billy blew smoke at the ceiling for a long time.

"Suppose," he said at last, "the deal slips up at the last minute."

"You get your thousand dollars, just the same," replied the major. "The cash delivered to you will be \$41,000, of which \$1,000 will be yours, no matter what happens in the House and Senate."

"Now if we get a lot of my handwriting on a big thing, passed by Creeden."

"Why would we?" asked the major.

"What good would it do? We could sit around here in a real live tree. That's why we're coming to you. It's an affair of honor."

Neither the major nor Billy saw the delightful humor of calling a conspiracy to get by money an affair of honor. Perhaps they were too preoccupied.

"I don't intend to tell Billy at last. Now come down to details."

The major pulled the chair up to the table and produced a copy of the roll call of the Senate and House. After certain names there were numbers, and these numbers, he explained, represented hundreds. "5" meaning "\$500," and so on. This would show what sums were to be paid to what people. The payments were to be made when the Hartland Swamp Drainage Bill was passed, or, in case of its failure to pass, the money was to be returned to the major.

"Oh, I knew what bill it was the moment you spoke of money," said Creeden.

"I naturally supposed you did, Billy," returned the major; "which is why I did n't see the need of using real, plain words until we had come to an understanding. Plain talk in the wrong place does a lot of harm. Where are you going to put the money, Billy?"

"Safe deposit box," replied Creeden. "I've had one here ever since the session began."

"Good thing," commented the major. "Big sums suddenly deposited in a bank create comment, but nobody knows what's in a safe deposit box. But you'd better check off your own list of men, Billy; for I don't like to have my figures lying around any more than you do."

When the major had gone, Billy put a package of bills in the inside pocket of his vest, and then added a postscript to his letter. The fact that it would hardly do to follow the major out of the house gave him time to do this before going to his safe deposit box.

This was the postscript:

P. S. You may close the deal for that house, after all, if Briggs will wait for the first payment until I get home. The session has been pretty good so far, and just as I was

closing the letter a man came in and put me in the way of adding quite a bit to the sum already salted away in my safe-deposit box. If things continue lively, I may be able to do a good deal better than Briggs expects; but the last part of luck makes the first payment more than sure, and we can take chances on the rest. So you see, dear, you are finally to have the long-sought pleasure of moving into a house that is your own, at least temporarily; and, as things look now, I guess there's no danger of losing it. There are lots of ways of making money here that you would n't understand, and I only wished to be sure that things are really coming my way this session before yielding to your arguments to buy. I'm glad the chance came just as you discovered a place that so pleases you, with a good yard for the children, and all that. And I know that Briggs is all right.

Your loving husband,

Billy.

The next day, while on his way to the Capitol, Creeden was greeted with considerable warmth by a legislator he chanced to meet.

"By the way, Billy," said the latter, after passing the time of day, "what number am I?"

"Twenty-five," replied Billy, promptly.

"And you've got it?"

"Sure," said Billy.

Thus the legislator learned that Major Butts had kept faith with him, that he was down for \$2500, and that Creeden had the money.

Others asked similar questions, and the answers ranged all the way from "5" to "100," for there were some big men who came high, and there were some little men who were mighty cheap. Of course, it was not necessary for the major to buy all his votes with cash, for some could be secured by political manipulation and some could be bamboozled into supporting his bill; but, all in all, he had made sure of enough to carry him safely and comfortably through both the Senate and the House—"if nothing broke." In these matters, as he well knew, one is never sure that "something won't break" until the work is finally done. But the major had taken more than ordinary precautions, and his bill moved along smoothly and quietly. Thus it would go until it came to the final dash, when the plan was to "jam it through" hurriedly to avoid any possible last-minute complications.



Drawn by Arthur I. Keller. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"AND THEN ADDED A POSTSCRIPT TO HIS LETTER"

At the proper time a delegation from the Hartland Swamp vicinity appeared and urged that this drainage ditch was a great public necessity. Delegations can be secured to advocate any thing, but in this instance the men were entirely honest, for the plan would benefit them, and they did not know all that lay behind it. Their advocacy, while earnest, was unassuming, however, and no one else seemed to be paying very much attention to the measure. It was attacked by those wise and honest legislators who could see the "scheme" in it, but even they did not appreciate the magnitude of the steal, and their protests received little attention from the outside public. So long as the public remained quiescent, the major knew that he had little to fear: it was only under the pressure of public opinion, vociferously expressed, that some of his votes might melt away. Some there were who would stick, but some there always are who may be easily frightened into honesty. It was the knowledge of this that induced the major to put up enough to give him "a margin to the good," as he expressed it. A rebuff at the critical moment, even, a delay, would be pretty sure to mean ultimate defeat; so he planned to be able to lose a vote here and there without losing the measure. He had been cautious, too, seldom seeing the legislators personally, except as he met them casually in public places, and carrying on his negotiations through trusted lieutenants or with representatives of the "ring." So cleverly and carefully was it all done

that it really seemed as if the thing would go through without a hitch.

And that is precisely what happened.

Billy Creeden—smiling, good-natured Billy—came and went, and laughed and joked, and kept their minds at ease by being very much in evidence. Billy knew how they trusted him, but he knew that that trust was not great enough to leave them entirely at ease if he happened to be absent from a session or to break an appointment. The more they saw of him the less occasion they had for anxiety. And \$40,000 in cash that could not be legally claimed might be a very great temptation to an ordinarily honest man. But Billy never even thought of appropriating it to his own use: it was the most natural thing in the world for him to do with it precisely what he had agreed to do. If it had been a public fund, it might have been a different matter. A public fund may be legitimate spoils, but the people back of such a private fund as this are the kind who make money for those who serve them well. Aside from the question of "honor," it was policy to be "square," for the major might easily put him in the way of making half a million in some stock deal at a later day.

So Billy kept himself in view, and the day the bill passed the Senate, having previously passed the House, Billy nodded understandingly to the many who looked anxiously his way, and let it be understood that "to-morrow will be settling day." The legislators were anxious that the melon should be "cut" in a

hurry, for a veto by the governor might materially change the situation. The governor's action really had no bearing on their part of the bargain, being the major's risk, but a veto might discourage him. Anyhow, it was just as well to have the cash in hand. But Billy would be unable to get to his safe-deposit box before the vault closed that afternoon, so they would have to wait until the morrow. Besides, Billy did not wish to be too hasty.

Pettison and Fanning and some others of the "trolley crowd" had joined the major when their measure reached the voting stage of progress. Little was seen of them until the last vote had been recorded, but they deemed it wise to be on the ground at the critical moment, in order that they might take prompt action in an emergency. Men who have advanced \$65,000 to save \$135,000 and make many times that sum, with the possibility of losing the original investment, may be excused for hovering close to the battle-ground, anyway. For the moment this was a center of absorbing interest.

They came from cover with the passage of the bill and discussed the fight and their prospects. It had been so easy that they rather regretted now that they had not asked the State to do the entire drainage job. As it was, the State was to dig the main ditch, which was the really costly part of the work, but they would have to attend to the minor details so far as their land was concerned. It had been deemed unwise to ask the State to do more than that, but now they regretted their modesty.

"The ditch alone won't do the work," grumbled Pettison.

"No," returned Fanning, the engineer; "but the ditch will do a good part of it, and it makes it possible for us to do the rest at a mere nominal expense."

"And we got all that it was safe to try to get," added Major Butts. "If we had tried for more, somebody would surely have got too curious. As it is, you're likely to hear some tall yelling when the people wake up."

"Looks as if some of them were getting excited and worried already," remarked Fanning, indicating a group of men at the other side of the hotel lobby.

"They're waiting for Billy Creeden,"

laughed the major. "Billy is to pay over some of the money,—not here, of course; but I understand he was to show up here this morning before going to the safe-deposit vaults. He must be late."

"That's no case of ordinary worry," exclaimed Fanning, a moment later. "They're crazy, man! dead crazy!"

The major looked again. There were two or three excited groups, and some wild-eyed men running from one to another. There was anger, doubt, bewilderment in the eyes and gestures of many, and a very apparent attempt to refrain from showing unusual excitement on the part of others.

"What's happened?" called the major to a man who was hurrying past.

"Billy Creeden died of heart disease last night," answered the man. "Found dead in bed this morning."

The major was ordinarily quick, but it took fully a minute for the full meaning of this to percolate through his brain.

"Good Lord!" he cried at last. "He's got \$40,000 of Hartland Swamp money locked up in his safe-deposit box, and how the devil is any one going to get it?"

BILLY CREEDEN'S widow arrived at the State capital a few days after the funeral. She was not an entire stranger there, having accompanied Billy during one of the previous sessions of the legislature; but she knew very little of the legislature, and the legislators knew very little of her. They sent some fine floral pieces to Billy's funeral, held at his late home two hundred miles away, and among the letters of condolence that the widow received was one from Major Butts, in which he expressed his great admiration for Billy and an earnest desire to be of service to the widow in any way possible.

Mrs. Creeden was a quiet, demure little woman, very unbusinesslike, and it required the promptings of her friends to induce her to make the trip at this time. She knew that Billy had a safe-deposit box at the capital, and that there was money in it, for he had so written to her; but she had some sort of idea that the contents of this box would be sent to her. However, she was induced by her friends to consult a lawyer about the will, and the lawyer informed her that she was made the sole executrix, without bond,



Drawn by Arthur T. Keller. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"...BILLY CREEDEN DIED OF HEART DISEASE LAST NIGHT, ANSWERED THE MAN"

and that it would be better for her to go in person and open the safe-deposit box. If there were any complications, she could telegraph him, and he would join her; but he anticipated no trouble, as, aside from some trifling bequests to the children, she was the sole beneficiary. So, armed with the necessary papers for her purpose, the widow reached the capital.

Major Butts met her at the station. The major had been having a strenuous time since Billy's death, and he was glad that a former meeting with Mrs. Creeden and his well-worded letter of condolence had led her to regard him as her friend and to notify him of her coming. They were only slightly acquainted, as a result of her previous visit; but she had heard Billy speak of the major, and she was sure the major, as a friend of Billy's, would give her the slight assistance necessary to make matters a little easier at this time. In fact, he had expressed a wish to do this—and the wish was a sincere one. The widow had access to \$40,000 that was troubling the major, and the major did not wish to have any one else helping her to get it: he preferred to have the job done in his own way and in his own time. Incidentally, he did not wish to have it done at this particular moment.

"You are tired," said the major.

"A trifle tired," admitted the widow, "but quite equal to whatever has to be done."

"I could not think," said the major, "of taking you to the vaults now. It may require some little time to arrange matters, and a longer time to investigate and itemize the contents of the box. You must let me take you to the hotel for luncheon first. I have a carriage waiting."

Such solicitude seemed to require gracious acquiescence, and the widow acquiesced. She noticed, however, that she attracted a good deal of attention at the hotel, and she mentioned the fact to the major.

"Yes," he returned; "they know who you are, and Billy was the most popular man here."

After luncheon the major left her in the hotel parlor and went to the office. An observing man might have noticed that he suffered unusually from the heat, though there was no heat. The air was

bracing outside, and it was not uncomfortably warm inside; but the major was perspiring. A little talk that he had with Senator Ratlin in the hotel office did not add to his peace of mind.

"I notice, major, that the widow is here," said the senator.

"She is," admitted the major.

"I notice, also," continued the senator, "that she has not yet been to the safe-deposit vaults."

"You are observing," remarked the major, sarcastically.

"I am," replied the senator, "and I shall continue to be. If the widow pockets that money, major, and you have not previously settled with me, I shall proceed to take the lid off."

"I am doing the best I can," said the major.

"In one way only," returned the senator. "There is more money where that came from."

"I hope to save this," explained the major.

"I hope you do," retorted the senator; "but I do not intend to take any chances."

On the way back to the widow, after interviewing the hotel clerk, the major was informed significantly by another legislator that "things are due to happen pretty soon." The major scowled, but his face was clear and smiling again when he met the widow.

"I have taken the liberty," he said, "of engaging a room for you, and I would suggest that you rest for an hour or so."

"Oh, that is quite unnecessary," protested the widow. "I am ready to go now."

"I could never forgive myself," said the major, gallantly, "if I permitted you further to weary yourself at this time. The strain of recent events and the long trip have told upon your strength severely, and a little rest is of the utmost importance. Besides, there are some preliminaries that I can attend to while you are resting. Really, Mrs. Creeden, you must leave it to me to arrange this matter so that it will involve the least possible tax upon your strength and time. If you will lie down for an hour or so, I'll have you called when I return from my interview with the manager of the vaults."

Mrs. Creeden submitted resignedly. She realized that there might be a little

red tape about securing access to Billy's box, and it certainly was kind of the major to relieve her of annoying details. But the major was merely playing for time. He had emissaries at work endeavoring to get the governor's signature to the Hartland Swamp Drainage Bill, and, that secured, he could afford to laugh at the threats of the legislators.

But the governor was cautious. He was disposed to sign the bill, but he believed he had a political future, and he did not wish to jeopardize it. Certain interested parties, among them Senator Ratlin, had advised him to take his time. As a last resort, the major had secured the influence and assistance of certain men very close to the governor, and they were now laboring to get the desired signature. It may be said for the governor that he had no conception of the real value of this bill to the promoters. He believed that they were entitled to some encouragement in their proposed plan to put a trolley-road through the swamp and connect the districts lying on each side of it; but others might look at it differently, and his future largely depended upon what others thought. So the governor hesitated, and Mrs. Creeden tossed restlessly on the couch in her room, and the major argued with Senator Ratlin while awaiting word from the State-house.

"It is your own fault," said the major. "If you had trusted me, the money would have been paid. You insisted upon having it turned over to Billy Creeden, and now there is \$40,000 locked up in his safe-deposit box, just waiting for the widow to come and take it out. I don't see how you can expect me to get it."

"I don't expect you to get it; but I expect you to duplicate it if you don't get it," returned the senator.

"Impossible!" exclaimed the major. "We can't put up another \$40,000."

The senator smoked placidly.

"Major," he said, "there was \$65,000 to be paid for that Hartland Swamp Drainage Bill, and \$40,000 of this was put in Billy Creeden's hands and seems in a fair way to get to Billy Creeden's widow. The other \$25,000, due to those who did not insist upon its being put in escrow, was to be paid direct; but not one cent of it has been paid."

"Your fault, senator," replied the ma-

jor. "In your effort to induce us to duplicate the \$40,000, you threatened to start an investigation that would uncover the \$25,000 feature; so we could n't afford to pay it over. As long as nothing was paid there could be no case."

"So, as the matter stands," continued the senator, "you have your legislation,—all except the governor's signature,—and we have n't got a cent for it. Major, if you don't settle with us before that \$40,000 leaves the city, the governor will veto the bill."

The major glanced at his watch and wondered how his emissaries were succeeding with the governor. The major could keep his temper and could think and act coolly, but there were occasions of worry when he could not control his temperature sufficiently to look cool, and this was one of them. He was beginning to perspire again. The major was accustomed to plan thoughtfully and have things happen very much as he had planned, and they were not so happening now. He had the governor and the senator and the widow and his own associates to handle, and they all required attention about the same time.

"You may have headed off an investigation by your refusal to pay over the money," persisted the senator; "but there is a newspaper story in the affair,—a fine newspaper story,—and the governor will veto the bill so quick it will make your head swim when the story is published. The governor has n't much nerve, major."

"That 's a bluff, senator!" declared the major.

"I have a newspaper friend," returned the senator, calmly. "He is coming to see me to-morrow, and he would like that story. He could write it up well, too. If this matter is n't settled as I have stipulated in my several conversations with you, there will be series of explosions that will jar things. You have done all the procrastinating that you can do."

The major, deeply worried, went in search of his associates, who had joined him at the capital when matters reached the critical stage. He hoped that the widow was getting a good rest, but he deemed it unwise to make any inquiries. The widow might want to go to the safe-deposit vaults at once. As a matter of fact, the widow did want to go, and she



Drawn by Arthur I. Keller. Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

"THE MAJOR FOUND THAT HIS SPIRITS WERE DOING A SEE-SAW ACT.
THEY WERE DOWN NOW"

was becoming impatient. Instead of resting, she was now sitting by the window, holding a book in her lap, and trying very hard and very unsuccessfully to read. But the major did not know that, and it would have made no difference, anyway: he had to see his associates.

"You 'd better get ready to put up another \$40,000," he told them. "I don't say that it will be necessary, but it looks that way. I can see only two chances of escaping that necessity: the governor's signature to the bill before the widow gets the money, or an agreement by the widow to surrender the cash. Our best chance is with the governor, and that 's not as good as I could wish. So far as the widow is concerned—well, it 's certainly not going to be easy to convince her that the money in her husband's safe-deposit box did not rightfully belong to him. It really looks like a case of more cash."

"An outrageous imposition!" exclaimed Pettison; "a case of highway robbery!"

"Precisely," admitted the major; "but when the robbers have you at their mercy, what can you do?"

"A nice mess you 've made of it!" said Fanning, angrily.

"I do not see how I am to blame," returned the major, warmly. "As a matter of fact, Billy Creeden had no business to die; but he did. Still, if you are disposed to blame me, I 'll cheerfully step aside and let some one else do the sweating for a while. I 've been fighting these legislative hyenas every minute since Billy died; I 've been pulling every possible wire to reach the governor; I 've headed off the widow, and got her cooped up in a room up-stairs; I 've done all the thinking and all the work, and the situation has been of a nature to make me feel that a chill would be a positive luxury. If any one else wants to get into this mental Turkish bath, however, I 'll gladly step out."

"No, no," was Fanning's hasty reply. "You 're all right."

"But we don't want to put up any more money," added Pettison. "It 's a shame to ask it. Still, as a last resort—"

"When we get to the last resort, action will have to be mighty quick," interrupted the major. "Remember that, and be ready for me. We 're getting to a point where the minutes count. I can't coop the widow up much longer."

The major decided that it was unsafe

to leave the widow longer to her own devices, but, before he could reach the desk, Representative Connor backed him into a corner of the hotel office. Connor was the representative of the minority interest—the leader of those who had consented to let their money remain with the major.

"The boys are getting warmer every minute," said Connor. "Billy Creeden did n't have our money. You have it, and we want it."

"Then cork up Ratlin and his crowd!" retorted the major, irritably. "They threaten an investigation that will land us all in the penitentiary, and they know how to investigate. There 's no evidence so long as the money is n't paid. I 've told you that before."

"There 's only one way to cork up the Ratlin crowd," said Connor, "and it 's your business to do it. We relied on you, major, not on Billy Creeden, and it 's your business to do what 's necessary to keep your promise to us. If we don't see the color of your money mighty soon, somebody will begin to tear things loose. There are ways of making trouble, major."

"You 'll get every cent that 's coming to you," declared the major.

"And we 'll get it in a hurry," was the threatening reply.

At the hotel counter another man caught the harassed major.

"The governor," whispered this man, "will not sign the bill to-night. He may to-morrow, after he has consulted his political dream-book, but he 's got to sleep on it one more night."

"The governor is an ass!" muttered the major.

"The governor is a coward and a political trimmer," said the man. "I showed him the promised land, but he 's afraid."

"When the governor wakes up," said the major, "he will find that he has neither wealth nor political prestige. He 's unreliable. To-morrow it will be again to-morrow, unless we can tie him down. Get after him early."

The major felt as if they had raised the temperature of the steam-room a little, but he smiled and pretended to be at ease when Mrs. Creeden came tripping out of the elevator. He had sent up his card, expecting she would receive him in the

parlor, but it was evident that she expected to start at once for the safe-deposit vaults.

"I thought you 'd never come," she said; "and I am most anxious to have the matter settled, so that I can return."

"I was delayed," explained the major, speaking truthfully for once: "a most important matter, involving a considerable sum of money, and it required my immediate attention."

"I am sorry to have put you to so much trouble," said the widow.

"I am delighted to be able to be of service to you," returned the major. "I only regret that a matter that could not be neglected has delayed me until it is too late to get at Billy's box to-day. We can go the first thing in the morning, however. Shall we return to the parlor, or would you like to take a drive? An hour in the open air before supper might refresh you."

The widow was disappointed, and she showed it. Still, she did not blame the major. He had been very kind, and doubtless he had important personal interests demanding his attention. She was not in the humor for a drive, however; so they returned to the parlor, and later had supper together. The major was most attentive and sympathetic. He led her to talk of her plans, and again expressed a wish to be of service to her in all possible ways.

"Billy had charge of a little deal for me at the time of his death," explained the major. "Perhaps he mentioned it."

"Yes," returned the widow; "Billy told me something about it in his last letter. At least, he told me that some one—I presume it was you—had put him in the way of making a considerable sum of money, and on the strength of this I bought a house."

"You bought a house!" The major had been encouraged by her first admission to think that it might not be so difficult to convince her that Billy was merely custodian of the fund, but the purchase of a house was disquieting.

"Well, I agreed to buy it," explained the widow; "but I don't know what to do now. It 's one of a block of three," she went on with the utmost frankness. "If I could buy all three, I could live in one and get the income from the other two:

but one won't help me very much, if it takes all my money."

"You don't know how much is in the vault, then?" queried the major, anxiously.

"Only that it is a considerable sum."

"What would you call a considerable sum, Mrs. Creeden? Pardon the question, but I have a reason for asking."

The widow knitted her brow in perplexity.

The major smiled, but his heart was sinking. This little woman was ingenuous and unsophisticated, but she had faith in Billy, and it would be difficult to explain.

"Suppose," he remarked a little later, "I should tell you that there was a trust fund in that box—a large sum that was temporarily in Billy's custody."

"I shall certainly carry out any of



Drawn by Arthur I. Keller. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"THE MAJOR WAS ELATED, AND HE ASSURED HIS ASSOCIATES THAT IT WOULD BE ALL RIGHT"

"I don't know," she said at last. "Billy was always so truthful that I think I'd consider whatever he left a considerable sum. I've simply made up my mind to be satisfied with what I find."

"I should think you would be," said the major, under his breath.

"But I would like to get those other two houses," added the widow, wistfully. "Then the children and I would be comfortable."

Billy's obligations," said the widow, and the major's spirits rose. "Of course," she went on, "anybody who gave Billy money to keep must have a receipt." The major found that his spirits were doing a see-saw act. They were down now.

"Why, the fact is," said the major, "it was a confidential matter, and Billy had such a high sense of honor that no one thought of taking the precautions with him that would be taken with others."

"I can readily understand that," said the widow.

"However," persisted the major, "so far as this particular sum is concerned, I can give the denominations of the bills, and I can also give an exact description of the memorandum that accompanies it. That ought to be convincing."

"Yes," admitted the widow, hesitatingly, "that ought to be convincing."

"If I prove to be absolutely correct in every detail," said the major, "you will permit the fund to be used for the purpose intended, will you not? Of course, we shall expect to pay handsomely for your custodianship."

"I certainly do not want anything that did not rightfully belong to Billy," said the widow, with a troubled look; "and, as you say, an exact knowledge of the matter would be very convincing. I'll have to trust a good deal to you, major, for I don't know anything about business."

The major was elated, and he assured his associates in the hotel lobby that it would be all right. If the major could have seen what the widow was doing, he might not have been so certain. She was so unsophisticated that the story the major had told had not seemed to her improbable. Indeed, Billy's talk of legislative affairs had led her to understand that the ordinary safeguards were frequently lacking in financial transactions at the capital, but she never had troubled her head about the reason for it. Now she did. It was evident that there was a large sum in Billy's safe-deposit box that had no certain owner. She wanted to be honest about it, but she wanted to be sure. She had been almost convinced in her talk with the major, but now, as she turned the matter over, it occurred to her that possibly the problem was a little too deep for her. So, while the major was losing the steam-room effects of his strenuous day, this telegram was speeding from Mrs. Creeden to her lawyer:

"Come at once. Important."

The next morning the lawyer arrived, but his presence was not made known to any but Mrs. Creeden. After his conference with her he might have been seen to chuckle, after which he informed himself confidentially, "I guess that will jar them a little." The lawyer knew something of legislative ways. He did not

tell the widow what he knew, but he assured her that the money undoubtedly belonged to Billy, and he told her how she could demonstrate it. The lawyer could not see that anybody had any legal claim to the cash, and he was of the opinion that it would do the widow more good than it would any one else. Besides, it was a good joke. The lawyer laughed then, and he laughed afterward. He said some time later that it restored an impaired digestion.

About the time that the lawyer concluded his conference with the widow, Senator Ratlin was having a little talk with his newspaper friend. The senator thought it was time to "throw a scare into the major," as he expressed it.

"Major Butts," said the senator, confidentially, to his newspaper friend, "can give you a great story, if he will—a regular screamer. Just ask him what was found in Billy Creeden's safe-deposit box."

The senator knew the major to be a resourceful man, so he was confident that the newspaper man would not get the real story. But the major would understand whom he should see to settle the matter finally and properly, and he would know that no time was to be lost. The senator put himself where he could be found, and waited to see the perspiring major hastening in his direction, for he knew the major would perspire when that question was put to him.

It so happened, however, that the major was in a private room at the safe-deposit vaults when the newspaper man was trying vainly to find him. In front of Mrs. Creeden, who sat near the major, was Billy Creeden's box.

"Before you open it," said the major, "I would like to give you this type-written memorandum of certain of its contents. If it proves correct in every detail, it will be proof of the truth of what I told you about a trust fund."

The widow looked very innocent and guileless.

"I know so little about business," she said, "that I have decided the matter ought to be referred to some one else."

"A wise precaution," said the major, anticipating no trouble in securing the selection of a satisfactory referee, and



Drawn by Arthur I. Keller. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

"HE SWORE, AND HE REACHED OVER AND GRABBED THE FOLDED MEMORANDUM HE HAD GIVEN HER"

further realizing that any objection would seem suspicious.

The widow took his folded memorandum and laid it on the box.

"Without opening either of these," she said, "I propose that we take them to the judge of any court of record in this county and leave the adjustment of the matter to him. I shall be satisfied—"

The major did two things with startling suddenness: he swore and he reached over and grabbed the folded memorandum he had given her. The major decided instantly that some wise person was behind this demure little woman, for she certainly never would have thought of a judge of a court of record.

The widow, as she drove back to the hotel, decided that the major had been trying to swindle her; the major decided that his business was to see Senator Ratlin at once. He found the senator waiting for him. His plan was to hold the senator off until he could get word from the governor, and then, if the governor failed him again, to accept the senator's terms. They were close to the finish now.

"I thought that newspaper boy would bring you to terms," laughed the senator.

"What newspaper boy?" asked the major.

The senator suddenly lost his jovial air and explained the situation. A stray newspaper man with a sensational "tip" is enough to make any boodler anxious. They could see no way in which he could do serious harm, but it was disquieting to have him disappear. They started out to find him. An hour later they accidentally discovered that he had met the widow immediately after her return from the vaults, and the major went to the widow's room without the formality of sending up a card.

"Did you tell him what you found?" demanded the major.

"Certainly. Why not?" returned the widow.

The major made no reply. He could not have made a reply that it would be proper for a lady to hear. But he and the senator paid a cabman a considerable sum for fast driving in their effort to locate the newspaper man. He usually wrote in his room or in one of the press galleries at the Capitol, but he was at none of these places; nor could they find him at any of his usual haunts in the

city. If the major did his customary trick of perspiring at this time, he had the consolation of knowing that he was not the only one. Large sums were slipping away, and danger was threatening.

They found their man finally at the telegraph office. In order that his story might be sent "running," he had written it at the elbow of the operator.

"Great stuff!" he told the senator, cheerfully, as he handed in his last sheet of "copy." "Widow did n't know what the money meant, but I did. Rushed up to get an interview with the governor,

and he 's writing his veto message now. Wants to get it in before the story 's printed. Say, but that Hartland Swamp Drainage Bill is dead!"

"And we 've all lost—all except the widow," sighed the major.

"And she 's going to buy a row of three houses," said the newspaper man. "Told me so herself." The newspaper man laughed. "Pardon my frankness, gentlemen," he went on; "but this is the first deal of this character that I ever knew to come out exactly right."

They had n't the spirit left to reply.



A SEA-GHOST

BY CALE YOUNG RICE

OH, fisher-fleet, go in from the sea
And furl your wings.
The bay is gray with the twilit spray,
And the loud surf springs.

The chill buoy-bell is rung by the hands
Of all the drowned,
Who know the woe of the wind and tow
Of the tides around.

Go in, go in! Oh, haste from the sea,
And let them rest—
A son, and one who was wed, and one
Who went down unblest.

Aye, even as I whose hands at the bell
Now labor most.
The tomb has gloom, but oh! the doom
Of the drear sea-ghost!

He evermore must wander the ooze
Beneath the wave,
Forlorn, to warn of the tempest born,
And to save—to save!

Then go, go in and leave us the sea!
For only so
Can peace release us and give us ease
Of our salty woe.



THE RUNAWAY

BY MARSHALL ILSLEY



WAS extracting my feet from arctics in the dim red light of the narrow hall, when the door of Mrs. Belter's private parlor opened an inquiring crack, and then the round, amiable, white face of Mrs. Belter mooned upon me, and without a word her dramatic hand bade me enter. When fairly out of my wraps, inside the room, and the door prudently closed, she broke out, "I must tell somebody."

"Somebody who can be trusted," suggested I, with the ardor with which I loved to play up to her dramatic moods in a comedy that afforded us amusement, however it might impress an outsider.

"Don't be so everlastingly vain," she tossed back, as she composed her abundant person on her sofa near the fire. Mrs. Belter was a woman of parts in more senses than one: she sailed with convoy; there were always multifarious wings, annexes, and appendages to her toilets in the way of floating Liberty-scarfs; of fringed silk shawls of marked cohesive qualities that make them cling to everything but the body they adorn; of soft white chuddas that one adores to feel; and of metallic trappings like the cross bearing gold chain, the indispensable eye glass cord, and a large bland cameo brooch, or a quaint Roman mosaic pin and pendants bearing witness to nothing less stupendous than the Colosseum and the Arch of Constantine. To all this she added a trick of catching up a black and Roman striped afghan, and swathing herself in it when stepping into

the garden; and long before box-coats came in for women she would affect my covert-cloth as the handiest garment for a confidential evening stroll in the neighboring park, where no amount of lamp-light daunted her, however it might her companion. She lived in a breeze, and her gowns were invariably of thin, voluminous silk.

"You know all I want," she continued, "is a pair of ears, and whose else can I command at this time of night?" As the mellow tones of the big city-hall bell were booming an early ten when I put my latch-key in the door, our conference had not the conspiring, midnight character her words implied. Her soft-coal fire had fallen to a magnificent glow, and the deep rosewood chair, with red velour cover and a firm pillow at the back that just fitted me, was drawn up before the grate opposite to her sofa. "And I am sure your feet are cold," she asserted with maternal solicitude.

"I shall sleep better for toasting them," I assented, "if your spoils and stratagems don't produce too swelled a head."

A smile was playing about her mobile lips and delicate nostrils. "Many things have happened in this house," she began, "but nothing before quite like this."

"This very night?" I queried, all attention, stretching my feet to the gratifying glow, and tuned to unlimited confidences.

"Not an hour ago; but only the first act."

"I can't stand suspense, you know."

"Well,"—Mrs. Belter drew herself up to her most Orphic pose, her face full of amused mystery,—“it was nothing more nor less than—let me see, what shall I call it?—than simply a runaway.”

“Is that all?” I scorned. “An elopement, and you party to it?”

“Oh, dear, no; nothing so common as that! I’ve turned away dozens of those. They’re always coming here, as if I kept a Scotch tavern. This was a lady alone.”

“Who has run away from her husband. And you would inflict that yellowness on us!” I mocked.

“Don’t be so obvious! I’ve shut the door in the face of shoals of that kind, too; they’re commoner than elopers. It was nothing so cheap,” Mrs. Belter triumphantly exclaimed. “This lady has run away from her millions.”

“Her millions? Her millions of husbands? Or her husband’s millions?”

“She has n’t any husband, and that is the trouble. From her father’s millions. It is Miss Upples.” She wound up without further parry, fixing me with her blue eyes, and staying her laughter, for this time there was no comedy in the sufficient wonder with which I received the announcement.

“I know of only one Miss Upples,” I gasped.

“There is only one Miss Upples,” Mrs. Belter retorted.

“Well?”

“Well!” she echoed, leaning back dramatically before showering me with the delightful laughter that came at last. What a world bathed in rosy light, if one half its denizens could extract from it such laughter! “Ah, but why should I laugh?” She caught herself up. “It is not comic; it is pathetic—it is tragic: but then it is—” Mrs. Belter gave me a look rich with meaning.

“Miss Upples, the daughter of Gad D. Upples, run away?” I demanded.

Mrs. Belter cast her eye circumspectly at the closed door. “I was sitting here alone at about half-past eight. Mattie had gone to her room, and I had taken up the morning paper,—for it was the first minute I had had to myself all day,—when Libby came to say that there was a lady who wished to see me alone on business. ‘Alone’—that always demands a stiff upper lip, so I stiffened; when in

fluttered a tall, vague, distracted, crane-like creature, in a short sealskin with high astrakhan collar, a large black-plumed chapeau, the face swathed in a dark veil, while the black-gloved claws clutched a big, bumpy, black-satin bag drawn up with a ribbon. The poor thing wavered and trembled, dropping into that little chair by the door as if her knees had collapsed. ‘This is Mrs. Belter?’ she gasped. ‘Can you take me in? That is, I should like to come here and board.’ ‘I beg your pardon.’ ‘Excuse me—of course you don’t know me.’ She pushed up her veil, and I saw then who it was. ‘I am Miss Upples.’ Poor thing! her beak was red, her eyes were hollow from weeping, her cheeks green, her lips white. She looked sixty, if she looked a day.”

“Dear Mrs. Belter, be merciful!” I cried.

“I am not exaggerating one particle. The woman is forty, and looked twenty years older.”

“Say fifty.”

“I won’t. You never saw such a worn, haggard, scared countenance under that great, clumsy, heavy ostrich-plumed chapeau, as if the bird of night had settled upon her. She always wears too big hats.”

“I have seen her look almost aristocratic,” I threw in; “for she dresses well, as a rule.”

Mrs. Belter pressed up her lips. “She gets on too much.” This stone from a glass house gave me an inward spasm. “Well, there she sat tremulous and wordless, and I let her take her time to collect herself. ‘You can take me, can’t you?’ she finally gasped. ‘I don’t know what I shall do if you can’t—at this time of night.’ I told her I could, for you know the Braxleys are away, and she could have their room for a while. By this time she was on the verge of tears, and had her handkerchief out. So I got her out of her furs, and fished for hat-pins, while the tears were running down her face, and then got her on to the sofa. Libby came to say the lady’s trunk was at the door; so that was sent up-stairs, and there she was—installed!”

Mrs. Belter paused, and looked at me with a troubled, questioning smile. “You are good and kind,” she broke out; “I shall tell you everything, for you must help us.”

"And you did n't allure me in here merely for my pleasure, then?" I exclaimed.

She would n't stoop to notice my mocking, and continued: "The long and short of it is, she has run away. She could not stand it any longer."

"Does he beat her?" I asked. "Or has he married again?"

"Nothing of the sort. There was no climax, no quarrel, no words, no last straw, apparently; only the time had come. He has gone up-river for a few days, and she took the opportunity to escape in cold blood—with cold hands, certainly; I never felt such icy claws. She has two hot-water bags now—one at her feet and one clasped in her hands. You need n't look for yours; I took it out of your wash-stand. Poor child! it is a plan she has been brooding over for years. She sat here, and poured out her heart to me as she never has, I am sure, to any one else. And now look here." Mrs. Belter leaned forward and put her hand on my arm. "This is serious, do you understand? You are sworn to secrecy. That old gnarled hickory-stick, her father, has n't any more heart than a piece of stove-wood. Old miser! Old tyrant! He has treated her all these years like a child, like a slave; she never has had a soul of her own. Can you imagine?"

"But, my dear Mrs. Belter," I protested, "I have seen her dressed magnificently, and does n't she go everywhere?"

"Clothes! Yes, that is all she has. He clothes her and feeds her, but a woman's soul can't live on clothes and victuals. He pays her bills and grumbles. Every item has to be explained, and she has not one cent for charity, for clubs, for travel, to indulge her private, personal fancy. When she goes to the lake for a day she asks him for car-fares. If she goes to the theater, she must beg him to buy her a ticket, and he never buys but one. If a friend is with her, it is a Dutch treat. Think of such a life for a grown woman—the degradation, the humiliation, the abasement, living in that magnificent house, knowing what her father has, and rich in the eyes of the world! Can you conceive it?" Mrs. Belter was standing, for expression always got away with her; she needed a large stage, for motion was imperative. "A paid servant with

fixed salary and stated duties is independent and self-respecting compared with that woman," she continued.

"And so she has run away," I pitied. "And is she as gentle and sweet as she should be after such self-suppression?"

Mrs. Belter switched round at me. "You silly! Sweetness and gentleness are not grown in such gardens. Poor child! She is her father without his will—but I may misjudge her."

"But what does she propose to do?" I asked.

"Anything, anything," she says wildly, and you know what 'anything' means. 'I have nothing but my clothes. My father never will forgive me—never! Oh, you don't know him, Mrs. Belter. He never will speak to me. He will be thankful he has n't my bills to pay.' 'My dear Miss Upples,' I protested, 'he is your father; he can't be indifferent. He does n't realize.' 'You don't know him,' she iterated. 'He does n't care any more for me than if I were a doll. He will come to meal after meal, and never speak a word. I sit there and hear him eat. If I make a remark, he simply looks at me. I try to tell him of where I have been, of what I have done, but he never replies. Could you live if you had no one to talk to? Sometimes I wish I were dead. He will hardly know I am gone; it will just be a relief. Oh, I know my father! There is only one thing he thinks about or cares for.' 'But, my dear lady,' I said, 'sometimes we misjudge those nearest to us. When he understands—' 'Never, never!' she broke in. 'He never will see me again; but I can support myself now. They say he can't disinherit me,—that is, Minnie Flanders says I could break the will. I don't care; he will live for years—his father was ninety. I can support myself reading aloud to invalids, or go as traveling companion—I know a little French, and I have always been dying to go to Europe; or I could take up my china-painting—I once decorated a fish-set with sea-moss, which was exhibited at the exposition. Lots of people said I ought to have got the prize. If you would let me help here with the housekeeping for a few weeks while I look about, I would be satisfied with any room. I may have to do fine sewing. I love to hem-stitch and make buttonholes. You know

buttonholes cost fearfully, and now they are wearing so many buttons. I knew a very nice girl, just as cultivated as she could be, and of nice family; she was in my class at Miss Dadd's. She had everything elegant then,—a great deal handsomer than I had,—silk petticoats, and real lace on her clothes—well, her father died, or absconded, something dreadful happened—I don't know—anyway, she and her mother were left in straitened circumstances, and she supported herself making buttonholes."

I was getting now what I had been bidden for—the only, the inimitable Mrs. Belter. She gasped, she hurried, she stumbled. I heard the wan, high voice; I saw it all—even the fish-set done in sea-moss.

"Why do you harry me?" I wailed. "What am I to do? Am I to marry her?"

"Oh, you men!" she scorned. "Perhaps you think, with Minnie Flanders, that any old will can be broken. My plan is harder than that. Of course she must go back."

"Go back!" I pitied.

"Go back, without a soul knowing of the escape. Is there any other solution? You must see him; you must arrange the treaty."

"My dear lady, is this Macedonia—is this Sicily—are you a Taney? Can't we help her to be free? Would n't it be more sensible to—to—"

"More amusing? Yes, it would be more amusing to see this little hysterical outburst foam out like a Seidlitz powder; to see her shame when she realized her utter helplessness. It would be amusing to see her try china-painting, or fine sewing, or buttonholes; to see her discover that the demand for readers to invalids, and traveling companions who know a little French, is somewhat oversupplied; and in the end it would be delicious to see the old hickory-stick come and say in brutal scorn to the cowed creature: 'Come, Grace, don't be a fool: you're ready to come home now.' It would be amusing to have the town ring with it, everybody laughing and the papers from one end of the country to the other taking up the tale; for Gad D. Upples's name is known from Dan to Beersheba. It would be lovely for my house to figure in it; it would be

amusing to see the little woman"—she was half a head taller than Mrs. Belter, but no matter!—"go back to her prison covered with shame and mortification. It would kill her."

"And yet," I said, "what do you propose?"

"I don't propose to make a scandal; I don't propose to ruin her life, but to make it."

If you could see Mrs. Belter at her best! Mrs. Vincent, Mrs. John Gilbert, could not surpass Mrs. Belter's best. She would have given joy to thousands if she had only chosen—let me say it—the boards rather than boarders. In the flow of feeling she was moving dramatically about the room in her soft draperies and floating appendages, ostensibly to straighten a chair or two, but really to give play to her emotions. And there are people so dull as to predicate vulgarity, commonness, of any beautiful, copious, forcible expression off the stage; as if to bottle up the expression did not kill half the feeling, half the fun.

"Poor child!" she continued, "she is as innocent as a babe unborn of what is before her. She does n't know what publicity and laughter are. She thinks her flight rather romantic—giving up her millions for independence, when all she wants is to be loved."

"And you want me to fetch the old man?"

"Yes, yes; who else can I turn to? You must show what is in you. I can't go chasing after him; besides, I must stay on guard. Not a soul shall know she is here, if we can help it."

"Libby knows."

"Libby does n't know who she is, or why she is here, and Libby can be trusted not to blab."

"And what is my rôle?"

"He has gone to Branchbrook on business, and will be home some time to-morrow. You must see him as soon as he arrives and open the case."

"Let me bring him here," I cried, "and you talk to him like a mother."

"I mean to—he shall know what I think of him before we are through." Mrs. Belter was forcible. "Only we must n't get him too mad; but we have got to fight her battle for her. She could n't hold out two minutes. We

have got to get him to promise what he will do before he is allowed to see her."

"Does she know of your plan?"

"Not a word of it. I agreed to her wildest propositions—even to the price of the little west bedroom when Mr. Mixon goes. I insisted that she should take a day to consider things, before any one was made party to her flight."

The fire needed replenishing, and I had sat until the little glass clock chimed twelve before I got to my own room with a head rather too swollen for immediate sleep. Men like to tell of the night before their first battle: the palpitating hours in which they measure their courage, and try hard to blink certain possibilities, certain chances, certain ends. H'm! Gad D. Upples! I was to face that old pirate in the guise of knight-champion for—of all absurdities—his own daughter; to negotiate terms of ransom! From laughter and fear my bed-springs shook.

II

THE name of Upples, though known from St. Louis to St. Paul, figured larger in the commercial than in the social world of Blaireau; but any school-boy there could have told you who he was, where he lived, what he was worth, and how he had made his money. The fair crown of all the aberrant magnificence of Mayflower Avenue was the Upples mansion—or the "Upples palus," in local parlance. Set in a spacious lawn that stretched from street to street, on the crest of the long hill, it reared its gray rock-face, limestone towers, turrets, tourelles, topnots—what you will, of heavenward projections, lumpy Norman, indigestible, primeval, cactus-like architecture—twelfth-century necessities and unregenerate baronial pride turned to express crude heaps of nineteenth-century cash, and a dearth of culture and the humanities nothing less than abysmal. On each side of the entrance reclined a stone lion of benignant countenance, the image, ingenious youths declared, of the mild pastor of the Presbyterian church; and, except for an ax-hewn fountain and some fine elms, the broad grounds were devoid of ornament. There were no borders of red geranium, or crescent beds of coleus, or circles of canna,—the indispensable embellishment

of every other lawn,—or any shrubbery, and through most of the summer the lawn as sadiy needed trimming as its owner's beard and mane.

You were told that Gad D. Upples was the richest man not only in the city, but, most persons declared, in the State. He had begun with one steamboat on the river—but that was n't the beginning: the real beginning was a barrel of Jamaica rum; but still back of that was the barefoot boy on a rocky hill-farm in the State of Maine, on the New Hampshire border. Maine is a mother diligent to inculcate thrift, and not a few of her sons have succeeded in laying up treasures on earth.

However, if it had n't been rum, it might equally well have been a load of junk; any nest-egg would have served Gad Upples. He knew the secret of pilled rods of poplar. One steamboat begot others, and boats begot elevators, and elevators sent out sporadic shoots of rail-ways, and railways took to themselves townships of virgin timber, and townships of virgin timber always go into partnership with legislatures, and legislatures send senators to Congress. All Upples' eggs were fertile, and all were hatched; he never made sponge-cake.

The only loss he ever met with was the loss of his wife, and that came at a time when he could afford it. After she had worn herself out saving for him, when she might possibly have become a spender, might even have become an expensive invalid, she passed economically away. She was a tall, patient, hard-working, long-handed helpmate, who had served her apprenticeship teaching school before she was married, and she began her wedded life in cooking their own beans and brown bread, reseating her good man's pants,—she never knew any other name for them,—and darning his big wool socks. She cut up old table-cloths into napkins, and she sponged and remade the one proverbial black-silk dress more than once. She was very tired when she died. Grace was then seventeen, and able to assume the cares of housekeeping.

It was shortly after his wife's death that, for some unfathomable reason, Upples built the stone "palus" on the Avenue, and moved from the comfortable enough, though shabby, frame house on North Eleventh street, where he had

lived for years. The reason, though, I fancy, was not so unfathomable as Blair-eau used to imagine. The block on the Avenue had more than doubled, and doubled again, in value in the twenty years Upples had lived there; the land alone would pay over and over for the castle; and as for the old Eleventh-street neighborhood, that had gone down in value. Figure it out as you would, however, there was still a mystery. The new house might possibly have been a business venture, but why had he held the old house tenantless all these years, the windows boarded up, the verandas sagging, the steps rotting, and the paint scaling from the walls? When the street had been graded, the place was left with a five-foot bank across the front, which had remained unchanged all these years, an ugly red-clay cut between the neatly grassed slopes of the neighboring places. The out-of-date, countrified picket-fence was propped up and strung with barbed wire, and the gates were nailed fast, secure even against Hallowe'en predations. The garden became an annual source of contagion, from which spread a plague of dandelions, plantain, dock, and pigweed over the whole neighborhood, to the rage of every amateur gardener, and to the emolument of numerous small Polack weeders. The place was nothing less than a scandal and a reproach, though not technically a "nuisance." Together with the great stone palace, it rounded out the man's character to the popular imagination: for one typified his wealth, and the other his meanness.

III

"DOES N'T she really care for him? Is n't there any regret, any hesitation, any shame, a trace of natural piety?" I asked of Mrs. Belter. I had swallowed a hasty dinner, and was going to beard the lion on his arrival from the North.

"Poor child! she is too excited over the novelty of her situation to begin to regret. I can't make out that she really cares for anything very much, unless it be for dress and for eating; the other emotions, apparently, have been starved to death."

"How under the sun, in a day, can you make that out?"

"Little things betray one. Even Libby,

who took up her trays, remarked her anxiety about her food, and her questions as to what we usually had for dessert; and she told me, with a sigh, that she should miss dreadfully her handsome clothes. I fancy our hearts wither up without exercise, don't you? This revolt will be the making of her; there is a spark of longing for something human."

"And she still thinks her father won't come for her?"

"So she believes. I have kept her secluded to-day, and no one suspects she is here; but she declares now that she is rested and prepared to meet people. If we are to get her back without a scandal, you must bring the old man to terms to-night."

"And he will damn me for interfering," I sighed.

"Of course," Mrs. Belter cheerfully assented; "but that is your opportunity."

I PACED the sidewalk in front of the broad, frozen lawn for fully five minutes before a cab turned into the sweep and drew up by the ministerial lions. I saw the tall figure alight, with his fat valise in hand, and, after settling with the driver, let himself into the deserted palace. As soon as the cab had creaked out over the icy gravel, I advanced and rang the bell. For some minutes no one responded, and I fancied an excited maid-servant already in a flood of incoherent explanation concerning Miss Grace's absence. After a decent pause I pressed the button again, and soon one valve of the high, clumsy, brutal door opened a crack, and I was confronted by the dark form of the master of the house silhouetted against the light of the hall.

"Well, sir, what do you want?" he demanded with a suspicious insolence of tone—perhaps of my imagining, but which wholly obliterated every first sentence I had planned, thinking to be ushered into his office after he had inspected my card. As he did not offer to let me in, I was forced to parley with him through the doorway; so I gave briefly my name and business connection, stating when and where I had met him. He stood aside at this and allowed me to enter, closing the ponderous door with an ogreish bang behind me. He was still in his long, faded fur-lined overcoat, with his high,

visored sealskin cap drawn down to his fierce brows, his mustache above his beard spangled with drops of moisture. He piloted me down the large hall, dimly lighted by one gas jet held aloft by a bronze female posed on the fat newel, and turned up the light in his bare white-walled den, to which the decorator had never penetrated. He pulled off his coat, and dropped into a swivel-chair before a big roller-top desk, leaving me to seat myself if I chose.

Upples was a tall, ramshackle figure, with high, narrow head covered with a grizzled mane. He had a big beak of a nose; ugly, high-cut nostrils, to be distrusted; and deep-set, lead-colored eyes overhung with shaggy brows. His strong yellow teeth behind the grizzly beard looked as if they could bite hard.

"Well, sir?" he said briefly, fixing me with his stony eyes.

"Mr. Upples," I began discreetly, "I don't want you to begin by misunderstanding me. I am not a reporter. I have come here, at the request of a lady, merely to deliver a message in which personally I have no concern. I have come from Mrs. Belter; you probably know who she is." This sounded like the smooth adventurer, but it was the best I could do.

He nodded assent, without speaking.

"Well, sir, your daughter went to her last night, and asked her to take her in. She is at Mrs. Belter's now; I came to apprise you of the fact."

His eyes did not swerve. "Did my daughter send you here?" he demanded.

"No; Mrs. Belter asked me to come."

"Why should that old woman come between me and my daughter?"

"She has not. Your daughter went to her, and begged her protection. She claims to be unhappy in your house, and wishes to be independent."

"Good God!" the old man exploded, "who are you to come to me about my daughter? She never left this house of her own accord. This is some damn scheme of blackmail and seduction. I won't hear a word you have to say."

I thought I had myself well in hand, ready for the onslaught, but when the explosion came my gorge rose instinctively and I found my voice trembling. "You had better hear—it is for your in-

terest to hear. There is no blackmail about it."

"What have I done that my daughter should leave me? Has n't she had everything she wanted? Don't she live in the finest house in town? Don't she spend a fortune on dress? And who pays the bills? Tell me that. She has been abducted, and they won't get a cent out of me." His fists were closed hard and fast.

"You can believe me or not; but it is true, all the same. Your daughter left this house of her own free will, and is now at Mrs. Belter's. No one knows it—"

"I don't care who knows," he broke in roughly. "There is some trick, some scoundrel, at the bottom of it. Grace is a good girl; she's my only child. Why should she leave her father's house unless she's crazy?"

"You do care who knows," I cried; "you care for your reputation; you are not going to have it said that you have driven your only daughter out of your house because you were too mean to take care of her."

"Lord!" he yelled, with a string of strong river oaths. "Are you crazy? Am I crazy? What are you talking about? I driven my daughter out?" The idea of his having ever made her unhappy, of her having now revolted, could n't take on the slightest form of rationality. "It is some scheme to get money, and they won't work me."

I tried to explain, but his brain was impenetrable; and the more I talked, the more I felt like taking his old, skinny turkey-neck in my two hands and wringing it hard, as the only convincing argument. "Come," I said, "and see for yourself. I have delivered my message." He still hung fire. "You are her father; blackmail or no blackmail, seduction or abduction, your daughter is at Mrs. Belter's, and, what is more to the point, no one knows of her being there."

Finally he rose, hesitated, glared at me again, and then took down the fur-lined coat; and as we left the room he did not forget to turn down the hissing light.

IV

MRS. BELTER was magnificent, her mouth tense, her eyes unswerving. "You may stay," she said to me, and with the same

authority to Mr. Upples, who remained standing without offering to remove his long coat, "Pray, sir, take off your coat and be seated."

"Is my daughter here?" he demanded.

"Will you be seated?" she replied firmly, with a dignity that could not be disrespected.

He slipped out of his coat and dropped it on a chair. "I would like to see my daughter," he said sulkily.

"I am sorry, sir, she is not prepared to see you."

"What right, madam, have you to come between me and my daughter?"

"Miss Upples is her own mistress; she is free to do as she likes."

"And you mean to say she won't see me?" The old man was on his feet again, reaching for his coat.

"Mr. Upples, won't you listen to reason?"

He turned testily on her. "What do you want? What does she want? Who has put her up to this? I have n't done anything." He was honestly bewildered; it was an exigency no corner, or deal, or legislative committee had prepared him for. "I came home, just as usual; Grace had n't said a word—why did n't she say something? If she has n't been drawn into this, she is crazy. I tell you, I know my daughter."

"There you are mistaken," Mrs. Belter said. "You never have known your daughter."

"She 's a fool. What does she expect now—that I will support her out of my own house?"

"She does n't expect it."

"What will she live on?" he returned incredulously.

"She will support herself," Mrs. Belter replied with decision. "I had visions of buttonholes and of fish-sets in seaweed."

"Damn it! she never showed any disposition to support herself before this." He smiled grimly. "She can't earn her own shoe-strings. She don't know the value of a dollar. She would spend money like water if I would let her."

"You never would let her," Mrs. Belter commented dryly.

"This is a game of blackmail! How do I know what my daughter wants? Why don't you let me see her?"

"Because I won't let you trample on

her in my house." Mrs. Belter was quiet, but her tones would have brought down the galleries.

"Very well." Upples got on his feet again. "She may stay here. I give her four days—just four days; after that she need n't come whining round my doors. I mean it." He picked up his coat.

Mrs. Belter also rose. "Mr. Upples, don't spoil your life and hers too. This is more important than any trust you ever went into. You have n't anybody else in the world belonging to you: she has n't any one but you. You have both made mistakes. Don't go too far. No one knows your daughter is in this house; the time to settle it is now."

The old man turned and looked at Mrs. Belter. He hesitated; his lips worked, and I could see his big, hairy hand tremble. The strangeness of his trouble closed in on him; he threw down the coat. "What do you want me to do?"

"Be good to her; that is all. She believes you will be glad to get rid of supporting her; that is what she thinks of you; that is the side you have turned toward her. You are"—Mrs. Belter broke off short; she was on the verge of plain words, but only her eyes finished her sentence.

Upples winced. "Did Grace say that? How could I know if she did n't open her head? I thought she had all she wanted."

"Wanted?" Mrs. Belter scorned—"wanted? Do you think a woman *wants* to scheme, and crawl, and beg, and connive, and contrive, to work a great, big man for every cent she spends—*wants* to feel that he owns her body and soul? Do you think that makes for freedom, for character, for happiness? You are not the first man who has treated a woman like a little dependent child—like a slave, almost. Are you surprised that such women draw a long breath when their masters die—that they never taste life until then? It is pitiful—it is horrible! The best thing your daughter has ever done is to break away from such a life: she has not had all hope crushed out of her. And you think you care for her, and for twenty years you never have cared *that* for her pleasure or her happiness—never once!"

"I do care for her; I am not the kind

to talk about those things. Her mother never felt toward me as the girl does.

"How do you know how her mother felt?" returned Mrs. Belter, boldly.

"If her mother were to come to-day, she would find everything in her old home just as we left it," the man said solemnly. Could he have added anything—any explanation of the mystery of the old house; could he have expressed his own motives and feelings? I doubted it. I divined some crude spiritualism, some spirit of atonement, some loyalty to relations past, as the origin of the mummied house; and these feelings gradually transformed into an obstinate habit that made change impossible. We persist in doing extraordinary things simply because we have begun to do them. I could not imagine that the old man's affection for his wife persisted with sufficient force to swerve him a hair's breadth in any decision, action, or plan of to-day. Every man cherishes mummies under sealed stones, unaware that they have become dust and ashes.

The victory was not gained in a minute. Mrs. Belter almost gave up, but finally her patience and tact were rewarded.

He said, "I will give her what she asks for."

"She will never ask for anything. Is that kindness?"

"I will give her what she needs, but I won't have her wasting my money. I have n't any money to throw away."

"It won't be *your* money—it will be *her* money. What will you give her to do with as she likes?" Mrs. Belter leaned toward him, coming down to business. Her eye flashed to mine as witness.

"I will give her thirty dollars a month and pay her bills."

"She would rather pay her own bills."

"I will give her sixty," the old man said with an effort.

"You will give her five times that," declared Mrs. Belter, firmly.

The old man jumped up. "I won't! You can't say what I shall do. I can't afford it. I won't, I tell you!"

"Of course I can't; but if you are a rich man, as people chatter—"

"It is all lies, all bosh, the veriest rotten talk, what people chatter."

"Well, I don't pretend to know or to guess about your affairs; but a man who

could not give five per cent. of his income to his only daughter does not deserve her respect or affection." Mrs. Belter wound up magnificently. "Whom else are you living for?"

Upples glared at her. Casting per cents. was not a long process in his mind, and he knew that three thousand dollars was not one half of five per cent. of his income. "Tell Grace to come down," he said.

"You agree, then, to allow her two hundred and fifty a month?" said Mrs. Belter, definitely, as if concluding a bargain. I thought of the three thousand dollars that he was said to have paid for one vote in the legislature that passed the U. & O. franchise bill.

"It will ruin me," he muttered.

I left the old man alone; his face was purple. Mrs. Belter went to Miss Upples. That poor lady declared her father never would forgive her. "But he has forgiven you," Mrs. Belter assured her. "He wants you to come home; he will make you independent: he did not realize you were a woman grown."

"You don't know him: he may promise to be kind, but he never will give me a dollar to spend. I would rather not go back. He never will let a man come to the house."

When Mrs. Belter assured her that her father had definitely named a sum of money, the poor woman's eyes opened. It sounded to her like a fortune; she was dumfounded. Money was so wholly the key-note of their lives that if he had not come down to figures, neither would have felt that anything had been accomplished. Dollars measured the affection on both sides. "I believe he must care for me, after all," Miss Upples sighed weakly.

When she went down there was no embracing. The old man said grimly, "Well, Grace, are you ready to come home and let bygones be bygones?"

"Mrs. Belter has been so kind—" she broke out tremulously.

"You'd rather stay with her, would you?" he said jocosely, as little children are spoken to. "We've made out together for forty years; we might try it awhile longer."

She smiled feebly, and turned to Mrs. Belter. "I suppose I had better go to-night?"

That good woman had bid me call a

carriage, and it was at the door. We made a pretty mystery of the departure. I smuggled the hand-bag and cloak into the carriage, and Mr. and Miss Upples walked out as if they had been making an evening call. At the steps a thought came to him. The old man turned and

said to Mrs. Belter magnificently, "You can send your bill to me."

Grace sent her a handsome black-onyx pin set with a spray of lily-of-the-valley in pearls.

"As suitable to my age," said Mrs. Belter, with a twinkle in her eye.



"THE STICKING-PLACE"

BY FRANCES DUNCAN

WITH PICTURES BY J. R. SHAVER



OVE at first sight does not often obtain in Dorset Centre; an engagement is not entered into lightly, but soberly, in the fear of a change of mind, and after long years of careful deliberation. Such, at least, was the case with Silas Hollister and Martha Webb.

There was no little awe mingled with the admiration which Silas felt for Miss Martha. She was a tall, powerfully built woman, with poise and placidity of bearing. The light-brown curls on her forehead were always elaborately arranged, and the large, somewhat prominent gray eyes depressed Silas by their aloofness; for they shone from behind rimless eyeglasses—the only pair in Dorset Centre. There was about her a touch of elegance no one else in the town possessed, and of which Silas was helplessly aware. She played the melodeon with an air of easy mastery, and her voice could be heard in the prayer-meeting hymns above all others. On Sundays Miss Webb sat in the railed-in place at the left of the platform and shepherded the choir,—now supporting the soprano, now helping the bass over stony places; and if the tenor, Lonny

Bassett, grew suddenly alarmed at heights, she came to his assistance. Sometimes she sang solos in a strong, masculine voice.

For fifteen years Silas had been Miss Martha's escort. He took her to the church socials and "sugar-eats" and paid for her at the ten-cent suppers of Dorset Centre. Sometimes he went with her to prayer-meeting, but not often; that was too bare-faced an acknowledgment of his feelings and, besides, presented special difficulties. Miss Webb played the melodeon, and the long walk from the vestry door to the seat in front which her high position necessitated, the hush which succeeded the creaking of the vestry door, the dozen or more inquiring bonnets turned to see who had come in, Mrs. Tripp's large spectacles, which were instantly focussed upon him—all this might well have deterred a bolder spirit than Silas. It was better—far better—to be waiting outside and to step beside her when she came out, as she always did, with Aunt Maria and Aunt Marcia Prescott.

Silas Hollister in his youth had not been prepossessing in appearance, and now the bald spot on the top of his head was gradually increasing its diameter and his kindly blue eyes were irresolute; but his

mustache might have belonged to the fiercest of Italian brigands. In the earlier days, when Silas first found Miss Martha's charms potent, this striking feature had been balanced by thick black hair; but the crowning glory had departed, and only the mustache was left, a relic of former grandeur.

"Seems ter me," remarked Deacon Harding to the little circle of men who sat about the big stove in the Dorset Centre store, toasting their feet and exchanging bits of gossip—"seems ter me that Sile Hollister's mustache takes too much of his strength. P'r'aps," he added meditatively, as he watched the little man go down the steps and tuck himself into the delivery-wagon (on runners for its winter duty), where the stately figure of Miss Martha was already ensconced, "ef it was cut off, he might git up spunk enough ter ask her."

In the other town council, the sewing society, much the same opinion prevailed. The ladies met on Thursdays, and in the winter, in order that they might stay to prayer-meeting, provided themselves with a supper, which was served in the dining-room at the rear of the vestry; and when, afterward, with skirts carefully pinned up and covered with aprons of generous proportions, they washed the dishes in the little kitchen adjoining, Martha's affair was sure to be discussed.

Maria Prescott always superintended the dish-washing; Mrs. Tripp was not allowed to take part in this operation. She could scarcely see the hymns when she held the book within a foot of her eyes, much less be sure that every speck was off the cups; but she was not one to miss so excellent an opportunity for information as this ceremony afforded, so she went back and forth with dishes from the little kitchen to the dining-room. She set a tray of silver on the dining-room table, where Mrs. Worthington was carefully bestowing the forks in a Canton-flannel case. (Mrs. Worthington's sister had given this silver to the society and so she took a personal interest in seeing that it was properly cared for.)

"Say," remarked Mrs. Tripp in an impressive whisper, fixing one eye on Mrs. Worthington's spectacles, while its fellow cast an apprehensive glance toward the kitchen, where the tall, thin figure of

Maria Prescott bent over the dish-pan, "Marthy 's goin' to marry Sile Hollister pretty soon."

"H'm-m!" sniffed the other. "Emmeline Tripp," she added with emphasis, "I 'll believe *that* when I see 'em stand up before the minister." And she rolled up the case of forks and tied the red tape with a jerk.

"Well, it 's so," declared Mrs. Tripp. "When Sile got his mail at the office last night he said, 'I guess I might 's well take Marthy Webb's too,' an' he kind o' smiled as he said it. But that ain't all," went on Mrs. Tripp, breathlessly. "I was in to see Maria and Marcia when he brought it roun' to the house. There was jes the 'Recorder,' an' he showed Marthy the notice of Sim Parker's weddin'—an' that 's gettin' pretty near the subject fer Sile."

"H'm-m!" was again Mrs. Worthington's comment—"near 's he 'll ever get. Lord knows, it ain't Marthy's fault. It 's nothin' but that Hollister shiftlessness. His father was just like him; forty years ago Merrill Hollister was wantin' to buy that piece of meadow-land Henry sold to Colonel Davis. Well, Merrill 'lowed he wanted it, and then he 'lowed he did n't want it just then, till Henry got clean tired out and let the colonel have it. If I was Maria Prescott, I 'd 'a' had Silas propose to Marthy fifteen years ago," she finished emphatically.

"'Man proposes, but God disposes,'" said Mrs. Tripp, sententiously, with her one available eye fixed solemnly on Mrs. Worthington's face.

"When a man is such a shilly-shallyin' creature as Sile Hollister, the Lord expects the woman to propose," returned the other, decisively; and her teeth clicked shut like a steel trap, for the subject of their discourse appeared in the doorway.

The day after this discussion at the sewing society, Silas was standing in the Dorset Centre store, his back to the group about the stove, where gossip and plug tobacco pleasantly mingled, waiting until Luke Simmons had distributed the mail. He looked through the glass squares of the post-office boxes, idly watching thirteen-year-old Marietta's air of blasé impatience as she snatched a packet of letters from her father's slow fingers, and then stood on a bench poking them into the

proper pigeonholes with a pert alacrity which kept old Luke in a state of humble admiration. Silas crossed the store, passed under the row of dangling boots with red-flannel lining temptingly dis-

bring out my mail, do yer? I dassent leave this horse."

Silas looked at the old white horse, standing as if it hoped never to move again, grinned and nodded, and withdrew



"DAD BLAME 'EM ALL!" EJACULATED SILAS, WRATHFULLY, AS HE LOOKED AFTER THE RETREATING PUNG"

played, and was leaning on the candy-counter reading the labels of the patent-medicine bottles which lined the shelf behind, when he saw Deacon Harding's horse drop into a walk as he turned in from the street, and, in spite of the deacon's efforts, saunter leisurely up to the store. The deacon was beckoning to Silas.

"Silas," he called as the little man appeared at the door, "yer don't want ter

into the store to wait his turn at the post-office window, where young Marietta's flaxen head had just appeared.

"Hev a lift, Sile?" inquired the deacon, as Silas came up beside the green pung with a letter in his hand.

"Don't care if I do," he responded, climbing into the sled. "It 's from your Joe," he remarked as soon as he was seated. "It 's postmarked 'Schenectady.' He 's at college thar, ain't he?"

But the deacon stuck the letter in his pocket without comment.

"Silas," he said with gravity, when by dint of persuasion the old horse had got into his deliberate trot. "I hate ter see people sufferin' if I can help it."

"So do I, so do I," responded the little man, cordially.

"I thought you 'd feel that way. Marthy Webb," the deacon went on. "may have patience enough ter stand on a monyment, as the hymn says, but the other women-folks ain't built that way. Now Emmeline Tripp is clean distracted, and she 'll have that nervous postponement they tell about if you don't propose ter Marthy pretty quick."

Silas was speechless.

"It 's one thing ter let a little grass grow up under yer feet; but, good land! man, you 've been lettin' the whole town grow up under yourn. My Joe was a baby the year you an' Marthy began keepin' comp'ny, an' he 'll be votin' in a couple of years."

Silas's mustache bristled and his face flamed while he strove in vain for words. "I intend to marry Miss Webb—" he said at last stiffly.

"That 's the ticket!" broke in the deacon, delightedly; "jest say that to Marthy, and it 'll be all fixed—"

"When it 's it is—when I git round to it," Silas finished in wrathful desperation.

"There, there, Sile," said the deacon, soothingly, laying a big, fur-mittened hand on the other's arm; "don't mind an old fellow's nonsense. I know it 's skeery business askin' a girl; I was scart to death when I asked Electy. It 's jest like goin' in swimmin'. Yer see the little fellers shiverin' on the bank, stickin' one foot in the water, an' then pullin' it out ag'in; but by an' by you see 'em out on the pier divin' off into the river easy 's pie. 'T ain't so bad after yer once try it."

Silas was somewhat mollified, but remained silent until the deacon pulled up at the Hollister place, the horse stopping at the slightest suggestion.

"Good night, deacon; thank 'ee fer the ride," he said rather frigidly, as he climbed out of the sled. "Ain't goin' ter the supper ter-night, be ye?" he added, with an effort at politeness.

"Guess so," returned the old man,

affably. "Silas!" he called as the other was turning away. "there 's a passage of Scriptur I want ter leave with yer."

"What is it?" asked Silas, suspiciously, facing him again.

The deacon's blue eyes twinkled. "It 's in Genesis: I was readin' there this mornin' when I come to it. 'That 's a message fer Silas,' I says.—'*Call the damsel, an' enquire at her mouth.*' There 's nothin' like actin' out Scriptur in yer daily life. Silas. Gwon!" he said to the horse, and jogged down the road.

"Dad blame 'em all!" ejaculated Silas, wrathfully, as he looked after the retreating pung. Then he followed the narrow foot-path through the snow around to the back door.

Mrs. Hollister was setting out the shining, empty milk-pans on the kitchen table.

"There 's the paper," said Silas, shortly, as he threw it down on the table and picked up the milk-pail.

"Silas," began the little woman, "yer did n't see—" But her son had slammed the door and gone out to the congenial solitude of the cow-shed.

"Dad blame 'em!" he repeated vindictively, as he hitched the stool into position. The cow looked around in mild surprise, for, in a fit of absent-mindedness, Silas had tied her tail, as he did in fly-time, to the string which dangled at the back of the stall.

But, as he milked, the deacon's "message" kept ringing in his head with exasperating insistence.

"I 'll ask her ter-night, so I will," he declared; "an' we 'll git married as soon as she wants, jest to spite them old gabbers," he told the cow, who seemed to sympathize.

"Ain't nothin' ails yer, Silas?" asked his mother, anxiously, as she watched him parting his hair at the kitchen looking-glass. "P'raps yer ought n't ter go ter the supper ter-night. Yer look kinder peaked an' fevery-like. Hev yer got cold?"

"Naw," answered Silas, and went on with his toilet in outward calm.

"It 's *got* ter be ter-night—it 's *got* ter be ter-night," he kept repeating to himself as his footsteps crunched along the frozen road. "Seems 's if there was a piece about suthin' 's '*got* ter be ter-night.' Mebbe I c'u'd say that; mebbe that 'u'd help. It 's—it 's—it 's 'Curfew Shall

Not Ring Ter-Night!' That won't do," he went on despairingly. "Oh, Lord! how 'll I ask her! Why don't the girls do the askin'? They would n't mind it a bit; they never mind speakin' pieces, when any feller 'u'd ruther be licked; an' Marthy 'd jest as lieves marry me, anyway." Silas's footsteps slackened as he neared the Webb house. "Ef I can't git it out goin' ter the church," he thought, as he went reluctantly along the path to the side door, "mebbe it 'u'd come easier goin' home. Mebbe the supper 'd kinder limber me up."

At last he stood on the porch, scraped his feet carefully, and then rang the bell. Martha was waiting for him, her light-blue "fascinator" already on. Silas thought he had never seen her look so handsome. There were some bead things on the fascinator that caught the light like diamonds.

"Aunt Marcia and Aunt Maria 's been down to the church all the afternoon," said Martha, answering, as she supposed, the unspoken question in Silas's face.

"Marthy," he breathed as they stepped out into the frosty air, "yer—yer look—"

"Pshaw, Sile!" she responded; and then added, "We 'll be late, I 'm afraid."

The streets of Dorset Centre do not favor lovers. The two ruts in the middle of the road are made by the horses and the sleigh-runners; there is no intermediate track made by a single horse, for in Dorset Centre the shafts for a single sleigh are fastened in a lop-sided fashion, so that the horse is directly in front of the near runner. A sidewalk is dutifully and imperfectly plowed by the selectmen, but in the winter every one in Dorset Centre walks in the middle of the road, in the full glare of the moonlight, and the two ruts are just too far apart for confidences. People usually walk single file.

"There 's goin' to be a quartet to-night—me and Thirza Billings an' the two Bassett girls. Lonny Bassett 's goin' to play the cornet, and Thirza 's goin' to sing a solo," went on Miss Webb in her strong, placid tones, utterly oblivious of the passion which was striving for utterance three feet away. "Aunt Maria took down some beans and a lovely cake, and—"

"Marthy," broke in Silas, in a hoarse, strained voice—"Marthy, will you—oh, Lord!" he gasped and stopped.

"Why, Sile," said Miss Webb, turning to him in blank astonishment, "what 's the matter?"

"Rheumatiz," responded her lover, briefly, after a short pause—"rheumatiz."

"Does it hurt bad, Sile?" she asked solicitously. "You oughter rub turpentine and oil on the place. You take two parts of turpentine, one of camphorated oil, and one of ammonia. You never tried that, did you?"

"Naw; 't would n't do no good," said Silas, curtly; but he wistfully thought what a nurse she would make.

"Henry Worthington 's been awful sick; they 're goin' to have a doctor from Manchester. It 's nothin' but liver trouble; he 'd oughter take swamp-rut," Martha chatted on while Silas dispiritedly screwed at his courage, which, like a new E-string, dropped a little just as he thought he had brought it to the pitch.

"Marthy," he tried again tremulously, "it—it—it wa'n't all rheumatiz. I—" but there were bells close after them, and Silas had to step behind his companion to let the sleigh pass. It was Deacon Harding's.

"Hev a lift?" the old man called out cheerily. "You an' Sile c'n stan' on the runners, Marthy."

"I guess not," answered Miss Webb; "it 's only a little ways to the church now."

"Marthy," the deacon called back, turning half round in the sleigh, "don't let Sile fergit the verse o' Scriptur' I left with him."

"Dad blame 'em!" ejaculated Silas.

"Why, Silas," said Miss Martha, "how you talk! What was the verse? Was it for Christian Endeavor?"

"Naw," said Silas, and relapsed into hopeless silence, only breaking it at the church door.

"S'pose I 'll hev ter go home with yer?" he asked.

Martha nodded stiffly and went in.

The supper was already in full swing when Silas entered the vestry and seated himself at one of the two large tables which stood at the back of the room. Toward the front the chairs still maintained their prayer-meeting aspect, their backs turned as resolutely on the scene of frivolity as Lot's wife's should have been on Sodom. Silas caught occasional

glimpses of Martha among the white-aproned girls who waited on the tables: that she was still allowed to act as a waitress on these occasions was a fine tribute to Martha's youth. The women's talk rattled back and forth across the table, but Silas was oblivious; he applied himself to his mince-pie and baked beans with a dogged resolution which would have carried him far in his love-affair. "How I c'u'd relish the victuals ef I c'u'd

I c'n say, 'Marthy, it 's hard work goin' up-hill; 'u'd you jest 's lieves marry me?' An' ef *that* won't come out, when we git by Deacon Harding's I 'll say his verse ef I bust."

"Kees her, keees her; I 'll not te-ell.
Dew it again!"

chirruped Thirza, who was studying elocution.

"Them girls!" muttered Silas, disgust-



"'I 'VE CAU-AU-AUGHT HIM-M!'"

only hev got it out!" he thought ruefully; and his mind went back to a day in the past summer when one of his young turkeys had nearly choked to death, and he had worked an hour over it with a loop of horse-hair before he could get out the big worm that was stuck in its throat. Silas knew now how the turkey felt, and wished with all his heart that Martha had used a horse-hair loop. "She 'd oughter know what 's stuck in my throat," he mused.

An entertainment followed the supper, but Silas gave it scant attention. Thirza Billings sang, Lonny Bassett played the cornet, and the children "spoke pieces"; but Silas heard them not. He was planning his campaign. "It 's got ter be ter-night," he said to himself whenever he felt his courage oozing. "When we git outer the church, an' 're goin' down the hill, jest as we git ter the big elm I 'll say, 'Marthy, yer don't want ter marry me, do yer?' An' ef I can't git it out then, when we git ter the railroad track I 'll say, 'Marthy, there 's suthin' I wisht I was on the other side of'; an' ef I can't git that out, when we 're goin' up the hill

edly. "Like ter see a feller stan' up an' speak that!"

At last the quartet rose to sing, and Martha took her place at the organ, Thirza Billings behind her, a Bassett girl on each hand. Silas was all attention. The song, as he caught it, was something about some frogs that were pursuing a beetle. "I 'll catch him!" shrilled Thirza in the refrain; "I 'll catch him, I 'll catch him," echoed the Bassett girls, faintly; "I 'll catch him!" came in Martha's sonorous voice. The next verse went on even more pleasantly, and again in the refrain, "I 'll catch him, I 'll catch him, I 'll catch him," in descending thirds; then a pause, and Martha's heavy tones boomed triumphantly, "*I 're cau-au-aught him-m!*"

There was a clapping of hands, then a hush, and then a subdued titter ran around the back of the room. Silas was oblivious; he was gazing, rapt, at the beaming face behind the organ.

DEACON HARDING had just driven his old horse up from the sheds when Silas

and Martha came out of the vestry. The green pung was standing beside the horse-block, the deacon had climbed out, and was making his way up the narrow path to the vestry door.

"Hello!" the old man called as he met the pair. "Congratulate ye, Sile!" he said, laying his hand on Silas's shoulder and speaking in a loud whisper. "It was a leetle onusual way ter tell folks about it thet Marthy took, but we wuz all

mighty glad ter hear it. There 's nothin' like actin' out Scriptur', Silas," the deacon called back as he passed on in quest of his wife.

Silas went down the hill in silence. "Dad blame 'em!" he said at last helplessly.

"Don't you care, Silas," said Martha, comfortingly; and in the shadow of the big elm she bent and kissed the little man.

And Silas did n't care.



THE PORTRAITS OF KEATS

WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THOSE BY SEVERN

BY WILLIAM SHARP

Editor of "The Severn Memoirs"

IN point of date, the first likeness of Keats is possibly the profile drawing in charcoal by Joseph Severn, now in the Forster Collection at the South Kensington Museum. Mr. Buxton Forman specifically states that it is the earliest of Severn's drawings of Keats from the life, and neither in the Severn manuscripts (memoirs, journals, notes, and fragmentary addenda) nor elsewhere have I found any conflicting evidence. If it could be proved that Severn knew Keats in 1815, there would be less dubiety as to this drawing having precedence over Haydon's first sketch. Severn was habitually inaccurate in minor details and particularly in dates, and as he advanced in years this characteristic became more marked. There is strong likelihood that Severn knew Keats in 1816, though whether early or late in that year is uncertain. In his autobiographical manuscript entitled "My Tedious Life" he explicitly says that he was first introduced to Keats in 1817. But elsewhere he as explicitly stated that his first meeting with Keats

was in 1813, oblivious of the fact that Keats had not then come to London "to walk the hospitals." The poet came to London from Edmonton early in 1815; and if another manuscript statement by Severn be exact ("When I first knew Keats he had already turned from hospital work, though in truth he had hardly more than begun his career of medicine"), we could conclude that the two young men had met before the close of 1815. But in the earliest of his manuscript allusions to his first acquaintance with Keats he says "it was in 1816."

If, then, this notable and most interesting sketch was made prior to November, 1816, it must rank as the earliest known portrait of Keats. Otherwise precedence should be given to the rough but boldly distinctive sketch which Haydon drew of his young friend and admirer at this date (November, 1816). This sketch was made in Haydon's manuscript journal, and has been admirably reproduced in Mr. Buxton Forman's library edition of Keats (Volume

¹ We desire to acknowledge our obligations to Mr. Buxton Forman, for permission to include the portraits here reproduced from his library edition of Keats (published by Messrs. Reeves and Turner, London); and also to the Rt. Hon. Sir Charles Wentworth Dilke, M. P., for the use of the likenesses credited to him, which he courteously took much trouble to have specially photographed for this article; and to Nigel Severn, Esq., for similar courtesies. — THE EDITOR.



SEVERN'S CHARCOAL DRAWING OF KEATS

In the Forster collection, South Kensington Museum. After the engraving by Henry Meyer, published by Henry Colburn, London, 1828.

III, page 44). It was probably made between November 20 and 30, for we know that Keats's beautiful and enthusiastic sonnet to Haydon, beginning,

Great spirits now on earth are sojourning,
was written on November 19-20, immediately after his first meeting with the famous painter; while in Haydon's manuscript journal for November is this sketch, with, below it, in Haydon's handwriting,

"John Keats by B. R. Haydon." There is an interesting note at the bottom of the folio page, also in Haydon's writing:

Keats was a spirit that in passing over the earth came within its attraction [*then some deleted words*] and expired in fruitless struggles ["to regain his former height" *deleted for*] to make its dull inhabitants comprehend the beauty of his soarings.¹

This fine profile head was a sketch for the portrait of Keats introduced by Hay-

¹ The use of the past tense would seem to indicate that Haydon inserted this note in his journal for November, 1816, subsequent to Keats's death in February, 1821, and (probably) that he then inscribed the name of the poet and his own.

don into his large picture of "Christ's Entry into Jerusalem," now in St. Peter's Cathedral at Cincinnati.¹ This portrait appears to have been considered an excellent likeness by Armitage Brown and others.

Severn's first charcoal portrait, then, whether done in the winter of 1815-16, or later,—and my own conviction is that it was drawn in 1817,—may be the earliest actual portrait of Keats, as distinct from a mere sketch. It is of extreme interest, not only as giving us an idea of a painter-friend's impression of Keats as he was when he "first came as a poet into his kingdom of youth and romance," but from the further warrant it gives to the authenticity of the invaluable life mask. This charcoal portrait was first reproduced, in an engraving by Henry Meyer, in Leigh Hunt's large imperial-quarto volume entitled "Lord Byron and Some of his Contemporaries," published by Henry Colburn in 1828. Severn considered the plate used by Leigh Hunt as a "caricature" of his drawing; and unquestionably the reproduction of the original (with which it is virtually identical) in Mr. Forman's library edition is much the finer. Whatever the actual date of composition, it cannot be later than the end of 1817 or the beginning of 1818; for, as Mr. Forman has pointed out, it was done in England in the presence of Shelley, who never was in England after that time.

Next in point of date,—but of course, if the charcoal sketch be as late as 1817-18, of prior date,—that is, second to the rough sketch in Haydon's journal,—comes the famous life mask. This is believed to have been molded by Haydon, and the circumstantial evidence is all but conclusive²; but the fact remains that the most definite assertions still remain unproved, and that no one has ascertained when, where, and by whom the life mask was made. In all probability it was made by Haydon early in December, 1816. He was then engaged on his picture of "Christ's Entry into Jerusalem"; he had already, as we have seen, made a profile sketch of Keats somewhere

between November 20 and 30; and it was his habit to make clay models of the features of those whose likeness he was about to use on canvas. There would seem to be obvious allusion to this mask in a letter from Keats to Charles Cowden Clarke, dated London, December 17, 1816. Here the poet playfully alludes to Clarke's right to have a copy of "my awful visage." True, Mr. Buxton Forman suggests in a foot-note that this letter "probably refers to one of Severn's portraits of Keats." But, as already stated, it is not absolutely certain that Severn knew Keats in 1816; again, there is nowhere any implication that by that date he had made any other drawing of Keats than the charcoal profile; and, finally, that profile portrait was not reproduced till 1828, when Colburn had it engraved for his issue of Leigh Hunt's "Lord Byron and Some of His Contemporaries." Of course, Keats in his letter to Clarke may have indicated a copy by Severn, but it is not a convincing supposition, while "my awful visage" seems much more apposite to the death-like features of the mask than to the poetic face of Severn's first study. It is interesting to know that so early and so intimate a friend of Keats as Cowden Clarke considered this charcoal portrait by Severn as the best extant likeness of the poet. However, Señora de Llanos (Fanny Keats de Llanos, Keats's sister, who died at Madrid, December 16, 1889, at the age of eighty-six) told Mr. Forman that she considered the mask a more satisfactory representation of her brother than any of the portraits; and, as Mr. Forman adds, "in some respects it has certainly a far higher value and interest." Naturally; for here we have the actual features, every contour, of Keats's face, though the closed eyes and general immobility give that enigmatical expression so often perturbing in masks, whether from the living or the dead. A little monograph might be written on the vicissitudes of the few known plastic originals (i.e., the few original copies of the mold). Masks belonged to Rossetti, Philip Bourke Marston, a notably fine one to Sir

liminary sketch. Neither face is agreeable in the expression of the mouth, probably by reason of the repairs made to the painting after the fire.—THE EDITOR.

² For Severn's positive statement on this point see Mr. Gilder's note on his visit to Severn, in this number.—THE EDITOR.

¹ This picture was formerly in the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia, where it was much injured by a fire in 1846. The identification of Keats's portrait is in doubt. It is presumably the figure of St. John, with a three-quarter view of the face; but a less prominent figure in profile bears more resemblance to Haydon's pre-



THE HAYDON SKETCH

Facsimile of a page of Haydon's journal, showing profile sketch of Keats by B. R. Haydon. (From the "Life of Keats" by H. Buxton Forman, published by Reeves & Turner, 1883.)

Noël Paton; there is one in the National Portrait Gallery; the finest I have seen is that which belonged to Severn, and is now in the possession of Mr. Nigel Severn. Excellent "process" reproductions of it appear in Mr. Buxton Forman's library edition, and in Mr. John Gilmer Speed's American edition of the "Letters and Poems."¹

Next in date and perhaps first in importance comes the miniature painted by Joseph Severn in the winter of 1818, or more

probably in the early spring of 1819, for at that time Keats was in good health (as revealed in the miniature), whereas late in 1818 he was so poorly and looked so ill and worn as to make Severn, for one, very anxious. This is the miniature which was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1819. It was also about this time—possibly earlier, as I have seen a copy marked *circa* January, 1819—that the fine silhouette portrait was made (reproduced in "The Severn Memoirs"); possibly, though this is mere

¹ Plaster copies of a copy of the mask can be procured in New York at a moderate price.—THE EDITOR.

surmise, by Edouart, who made the well-known full-length silhouette of Miss Fanny Brawne, Keats's fiancée. Walter Severn told me that he had heard his father speak of this as lifelike to an extraordinary degree to any one who had known Keats. Copies of the 1819 Academy miniature, now accepted as the standard likeness of Keats, were made by Severn both before and after the poet's death: a few of these were replicas, others are reminiscent rather than undeviating copies of the original. The original was given by Keats to Miss Brawne, from whose possession it came

owned by Charles W. Dilke, Keats's friend and the grandfather of the present baronet—appeared in the "Life and Letters" edited by Lord Houghton (then R. Monckton Milnes). Most of the engraved portraits in the many English and American editions of Keats's poems are reproductions of this engraving. The photographic reproductions on gray-blue cardboard autographed by Mr. Walter Severn are not from a new original, but from a version of the 1819 original. I had at one time several of these (unsigned and signed), and am under the impression that the auto-



THE LIFE-MASK OF KEATS

Attributed to Haydon by Severn. From a cast made in New York presumably from a cast of the original. An electrotype of the mask is in the National Portrait Gallery, London.

into that of C. W. Dilke; it is now a treasured heirloom in the hands of Sir Charles Dilke. Sir Charles Dilke also owns two replicas, and Mr. Buxton Forman has another replica, from which was made the fine photograph reproduction which constitutes the frontispiece to Volume I of Mr. Buxton Forman's edition of Keats, and which is almost identical with the original; i.e., is truly a replica. Severn gave a first replica of the original to George Keats when the latter went back to America after his flying visit to London in January, 1820.²

An engraving made by H. Robinson in 1848, from a copy of the original—a copy

graphed copies³ were intended for the subscribers to the fund raised some years ago for putting the graves of Keats and Severn in order.

So far back as 1830, as is evident from a letter of Severn to Brown (January 17, 1830), the painter had himself taken in hand the graving of his miniature of Keats. From the same letter it is obvious that not all Severn's copies were in color: that belonging to Brown was evidently a "black-and-white," perhaps a pencil drawing. "Respecting the portrait," Severn writes in this letter, "I shall be proud to make my appearance before the public

¹ The library of Williams College, Williamstown, Mass., contains a replica of the original miniature of Keats by Severn, painted by him for Mrs. John W. Field, and presented by her to the library in 1891. It has been reproduced in an edition of the English Poets published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. (1899).

² Mr. Speed informs us that his grandmother (Mrs. George Keats) told him "as recently as 1877" that this portrait was made in 1818, the year she and her husband came to America.—THE EDITOR.

³ One of these photographs received in New York is inscribed: "John Keats, from my father's last picture. Walter Severn."—THE EDITOR.

as the unchanged friend of Keats, loving his memory now he is dead, as I did himself and his works when he was alive, and this is an honour that no one shall share with me, not even the engraver, for I will take up the graver once more and fancy myself inspired to give his semblance to the world, faulty as it may be, yet done with all my heart and soul. I think the miniature will make a good engraving. . . . It would be necessary to have the one in colours to engrave from, which can soon be had from England, as it is such a trifle." (Severn here alludes to the miniature belonging to Miss Fanny Brawne.) "Not that I think yours defective in any respect, but it is a great advantage always to engrave from colours when it [is] possible. I take it one great reason why the Italian engravings are so strong [*sic*] and lifeless is because they are copied from mere black-and-white drawings, whereas there exists a singular power in engraving in the insertion of colours. So pray write immediately for the original in colours, and I will commence the moment I receive it."

Severn's own long-retained copy, a panel, so closely resembling the replica which was photographed by Walter Severn at the time of Joseph Severn's death, is now in the possession of Mr. Nigel Severn. It is uncertain to what date this miniature may be ascribed. It is almost certainly one of the portraits of Keats which Severn delighted to make later in life: but it is not less certain that in its original state (whether an unfinished replica or a reminiscent study) this panel preceded several of the miniature portraits made in Severn's later years; for the late Walter Severn told me that he distinctly recollected having seen it in his father's studio in Rome "some twenty-five or thirty years ago." Mr. Nigel Severn so far corroborates this statement by his father, though without clear recollection of the number of years back. Joseph Severn was in the habit of declaring that "here was my dear Keats, just as he was"; and (so Mr. Walter Severn averred, or "seemed to remember") preferred it to the more idealized original of 1818. The panel is unfortunately cracked, slightly accentuating the breadth of the forehead. The difference between it and the original (i.e., the original and the "Dilke" and "For-

man" replicas) is much more marked than between it and the portrait photographed by Walter Severn as a Keats-Severn memorial. As a portrait it is inferior in painting, in drawing, and in resemblance to the contours of the life-mask; but Joseph Severn was wont stoutly to declare that it was none the worse for that; that the original was a trifle "Byronized" or "poetized"; and that "the real, every-day Keats" was recalled to him by this panel. On the other hand, the panel has obviously been repainted or worked over; and, again, Severn's memory in late years was in no wise to be depended upon, while his unintentional inaccuracy of statement was proverbial. The conclusive point is that the original and the early replicas conform convincingly to the authenticity of the life mask, and that the later portraits do not so conform.

The reproduction in colors which is the frontispiece to Mr. John Gilmer Speed's edition (1883) I take to be a reproduction of the George Keats copy, here reproduced in black and white. The coat there is a light brown with a tinge of green in the shadow. In other (later) versions the coat is olive-green. In the Severn panel alluded to above, and here reproduced, it is a dark olive-green over a dark-blue vest. In this "Speed" portrait Keats does not lean on a manuscript or book, but on a bare table-ledge. There are also variations in the necktie, the collar, and elsewhere, as also in the mouth, the drawing of the right ear, the lift of the hair, etc.

In a letter dated April 13, 1830, Severn discloses to Armitage Brown a project for a monument to Keats in Rome, and adds that he has consulted Gibson,¹ "who appeared willing." "I have a subject in mind for the Basso Rilievo, which I think I once mentioned to you before. It is Keats sitting with his half-strung lyre—the three Fates arrest him—one catches his arm—another cuts the thread—and the third pronounces his end." At the close of this letter he asks Brown when the latter will be done with his memoir of Keats, adding, "I would like to know, that I may be ready with the engraving."

After the first of these letters Brown had written to Severn explaining the inadvisability of asking Miss Brawne to lend her unique possession. "Were I to ask for the

¹ The English sculptor.



Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

John Keats.

THE "STANDARD PORTRAIT" OF KEATS BY JOSEPH SEVERN

From a photograph of the original, the only one of the miniatures done from life by Severn. It was painted for Fanny Brawne and was sold by her to Charles Wentworth Dilke, Keats's friend and the grandfather of the present baronet, The Rt. Hon. Sir Charles Wentworth Dilke, M.P., by whom it is now owned. It was exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1849.

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loan of it, I believe she would send it; and that belief makes me the more delicate in asking for it; besides, I cannot run the hazard of its being lost on the way. No, Severn; I do not feel myself authorized in making that request. I will send you my copy, and the drawing I made from your representation of him a little before his death, together with that foolish little painting I have promised, in a short while."

Five or six years later Severn heard of the project of the deputing to Monckton Milnes (Lord Houghton) of Brown's memoir, or at any rate of the editorial responsibility for the new edition of the poetical works (mainly, he believed, because of difficulties raised by George Keats), though Brown did not leave England for New Zealand till 1841; and in a letter of July 10, 1836, Severn says, alluding to this new edition, that he has been "invited to embellish it."

As I have stated, Monckton Milnes's edition, when at last it appeared in 1848, duly had as frontispiece an engraving of a copy of Severn's original miniature, not, however, engraved by Severn, but by H. Robinson.

But before this the subject was often mooted and as often shelved. I have in my hands a letter from Brown (1832) full of enthusiasm for the medallion portrait of Keats made by Girometti from a study of Severn's miniature-copy or copies, of the silhouette portrait of 1818-19, and perhaps from other sources. Girometti's medallion, he says, is so good that he (Brown) now desires that the portrait for the "Life and Poems" must be from it. "The bas-relief he gave me of our Keats delights me," he writes; "never was anything so like: it seems quite a piece of magic." This is emphatic testimony from so familiar a friend of Keats, and yet the "likeness" is perhaps the least known of all the portraits of Keats. John Hamilton Reynolds, again, considered it 'the best likeness of Keats' he had seen.

Beyond the plaster-cast in the possession of Sir Charles Dilke, and the wood-engraving by Scharf of the original prefacing an 1854 Moxon edition of the "Poems," reproduced page lvi, Volume I, of the Buxton Forman library edition, I know no other reproductions of the medallion.

No other portrait has so great an appeal as the lovely and pathetic likeness of Keats which Severn made during a long night-vigil some three weeks before the end. This drawing has been severally spoken of as having been made the night before Keats's death, the early morning of the day of death, and the early morning following the afternoon of his decease. As a matter of fact, the original (though some of the reproductions are without it) has the inscription in Severn's writing, "28th January, 3 o'clock m'g. Drawn to keep me awake—a deadly sweat was on him all this night."

As to the actual day and hour of Keats's death there is bewildering discrepancy. The date has been given as the 28th, the 27th, the 24th, and the 23d of February, and the hour as the early morning, eleven in the forenoon, and about four in the

afternoon. Any record of "early morning of the 28th" is obviously a mistake arising from misapprehension as to the significance of Severn's "Eve of Death" sketch—a confusion of January 28 and February 28. The mistake as to the 27th is due to the date at the head of Severn's famous fragmentary letter to Armitage Brown (27th) beginning, "He is gone," written four days subsequent to the decease. The inscription on the house in the Piazza di Spagna at Rome mentions February 24,¹ and the same date is engraved on the tombstone. But there seems no reasonable doubt that this is simply the date of the registration of death. Keats died in Severn's arms, and Severn's statement (twice repeated in extant letters written at the time) is explicit. "The death-summons," he wrote, "happened



THE SILHOUETTE OF KEATS

One copy of this is marked "Circa January, 1819." It is attributed to Edouart. (From "The Severn Memoirs" by William Sharp.)

¹ The inscription on the house is in error in stating Keats's age as 26. Had he lived six days longer it would have been 25 years and four months.—THE EDITOR.



By permission of George D. Smith. Now owned by George C. Thomas
Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

WATER-COLOR PORTRAIT OF KEATS BY SEVERN, PAINTED FOR
GEORGE KEATS, THE POET'S BROTHER

This portrait was in the possession of George Keats in Louisville, Kentucky, till his death, and through his daughter descended to his grandson, John Gilmer Speed. It was reproduced in color in Mr. Speed's edition of Keats (Dodd, Mead & Co., 1883). Size $6\frac{1}{4} \times 7\frac{1}{4}$ inches.

about half-past four on the afternoon of Friday, the 23rd" (and then follow the poignant, harrowing details). Again, in his fragmentary letter to Brown on Tuesday, the 27th, he writes, "On the 23rd, Friday, at half-past four, the approach of death came on. . . . [The death-agony] increased until eleven at night, when he gradually sank into death, so quiet that I still thought he slept." It would seem, therefore, that the most definite assertions as to Keats's death having occurred in the early morning of the 24th, or at eleven in the forenoon of either the 23rd or 24th, must be set aside before information so explicit as that of the one witness

of the poet's death, the friend whose ceaseless care and love had meant so much to Keats in those weeks of prolonged suffering since the January night or early morning of the famous "Eve of Death" sketch. In a word, it would appear irrefutable now that Keats died about eleven o'clock on the night of Friday, February 23. The beautiful and moving story has been often told, and is familiar to all lovers of Keats. The drawing itself (which has several times been copied by others than Severn) is well known through reproductions. To look at this drawing, and know "the bright falcon eyes" of the young poet closed at last, after



THE GIROMETTI MEDALLION OF KEATS

From an intaglio from it in the collection of the Rt. Hon. Sir Charles Wentworth Dilke, Bart., M.P.

so much bitterness and weariness and suffering, is to know one of the most poignant emotions afforded by literary history. I recollect Rossetti saying to me one night, when we were talking of what we should like to have as personal keepsakes of the great dead, and when we had put aside Shakspeare and Dante and Milton, that he would like to have for his own and keep by him the original of Drayton's famous sonnet, Severn's sketch of Keats on the eve of death, and that "polished, oval, white cornelian" which at the last Keats kept continually in his hand, "gift of his widowing love," says Severn, who adds that at times it seemed Keats's only consolation, "the only thing left him in this world clearly tangible."

The 1819 miniature was the original of other pictures—Severn made a large replica of it in a half life-size painting in oils, done to the commission of Mr. Moxon. In time this came into the possession of the late George P. Boyce, the well-known water-colorist, with whom I recollect having seen it; but I do not know in whose ownership it now is.

Another life-size half-length in oils, from the same type, is that by William Hilton, R.A.,¹ now in the National Portrait Gallery. It has interest because Hilton knew Keats, but it is of little value, not only because painted twenty years or more after Keats's death, but because it is an obvious "fake" from Severn's miniature, and is in almost no respect faithful to recognized detail; at any rate, it is not Keats whom, rightly or wrongly, we refuse here. A better variant is the portrait (whether earlier or later, I do not know) in the possession of Miss Tatlock of Brownfield House, Suffolk. What is of

much more interest is Hilton's fine, if too precise, chalk drawing of Keats (made about 1819-20, in all likelihood). This was engraved by Charles Wass, and published by Messrs. Taylor and Walton of Upper Gower street, in 1841; and now is familiar as the frontispiece to Volume II of Mr. Buxton Forman's edition. Possibly some day a (presumably) good early likeness of Keats of this Hilton-sketch period may be found. No one as yet, however, has dis-



Engraved by T. Cole

JOHN KEATS IN HIS LAST ILLNESS

From the sketch by Joseph Severn, January 28, 1821, which Charles Cowden Clarke characterized as "a marvelously correct likeness."

covered any clue to the lost bust by one Frederick Smith, which a writer in "The London Magazine" for May, 1822, mentions as being in the Academy exhibition—Mr. Frederick Smith's bust "of John Keats, the poet, which strongly recalls the gifted author of 'Endymion' to our remembrance."

The full-length portrait painted by Severn about two years after Keats's death—i.e. fin-

¹ William Hilton, R. A., was born 1786, and so was nine years older than Keats. He was one of Severn's artist-friends. By 1818 he was already an R. A. Keats alludes to him in his usual generous way, in a letter dated June 20, 1818. "Tell Hilton that one gratification on my return will be

to find him engaged on a history piece to his own content." For a very characteristic anecdote concerning Keats (in connection with Severn) at a dinner party with Hilton and other friends, see quoted portion of Severn's *Roman Journal* in the *Severn Memoirs*, page 65. See also pp. 106-7.

ished in 1823, though begun not long after that sad event, partly "to occupy his brood-memory"—is now in the National Portrait Gallery. As is well known, it is a painting

Besides the few authentic portraits, and authentic replicas of one or more of these, there are several, and perhaps many, copies of copies which are averred to be "origi-



Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

OIL-PORTRAIT OF KEATS PAINTED FROM MEMORY BY WILLIAM HILTON, R.A.,
AND NOW IN THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, LONDON

of Keats sitting reading in an open French-windowed room in Mr. Dilke's house, Wentworth Place, under a framed portrait of Shakspeare. Severn painted other subject-pictures and miniature-variants, the latter rarely replicas in the strict sense: memory-portraits, with him, could not but vary in details.

nal portraits" or copies of the 1819 original by Joseph Severn. Some considerable time ago I was shown in Edinburgh a miniature of Keats by Severn which at first glance had every appearance of authenticity, and for which a large sum was asked. Pasted on the back was an indubitable signature of Joseph Severn,

and above it were the words: "This is the best portrait of my dear Keats I ever painted." To the left of the signature of making to the commission of, or to oblige, admirers of the poet. The important detail alluded to was the color of the eyes. These



JOHN KEATS AT WENTWORTH PLACE, HAMPSTEAD

Painted in Rome from memory, by Joseph Severn, 1821-23. Now in the National Portrait Gallery. First photographed for Kenyon West in August, 1894, by special permission, and first published in her article "Keats in Hampstead" in *THE CENTURY* for October, 1895.

were the words "Rome—Autumn—1830." The miniature was painted with exceptional care, and except in one important particular bore a close resemblance to the best of the replicas which Severn was fond

were of a blue unlike that which I had noticed in at least two late-in-life replicas of the original exhibited in the Royal Academy of 1819. Keats's eyes were hazel. Severn himself in his early days



Halftone plate engraved by H. Davidson

THE "LOST PORTRAIT" OF KEATS BY SEVERN

From a print published by John Stark and owned by Nigel Severn, Esq.

had noted this again and again, as, for example, in the fine phrase "the hazel eyes of a wild gypsy-maid in colour, set in the face of a young god." But in this miniature the eyes were of a blue that could not darken—not a pale or gray blue, but of a singular fixity of tone. A friend who had asked me to examine this picture was about to pay the large sum asked for it, but I persuaded him to wait a few days. These eyes seemed to me quite unconvincing; but, again, the written guarantee appeared incontrovertible. I still had in my keeping at that time several of the manuscript volumes of Severn's Roman journals, which had been used in preparation for "The Severn Memoirs." I sent to London for the volume for 1830, and discovered from it that Severn was not in Rome in the autumn of that year. So I wrote to Mr. Walter Severn to learn if he had any knowledge of this miniature. Naturally he was interested and curious, and the more so as the portrait might legally prove to be his; but he had never heard of it, knew nothing of it, and, from what I had written about the eyes and otherwise, doubted its authenticity. I had another look at the miniature, but this time with a magnifying glass. It was the inscription, not the painting, I wanted to examine, however. As I expected, the glass revealed an almost indistinguishable joining in the stained coarse paper. In a word, a genuine signature had been skilfully appended to a forgery! That the vendor was aware of this was evident from his confusion when it was indicated to him; and, as the outcome, no bargain was effected and the miniature was withdrawn from sale. What became of it I do not know; but when I was in the United States in November–December of 1904 I was casually asked (at Boston) if I knew anything of a miniature by Severn at the back of which he had himself written to the effect that this was the best existent portrait of Keats as a likeness. It may or may not be the same, but any would-be purchaser would do well to be wary. In New York, again, I was shown "a miniature of Keats by Severn," which was not even a late copy by Severn in advanced years; in a word, it was a clumsy imitation, made possibly by the same industrious gentleman who some years ago in Rome always had a mysterious Severn-Keats miniature for sale, or "knew a friend

of the family anxious to dispose of one." My opinion is that by no means all the recognized miniatures of Keats by Severn are genuine.

Again, there are the copies, both of the original miniature of 1819 and of the beautiful death-bed black-and-white drawing, made by at least two or three common friends. Thus, of the two copies of the former made by C. A. Brown, I am of opinion, though not certain, that the portrait of Keats attributed in the National Portrait Gallery of Edinburgh to Joseph Severn is one. It seems to me almost certainly not Severn's handiwork, unless of very late date. If neither his nor Brown's, it may be by Seymour Kirkup (who made "several" good reproductions, apparently), though without his characteristic delicacy of touch and tone.

As to the interesting drawing here reproduced (so far as I know, for the first time since its issue at an unknown date by John Slark), I can give few details. The original by Severn has disappeared. The portrait appears to be a reminiscent one of Keats, in a new pose, probably intended as a study for a picture or for inclusion in Severn's projected "Adonais" volume. I have seen no copy but that among the Severn manuscripts, now lent by Mr. Nigel Severn for reproduction. It appears to have been published by John Slark, of 12 Busby Place, Camden Road, London, whom now I cannot trace.

Of later subject-pictures associated with Keats, Severn believed that the best he had done were "Keats and the Nightingale" and the "Endymion." The latter was painted as late as 1861–62; as to the date of the former I have no present clue, save a very vague recollection that it belongs to the "twenties." It is in any case much the more interesting and valuable of the two. Severn told his son Walter that it was painted from the pine-clad spot on Hampstead Heath, near 'The Spaniards' Inn; and he always held the likeness to the poet to be one of his happiest records. This interesting picture, which has never been reproduced till now, is in the possession of Mr. Nigel Severn, with whose concurrence Mr. Hollyer has made for me the photograph of which a facsimile is now given. This photograph is excellent, though it does not adequately show such detail as the curiously shaped tall hat which the

"Adonais," with illustrations by himself and his two artist sons, Arthur and Walter; and, as text, copious annotations, biographical notes, and reminiscences. Indeed, he meant to comprise here all his reminiscences of Keats. But the annotations and memorabilia remain fragmentary in the interesting "Adonais" manuscript; for none of the illustrations were done, though he intended also to use certain already extant pictures, such as the "Endymion" and "Keats and the Nightingale."

An old studio sketch-book containing many sketches and a few relatively finished studies, with memoranda and personalia, with many jottings concerning Keats and his circle, mysteriously disappeared from Severn's studio either just before or just after his death in Rome on the third of

August, 1879. "Fine weather at last," were the latest written words of the old painter; and the name of Keats was the last word breathed by the dying man. In his eighty-sixth year, Severn was still inspired by the memory of the loved friend of his youth and "the pride of all his life"; for in his last days his thoughts wandered often to the subject of a newly projected picture, "Keats lying calm in death, and a beautiful Spirit bending over him." I have been asked if there is any sketch of this, however crude. None exists. The subject is mentioned among the very latest entries in his journals.

For the aged painter and the young poet, both long at rest together near the pyramid of Caius Cestius in the old Protestant Cemetery in Rome, "Fine weather at last."

A REMINISCENCE OF JOSEPH SEVERN

BY R. W. G.

AT the time of my first visit to Rome, in May, 1879, learning that Severn was still living, I made inquiry as to his whereabouts. A foreigner, whose home was in Rome, asked me why I wished to see Severn. I told him it was because he was Keats's friend. "Did you know Keats?" he asked. As Keats had died many years before I was born, I had to confess that my interest in the poet was not based upon personal acquaintance.

I found the old man at last in his apartment at the Fountain of Trevi. I visited him twice and spent delightful hours in the company of him who had witnessed perhaps the greatest tragedy in English literature—the untimely death of "Shakspeare's younger brother." To me there was something thrilling in the touch of the kindly hand that had ministered to the dying poet, had laid him away in his grave, and had written the simple story of those last tragic hours—a story one of the most

moving in the sad chronicles of genius and mortality. He placed in my hands, for a few reverent moments, the original of his pathetic drawing of the dear dying boy.

On the wall I was startled to see, for the first time, a mask of Keats's face. I asked him who made it, and he said it was a life-mask made by the ill-fated painter Haydon. I begged him to tell me where a copy of it could be obtained, and he said at a caster's near Charing Cross. Being in London later in the year, I found that the plaster-cast shop had been removed some forty years before. But I persisted till I found where the mask could be had, and obtained two copies. One of these I gave to the blind poet Philip Bourke Marston, and it was this copy that subsequently served as an illustration in the edition of Keats edited by Buxton Forman, while the copy that I brought to America was used by Mr. John Gilmer Speed in his full edition of his great-uncle's works.

This mask has since become well known both in England and America. It is the most accurate and satisfying representation existing of the face of Keats. Being a life-mask, it has nothing of the painfulness of most of the masks of famous persons, which have generally been taken after death. As in the Lincoln life-mask, there is almost a touch of humor in the expression. When I showed my copy to Helen Keller, her delicate fingers revealed to her what the eye can only discern in certain lights. "He smiles," she said.

While Mr. Lowell was United States Minister to Madrid he looked up, at my suggestion, Señora Llanos, Keats's sister.

Severn was a cheery old man, whose

devotion to Keats evidently grew out of his own natural spirit of kindness no less than from a sincere sentiment of admiration and affection. This very devotion had brought him many friends and had made his life brighter. He died soon after my visit, and I was very glad to take charge of the American end of the subscription for his interment, with a "suitable commemorative stone," most appropriately beside Keats in the Roman burying-ground.

His monument is similar to that of Keats, but is, I am sorry to say, disfigured by several names of subscribers to the fund, carved (certainly without the knowledge of most of them) on the back of the marble.



THE INTELLECTUAL MISS LAMB

BY FLORENCE MORSE KINGSLEY



MISS R. LAMB was pretty. This might be set down as merely an agreeable statement pertaining to Miss Lamb's sentient bodily structure, had her prettiness been of the palely classic or even of the darkly severe order. But the sort of exuberantly youthful, kittenish beauty exhibited in Miss Lamb's pink and white, curl-shaded, cherubic countenance was not far from being ridiculous when one perforce took into account the correlative fact that Miss Lamb was little more than a walking edition of the great Greathead's "Physiological Psychology." Now, the merest tyro in book-making would know better than to invest a profound treatise on the "Philosophy of Mind" with a rose colored binding pranked out with a profusion of gold curlicues and illuminated text. And this simple illustration exactly fits Miss Lamb's case: her binding, if one may use the term, was strikingly inappropriate.

It is altogether probable that Miss Lamb herself recognized the fact and deplored it, for she invariably wore the primmest

and plainest of plain gray gowns when engaged in the arduous duties of her profession, and her tendrilly yellow hair was sternly inhibited from the liberties it would have liked behind her pink little ears. More than once she was observed to blush angrily when new students focused dreamy stares of admiration upon her undeniable charms. Later, these unwary ones were likely to forget that their instructor's eyes were the color of early violets, in their efforts to recall the elusive statements of psychology. The incisive coldness of Miss Lamb's demeanor upon such occasions was sufficient to chill the most exuberant of her youthful admirers into a state of objectified reluctance, than which there is nothing more unpleasant, when one comes to understand what the term means.

Miss Lamb was known to be working for her doctor's degree with the same avid persistency which she had displayed in obtaining lesser honors. To this praiseworthy end her corridor door frequently bore the legend: "Engaged; do not knock or enter."

It was Meredith Randolph who inscribed the words "To whom?" after the word "Engaged," a piece of impudence by no means original with Meredith, no fewer than twenty elderly alumnæ claiming to have invented it in the eighties. The original thing, as might have been expected, happened next: Miss Randolph not only knocked, but entered. She also stopped behind the closed door an unconscionable length of time.

"What in the world—?" yawned Spriggy Post, when the flushed adventuress at length emerged to view. "We've watched that door for an hour, and had come to the painful conclusion that you had been sacrificed on the stony altar of science. The creature's cold-blooded enough to vivisect an angel."

"Your closing remark very neatly describes what took place, Miss Post," said Meredith. "Allow me to tender my congratulations upon the astonishing development of your intuitive faculties. I agree with you that 'the creature' is entirely inhuman at present, and therefore, after careful study of correlative psychoses, I've decided to ruin her career."

"What do you care about her career?" sniffed Nancy Powell. "She's R. Lamb, B.A., M.A., already, and she'll shortly annex Ph.D. to the list. After that, in the course of nature, she'll ripen off, so to speak, till she looks like a last year's mullein-stalk. Those pinky blondes always do."

"What does 'R.' stand for?" lazily inquired a freshman.

"Riddle-of-the-sphinx, my innocent young friend," Miss Post told her. "That is one of the one hundred and one weird peculiarities about Lamby: she has never seen fit to acquaint the interested public with the title she bore as a studious infant. She told Merry Ran' that inasmuch as her given name did not coalesce with the definite aims and purposes of her career, she had decided to suppress it. The other one hundred delightful idiosyncrasies which distinguish the lady you will find out for yourself before you take your degree, and far be it from me to forestall the joys of discovery."

"On the contrary, our young friend will have to be quick about it," observed Miss Randolph; "for precisely at this point you will observe the formation of

an exceedingly complex psychophysical hallucination which will inevitably lead our beloved Lamby to the matrimonial altar."

"To the *what*?" intoned the audience, like the chorus of a Greek tragedy.

"Matrimonial altar was the destination I mentioned," mildly replied Miss Randolph. "Some of you are already aware that I am to be married to Jimmy Sayre in July; but you probably do not know that Miss R. Lamb, M.A., will officiate on that festive occasion as maid of honor."

"No!" responded the chorus, with fine rendition of despairing negation.

"Yes," amended Miss Randolph, cheerfully. "I've asked her, and she's consented."

"What did she say when you asked her?" inquired Miss Post, with unconcealed curiosity.

"Your note-books, young ladies, if you please," began Meredith, eying her hearers with chilling dignity. "Now, if you are quite ready, we will begin. Our astute and erudite instructor first subjected your humble servant to a brief but searching examination, focused chiefly upon the correlated impulses, instincts, and desires which led up to my present conscious state. She deplored the inevitable sequence, but professed a lively interest in the (to her) wholly unfamiliar psychoses relating to the conative processes of so-called love-making. I regret to say that I flatly flunked the examination, for I could n't for the life of me give one analyzable reason why I should have fallen in love with Jimmy; whereupon she propounded the following axiom, which I should advise you to memorize at once: 'The outreaching of blind, instinctive impulse should ever be rigorously inhibited, else why were we given an intellect?'"

The chorus gurgled softly with excessive joy.

"Lamby has consented to act as maid of honor at my wedding for the sole purpose of studying at close range a type with which she is wholly unfamiliar," continued Miss Randolph, unsmilingly, "but which deserves some slight recognition in Lamb's 'Comprehensive Primer of Physiological Psychology' (in process of preparation). I refer to the adult male human. I will add that Mr. William Gregg is to officiate as best man."

Nancy Powell wiped her eyes. "Oh, *why* must I go to Europe this summer?" she sighed. "I sha'n't see anything to compare with it!"

"Tell me about him," demanded Miss Post.

"Do you mean Billy Gregg? Well, he 's big, simple-hearted, and good-looking, in the plain, clean style we all like. I should probably have fallen in love with him myself if I had n't met the incomparable J. S. first. He 'll be just the one for Lamby," she added complacently.

"I call it a mean shame to cast pearls before—"

"We 're not forbidden to cast them before *lambs*, my child," Miss Randolph informed her, with a superior air.

An Excerpt from "Types of Mental Development, Consisting of Various Groupings of Individuals according to Temperament, Sex, Age, and Race. Collected and Tabulated by R. Lamb, Welles-maur College":

"TYPE XIV: INDIVIDUAL NO. 1. Temperament, indeterminate; sex, male; age, thirty (approximately); race, indeterminate (probably Anglo-American).

"ILLUSTRATIVE ANECDOTAL NOTES. GROUP I: (a) The individual, William Gregg, is one of the few types of the human male adult I have been able thus far to examine at close range. What I have already ascertained with regard to this particular type fills me with an active desire to know more of it. As the relation of body to mind affords in itself an inexhaustible field for research, I will first briefly describe the physical appearance of W. G., keeping clearly in view the fact that the human body represents merely a system of physical elements which, under exceedingly complex and obscure influences from internal forces, modified by the action of age, sex, and environment, attains temporarily a certain morphological and physiological unity.

"W. G. is an exceedingly well-developed specimen, of a fine and commanding presence. Arguing from the outward aspect to the inward stream of consciousness, one would infer, at a first inspection, a powerful and commanding intellect. The contour of the individual's head and features still further confirms this primary inference. His eyes are in color

gray, with glints of brown in their depths. I noticed particularly that in conversation the tint of the iris seemed to darken, indicating clearly the singular force of the cerebral action. I made, further, somewhat careful mental notes regarding the hair, texture of the skin, etc., as all of these phenomena are invariably correlated to mind in the most intimate way.

"The brief table appended below recalls these facts:

Hair—Dark brown, abundant, waving.

Skin—Of a brownish cast (perhaps induced by the action of the sun).

Teeth—White, even, and sound (as far as I was able to examine them).

Eyes—Brilliant gray, with brownish shadings.

Brows—Even, firm, and dark.

Lashes—Long and curling.

Forehead—Medium height; temples commanding and prominent.

Mouth—Well cut, giving a smiling and agreeable expression.

"(b) I was not able, in the short time allotted to conversation, to sound the depths of W. G.'s mental processes; I shall hope to do this on some future occasion. But the following incident, slight as it is, may possess an important bearing on successive psychoses. As we (W. G. and I) followed the newly wedded pair down the aisle after the performance of the marriage ceremony (more of this under INDIVIDUAL. MEREDITH RANDOLPH. ILLUSTRATIVE ANECDOTAL GROUP IV; note c), I noted the fact that W. G.'s arm, upon which I was leaning, trembled excessively. The fact interested me, pointing as it did to some corresponding emotional disturbance. When seated in the carriage I inquired briefly as to the cause of the phenomenon noted. W. G.'s reply surprised me.

" 'I was wishing that I 'd just been married,' he said.

" 'Indeed,' I questioned. 'And what led to so remarkable a desire?'

" 'Do you call it remarkable?' he asked.

" 'From my standpoint, yes,' I replied. 'I can scarce conceive the momenta of mental movement, arrived at by converging two widely differing streams of consciousness into a single channel, as being conducive to the highest good of the individual.'

"He stared at me fixedly for a minute, as if trying to grasp the full significance of my comment; then replied decidedly, 'Well, do you know, I can.'

" 'But is not this merely a primary inference?' I asked lightly. 'How, for example, can one put one's finger upon some definite point and say, just here emerged my first sensation of yellow, or the first feeling of esthetical emotion, or the first perception of a human face?'

" 'I can do all that,' he replied, with a confident air. 'I've just realized yellow and blue and pink for the first time in my life, and I shall know to a dot when I fell in—'

"He did not complete this interesting statement; and as the carriage at that moment stopped in front of the house, I was not able to examine him further upon the point. I shall do so at my earliest opportunity."

Mr. William Gregg to Mrs. James Sayre

"DEAR MRS. SAYRE: Some old theological duffer once assured his congregation that the joys of the saved would be indefinitely enhanced by beholding the tortures of the damned, which they could conveniently do from the safe battlements of the Celestial City. Now if you can spare the time to peep over the rim of your crescent honeymoon you will be able to augment your bliss by observing the sufferings of a rash and impetuous idiot, who is decidedly 'out of it' at the present writing.

"I should have waited, of course, and conducted my courtship after the time-honored fashion; but I could n't bear to think of her grinding away for another year in that confounded college. Besides, I had somehow acquired a ridiculous idea that she liked me. To cut a weird tale short, I ran down on my car to Wood's Holl, where she had told me she was going to study in some beastly biological Laboratory. I found her working with a microscope over a lot of messy-looking stuff. She said she was studying types of the higher cryptogams. I can't for the life of me say why this should have caused me to become temporarily deranged; but it did, and I proposed on the spot. I did n't mean to, of course—at least not then. She looked at me as impersonally as though I were a jelly-fish,

and informed me that I had completely confused my primary inferences. She was as sweet and cool as a flower; and what do you think I did next? I kissed her. I simply could n't help it.

"I draw a veil over the scene that followed. Henceforth I am far, far less to her than any sort of creature, vertebrate or invertebrate. I've just one spark of comfort (?): she says I may come to see her again, for—mark this—she's making a tabulated analysis of my 'type' which she would like to complete. Ye gods! what have I done to deserve this?

"Yours wretchedly,
"W. G."

Mrs. Sayre to Mr. Gregg

"DEAR BILLY: You certainly are all kinds of an idiot. Yet I have hopes of you. The idea of you're not knowing any better than to propose to Lamby in a laboratory! She's positively inhuman under such circumstances, and nobody knows that better than I do. But I'm glad you kissed her. Really, that was great! It'll prove such a shock to her perceptions that she'll study over its correlated psychoses the rest of the summer. In the end you'll win. I'm sure of it. But, for goodness' sake, don't do any more love-making till I've had a chance to advise you further!

"Yours faithfully,
"Meredith Randolph Sayre."

Excerpt from Miss Lamb's "Tabulated Records"

"ILLUSTRATIVE ANECDOTAL NOTES. GROUP II: (a) I find the individual W. G. of increasing interest. I am at present inclined to indicate the temperament in this case as choleric, though possibly the compound term choleric-sentimental would more nearly indicate the fact. I own that I was surprised to find the sentimental expressing so strongly in the individual W. G.; I should thoughtlessly have credited him with a greater degree of subjectivity.

"At this point I am inclined to recall the principle of relativity as somewhat explanatory of the succeeding phenomena. Thus, W. G., being profoundly impressed by the scene of the wedding festivities, received therefrom a complex mental im-

pression, resulting in (1) a complete disturbance of ideation; (2) a consequent modification of accompanying feelings; (3) a distinct psychophysical hallucination.

"This latter phenomenon was, curiously enough, focused upon myself in the most singular manner. So far I am forced to admit the insufficiency of analysis as correlated to the synthetic activity of my own consciousness. I have determined to reserve its rapidly succeeding psychoses for more detailed and careful study at some future time, when the inevitable agitation attending the event shall have subsided to an appreciable degree.

"I am sensible that there is much to be learned in this unwonted experience."

II

(THREE YEARS LATER)

Mr. William Gregg to Mrs. James Sayre

"DEAR MRS. SAYRE: You 'll not be surprised, perhaps, to learn that I 'm booked for Russia, Australia, and—the Lord knows where. Having scored a distinct failure in the rôle of devoted lover, which I too hastily elected, I have decided to betake myself to parts unknown and stay there till I have succeeded in forgetting—Psychology.

"I saw her yesterday—for the last time, I believe. The interview was undoubtedly an interesting one from a scientific point of view; but I was unable to appreciate it. The net result of my three years of misplaced devotion lies before me as I write, in the shape of a thin, small volume entitled 'Lamb's Primer of Physiological Psychology: With Copious Explanatory Notes and Descriptive Tables.' It contains my name, and the neat autograph of the author, 'R. Lamb, B.A., M.A., Ph.D.'

"I am haunted by a sense of something divinely sweet and womanly beneath her impenetrable exterior, and I 'm reduced to the pitiable condition of a man perishing with thirst while he listens to the cooling trickle of a rock-bound spring a hundred feet underground. She 's to be full professor of that damnable philosophy next year. Pardon the profanity; I fancy you 'll find it justifiable.

"W. G."

Mrs. Sayre to Mr. Gregg

"DEAR BILLY: I 've been feeling so wretchedly unhappy for the last two years, as I reflect upon my own guilty complicity in this affair of yours and Lamby's, that J. is quite sorry for me. It 's effectually broken me of the match-making tendency, though. Catch me ever trying to make another woman happy! Billy, she is n't worth it. She 's just a miserable little pink-and-white copy of a psychology primer herself. I ought to have known better. The bare idea of her actually preferring any number of ridiculous letters after her name to the glory of writing M-r-s. before yours!

"And yet—and yet—I had a letter from the creature this morning, and in it she said two or three things that made me wonder if she 's quite so inhuman as she appears. I 've an idea, too,—a sort of forlorn-hope scheme. If you 're not too irrevocably committed to your Ishmaelitish idea, come to Lenox for July. Your cottage is right next to the one we 've taken for the season. In any event, you could n't be any worse off than you are. Besides, I want you to see your namesake. William is simply immense in every sense of the word! I am depending upon him to cut this 'Gordon knot,' as Jimmy calls it.

"As ever, faithfully yours,
"M. R. S."

Mrs. Sayre to Miss Lamb

"DEAR LAMBY: We are all awfully pleased to know that you can come to us for July. You 'll be delighted with William, I know. We call him William to distinguish him from the human male adult known to us as Billy.

"William is an absolutely normal specimen of The Child, and as such ought to engage your scientific attention for at least a month. Who knows what new light you may be able to shed upon the nature of instinct as differentiated from impulse and desire, and the correlation of all three to the appetitive consciousness! I fear that William at present presents a sad example of the human infant swayed solely by uninhibited impulse. But he 's all the more fascinating on that account.

"No; I 'm not disposed to find fault with you, Lamby, because you have broken Billy Gregg's heart and trampled him under foot like an earth-worm for more than two years. I 've carefully analyzed the matter, and concluded that you are simply the victim of a large and indefinite amount of hallucination, and that your sense-perceptions are correspondingly deflected from the normal. I 'm awfully sorry for you, Lamby. I never supposed that you would so confuse the primary inferences with true logical concepts. But perhaps you can't help it, poor dear!

"Yours psychologically,
"M. R. S."

Excerpt from Miss Lamb's "Tabulated Records"

"I HAVE in immediate prospect the first opportunity of my life to study the human infant at first hand. William Sayre has attained the age of two years, a period of the greatest possible interest to the psychologist. In order to obtain the most complete account of this interesting individual, I shall in future resort to the more simple narrative style, interspersed with a few brief tables, with a view of reducing the whole to an intimate psychophysical study of The Child at my earliest opportunity. The circle of means to be employed will embrace (1) observation; (2) analysis; (3) induction; and (4) the framing of theories, to be tested, when possible, by experiment.

"Objectively considered, the individual William is described in appended table:

Body—Plump, well formed, active.

Hair—Reddish, fine, curling.

Skin—Singularly smooth, of a delicate pinkish tinge throughout.

Eyes—Brown, limpid, bright.

Nose—Indeterminate.

Forehead—Prominent.

Teeth—Small, white, and sharp.

(*Note.* Upon being introduced to the infant, it playfully bit my hand.)

"William is possessed of a loud, resonant voice which he uses without modulation. Biology may, or may not, be correct in regarding every amœba as endowed with a will of its own; but there can be no reasonable doubt that this term designates a primary and indubitable datum of William's consciousness. This datum may be briefly illustrated thus: I met William this morning on the lawn in company with the nurse-maid. He approached me in the most friendly manner and laid hold of my gown.

"Do walk?" he stammered interrogatively.

"Yes, yes, Master William," replied the nurse, 'William go walk with Mary.'

"No—no—no!" asseverated the infant, his voice rising in ever higher cadences. 'Me not walk wiv Mawwy. Me walk wiv my Lamby.'

"I own that I was primarily shocked and displeased at the want of respect indicated by this mode of address; secondarily, a slight feeling of amusement mingled with the transiently felt displeasure; and, thirdly, the two first emotions were speedily blended in one of fatuous satisfaction at the initial triumph of my influence over that of the individual known as Mary.

"You may walk with me, William," I said; 'but you must call me Miss Lamb.'

"The child stared at me thoughtfully. 'Me walk wiv my Lamby,' he repeated firmly, and turning his broad, though short, back upon his nurse, he drew me away through the shrubbery.

"Shall we walk in this direction, William?" I asked, indicating a path which led toward the house.

"No," said the infant.

"Why not?" I inquired. 'I should like to walk this way.'

"No," repeated William, tersely.

"I yielded to the pressure of the small fat hand within my own, experiencing a certain unknown pleasure in the thought of surrendering my own will to this new but powerful influence.

"Me walk to barn," said William, pleasantly. And having no adequate inhibitive objection to proffer to the child, we strolled down a pleasant path bordered with blossoming rose-bushes, passed a low hedge, and presently came in sight of a picturesque, red-roofed building half hid in trees. At sight of it William chuckled. 'Me like Unc' Billy's barn,' he muttered; 'me dwive horsey wiv Unc' Billy.'

"I drew back hastily. 'We must return to the house at once, William,' I said decidedly. I did not then realize

the identity of the individual indicated by the appellation 'Unc' Billy'; but it occurred to me that I had unwittingly trespassed upon another's domain.

"'No!'" said William, tugging me powerfully in the direction of the red-roofed building.

"'I shall certainly not yield to your wishes in this instance, William,' I said sternly. 'You must, instead, surrender to my higher sense of relativity. In a word, we must turn about at once.'"

"'No!'" asseverated William, immediately exhibiting a sudden and intense discharge of nervous energy into the vascular, secretive, and respiratory organs.

"I was surprised—I may even say shocked—at what followed; William flung himself violently upon the ground at my feet and gave vent to the most inhuman outcries. Psychologically considered, the situation was a most interesting one, as the infant William was exhibiting in a marked degree that state of consciousness termed 'Bodily Resonance.' I noted the characteristic clenching of the fists; the setting together of the jaws, alternating with a yawning motion of the same as the individual emitted scream after scream of rage; the reddening of the skin; the suppressed and uneven action of the respiratory organs. I was indeed so absorbed in observing these (to me unfamiliar) phenomena that I quite failed to hear the rapid approach of footsteps from two different directions.

"'Bless his little darling baby heart!' cried a loud, indignant voice at my back; 'did she abuse my sweet pet? Come right here quick to his old nurse!'"

"'Do 'way, Mawy; do 'way!' howled William, beating his heels upon the ground in a fresh paroxysm of rage. 'Me want my Unc' Billy!'"

"'Hello, youngster, what 's up now?' inquired a masculine voice at almost the same moment. I looked up hastily, to encounter the eyes of W. G.

"I own that the rhythm and intensity of my whole vasomotor apparatus were quickly and profoundly modified for an instant. The respiratory mechanism, in particular, including the epiglottis and the muscles of the diaphragm, exhibited to a marked degree what has been well termed 'objectified reluctance.' In a word, I was so surprised that I could

not for the moment command my powers of speech.

"W. G. spoke first. 'Oh, it 's you?' he said calmly.

"'Yes,' I acknowledged, 'It is I.'

"'What 's the matter with the kid?' he demanded, eyeing me with his customary searching gaze.

"'I don't know,' I confessed.

"His face lighted up with an expression of intense satisfaction. 'Thank God,' he muttered.

"'For what?' I inquired.

"'Never mind,' he replied hastily; 'I 'll explain some other time. Wanted his Unc' Billy, did he?' he continued, addressing the infant, who had ceased roaring, and was now performing a series of singular gymnastic exercises upon his trousers legs.

"'Yeth,' lisped William. 'She would n't come,' pointing a pudgy forefinger at me.

"'Of course not,' replied W. G., surveying me reproachfully over the top of the infant's head. 'She never will come. She 's too awfully busy considering the emotional state of the other fellow's consciousness and observing the rapidly succeeding psychoses. You 'll have your hands full with William, I fancy, Miss—ah, I beg pardon, *Doctor* Lamb.'

"'I am confident I shall find William a most interesting type,' I answered sincerely. 'That is, primarily, why I am here. I did not expect to find you here,' I added pointedly. As a matter of fact, W. G. had solemnly assured me only a fortnight since that I should never see him again.

"'I did intend to clear out,' he replied gloomily, 'but—' he paused and again addressed the child. 'Want to dlive horsey, kid?'"

"William replied by joyously drumming his heels upon his questioner's broad chest; he was by this time perched on W. G.'s shoulder.

"I could not refrain from looking my admiration of the two, as nearly perfect types of the infant and adult male human. He caught my glance and held it. 'Will you, for once, do as I ask?' he said persuasively, adding hastily as I drew back in alarm, 'No, it is n't that—this time; I only want you to see William drive. He 's a promising whip in embryo; I 've got him in training.'

"I reflected for a moment. 'I have no hat on, in the first place,' I objected somewhat weakly. 'In the second place, Mrs. Sayre does n't know where we are.'

"'Overruled!' he cried joyously, 'by a more powerful esthetical sentiment. Mary, hurry and fetch Miss Lamb's hat, and tell Mrs. Sayre that we are going to drive.'

"'You are mixing your terms,' I objected again; 'esthetical is not the proper word to apply to my sentiments in consenting to drive with you.'

"'Did I say that I was describing your sentiments?' he answered quickly. 'On the contrary, esthetical is the exact word to define my own sentiments, and it was to them I was referring.'

"I looked up at him with an irresistible feeling of approbation. 'You are improving in your understanding of psychological fact,' I could not help saying.

"'Good gracious, I should hope so!' he exclaimed, frowning into space. 'I believe, if you should really set your mind to it, you might make a decently creditable pupil out of me. Won't you try, dear?'

"I made *no* reply. Indeed, I have long since laid the embargo of absolute inhibition on all such queries from W. G.; I regard them as worse than irrelevant.

"At this moment the maid reappeared with my hat, and there being no real reason why I should now refuse to accompany the two, I walked with them toward the red barn.

"'Do you know this is really your first drive with me,' observed W. G. when we were seated in the trap, with William ensconced between us. He (W. G.) looked so exceedingly well satisfied with himself that I was silent for a full minute, being engaged in an interesting speculation on the nature of imputability.

"'Me dwive horsey,' cooed William.

"'Certainly, my young friend,' said W. G., passing the lines into the child's hands.

"'Surely you are not going to allow the child to guide the animal?' I inquired.

"'You are not afraid?' he asked, looking at me curiously.

"'I certainly am aware that the lower animals do not sense, even vaguely, the relatedness of things,' I replied with some warmth. 'And if so, are they to be

trusted?' I could not repress a slight scream as William jerked the left rein in a fit of infant exuberance, and the tall bay threatened to bolt into the creek in consequence.

"'Then you *are* afraid?' commented W. G., and again that puzzling expression of intense satisfaction illuminated his countenance. He laid a strong brown hand on the reins, whereat William gave vent to a sharp little yelp of displeasure. 'Come, William, let Unc' Billy drive.'

"'No!' said William, briefly.

"'Guess you'll have to till we get over this railroad crossing, youngster,' and he possessed himself of the lines in a masterful manner.

"'No!' murmured William, and, stiffening his plump body into a rigid perpendicular, he slid off the seat and disappeared beneath the lap-robe.

"'He's now correlated to a ramrod by reason of disturbed ideation,' said W. G., pleasantly. 'Haul him out, will you? "Bellum" is a bit fresh this morning.'

"I reached down and grasped William by the most salient portion of his anatomy. His weight seemed to have increased to an astonishing degree. He appeared, indeed, to be permanently attached to the floor of the trap. 'I can't,' I confessed, glancing up to find W. G.'s eyes fastened expectantly upon me.

"'You can't? Well, upon my word!' He pulled the lap-robe aside, and glanced down at the huddled mass of infant humanity at our feet. 'Come out of there and drive, William,' he commanded.

"The child instantly raised his hands to me, and I lifted him to the seat with ease.

"'Curious how the action of the infant will appears to affect the infant's atomic weight, is n't it?' inquired W. G.

"'The word "appears" holds the key of the solution,' I said lightly. 'The will could not, as a matter of fact, do anything of the sort.'

"'You don't know William,' he replied.

"It appeared that neither of us knew William. At that moment the infant suddenly leaned forward, snatched the whip from its stock, hurled it over the dashboard with a loud cry, and at the same moment dropped the reins. The whole passed with the rapidity of thought. The

animal bounded quickly forward; then, feeling the loosened reins about his heels, started to run jerkily, gathering headway as he went.

"'Hold the child and keep perfectly quiet,' commanded W. G. in a low voice. Then he stepped over the dashboard with the utmost coolness, gathered up the reins, and in another instant was back in his place. We were flying along at a terrific pace. I had grasped William in both arms and held him tight. My hat flew off; my loosened hair swept in a bewildering cloud across my eyes. I do not now remember that I was frightened for myself or for William. My whole consciousness seemed projected out of my body and fastened upon W. G. I have not as yet been able satisfactorily to analyze this singular fact. There would seem to be no adequate explanation of it in the preceding psychoses.

"I presently became aware that the horse was once more under control, and that W. G. was speaking to me.

"'Can you forgive me for frightening you so?' he asked softly.

"'I—I don't know,' I stammered, not in the least knowing what I said.

"He quietly drew the infant from my rigid grasp.

"'Me want dwive horsey,' observed William, mildly.

"I am again at a loss to explain what followed, but as I met W. G.'s anxious eyes I could not refrain from bursting into unreasoning laughter.

"'What will you think of me?' I murmured foolishly, as I gathered my disordered hair into a knot and looked vainly about for my hat.

"'Do you really want to know, dear?' he asked.

Of course this brought me at once to my senses.

"*Note.* The above should be analyzed with special reference to the psychical conditions of retentive memory as follows: (1) The vividness of the impression; (2) the temporary mood at the time of its acquisition; (3) the process by which the occurrence was wrought into the texture of mental life; (4) the logical connection between the event and established principles and habits of conduct. *Query:* Does such a logical connection exist?"

III

MRS. SAYRE removed the yellow envelop without undue haste. "It 's from Jimmy," she exclaimed, with a peculiar smile which was quite lost on Dr. Lamb, seated at the farther end of the veranda.

Dr. Lamb was studiously observing the infant William, who in his turn was stolidly digging the gravel path with a diminutive shovel.

"He wants me to come to town this afternoon," continued Mrs. Sayre. "On business," he says,—referring again to the telegraphic message. "Now, how absurd! What possible business could Jimmy have which would call me into town on a day in July? I suppose"—regretfully—"that I must go. But it 's Mary's day out, and Jane has a headache. I don't see how I can leave William."

Miss Lamb's serious face brightened. "I should like nothing better than to have William all to myself this afternoon," she said, with some eagerness. "I wish particularly to test the child's conscious awareness as related to the ends and reasons of his conduct. Will you trust him with me?"

Mrs. Sayre's brown eyes twinkled. "I will," she agreed. Then, without apparent relevance, she walked over to Miss Lamb, inserted her white forefinger under the tip of that lady's chin, and stared thoughtfully down at her. "I don't suppose you 've given the matter a thought, Lamby; but you 're quite irresistible in that white gown. It 's a pity to waste it all on William."

Miss Lamb blushed beautifully. "I shall not pretend that I do not understand you, Meredith," she said firmly; "and I wish to take this opportunity to tell you that nothing will change my determination."

"About what?" inquired Mrs. Sayre, innocently. "What *are* you talking about, Lamby dear?" She stooped and kissed Miss Lamb with a tantalizing laugh. "It is evident that your mind is becoming rapidly obsessed with a single idea—in which case we may look for a train of the most singular phenomena. Do try to reserve a reasonable share of your perceptive faculties for William. He has a way of disappearing, if one loses sight of him even for a moment.

I warn you. I shall go out by way of the garden; he 'll howl if he sees me depart."

Miss Lamb gazed steadfastly at the industrious infant. William had dug a hole of some dimensions in the middle of the walk, and was engaged in planting pebbles at irregular intervals about the edges of it. Miss Lamb made a brief note of the fact in her book of "Tabulated Records."

"Why did you dig the hole, William?" she inquired in a sprightly manner calculated to engage the infant attention.

"I want my muzzer," said William. He arose unsteadily to his feet and stared about him truculently.

Miss Lamb hurriedly noted that The Child had evidently observed his mother's departure, though at the moment of it he had seemed oblivious of the fact.

"I want my muzzer," repeated William, doggedly. The corners of his moist, pink mouth suddenly dropped; his under lip projected ominously; two big tears appeared simultaneously in two brown eyes.

Miss Lamb observed these phenomena with mingled emotions. "Don't cry, William," she advised with some urgency. "We 'll—why, we 'll—" She stared about her distractedly. "I 'll tell you; we 'll write in the book. Shall we write in the nice book, William?" She proffered the volume of "Tabulated Records" to the infant with a timidly ingratiating manner.

William fell upon the object avidly. He hurled it violently to the earth. He kicked it with an appearance of intelligent dislike. He then climbed upon it and jumped up and down. But thus far the experiment was a gratifying success: William had not cried. Indeed, the expression of his youthful countenance had become increasingly cheerful. "I like to tear books," he muttered, stooping to lay hold upon his quarry.

Miss Lamb gazed helplessly at the destroyer; then her eye fell upon a scarlet object, lavishly bedizened with brass bells, which lay in the grass at her feet. She breathed a hopeful sigh. "Just see here, William," she cooed, dangling the scarlet object alluringly before the absorbed infant. "Here is your nice, pretty harness! Let 's leave the stupid book

and play horsey. Come, dear; *please* play horsey wiv oor Lamby!"

Miss Lamb's pink-and-white countenance had assumed a reckless and daredevil expression which William seemed to approve. He ceased to center his earnest regard upon the volume of "Tabulated Records," which he dismissed with a final buffet of scorn. "Me play horsey wiv oo," he assented, with immense condescension.

Miss Lamb extended the tinkling harness. "Come, William," she twittered joyously; "come and get the straps on."

But William stood still in his tracks, staring stonily at the scarlet object. "*Me* dwive horsey," he finally remarked, with a mordant emphasis which the intelligent Miss Lamb had no difficulty in understanding.

"Oh," she cried, with sudden inspirational utterance, "you want Lamby to be horsey. Is that it?"

"Yeth," assented William. "Me want whip, too. Me whip Lamby hard. Me make Lamby do fast!"

Miss Lamb hastily invested herself with the scarlet straps. Then she pranced diplomatically before the infant, extending the reins with one hand.

"Me want whip," repeated William, stolidly.

"Oh, no, William; you do not need a whip," argued Miss Lamb, earnestly. "Lamby do fast—very fast—see?" and the professor of physiological psychology dashed excitedly up and down the gravel path in an illustrative manner.

William's thoughtful gaze once more reverted to the volume of "Tabulated Records" which lay at his feet, its learned leaves fluttering in the light summer breeze.

"See, William; here is a nice long whip," exclaimed Miss Lamb, pressing a lithe switch hastily plucked from a neighboring lilac into the pudgy hand. "It 'll hurt horsey and make her do fast," she added artfully.

William laid a heavy grasp upon the lines, his youthful countenance settling into an expression of masculine severity. "Det—tup!" he exclaimed, and the lilac switch emphasized the command.

Miss Lamb ambled joyously away from the dangerous proximity of the "Tabulated Records." "Let us go to the sand-

pile and dig, William," she suggested after an erratic and extended course through the shrubbery, during which William plied the lilac switch with vigor and frequency.

"Det—tup!" responded William. "Horsey do fast; horsey not talk."

Miss Lamb's thoughts wandered longingly to the distant volume of "Tabulated Records." Mentally she noted: "The Child exhibits astonishing powers of observation. *Query:* Does William possess any adequate conception of the ratiocinative processes as serving the ends of knowledge? Does he not, in this instance, vaguely sense the relatedness of things in common with some of the lower animals?" Her pace insensibly slackened to a slow walk. A sharp cut of the lilac switch recalled her wandering thoughts to the psychic instant.

"Det—tup!" commanded William.

During the period of strenuous bodily exercise which immediately ensued, Miss Lamb noted somewhat unscientifically her own sense of fatigue as correlated to the compelling action of the lilac switch. "Why do I not oppose a definite conative activity to the erratic volitional impulses of the infant?" she asked herself.

Suddenly and without warning William pulled lustily upon the lines. "Whoa!" he shouted, and again applied the gad to his dispirited steed by way of final reminder.

"What are you going to do with horsey now, William?" inquired Miss Lamb, meekly.

"Me doin' to hits' my horsey-Lamb," replied William, with gratifying mildness. The child's red curls clung in moist rings to his pink forehead, his scarlet lips were thrust into inviting prominence, his round cheeks glowed like the heart of a rose.

Miss Lamb surveyed him with a new and delightful sense of proprietorship. "Do you love me, William?" she murmured, sinking to her knees before her taskmaster.

By way of answer, the infant precipitated his moist little person into the outstretched arms of the lady. He hugged her mightily with two soft, fat arms in which a surprising amount of masculine muscle was already apparent. "Tiss me!" he commanded.

Miss Lamb obeyed with slavish alacrity. "Will you kiss me, William?" she whispered, hiding her laughing face upon the infant's small shoulder.

"No," said William calmly: "me dig in sand-pile."

Miss Lamb strove for the moment to content her active mind with mental notes. "It is evident that William has already acquired the elementary consciousness of causation as dependent upon conation and in association with the feeling of effort suggested by the use of the muscles. *Query:* How shall I correlate the immediately succeeding idea of digging in the sand-pile to the foregoing esthetical impulse? A most instructive incident from a psychogenetic point of view."

Miss Lamb's fingers closed longingly upon her fountain-pen. "If I could only get that book!" she murmured, glancing apprehensively at the infant. William's broad back was turned squarely upon the lady; he appeared completely absorbed in his present occupation of sifting sand into his shoe, which he had removed for the purpose.

After a strenuous mental argument with her volitional consciousness, Miss Lamb arose and stole furtively away through the shrubbery.

An hour later Mr. Gregg, ensconced in a hammock on his own veranda, somnolently engaged in some unknown but pleasing train of thought, became aware of the hasty approach of a charming but somewhat disheveled figure. He sprang to his feet.

"Are you there, Bi—I mean Mr. Gregg?" inquired a faint voice.

"Miss Lamb!" exclaimed Mr. Gregg. "Why, what has happened? What is the matter?"

"I've lost him," wailed the lady, sinking down upon the steps of the veranda in an attitude of poignant despair. "What shall I do?"

Mr. Gregg sat down at her side and thoughtfully passed an arm about her slender waist. "Lost what, dearest? Tell me—do."

"I've lost William!"

Pressed for an explanation, Miss Lamb further confessed her nefarious abandonment of the infant in order to regain the volume of "Tabulated Records." "I

was gone for only a very few minutes," she urged, "and I kept looking at a bit of white which I could see through the trees, and which I thought was William's dress. But, oh, it was n't his dress at all, as I found when I returned; it was his hat which he had thrown down. I've looked in every conceivable place since, and I can't find it."

"Find what—the 'Tabulated Records'?" Mr. Gregg wanted to know. He appeared strangely unmoved by the terrible intelligence, and Miss Lamb turned upon him with sudden fierceness.

"'Tabulated Records'?" she cried. "No; I did not find that wretched book. It had disappeared completely. Did you suppose for an instant that I came here to tell you that? No; I meant the infant—I meant William. And you"—with gathering indignation—"don't seem to care at all."

"Yes, I do," amended Mr. Gregg, seriously. "But, you see, I'm used to this; William runs away biweekly, on the average. I guess I can locate him without much trouble. Did you inquire at the stables?"

"Of course I did," declared Miss Lamb. "I've looked everywhere, and he's—he's gone, I tell you! Do you suppose"—in a heartbreaking whisper—"that some wretch has stolen him?"

Mr. Gregg looked grave. "I had n't thought of that," he admitted. "See here, dear; you're utterly played out with the heat and excitement and all; just wait here for a minute, while I glance into one or two of the infant's favorite haunts. I'll unearth the young rascal—see if I don't!"

Miss Lamb looked up at him tearfully. "If you only will," she murmured faintly, "I—"

"Well," said Mr. Gregg, pausing expectantly.

"Oh, I'll do anything for you—*anything!*" wailed Miss Lamb, with a reckless gesture. "Only find him! If he's lost, what could I say to Meredith! She warned me not to leave him even for an instant."

Mr. Gregg walked rapidly toward the stables with the air of a man suddenly confronted with the gravest crisis of his life. He came presently upon his coachman, placidly rubbing up a bit of silver-

plated harness in the open door of the carriage-house. "Were you here, Mulligan, when Miss Lamb stopped to inquire after William?" he demanded.

"Yis, sor," replied the man, imperturbably.

"Then why are you not scouring the neighborhood for the boy? Drop that harness this instant; call every man on the place, and set them to looking for the child. I've got to find him at once."

Mulligan grinned cheerfully. "If you'll just step this way, sor, I'll put you on to the track of the young gentleman. Bless 'im! 'e ain't born to come to no harm, sor, that 'e ain't—if the women-folks 'll only leave 'im be." The man tiptoed into the carriage-house, beckoning his master to follow. And there, curled snugly under the seat of the trap, his curly head pillowed comfortably on a lap-robe, lay William, a pink thumb in a pinker mouth, his eyes closed, his plump body plainly abandoned to delicious and fathomless slumber.

Mr. Gregg started forward with a smothered exclamation of relief.

"Better leave 'im to get 'is sleep out, sor," objected Mulligan. "It's bad luck to be wakin' a child out of a rest like that, sor; 'e's the life worried out of 'im with bein' took care of too much, poor little chap!"

Mr. Gregg stood for a moment, lost in thought. Then he laid a compelling hand on Mulligan's shoulder. "See here, Mulligan," he said, when the two were outside once more, "do you suppose you could put a horse into that trap without waking up the kid?"

"Sure, sor," grinned Mulligan; "'e's good for an hour, easy."

"It'll be worth ten dollars to you if you can, my man. Be quick about it; there's no time to lose."

As Mr. Gregg approached the house, he perceived, to his delight, Miss Lamb sitting upon the steps of the veranda, in the same dejected attitude in which he had left her.

"You have n't found William," she greeted him, in a tone of calm despair. "I did n't expect you would. I have thought it all over since you left me, and I see quite plainly that I have brought it upon myself. It is an inevitable sequence. To think of my preferring a book of

"Tabulated Records"—or any sort of book—*no*—*no*, William! I wonder how any one could love me all these years! No; don't speak to me! Don't try to comfort me!"

"But I only wanted to tell you that I have news of—that is, I think we shall be able to get on the track of— Come, dear, brace up! We shall have to drive for a bit, and there's no time to lose. If he should wake up before—" The mendacious Mr. Gregg groaned aloud in wordless agitation. "Hold on a minute," he added hastily; "I must ring up Dr. Morton before we start."

"Who is Dr. Morton?" demanded Miss Lamb, with stony composure. He had rejoined her with an expression of countenance which left no room for hope. "But, no; you need n't tell me. I understand it all now. I shall be brave—I shall shrink from nothing."

Mr. Gregg had grasped the agitated Miss Lamb by the arm and was hurrying her forward with long, irregular strides toward the stables. "Is it all right, Mulligan?" he whispered, as he handed the lady to her place.

"Yes, sor," replied Mulligan, as he touched the brim of his cap; "'e's tight as a trivet, sor, bless 'im!"

"Where are we going?" ventured Miss Lamb in a small, weak voice. They had driven a mile or more along the quiet country road, and Mr. Gregg had thus far offered no sort of explanation. He had, instead, stared unremittingly at the back of his horse, a slightly grim and forbidding expression on his handsome face. Miss Lamb put out an imploring little hand. "Won't you *please* tell me?" she begged.

Mr. Gregg looked down at her, the grim look deepening into one of masterful determination. "Yes," he said sternly, "I will tell you. But first you must promise to answer truthfully three questions. Will you do it?"

"Y-e-s," faltered Miss Lamb, with a frightened quiver of her sweet, pallid face.

"First," began Mr. Gregg, with businesslike coldness, "what is your name—your given name, I mean?"

"My name is Rosemary," replied Miss Lamb, staring at her inquisitor with wide blue eyes. "But why—"

"Never mind why; you will see presently. Question number two—be careful to answer this truthfully. Do you love me, Rosemary?"

"I—I don't know."

"Be careful," frowned Mr. Gregg. "Once again: Do you love me?"

"Y-e-s," faltered Miss Lamb. "But"—with a sudden rush of poignant recollection—"I've no right to love anybody now that William is—"

"Never mind William; I'm coming to him directly. Question number three: Did you, or did you not, promise, without reservations, to do anything I asked, provided I would produce the boy?"

"I—I don't know," prevaricated Miss Lamb, wildly.

"Well, I do," said Mr. Gregg, coolly; "and, what is more, you do, too. Now I'll tell you what I want right now. I want you to marry me."

"You'll have to produce William first, and"—with wan triumph—"you can't do that!"

"Can't I?" asked Mr. Gregg. "Just watch me!" He leaned down and fumbled under the seat. A sharp little yelp of displeasure greeted the exploring hand.

"Oh! What is that noise?" cried Miss Lamb, with a start of rapturous amazement.

"The youngster's pretty nearly as heavy as when he's mad," grumbled Mr. Gregg. "You'll have to help me get him out of here."

"But you knew where he was all the while," objected Miss Lamb, reproachfully, after a few minutes devoted to the joys of blissful reunion.

"Upon my word, Rosemary, I did not. That is, I did n't know it when you promised to marry me."

"I did n't promise to marry you."

"You promised to do whatever I asked, and"—triumphantly—"you knew that was the only thing I cared about. You've known it for years."

"But—but, you did n't mean now—right away? I—I could n't, you know. You were joking, were n't you, Billy—dear?"

Her look of entreaty was so dangerously sweet that Mr. Gregg almost lost his head. It was William who happily recalled him to his senses.



Drawn by Harrison Fisher. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"YOU'LL HAVE TO HELP ME GET HIM OUT OF HERE!"

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"Me want dwive horsey," murmured the infant, gently.

"I meant every word of it, dearest," said Mr. Gregg, firmly. "In fact, I telephoned Dr. Morton before we left home; he 'll be expecting us."

"Who is Dr. Morton?" demanded Miss Lamb, crisply. She straightened her trim figure slightly as she asked the question.

"Me—want—dwive—horsey!" vociferated William in stentorian tones.

"Shall I give him the reins, Rosemary?" asked Mr. Gregg, glancing at the lady with a quizzical smile.

"No—oh, no! That is—I think I would rather get out, please," faltered Miss Lamb.

Mr. Gregg drew up sharply before a neat white house half hidden in trees. "Um—yes," he said; "well, we 'll all get out here for a few minutes."

An hour later, when Mr. Gregg pulled up his big brown cob with a brazenly triumphant flourish before the veranda of the Sayre residence, its master and mistress were discovered talking anxiously together. "Completely disappeared; I found his hat and one shoe," Mrs. Sayre was saying, when she broke into a cry of

relieved astonishment. "Why, Lamby, where *have* you been? Do you know we 've been almost frightened to death about William? I might have known you were at the bottom of it, Billy Gregg. What have you been doing to make Lamby look like that? And William, too! Oh, you shockingly dirty child—with one shoe off! Come here to your suffering parents."

"He 's been best man at a wedding," explained Mr. Gregg, cheerfully, as he handed the infant over the wheel; "and that nearly always knocks a fellow out, you know."

"I beg your pardon, sor; but I thought maybe you 'd have missed this, sor," interrupted a respectful voice from the rear, and Mulligan presented to view a torn and muddled mass of pulpy paper, which appeared to have been written over in a small, neat hand. "I hope, sor, as it ain't anythin' valyble; I found the bull-pup a-chewin' of it behind the stables. I 'm afraid he 's e't up a good bit of it, sor."


Mrs. William Gregg glanced at the object thoughtfully. "It appears to be my volume of 'Tabulated Records,'" she said, with astonishing calmness. "Thank you, Mulligan; you may take it away."



THE EMBARRASSMENT OF EXPANSION

A PORTO RICO STORY

BY CHARLES BRYANT HOWARD

" RISTINA," began the lady of the house at *desayuno*, "is sulking again."

"Why, it can't be a month since her last spree," said I, selecting an orange. "I thought she was safe for at least six weeks more. These strike me as being rather poor oranges."

"I know it, and they have gone up to eight cents a dozen, too; but they are the best we can get. That old North Atlan-

tic Squadron bought all the good ones in the island, and I suppose they paid any price. No; Cristina does n't want a spree yet. I think we 'll have to give another dinner."

Cristina was our colored St. Thomas cook, of mixed African, Caribbean, Danish, and British ancestry and equally diversified characteristics, but undoubtedly one of the best *cocineras* in Porto Rico; which is not saying much, for a cook who

can boil an egg properly is a prize worth striving for in that land of flowers and garlic. But Cristina was really very good, indeed, and could even make grid-dle-cakes; on the strength of which we made allowances, so far as was consistent with living in a moderately civilized state, for her numerous idiosyncrasies. The least of these was a habit of smoking strong cigars at all hours, and the greatest a desire at the end of every three months or so to go on a "sprec" of several days' duration, during which periods my wife divided her own time between the chafing-dish and Agatha, the maid, who invariably gave vent to her outraged feelings in tears and week's warnings. An intermediate peculiarity was a desire that the fruit of her skill in the kitchen should be appreciated by a broader circle than that afforded by our immediate household; hence the aforesaid sulks if we failed for any length of time in the matter of entertainment.

"Well, go ahead and give one," said I, resignedly buttering toast. "Is this native or dairy butter?"

"Native. There won't be any American until the *Ponce* gets in—or any muton, either. Whom can we have?"

"Anybody you want, I suppose; how many does it ordinarily require to restore Cristina to her normal good-nature? This is delicious guava paste; where did it come from?"

"Cristina put it up herself. Speak louder, so she can hear you."

"The best guava I ever tasted!" I obediently shouted; rather unnecessarily, the kitchen being just across the *patio*, and ordinary conversation from there, not to speak of sounds associated with dish-washing, usually more audible than desirable.

"Well, I really don't know who there *is* to have," said Jane, reflectively. "So many people have gone North at this time of the year. Is anybody coming down on the *Ponce*?"

"Nobody interesting, I believe. But look here I've thought of something. There are two Spaniards on the way from Havana, due here on Sunday or Monday, whom I know; very decent chaps, indeed—quite distinguished, in fact. I'm rather indebted to one of them, who was very kind to me over there once; and it

would be good policy, anyway, for me to do something in return. Would you mind having them?"

"Mercy on us!" said Jane, looking a trifle aghast. "Who are they?"

"One is Don Carlos Arrivi y Something, and the other—my friend—is Don Augusto Paniagua y Something else, a really delightful old fellow. They are West Indians by birth, of course, but of almost pure Spanish descent. I know you'd enjoy having them; it would be a grand chance to exercise your Spanish."

"But, good gracious! George, I have n't ever really *talked* to anybody yet, except Professor Larrinaga and shop people."

"Well, it's time you had," I replied. "You've been coming home every other day and boasting most shamelessly about being old Larrinaga's best pupil. However," I added diplomatically, "you probably won't have to. I can get along well enough in politics and that sort of thing, and they won't care to talk anything else, very likely. Spaniards usually consider feminine conversation not worth listening to, you know."

That settled it.

"Do they, really?" replied Jane, with dignity. "Then they just don't know what they miss. Humph! how about Queen Isabella? If they had n't listened to *her* conversation, where would America be now, I'd like to know?"

I fortunately allowed to escape the opportunity of saying that America, even under those circumstances, would probably be now just about where it was then. "Isabella, my dear," I did say, reaching for the matches, "was a lady of exceptional force of character, enhanced by worldly position, and with means at her disposal—now considered bad form—of making herself listened to. Dear me! I have n't a cigarette in the house."

"Cristina has a box of yours in the kitchen. Agatha, will you get it, please? Well, Spaniards are very rude men, then. Now you ask those people to dine, and see if I don't make them listen. Whom else would you like to have?"

"What's that girl's name who's staying at the Gallopers'? Would she do?"

"Miss Buster? She does n't speak a word of Spanish. Still, she's pretty and lively; and I suppose these creatures can appreciate beauty, if they can't conversa-

tion, so I 'll ask her. How long are they going to be here?"

"Three or four days, I think. But don't you want somebody else who can speak both English and Spanish?"

"No, indeed. I shall not need any help, thank you. But if these men are distinguished, they 'll probably dine at the palace once, and then Mrs. Snapper 'll be after them for everything she can possibly get them for."

"Well, we 'll get ahead of Mrs. Snapper. I 'll meet them at the dock; I 'll have to see old Paniagua, anyway. What night?"

"Oh, Tuesday, if you can—or Wednesday."

THE distinguished visitors accepted for Tuesday evening with charming grace, as did Miss Buster with breezy enthusiasm. Hitherto what little entertaining we had done had been entirely for the benefit of guests of our own nationality, or at least language, and had been so invariably successful that after securing the foreigners and announcing the fact to Jane on Monday, I was startled to find myself consulted on a point which had so far been entirely controlled under feminine jurisprudence.

"What do these people eat?" inquired Jane. "Must I have anything queer, like those awful mixtures at the Hotel España—and garlic?"

"No—mercy, no! Just one of our ordinary dinners—whatever there is at the American butcher's, and some good fish—they always like fish, and they usually have it after dessert, but we need n't. And a specially good salad. They like things hot, too; have red pepper and tabasco around where they can reach them, and pepper the soup well."

"But you always detest red pepper in the soup," objected Jane.

"Well, they won't understand if I do; and out of consideration for Miss Buster I 'll promise to say nothing worse than—"

"George!"

MISS BUSTER was the first to arrive on Tuesday evening, in a fascinating gown and a gushing state of anticipation, and I overheard Jane giving her points on the situation while I wrestled with my tie.

"They don't speak a word of English, you know," she said; "and George says that Spaniards don't consider feminine conversation worth listening to. So I 've been studying my 'Spanish Phrases and Idioms' all day, and I 'm going to work in every single word and sentence I know, even if it's only about the cat and the rat."

"Well," replied Miss Buster, "I can at least say, 'See, seenyaw,' and 'No, seenyaw'; and if you make a face when it 's the proper time to say one or the other, I 'll do it or choke."

I emerged in time to apologize to Miss Buster and to receive the guests of honor. The initial ceremonies were most successfully performed, Jane rattling off her phrase-book welcome in a manner which surprised me—and herself also, I imagine, not to mention the Spaniards, who replied with a flow of grandiloquent Castilian which completely carried me out of my depth and reduced Jane to an embarrassed and helpless smile.

Don Augusto, an elderly gentleman of most *distingué* appearance, immediately seated himself by Jane, who was visibly nervous, but bravely faced the situation with a safe remark about the weather; and Don Carlos, who was slightly younger and had a head of hair pompadoured like a blacking-brush, after a vain attempt on my part to draw him into conversation, showed a determination to devote himself to Miss Buster, to her painfully evident dismay; and after she had said, "See, seenyaw," at least three times in reply to a very flowery speech expressive of his admiration for American ladies in general, I came to the rescue with the happy inspiration of cigarettes all round.

"My soul and body!" exclaimed Miss Buster, fanning herself, "he talks like a railroad train!"

"Are you going to give them cocktails, George?" inquired Jane, while Don Augusto was lighting his cigarette.

I shook my head. "They seldom touch hard liquor, you know," I said; "and one of my Martinis would probably knock them higher than Gilderoy's kite. I told Agatha to serve sherry and bitters instead."

This, with the caviar sandwiches, appeared opportunely, and seemed to be appreciated; and directly afterward dinner

was announced. To my annoyance, Jane seemed a bit surprised at the conventional manner in which Don Augusto gave her his arm and followed Miss Buster and me into the dining-room, which caused me to remind her, as we seated ourselves, that these were not utter barbarians.

"I know it, dear," she replied apologetically: "but it startles me, somehow, when they do things like other people."

The dinner, from a culinary point of view, was a success, and certainly the behavior of the two dons left nothing to be desired, which is more than can be said of our own, I fear. Not once did they address each other, or appear to notice by word or sign that our Spanish was not perfection itself; and as for "feminine conversation," they simply reveled in it—so far as Jane's was concerned, at least, Don Carlos having given Miss Buster up in despair.

"I've exhausted the climate and the people and the trees of Porto Rico," said Jane to me over the salad, "and now I'm just beginning with animals. If they hold out through dessert, I can keep climatic diseases until after dinner."

I had been rather prepared to hear amazement expressed that they did not drink their soup and seemed to understand the relations existing between solid food and forks, and Miss Buster did make some sort of remark to that effect. In fact, Miss Buster's general behavior gave me the fidgets, and from a young lady of less charming personality would have merited reproof. She was an excitable little chatterbox, making her first visit outside her native prairies, and the novelty of the present situation rather turned her exquisite head.

"I never went to a dinner before where I could express myself plainly about the other people," she declared, "and I'm going to make the most of it."

And make the most of it she did, until sounds of unrepressed mirth from across the patio brought forth a laughing reproof from Jane.

With the *piña* sherbet Jane's "phrases" gave out entirely, and I was forced to introduce the only subjects on which I felt sure of my ground in Spanish—general politics and the financial questions of the day. At last Jane rose.

"You seem to be safely started now,"

she said; "so do have your coffee in here instead of in the *sala*, and let me look up a few more words. And don't, for pity's sake, urge them to stay when they want to go, or I shall collapse."

Pleading an important engagement, they did leave unexpectedly early, in time to save Jane's freshly acquired vocabulary from exhaustion. Miss Buster was to spend the night, and after she and the exhilaration of her presence had disappeared, I had a feeling that we had all behaved in rather an ill-bred way, even if the guests did not know it; and said so.

"I'm horribly afraid we did, too," said Jane, penitently; "but it was so hard to resist the opportunity. It was so like private theatricals, with stage whispers. And you were so good, dear; not to mind that dreadful peppery soup."

In the office next morning I was handed a card inviting me and my "*apreciable familia*" to attend, at the theater in the afternoon, a meeting of an insularly patriotic nature, during which Dons Augusto and Carlos would make addresses.

I knew that I could not get away in time, but I handed the card to Jane at lunch, and advised her to get hold of some other ladies and go, as the speeches at these gatherings were very apt to be interesting, not to say amusing.

About five o'clock I walked home in the blissful consciousness of a good day's work behind and a canter out to the club in prospect. Jane met me on the front steps with an expression on her face the like of which I had never seen before.

Anticipating trouble, I started to make a remark in a spirit of jocoseness, but was very properly interrupted.

"George, did you do that on purpose?" she demanded, in a tone of sepulchral emphasis.

"Wh-what?" said I, startled. "Did you go to the meeting?"

"I should think I did!" she replied with severity.

"Heavens and earth!" I exclaimed, aghast. "Was there anything improper about it?"

"Well, not exactly; except that those two friends of yours made their addresses in the most perfect English you ever heard!"

"Great —!"

"Did you do it on purpose, George?"

"Upon my word, I did n't, Jane. I only met Don Augusto at his house in Havana, and everybody spoke Spanish the entire time. I never dreamed that either of them knew a word of English. Perhaps they had their addresses by heart"—grasping at a straw.

"Not at all. They came up afterward and talked and chatted with the Governor and the rest of us for ever so long—at least not with me, for I simply fled. Why in the world did n't they tell us? I think it was a low-down, mean thing to do. Don't talk to me about Spanish politeness and chivalry and things after this!"

"Steady, my dear! I can explain all that. Do come in and sit down, or you'll draw a crowd. Now, as a matter of fact, it *was* just Spanish politeness and nothing else: it is a point of courtesy with them never to let you know that they can speak English unless you ask them point-blank or begin in English yourself. It would be as much as to say that you did n't speak Spanish well enough, don't you see?"

"I see, but—oh, George, what *did* I say about them last night—and what did n't Miss Buster say?"

"I don't know, I 'm sure. It was all my fault, I suppose. But what the mischief am I to say to them, I wonder?"

"I don't know or care. But if they make a dinner-call, George,—I suppose Spaniards make calls,—I 'm out, or sick, or *dead*—anything! Do you understand?"

I understood. But, fortunately for the spiritual welfare of our household forces, the dreaded call was never made, the Spaniards leaving the island next day, greatly to my relief.

And, to the credit of the Castilian race, be it known that not a word did we hear from any of our friends in regard to the experiences of Dons Carlos and Augusto at our house.

"Which goes to prove that they are chivalrous, at least," said Jane, "but singularly lacking in the sense of humor. At any rate, Cristina is pleased—and I made them listen to me."



SAVING CALIFORNIA'S FRUIT CROPS

BY W. S. HARWOOD



FEW months ago I saw in an office in the city of San Francisco a little orange-tree about to set out upon what I presume was the most remarkable journey an orange-tree ever made. It was growing in a wooden box, the whole tree being not more than four feet in height. It was to be inclosed in a strong redwood case, with openings to allow it breathing-space.

The little tree was bound for a far interior point in China. It would probably spend three months on its journey, would stay some time in China, far from the beaten paths of the tourists, and then would begin its homeward journey to San Francisco. Curiously enough, the tree

was starting out for China to be cured of a disease. It, in common with a number of other California orange-trees, had broken out with a most wretched affliction which was rapidly destroying its glossy green leaves and unfitting it for service. The disease took the form of a tiny insect or scale growth called *Depidosaphes Beckii*, very small in its individuals, but many in the aggregate and very dangerous. In fact, if the disease should not be checked, it would be likely to do irreparable damage to a great fruit industry.

In China the tree would meet a man who has made a lifelong study of plant diseases and injurious insects. He spends his time traveling over the world sear-

lay for the foe of some particular insect. He knows that there is a foe for nearly every one, and it is his business to find that foe. One month he may be in West Australia, which country helps pay his expenses, - another month may see him in Japan, or in India, or Spain, or Siberia. It is a well-known fact that while almost every insect pest has its enemies, the enemies and the pest are evenly matched where the conditions are normal, and no harm is done. When the balance is not maintained, the pest gets the upper hand. Then comes the need of the searcher of pest foes. It is exceedingly difficult sometimes to find the region of the world where the foe exists. It was learned in a round-about way, for example, that in an interior Chinese province this pest of the California orange tree lived side by side with a tiny insect that was an enemy to it. The pest and the destroying insect developed in about equal numbers, so that the balance was preserved and the pest did no harm.

The object in sending the little orange-tree on its long journey was to take it into the locality where the pest and the insect both live, allow the destroying insect to



From a photograph

MR. COMPERE IN HIS ROOMS IN THE WEST AUSTRALIA EXPERIMENT-STATION

lay its eggs upon the leaves of the tree, as it always does when it finds a place where its prey is living, send the tree home again with the eggs of the foe upon it, hatch them out in San Francisco, and then send the spiteful little insect out into the infected orange regions to destroy the pest that threatens the orange industry.

This is an illustration of the functions of a remarkable enterprise, now being carried on under the supervision of the California Commissioner of Horticulture. The way has now been opened for a revolution in the methods of insect-pest treatment. The commission, which is a State board, has been quietly at work upon the problem for ten years. It has demonstrated by actual tests that the only permanently successful way of combating pests in plants, whether fruit-trees, vegetables, or grains, is either to stamp out the disease altogether, usually a practical impossibility, or to introduce into the region where the pest exists its natural foe. The balance of nature is

absolute. The moment an insect pest gets in the ascendancy and begins to be a destroyer, this balance is disturbed, and at that moment, if possible, the foe should

be at hand. It is sure to exist somewhere—nature's provision against overproduction. When unrestricted production goes on in plant or animal life, no one can predict the result.

So the work of this commission is not a fad, but a practical and immensely valuable enterprise, already resulting in the saving of millions of dollars to the fruit industry of California. The saving, when the experiment is a success, is twofold: first, it puts a check upon the disease or pest, thus saving the crops; and, secondly, it does away with the need of elaborate and expensive spraying outfits.

The man who would meet the little orange-tree is Mr. George Compere. When the orange-tree started from San Francisco on July 6, 1905, Mr. Compere was on his way to China from West Australia to meet the tree and see it safely through its novel experience.

A year or so ago Mr. Compere found in Spain a region where the codling-moth lived, but where the ravages of the worm to which its eggs give birth were slight. Investigations were made into this curious state of affairs. The result was that he discovered an insect, an ichneumon-fly in form, though not at all like the ordinary house-fly, the sole aim in life of which

was to kill the worm. The fly was about five eighths of an inch in length, with a slender, wasp-like body and two pairs of blue-black wings. It was equipped with a curious stiletto-like sting, about as long as itself, which it could project from a sheath, and then, by bringing the full force of its powerful body in play, could drive down into the bark of the tree where the worm was found, and kill it, much as a woodpecker performs its grubbing feat.

It was reasoned that if this parasite, or foe insect, kept the codling-moth down to a proper balance in Spain, it could do so in California. The ravages of this moth

have been enormous. It hatches out an egg which produces a worm that destroys vast quantities of apples: indeed, its ravages have cost upward of twenty millions of dollars a year in the United States alone, to say nothing of the large sums of money spent for insecticides, spraying apparatus, chemicals, and the like, all, at the best, only makeshifts. A number of the pupæ of the parasite were packed up in Spain and sent to the commission in San Francisco. They hatched out into

healthy flies, and various meals of worms were in waiting to satisfy the appetites of these Spanish-bred insects. The worms were on branches of apple-trees gathered from infected orchards, some on the surface, some under the bark. The branches were placed in glass cases, and the flies were let loose among them. The work of destruction began instantly, the flies searching out the worms unerringly and laying a large number of eggs, a few at a time, upon the worms—about two hundred and fifty eggs in all. The object in laying them upon the worms is that their progeny, when hatched out, may have food at hand. The tiny grubs hatching from the eggs feed upon the worm, and at the end of forty-three or forty-six days they are full-grown flies ready to begin their

work of destruction. In a relatively short time a very large number of flies can be produced, more than four thousand healthy flies coming from the very few pupæ that were sent from Spain.

The flies were sent out to different parts of California in small quantities during the season of 1905. Applications came from very many quarters, for the worm was doing deadly work on the apples. The commissioner, however, thought it best to distribute them over various parts of the State rather than to individual fruit-growers, so that all the varying climates and conditions of California might be tested.



From a photograph

A HATCHERY OF THE FOE OF THE CODLING-MOTH

Thin layers of wood in a jar, between which the codling-moth lays its eggs, which hatch into worms. The foe finds them there, kills them, and lays her eggs in the body of the worm. Her progeny hatch out in a few hours, are full-grown in about forty-three days, and are then sent out into the orchards to carry on the work of destroying worms in the trees and in the young apples.

The results have been signally successful. Reports have come in from many quarters, saying that the flies were appearing in large numbers and that apple-crop prospects were never so bright. One man noted that his trees were maturing the first good crop in years, simply because the apples had a chance to mature unassailed by the worms. The flies bid fair soon to restore the balance of nature where it has been overturned, rob the cod-

trees that they were as white as if covered with snow. So terrible were the ravages of the pest, which destroyed all leaf and blossom output of the tree, that in a single year the shipments dropped from eight thousand car-loads to six hundred. None of the many remedies tried did any permanent good. Digging up the trees and burning them was useless, because the pest had spread to all manner of vegetation. The situation was so critical that the ulti-



From a photograph

TWO ENLARGEMENTS OF THE CODLING-MOTH (WITH A MOTH PICTURED, NATURAL SIZE, BETWEEN THEM)

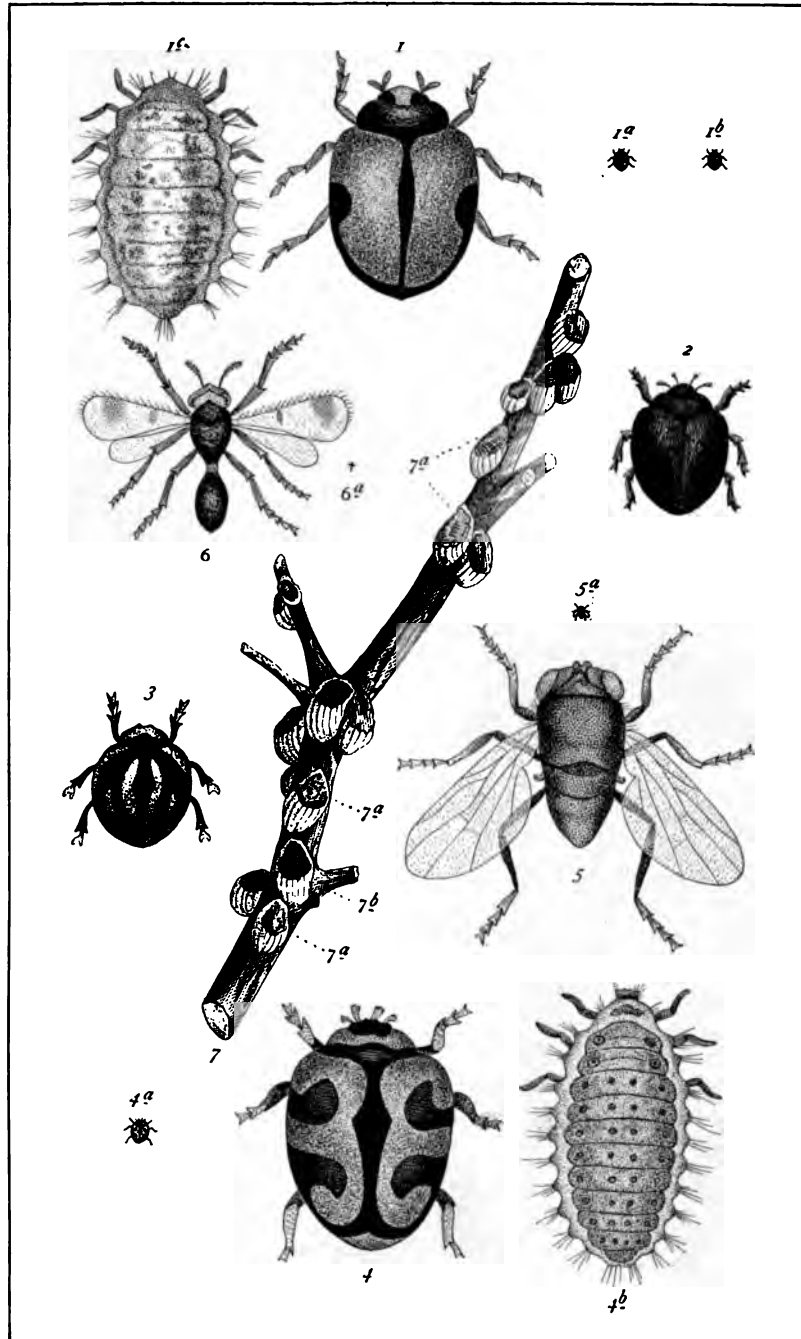
ling-moth of its terrors, and be the means of saving millions of dollars to the fruit industry of the country.

This line of work of the California commission began nearly twenty years ago. In various parts of the State, insect pests of types little understood and difficult to combat had for years been doing great damage. It is related that a nurseryman not far from San Francisco who imported some lemon-trees from Australia laid the foundation—the figure is not altogether a happy one—for millions of dollars' damage. Upon his lemon-trees was what is called the cottony cushion-scale, a tiny insect multiplying with remarkable rapidity and capable of doing vast harm. It had hitherto been unknown in America. An orange-grower in southern California secured some of the infected stock, and the scale spread among the orchards. Sometimes the pests were so thick upon the

mate extinction of the orange industry seemed near at hand.

Relief came through the California commission, aided by other Californians and by the United States Department of Agriculture. An expert of the department, Mr. A. Koebele, was sent to Australia, where a variety of ladybird was found—a brilliant red insect, perhaps an eighth of an inch in width, called the *Fedalia cardinalis*. It was found to have a particular antipathy to the scale, or insect, which had been ravaging the orange orchards, was introduced in large quantities, and at once began the restoration of the balance of nature. The report of the Commissioner of Horticulture of California, recently issued, says on this point:

This discovery started California in her present course of fighting bugs with bugs, and



Drawn by B. F. Williamson from a color plate of the California State Commission of Horticulture

THE COTTONY CUSHION-SCALE AND ITS FOES

The twig in the center bears the cottony cushion-scale, natural size. 7, twig infested with cottony cushion-scale, natural size: 7a, *Icerya purchasi crawii*, Cockerell; 7b, *Icerya purchasi maskelli*. Its enemies are: 1, Koebele's ladybird (*Novius Koebelei*), male, enlarged: 1a, male, natural size; 1b, female, natural size; 1c, larva, enlarged. 2, black *Vedalia*, enlarged. 3, beautiful ladybird (*Novius bellus*), enlarged. 4, Australian ladybird (*Novius [Vedalia] cardinalis*), enlarged: 4a, (natural size; 4b, larva, enlarged. 5, dipterous parasite of the cottony cushion-scale (*Lestophonus icerya*), enlarged: 5a, natural size. 6, hymenopterous parasite of the cottony cushion-scale (*Ophilosia Crawfordi*), enlarged: 6a, natural size.

any other day, and even on such every insect
 goes to its own part, and its fruits will
 be swarmed by the red, green, yellow, and
 black flies, and the very ends of
 the earth will be the proper time.

It is said the little ladybird that saved
 the orchards of California would have
 started to death had it had any other
 food than the cottony cushion scale.

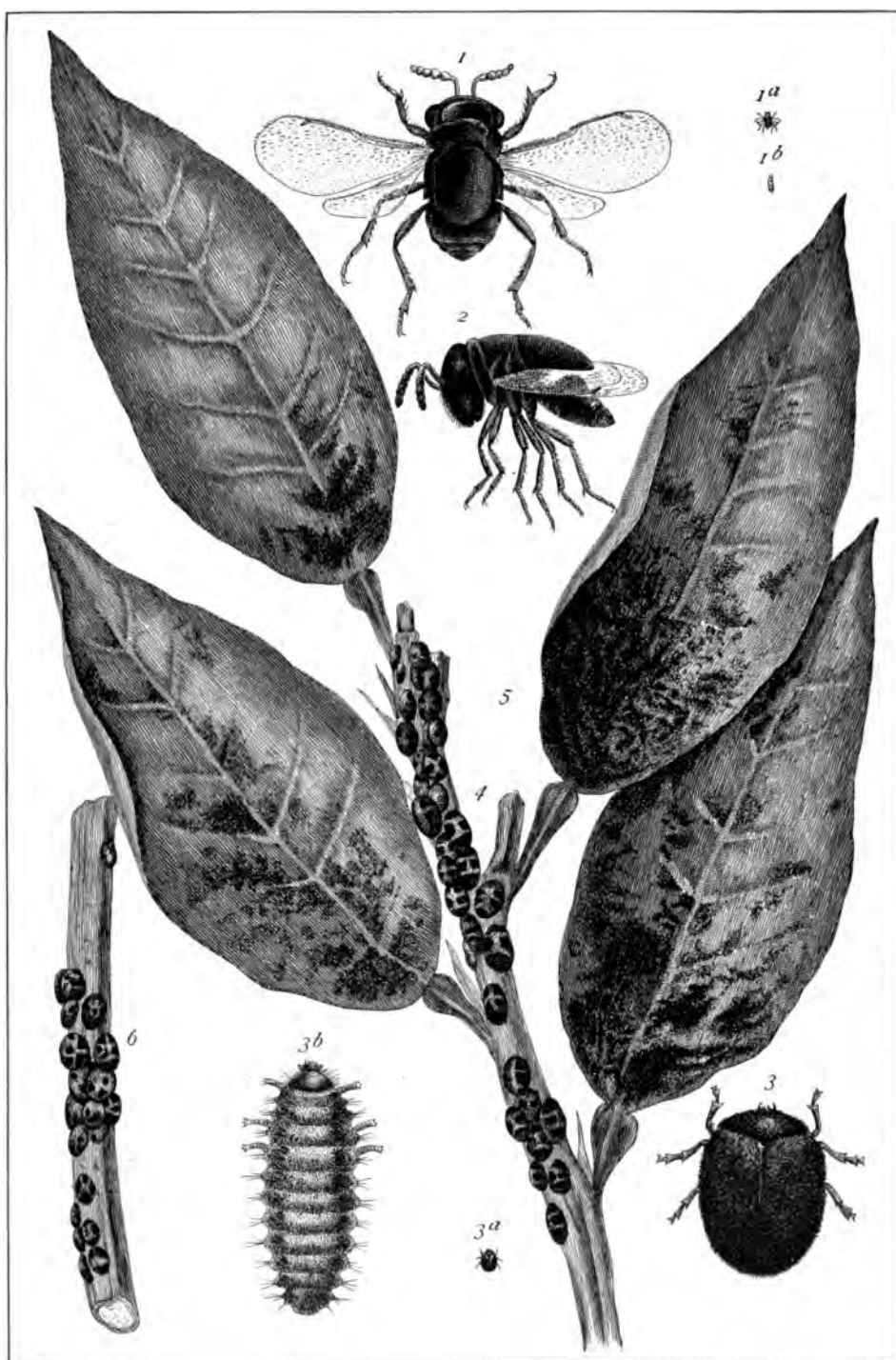
Another pest, similar to the cottony
 cushion scale, is called the black scale.
 Some time ago it was introduced into
 California without its foe, and disastrous
 results followed. Mr. E. M. Ehrhom,
 now Deputy Commissioner of California,
 found, on investigation, that an enemy of
 the black scale lived in Cape Colony.
 Request was made by him of Professor
 Charles P. Lounsbury, Government Entomologist of Cape Colony, for the enemy.
 After the formality of a request from the
 United States Department of Agriculture
 had been complied with, Professor Lounsbury sent the foe through the department
 to Mr. Ehrhom. The first colonies did not
 do well. Branches or cuttings of oleander,
 bearing the black scale parasitized by a
 black, four winged fly, known as *Scutellista cyanea*, were then sent from Cape
 Town to San Francisco. Seventeen in-
 sects developed, but, unfortunately, a
 small spider which had been hidden in a
 rolled up leaf in the case pounced upon
 one of the females and killed her, leaving
 only three from which to build up a race
 of destroyers. There was apparently a
 slender chance of providing relief. From
 the three female flies, however, many eggs
 came; they were jealously guarded and
 hatched out, and a numerous brood re-
 sulted. They were released in the regions
 where the pest had begun its ravages dur-
 ing the season of 1905, and at once began
 their beneficent work. One fruit grower
 reported—and his report may be taken as
 representative of others—that after the
 introduction of the foe the black scale in
 his orchard was reduced ninety per cent.

The apricot, one of the delicious fruits
 of California, is subject to a brown scale,
 or insect, which not only destroys the
 fruit and foliage, but by its thick incrusta-
 tions is liable to destroy the vitality of the
 tree branches and ultimately to ruin the
 tree. It also attacks plum and prune-
 trees with equal virulence. There is a
 minute brown fly, smaller indeed than the

tiny ladybird which has a particular an-
 tipathy to this apricot scale. It is a native
 and is called *Campoplex*. The commis-
 sioner keeps a supply of this fly on hand all
 the time, and whenever there is a report
 from any part of the State that the scale
 is appearing, the commissioner despatches
 a colony of the insects by first mail. They
 are set free in the orchard where the scale
 has appeared, and shortly they begin their
 work of destruction. On account of its
 small size, great care is necessary in the
 production as well as in the shipment and
 handling of the parasite. When an apricot
 plague-spot has been cleansed by the para-
 site, quantities of infested twigs are gath-
 ered, along about the middle of May, and
 placed in square boxes for the use of the
 commissioner in future breeding. This
 foe, which eats its way into the insect, or
 scale, and thus destroys it, begins to
 emerge from the scale soon after the twigs
 are stored. A glass tube is fixed in the
 side of the box. Into this tube the insects
 crawl one by one as they hatch out, and
 when twenty-five or more are in the vial,
 it is stopped with cotton to prevent es-
 cape while admitting air. Another tube
 is placed in position, and so the process
 goes on, colony after colony being thus
 secured. Stiff paper tubes are then used
 to incase the vials in which they are sent
 out to the infected places for liberation.
 The results have been highly successful in
 controlling this pest.

Now and then some other insect than
 the usual natural foe appears and adapts
 itself to a given pest. This was the case
 with the San José scale. A native insect,
 known as the *Aphelinus fuscipennis*, sud-
 denly developed an appetite for the scale.
 It began to multiply also with unusual
 rapidity, and attacked the scale so vigor-
 ously that it was not long before it had
 the pest under control. It was simul-
 taneously noticed in various parts of the
 State where the San José scale had been
 doing sad damage that the scale was dis-
 appearing, and from no apparent cause.
 It was then that investigation showed
 how the pest was being overcome. At
 the present time, wherever in California
 the San José scale is found, there its
 enemy is also found, keeping down the
 pest to its normal numbers and thus pre-
 serving the balance of nature.

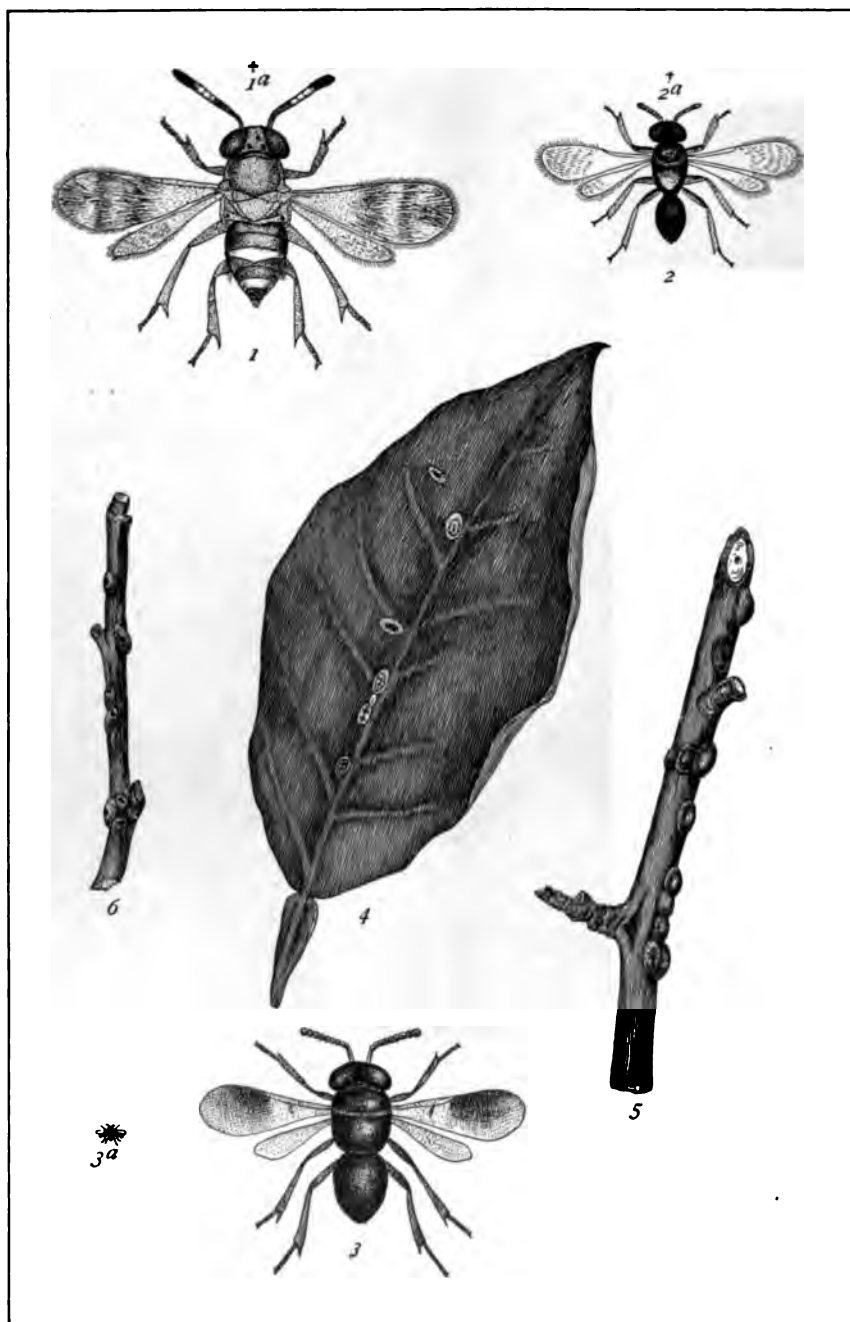
The question may be asked, What is to



Drawn by B. F. Williamson from a color plate of the California State Commission of Horticulture

THE BLACK SCALE AND ITS FOES

The black scale shows on the twig branch and the leaf. 4, black scale (*Saisseta* [*Lecanium*] *oleae*) on an orange twig. 5, black smut, fungus existing on the exudation of the black scale. 6, black scale, showing exit holes of *Scutellista cyanea*. Its enemies are: 1, *Scutellista cyanea*, female, enlarged: 1a, natural size: 1b, larva, natural size. 2, male, enlarged. 3, black ladybird (*Rhizobius ventralis*), enlarged: 3a, natural size; 3b, larva, enlarged.



Drawn by B. F. Williamson from a color plate of the California State Commission of Horticulture

SOFT BROWN SCALE, BROWN APRICOT SCALE, AND THEIR FOES

4, soft brown scale (*Coccus* [*Lecanium*] *hesperidum*) on an orange leaf. 5, brown apricot scale (*Eulecanium* [*Lecanium*] *armeniaticum*) on a prune twig. 6, brown apricot scale, showing exit holes of *Comys fusca*. Their enemies are: 1, *Encyrtus flavus*, enlarged: 1a, natural size. 2, *Coccophagus lecanii*, enlarged: 2a, natural size. 3, *Comys fusca*, enlarged: 3a, natural size.

prevent the foe of these insect pests from becoming in turn an enemy itself? In nearly every case the beneficial insect depends upon the injurious insect for its own sustenance. It will not thrive if it is robbed of its prey. So, whenever the foe insect becomes very numerous in an orchard, it does not do harm to the orchard, but only to the particular pest of the orchard which it antagonizes. It may never entirely destroy the pest, but it re-

the work, which will enable the commission to reap still larger results. It will also afford means for the study of pests of other lands, thus safeguarding this country from them in advance. Among the other pests upon which work is projected or already under way are the following: plant-lice, prune-aphis, woolly aphis, black peach-aphis, cabbage-louse, grape-louse, pear-scale, red scale, peach-root borer, peach-moth, cankerworm, tent-



From a photograph

BREEDING-CASES FOR THE FOE OF THE BROWN APRICOT SCALE

The foe insects are hatched in the cases and crawl into the tubes, or vials, in which they are caught and shipped by mail in heavy pasteboard cases to the infected orchards.

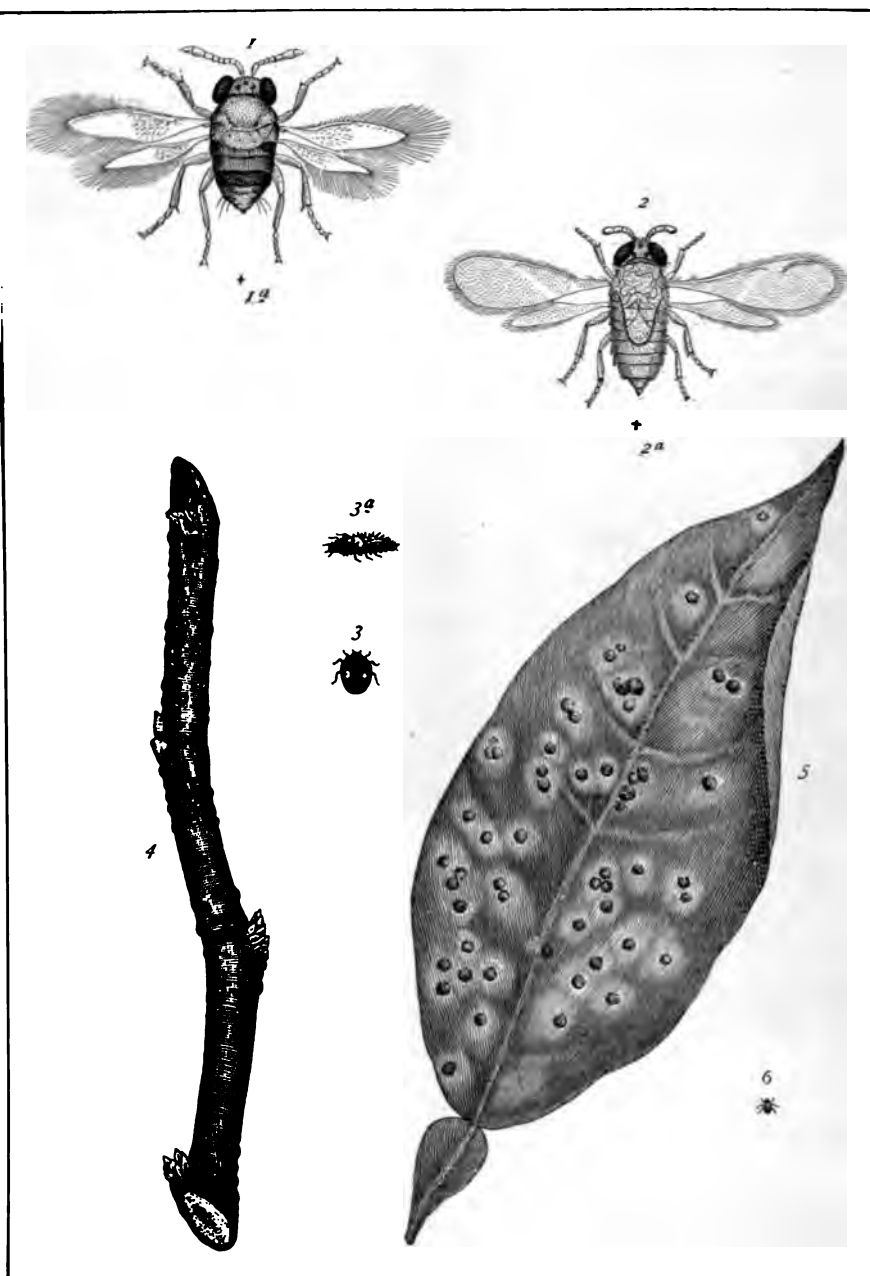
duces it below the danger-line, and keeps it there,—the inevitable balance of nature. If the pest were wholly destroyed, its foe also would disappear.

The work of this commission is by no means confined to the instances which have here been brought forward to illustrate the practical value of its work. As rapidly as means will permit, the enterprise will be enlarged, looking to future dangers.

The State has lately made a more liberal appropriation for the carrying on of

caterpillars, cherry-slug, harlequin cabbage-bug, box-elder plant-bug, Fuller's rose-beetle, various types of thrips, red spiders, and mites.

Upward of two hundred thousand species of insects are known, comprising four fifths of the entire animal kingdom. Very many of these are more or less injurious, but are so held in check by their foes that plagues of insects only now and then appear. The following list of insect pests and their foes, prepared by the California commission, suggests the lines upon



Drawn by B. F. Williamson from a color plate of the California State Commission of Horticulture

THE SAN JOSÉ SCALE, THE YELLOW SCALE, AND THEIR FOES

4, San José scale (*Aspidiotus perniciosus*), natural size, on a pear twig. 5, yellow scale (*Aspidiotus citrinus*), natural size, on an orange leaf. 6, *Rhizobius (toxovomba) lapantha*, natural size. Their enemies are: 1, *Aspidiotiphagus citrinus*, enlarged: 1a, natural size. 2, *Aphelinus fuscipennis*, enlarged: 2a, natural size. 3, "twice stabbed ladybird" (*Chilocorus bioculatus*), natural size: 3a, larva, natural size.

which the commission has mapped out its work. The pest name is first given, then its foe:

PREDACEOUS ENEMIES: Cottony cushion-scale, *Vedalia cardinalis*; *Novius Koebelei*, *Novius bellus*, *Vedalia* (black); black scale, *Rhizobius ventralis*, *Orcus australasiae*; yellow scale, *Orcus chalybeus*; San José scale, *Rhizobius towombae*, *Chilocorus bivulnerus*, *Coccinella sanguinea*; red spider, *Scymnus vagans*; various scale-insects, *Rhizobius*; mealy bugs, *Cryptolæmus montrouzieri*; cypress mealy bugs, *Hyperaspis lateralis*; various aphides, *Coccinella californica*, *Coccinella abdominalis*, and *Coccinella oculata*, *Hippodamia ambigua* and *Hippodamia convergens*.

PARASITIC AND OTHER ENEMIES: Black scale, *Scutellista cyanea*, *Dilophogaster californica*, *Hymencyrtus crawii*, *Aphelinus mytilaspidis*; yellow scale and San José scale, *Aspidiotiphagus citrinus*, *Coccophoctonus*; cabbage-butterfly parasite, *Pteromalus puparum*; brown apricot scale, *Comys fusca*; soft brown scale; *Encyrtus flavus*, *Coccophagus lecanii*; parasite of cutworm, *Braconidae*; egg-parasite of tent-caterpillar, *Anastatus*; internal parasite of aphid, *Aphelinus*.

While remarkable results are being reached in this work of extirpating insect pests, the California commission does not advocate the abandoning of other methods of temporary prevention when the foe of the pest has not yet been discovered. The commission points out, however, that all sprays, washes, dips, and fumigations are cumbersome; they are costly in material, equipment, and labor, and are often ineffectual. Nature has provided a better way than man.

The importation of noxious insects into California has been going on for many years. They have come from all portions of the world. Ships from nearly every country on the globe enter the Golden Gate. The commission early recognized this, and instituted measures looking to a strict quarantine. The insects may be introduced from foreign countries in many different ways, chiefly, of course, upon fruit, nursery stock, and plants which have been raised in the regions where the insect pest and its foe have been in bal-

ance. No harm would come if the foe were introduced along with the pest, for the foe could be counted upon to take care of the pest; but in the absence of the foe, danger is always imminent. The quarantine is rigorous to harshness. When an infected plant or shrub is found in the possession of a ship passenger, no matter how rare or costly the plant may be, it is destroyed. No chances can be taken. The law gives representatives of the commission special privileges for detecting any diseased plant or shrub. All incoming passengers having plants or shrubs in their possession must give them up for scrutiny on leaving ship at San Francisco or other State ports. Some plants are allowed to land, some must be fumigated, others must be destroyed. Not even a single piece of fruit found in a passenger's luggage by the customs officer can pass without special horticultural inspection. The vessel itself is afterward searched, and no member of the crew is allowed to bring in anything in this line without rigid scrutiny.¹

In case the insects yield to fumigation, the plant bearing them is placed in a fumigating-box, the insects are killed, a red releasing-label is pasted on the package, and the plant is allowed to land. The rigor of the inspection does not tend to make friends for the inspectors, as is indicated by the words of Chief Carnes of this department:

In many cases [he says] the gang-plank of a vessel may be likened to a Bridge of Sighs, for it is certainly pathetic to listen to the sighs of some thoughtless passenger who has treasured, nursed, and cared for some rare plant, shrub, or tropical fruit purchased in some foreign land, as he finds that it harbors some noxious insect and must be consigned to the furnace. Even an explanation of the danger of allowing it to land fails dismally toward appeasing the wrath of the individual in a case like this, and remarks of a rather pointed nature are directed at the head of the inspector. . . . Our greatest danger from Mexico is the introduction of the orange-fruit fly, and not even a single orange is allowed to land from that country. Down the plank comes a Mexican lady, with her husband, and in the mother's arms you see a bright-eyed baby closely hugging to its breast a large, ripe Mexican orange. That orange must not land, for it undoubtedly contains the eggs of the dreaded

¹ For an account of the difficulties attending the search for and importation of the foes of destructive insects see postscript in "Open Letters."—THE EDITOR.



Drawn by F. W. Read from a photograph

APPARATUS FOR TREATING TREES WITH HYDROCYANIC-ACID GAS

The men are throwing the tent over the trees and charging the interior of the tents with the gas

fratally. Duty compels its destruction, for that one orange might be the ruin of our entire orange industry. The parents of the child can speak no English, and know less about horticultural laws. Naturally every one on the dock blames us for taking an orange away from a baby; the father talks Spanish to us so fast that it is a good thing we possess only a limited knowledge; but have that orange we must. I recall one instance where a pas-

senger had several fine specimens of Mexican sweet oranges tucked inside of stockings down in the corner of his trunk.

Another unpleasant duty is to remove and destroy the floral decorations from the casket of some departed citizen who has died abroad and is being brought home for interment. Cases of this kind require gentleness, yet absolute firmness and a strict adherence to duty. By the enforcement of just such rigid quaran-



Drawn by F. W. Read from a photograph

A ROW OF TENTS OVER INFECTED TREES

Men are preparing chemicals for the next row of trees, to be treated as in the picture above

tine as this the State of California has been spared the expense and loss that would occur through the introduction of any one of the hundreds of insect pests that have made some kinds of fruit-growing almost an impossibility in other countries. The pests which we now have, that have caused us so much trouble and expense, were not introduced in large numbers, but perhaps by a single fertile female on some hand-carried plant. From this apparently in-

and so on in a never-ending cycle. The foes, like the pests, develop with remarkable rapidity, and as soon as a colony is ready for shipment it is sent out to some infested region; or, if there is a lull in the demand for the foe owing to the season or to the overcoming of the pest, the foe is kept in abeyance, though preserved from family to family in order that it may be



From a photograph

THE INSECTARY, SAN FRANCISCO

This is one of many cases of mounted insect pest specimens and their foes from various parts of the world

significant start they have spread over the entire length and breadth of our State.

The insectary of the commission is located in a building in San Francisco hard by the wharves where ships from foreign ports make landing. In the rooms are many cases containing beneficent insects in all stages of development. Many of the pests have a common life history—first the moth, then the egg, the larva, the worm, the chrysalis, the moth again,

ready for reproduction on call. Plans are now being perfected for a larger insectary, with cold-storage department, in which the eggs of a given foe may be kept indefinitely, ready for hatching at any time needed.

Hundreds of thousands of dollars have been expended in the State of Massachusetts to destroy the gipsy-moth, which produces a caterpillar of the most dangerous character. Several years ago the California commission made to Massachusetts



From a photograph

JARS OF FOOD SUPPLIES FOR THE FOES OF THE INSECT PESTS

The twigs in the jars bear the worms of the pests

a proffer of assistance along its own line of work, which is quite different from that which had been followed in Massachusetts. It proposed to find the foe of the caterpillar and thus destroy it. The plan was not adopted for the reason that so long as exterminative work was going on there was no chance for the parasites. During the present year, however, the importation of parasites has been taken up under appropriations by the General Government and by the State of Massachusetts. The Entomologist of the United States Department of Agriculture has the matter in charge, and is importing large numbers of parasitized gipsy-moth caterpillars from Europe, and making an effort to secure parasites of the same insect from Japan. There is very good reason for hope in this particular experiment, since in Europe the gipsy-moth, while widespread, never occurs in such enormous numbers as in Massachusetts, and in Europe no fewer than fifty-two species of parasites are known to affect this particular injurious species.

It is extremely difficult to form any general estimate of the value to the State of such work as this. If the deadly pests which have already been checked by the work of the California commission had been allowed to go on without hindrance, however, the State of California must have been the loser by many millions of dollars directly, while the indirect injury, through destruction of property and abandonment of enterprises, would have been still greater.

C. L. Marlatt, of the Department of Agriculture in Washington, has prepared a statement as to the loss by insect pests in the United States each year. He notes that the losses each year in all the plant products of the soil, both in the growing and in the stored state, together with those in live stock, exceed the entire expenditure of the National Government, including the pension-roll and the maintenance of the army and the navy. Placing the value of these products at \$5,000,000,000 per year, he notes an annual shrinkage, due to insect pests, of fully ten per cent.

—in many cases of fifty per cent.; but, at ten per cent., \$500,000,000 is "the minimum yearly tax which insects levy upon the products of the farm." This does not include loss to farm products in storage, \$100,000,000; or to natural forest and food products, also \$100,000,000; making a total annual loss of \$700,000,000 directly traceable to insect pests. He presents the following tabular statement, which is of interest in this connection:

The existence and progress of the citrus industry of California were made possible by the introduction from Australia of a natural enemy of the white scale, an insect pest which was rapidly destroying the orange and lemon orchards, this introduction representing a saving to the people of that State of many millions of dollars every year.

The work of this California commission, which aims to control the pests rather than to use makeshifts, however

PRODUCT	VALUE	PERCENTAGE OF LOSS	AMOUNT OF LOSS
Cereals	\$2,000,000,000	10	\$200,000,000
Hay	530,000,000	10	53,000,000
Cotton	600,000,000	10	60,000,000
Tobacco	53,000,000	10	5,300,000
Truck crops	265,000,000	20	53,000,000
Sugars	50,000,000	10	5,000,000
Fruits	135,000,000	20	27,000,000
Farm forests	110,000,000	10	13,000,000
Miscellaneous crops	58,000,000	10	5,800,000
Animal products	1,750,000,000	10	175,000,000
Total	\$5,551,000,000		\$597,100,000
Natural forests and forest products			100,000,000
Products in storage			100,000,000
Total			\$797,100,000

He calls attention to the fact that it is costing this country over \$8,000,000 a year to spray the apple-trees in order to keep down the codling-moth, which now appears to be well on the way to absolute control simply by the California method of introducing its foe. Mr. Marlatt thus refers to one feature of the work:

successful temporarily, is, in the light of this enormous national loss, strikingly significant. It points the way to an indefinite expansion of this practical and unique method of protection, and it is one of the many rich legacies with which modern practical science has enriched the present and is endowing posterity.

It is proper to call attention to the fact that the initiative in the experiments described in the foregoing article, and the respective participation in them, are matters in dispute between the California Commission of Horticulture and the United States Department of Agriculture.—THE EDITOR.





Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

PILGRIMS OF THE LAW—LINCOLN AND THE COURT RIDING THE CIRCUIT

LINCOLN THE LAWYER

BY FREDERICK TREVOR HILL

Author of "The Case and Exceptions," "The Accomplice," etc.

X

LINCOLN THE MANAGING CLERK



WHEN Lincoln was postmaster of New Salem he used to tuck the letters inside his hat and deliver them whenever he happened to meet the persons to whom they were addressed. As this is a fair example of his business system, it may readily be imagined that the office of Stuart & Lincoln was not a model establishment, where there was a place for everything and everything in its place. And it was not. Indeed, as a managing clerk the junior partner would have been a hopeless failure, and as an attorney, in the technical sense of the term, he would never have distinguished himself. He disliked everything connected with the drudgery of legal routine, hated drawing the declarations and pleas, despised the artificialities and refinements which were even then beginning to creep into the pleadings, and disregarded forms whenever it was possible to do so.

There was nothing mechanical, precise, or methodical about the man, and in all those housewifely virtues which characterize the careful, orderly, exact solicitor he was utterly deficient. He never knew where his papers were, and apparently the only attempt he ever made to better the disorder was to write on one of the bundles of papers which littered his desk, "When you can't find It anywhere else, look in this."¹ But that was long after the firm of Stuart & Lincoln had dis-

solved, and even then we find him explaining to a correspondent that he had placed his letter inside an old hat and had thus neglected answering it, which shows he had not wholly outgrown the habit of his post-office days. Indeed, his hat continued to be his favorite receptacle for papers as long as he lived, and he never acquired any sense of order.²

Fortunately for his peace of mind, Stuart had no more system in business affairs than his associate, and the result of their lax methods was, of course, confusion worse confounded. Again and again we find Lincoln reporting to his partner in Washington that clients had called for deeds which could not be found, and that papers were wanted which had disappeared, and there is no proof that the major was ever able to help in the search. In fact, neither man took even ordinary business precautions, and if either of them kept copies of their letters, no evidence of that fact has yet been discovered. Certainly Lincoln's private correspondence was conducted in the loosest possible fashion. He would write on whatever happened to be handy, and his notes for law work or speeches were scribbled on the backs of envelopes, edges of newspapers, or other available material. Most of these memoranda found their way sooner or later into his capacious "stove-pipe," and when any particular item was needed, the search which followed suggested the conjurer's hat trick.

Lincoln was too philosophic to be bored or irritated by the details or minutiae of the profession. He simply ignored them.

¹ This memorandum is in existence to-day. It is owned by a Philadelphia law firm.

² Even on his journey to Washington he actually mislaid his inaugural address, and for a time it was feared that the contents of that jealously guarded document would become public property before Buchanan's term expired; but finally it was located, and no premature announcement of his policy was made.

The argus-eyed attorney, who sees that every "t" is crossed and that every "i" is dotted, doubtless fulfils a useful function in the practice of the law, but Lincoln was not a lawyer of this quality. Indeed, it must be conceded that in all such matters another distinguished President of legal antecedents decisively outranks him. Thomas Jefferson was a master of accounts and bookkeeping. He was the champion diarist of the world, the most methodical of statisticians, and the neatest, most precise "man of business" who ever tied papers with red tape and sealed them with green seals; and yet he will never be classed among the great lawyers of the nation. Fancy Jefferson or any other capable manager writing a client in this fashion and turning good business from the door:

As to the real estate, we cannot attend to it. We are not real estate agents. We are lawyers. We recommend you to give the charge of it to Mr. Isaac S. Britton, a trustworthy man and one whom the Lord made on purpose for such business.¹

Perhaps this letter displays poor commercial judgment, and doubtless it shocked and grieved the thrifty man with whom Lincoln was associated when he wrote it, but it shows that he had his own ideas of the dignity of the profession and did not purpose to barter it.

Lincoln's mind was orderly, though his methods were not. He neglected details because his thought, which was "as direct as light," passed instantly to the vital spot, and all else seemed unimportant. "If I can free this case from technicalities and get it properly swung to the jury, I'll win it," he used to say; and this was his mental attitude toward all legal questions. He had no training in technicalities as long as the firm of Stuart & Lincoln lasted, and it is doubtful if any teaching would have qualified him for attorney work or made him a master of detail. Yet as an office lawyer—such as rules the destinies of our modern corporate interests—he probably would have been invaluable. His mind comprehended large subjects without the slightest effort. Once concentrated on an issue, he passed directly to the point, disregarded the thousand and one contingencies, all the aca-

demic pros and cons, and reduced the problem to its simplest possible form. The man who is constantly mindful of details is apt to attach too much importance to small things, and with such a man compromises are difficult, if not impossible. Lincoln had no training of this sort to overcome, and the result is constantly apparent in all his important actions of later years.

It is not, of course, contended that his unmethodical habits and loose business training prove his legal aptitude, but it is submitted that they do not define his limitations as a lawyer. His natural perceptions were too keen, his mind too generously catholic, to admit of the discipline enforced by the usual legal training. Education of that sort would probably have warped his natural talents, and the result might have been a conscientious family solicitor instead of the great adviser of a nation. He needed the freedom of an office innocent of patent letter-files and card-catalogue indices to develop his individuality; he demanded the growing room of a new country where the practice of the law was not conventionalized out of all meaning and forms did not restrict; he required the self-discipline which comes of personal, unguided effort and unhandicapped competition; and he found the requisite conditions in his free-and-easy association with Major Stuart.

The independence and responsibility which he experienced in this partnership allowed him to exercise and express his individuality at a time when stricter discipline and more technical teaching would have fretted him or molded his maturing mind in a different fashion. As it was, he developed naturally into a broad-minded counselor who revered the law without worshiping it, and whose sense of justice was not dulled by contact with unyielding precedents.

If Stuart had been ambitious to accumulate a fortune, he would have been disappointed with his partner; for, with a people as litigious as the early Illinois settlers, it was a simple matter to stir up strife and make work for the lawyer, and Lincoln, instead of egging clients into the courts, set his face against such practice.

¹ See article by Jesse W. Weik, in *THE CENTURY* for June, 1904.

"Discourage litigation," was his advice to lawyers. "Persuade your neighbors to compromise whenever you can. Point out to them how the nominal winner is often the real loser—in fees, expenses, and waste of time. As a peace-maker the lawyer has a superior opportunity of becoming a good man. There will always be enough business. Never stir up litigation. A worse man can scarcely be found than one who does this. Who can be more nearly a fiend than he who habitually overhauls the register of deeds in search of defects in titles, whereon to stir up strife and put money in his pocket? A moral tone ought to be infused into the profession which should drive such men out of it."

It has been truly said that those words should be posted in every law office in the land, and it will be seen, when Lincoln's record is fully examined, that it was not a mere theorist who wrote them, but an active practitioner of wide experience who lived up to his own teaching.

XI

EARLY SUCCESS IN THE COURTS

LINCOLN had served four terms in the State legislature, and had once been a formidable candidate for speaker of that body, before his partnership with Stuart terminated. Doubtless he could have held the office indefinitely had he chosen to do so, but there was neither glory nor profit in the position at that particular period of Illinois history, and for the time being he had obtained all the legislative experience he required. Moreover, his ambition was beginning to take a wider range, and his name had been seriously mentioned for the governorship on more than one occasion. This and the fact of his contemplated marriage decided him to retire from politics and devote himself exclusively to the practice of his profession.

His four years' association with Stuart had given him a fair start in the law, and he had enlarged his acquaintance and experience by traveling the circuit on every possible occasion. In those days lawyers in active practice spent a great part of their time following the local judges, on horseback or afoot, from one town to another, journeying in small parties, and

stopping at the same taverns, like a company of players on the road. Some of the leaders, like Judge Logan, had cases to try in the various villages and towns on the route, but others picked up business on the way, and, from all accounts, the pickings must sometimes have been painfully lean, for Douglas's fees on one trip amounted only to five dollars, and his was an unusually magnetic personality. There was hardship and discomfort in this work, but even in those very early days, when the roads were almost impassable and the hotel accommodations belied the name, the life had its peculiar charms, for the members of the bar were persons of no little distinction in the eyes of the country villagers, and the advent of the nomadic court was the red-letter day of the country calendars.

Riding and tramping the circuit month after month brought Lincoln into close touch with almost all the local members of his profession, and he took high rank among them almost from the start. The nature of his success at this early period is, however, a subject of much misapprehension. Most of the biographies give the impression that his associates appreciated him as an entertaining, unselfish companion, but did not consider him very seriously as a lawyer. Unquestionably he was a good story-teller and capital company, and all the indications are that his unselfishness, tolerance, and comforting habit of making the best of things endeared him to his fellow-practitioners. He did not insist upon the highest seat at the table, or seize the most comfortable room; and if any special favors fell to his lot, he was always willing to share them. Moreover, he always saw the humorous side of petty disasters, and knew how to make a disgruntled man smile at his own misfortunes—a feat requiring the greatest tact. But good nature, generosity, and unselfishness do not necessarily insure respect unless a man has in him the power to command it, and that power Lincoln most certainly possessed. There is a story that he used to be sent ahead as a scout when the rivers were swollen, to test the fords with his long legs, and doubtless it is true; but there is another story that he once interrupted a too personal debate as to the proper length for a man's legs by remarking, "I should think they ought to

be long enough to reach from your body to the ground," a quiet retort which is said to have put some of the debaters in the air.

It was in the courts, however, that Lincoln's nature and disposition showed to best advantage, and it was there that he won his most enduring popularity and his first real recognition. Lawyers frequently refer to each other as brothers, but there is very little real fraternity in the profession. The sharp personal collisions inevitable in litigation bruise and jar the contestants, no matter how hardened they may be, and the man who emerges from the fray with no prejudice against his opponent and without having given the least offense possesses a remarkable temperament—and such a man was Abraham Lincoln. He knew how to try a case without making it a personal issue between counsel. He could utter effective replies without insulting his opponent, and during all his practice he never made an enemy in the ranks of the profession. No one but a lawyer can appreciate what this means; but it requires generosity, patience, tact, courtesy, firmness, courage, self-control, and a big-mindedness which few men possess. Yet, day after day and year after year, Lincoln met all sorts and conditions of lawyers at a time when they were all young, ambitious, and keen to succeed, without embittering any one or forfeiting his self-respect. Not many members of the profession can show an equal record; certainly none of the Springfield bar has left a similar reputation.

That Lincoln's experience in the courts guided his conduct in the political arena and in the hard-fought field of statesmanship cannot reasonably be questioned. No public man in this country ever engaged in more heated controversies than he, none was ever subjected to such bitter taunts or suffered such provocation; yet after years of the fiercest political warfare and a duel of debate unsurpassed in the history of the world, his great opponent was able to side with him in the hour of national peril, and when he took the oath of office as President of the United States, that same bitter rival, an unsuccessful candidate for the mighty office, stood by him and held his capacious hat. Nor was Douglas the only one of his

competitors who harbored no resentment in the hour of defeat. Seward, the ambition of whose life was crushed when Lincoln was nominated, and who accepted office under the rail-splitter only "to save the country," had no cheap retorts to forget when he came to acknowledge his adversary as "the best man of us all"; and to-day the South can find no word of offense in all the utterances of the most tireless advocate of emancipation and the Union.

It may be claimed, however, that Lincoln's early reputation as a fair, clean practitioner does not prove that he was regarded seriously as a lawyer when he first practised on the circuit, and of course it does not. But there is very positive proof of his professional recognition in the fact that when his association with Stuart ended, Stephen Logan, the leading lawyer of the circuit, if not of the State, a former judge, and one of the canniest business men at the bar, singled him out from all his contemporaries and offered him a partnership.

XII

A NOTABLE PARTNERSHIP

THE story of Lincoln's professional life might fairly be said to date from his association with Judge Logan; for although he had already seen four years of practice, his experience had been mainly preparatory, and whatever law he knew he had taught himself without competent guidance or control. His new partner, however, possessed not only a strong individuality, but also a positive genius for developing legal talents, and his example and instruction undoubtedly had an immediate and lasting influence upon Lincoln's subsequent career.

Stephen Trigg Logan was, like his partner, a native of Kentucky, but when he moved to Illinois he was thirty-two years of age and he had been Commonwealth Attorney in his own State for ten years before he opened an office in Springfield. Not only was he better equipped by education and training than most of the Illinois practitioners, but he was unusually well endowed by nature for the practice of his profession, and he speedily took high rank at the bar of Illinois. Indeed, such was his reputation for ability

and learning that he was appointed judge of the Fifth Circuit less than three years after his arrival at Springfield; but the judicial salary—seven hundred and fifty dollars a year¹—was wholly inadequate for a man of his caliber, and becoming restless under this pecuniary sacrifice, he resigned in 1837, after two years' service on the bench. His unquestioned leadership of the bar dates from this return to practice, and for many years afterward his sway was almost absolute. In the third volume of the Illinois Supreme Court Reports his name appears in connection with no less than twenty-six appeals—an unprecedented record for those times, showing that he was retained on one side or the other of almost every important matter in the courts.²

These facts demonstrate the extent and value of his practice, and there is every reason to believe he had the whole bar to choose from when he suggested a partnership to Lincoln in the spring of 1841. It could not have been for his social qualities that Logan chose his man, and he certainly could not have coveted the small personal clientage which Lincoln had secured during his apprentice years. Neither is it at all probable that he allowed any question of friendship to enter into his business calculations. Doubtless he liked the young man and found his company agreeable, but there was a strong mixture of Scotch blood in the judge's veins, and his eyes very rarely wandered from the main chance. He wanted an assistant capable of helping him with his steadily increasing legal work, and the explanation of his choice is obvious. He believed that Lincoln had in him the makings of an able lawyer, and he instinctively recognized promising legal material in the rough. No less than seven distinguished members of the bar and statesmen of repute—four United States senators and three governors of States—were developed in the same office in later

years, and their careers testify to the powerful influence of their preceptor and his faculty for discovering latent talent.

Logan's recognition of Lincoln's qualifications was not, however, wholly divination. His attention had been first attracted to the young man by a "very sensible speech" which he had delivered during his earliest political canvass, and when he was admitted to practice the judge was on the bench and doubtless heard his maiden efforts at the bar.³ Later he frequently met him in practice on the circuit, and received the best possible proof of his legal aptitudes; for in the fourth volume of Illinois Reports we find him opposed to his future partner in at least three appeals from cases tried as early as 1839, and in all of them Lincoln was the victor. Moreover, one of these cases (*Bailey v. Cromwell*, 4 Ills., 71) involved an important principle, and was otherwise calculated to inspire each man to his very best effort, although neither could possibly have dreamed that it was to have a place in history as the first contest touching slavery in which Lincoln was engaged.

This case grew out of a promissory note made by one Bailey to one Cromwell in payment of the purchase price of a negro girl named Nance. When the note matured the maker declined to pay it on the ground that Nance was not a slave, and the trial turned entirely on this point. Lincoln was retained by Bailey, and a hot fight followed, in which Lincoln was beaten; but he immediately appealed to the Supreme Court, which sustained his contention and, reversing the lower court, declared the girl free.⁴

Except in the matter of their legal qualities, however, the new associates were a strangely assorted pair. There was only nine years' difference in their ages, but Logan had been in practice for at least fifteen years when Lincoln was admitted to the bar; and, as all his powers

¹ Laws of 1834-5, p. 167. Afterward the salary was raised to a thousand dollars.

² A very complete biographical sketch of Judge Logan is contained in a volume, now out of print, entitled, "The Life and Character of Stephen T. Logan," published in Springfield, Illinois, in 1882.

³ Judge Logan made the order admitting Lincoln to the bar (Record of the Circuit Court, Sangamon County, p. 173), and he also signed the order discontinuing what is known as his first case.

⁴ On his brief in this case Lincoln cited 10 Johns., 198; 10 Wend., 384; 3 Caines, 325; Ordinance of Congress, Art. VI; R. L., 57; Gale's Stat. 44; Constitution of Ills., Art. VI; 14 Johns., 188; 2 Bibb., 238; 2 Salkeld, 666; which indicates the extent of his available legal material at that period.

The writer finds that *Bailey vs. Cromwell* has been cited by other judges in later cases, at least eighteen times.

To the Honorable, the Circuit Court of Sangamon
County— Your Petitioner, Edmund Taylor, respectfully
shows unto your Honor that on the
day of April 1842, one Washington
Ray departed this life, leaving Elizabeth Ray
his widow and Thomas, Washington Ray, ^{who is a minor} his only
child and her at law, that your Petitioner

* * * * *

leaving your Honor with a order your Petitioner to sell
the said interest of the said Washington Ray, deceased
in said land, or so much thereof as shall be
necessary &c. and as in duty bound to
Logan Lincoln for
Petitioner—

From the collection of Major William H. Lambert

BEGINNING AND CONCLUSION OF A LEGAL DOCUMENT IN LINCOLN'S HANDWRITING,
SIGNED LOGAN AND LINCOLN

were matured before Lincoln's began to develop, he appeared much older, and in temperament the two men were hopelessly apart. Logan was a formal, precise, technical attorney, who read Blackstone's Commentaries from beginning to end at least once every year until he was sixty, and whose shrewd, hard face and keen eyes bespoke the man of business. He was orderly and methodical in his habits, careful and painstaking in all matters of detail, highly moral "with an old-fashioned lawyer's sense of morality," industrious to a fault, ambitious to make money, and wholly absorbed in the practice of his

Taylor dec'd
vs. Peters
Ray's ex'r
et al -

March 29, 1844
J. Ballhous
Clerk

TITLE OF THE DOCUMENT PRINTED
ABOVE, IN LINCOLN'S HANDWRITING

profession. With such a man Abraham Lincoln, of course, had little in common; for he himself was easy-going, unsystematic, and without the slightest inclination for wealth. "Wealth," he observed, "is simply a superfluity of things we don't need," and his indifference to the commercial advantages of the legal profession must have amazed his associate, who never lost sight of them, and died a rich man. But though he did not care to make money, Lincoln was exceedingly ambitious to make a name for himself; and, realizing his own shortcomings as a lawyer, he studied the methods of his experienced

partner with the closest attention. Until he came under Logan's influence he had practised in the laziest possible fashion, making virtually no preparation for his cases, and relying on his wits and the inspiration of the moment to carry the jury with him. It would have been impossible for any man to accomplish much by such methods, and Lincoln's mental process was particularly ill adapted for haphazard work. His mind acted slowly, and although he could make a quick reply upon occasion, he required time to do himself full justice either in the courts or on the platform. Whether Logan told him this in so many words, or whether he discovered it for himself, is of little moment, but it is certain that he soon began to adopt his partner's methods, studying his cases with the utmost care and diligently examining the law. This training immediately showed itself in his work.

Instead of being occasionally dangerous, he soon became a formidable opponent whenever he believed in a cause. He was too broad-minded for the blind partizanship of the average small attorney, and instinctively looked on both sides of each question; but it was doubtless Logan who showed him the tactical advantage of knowing his adversary's case as thoroughly as he knew his own, and, as a result, we have his own testimony that in all his practice at the bar he was never once surprised by the strength of his opponent's cause, and often found it much weaker than he had hoped.

It is only necessary to recall a few episodes in Lincoln's public career to realize how this training served him in time of need. When Captain Wilkes stopped the *Trent* on the high seas and removed the Confederate envoys Mason and Slidell from the protection of the English flag, Lincoln was at first inclined to take the popular view of the matter; but he calmly weighed the angry protest of the mother-country, argued her case in his own mind, and not only saw that she was right, but also shrewdly noted the tactical advantage of submission, which he quietly pointed out in the most significant words.

"We must stick to American principles concerning the rights of neutrals," he remarked. "We fought Great Britain for insisting by theory and practice on the

right to do precisely what Captain Wilkes has done. If Great Britain shall now protest against the act and demand Slidell and Mason, we must give them up and apologize for the act as a violation of our own doctrines, *and thus forever bind her over to keep the peace in relation to neutrals and so acknowledge that she has been wrong for sixty years.*"

Again, it was his knowledge of his opponent's armor which made him the most dangerous debater of the slavery issue. Abolitionists ranted and rashly accused the Southerners of high crimes and misdemeanors of which they were wholly innocent. Lincoln learned the pro-slavery arguments, stated them fairly, analyzed them pitilessly, turned them against their sponsors, and convicted them out of their own mouths. It was this great legal trait, acquired and cultivated in Logan's office, that Douglas had in mind when he exclaimed that "Lincoln had given him more trouble than all the Abolitionists put together."

Logan did not succeed in teaching his young partner to be a technical lawyer, but he did undoubtedly show him the tactical value of procedure, and it will be seen in another chapter that he occasionally availed himself of this knowledge, although he never practised by rule of thumb. In the matter of strategy he needed no instruction, and his knowledge of human nature was vastly superior to Logan's. Moreover, the judge's sense of humor was somewhat deficient, and Lincoln once took an amusing advantage of this when he was practising against him before a jury on the circuit. Logan was dignity itself on such occasions; but, orderly as he was in most matters, he seldom wore a necktie and was otherwise careless about his dress, and Lincoln, knowing his man, proceeded to unhorse him as soon as he addressed the jury.

"Gentlemen," he began, "you must be careful and not permit yourselves to be overborne by the eloquence of the counsel for the defense. Judge Logan, I know, is an effective lawyer. I have met him too often to doubt that; but shrewd and careful though he be, still, he *is* sometimes wrong. Since this trial began I have discovered that, with all his caution and fastidiousness, he has n't knowledge enough to put his shirt on right."

Logan turned crimson with embarrassment, and the jurors burst into a roar of laughter as they discovered that the discomfited advocate was wearing the garment in question with the plaited bosom behind, and for the rest of that trial Logan was not effective against his former partner.

XIII

JUDGE LOGAN AND LINCOLN

THE terms of Lincoln's partnership with Judge Logan are not known, but it may reasonably be inferred that the junior member of the firm received only a small percentage of the fees, for the business was almost entirely Logan's, and he was not by nature over-generous. Indeed, he had quarreled with his former partner, the brilliant orator Edward Dickenson Baker, on monetary matters; and it is probable that there were few members of the bar who would have been as tractable as Lincoln on the question of compensation. Certainly his style of living at that period indicated a very slender revenue, considering the standing of the firm; for even after his marriage with Miss Mary Todd in November, 1842, he and his wife were not able to keep house, but lived at the Globe Tavern, where their room and board cost only four dollars a week; and still later in the partnership he wrote that he could not accept an invitation to visit Kentucky "because he was so poor and made so little headway that he dropped back in a month of idleness as much as he gained in a year's sowing."

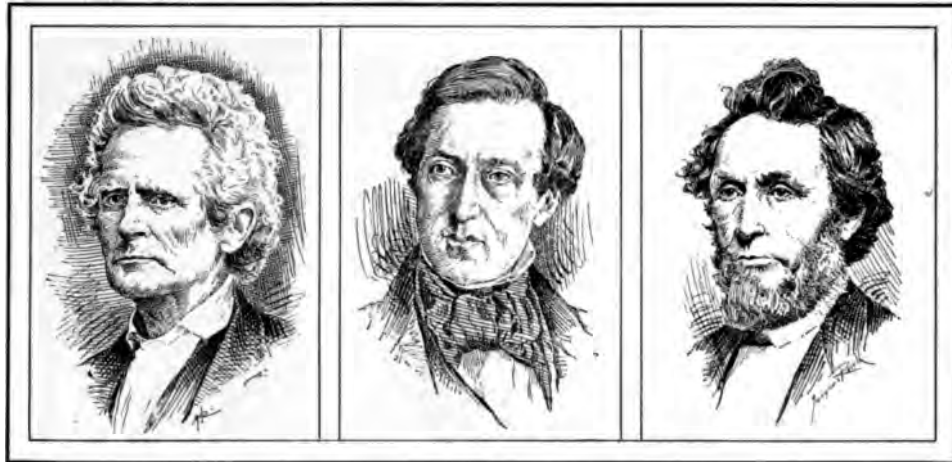
During all this time, however, the practice of the firm was steadily increasing and Logan was becoming rich; so it is fair to assume that Lincoln was not receiving the lion's share of the profits. It would have been surprising if business had not been prosperous, for the partners worked together in entire harmony, and Springfield was at that time the center of all things legal in Illinois. Not only were the United States courts located there, but the County Court, the Circuit Court, and the Supreme Court (the tribunal of last resort), and the State legislature likewise, held their sessions in the city, and the indications are that the firm

reaped a rich harvest from all these fields of legal endeavor.

Success in the courts is not an infallible criterion of legal ability, but it is an interesting fact that Lincoln argued no less than fourteen appeals before the Supreme Court at the December term of 1841, and succeeded in all of them but four, a record which was not surpassed even by Logan himself; and between them the partners well-nigh monopolized that court at the terms of 1842-3. In that period they argued twenty-four final appeals, and won all of them but seven, a fact which not only indicates the extent of their practice, but affords a fair inference of their success in other courts.¹

Under the circumstances, it is not surprising that Lincoln gave little attention to politics during his partnership with Logan, though he did not altogether withdraw from public life. The mention of his name for the governorship in 1841 had been serious enough to call for a semi-official declination; but there was no organized effort made to induce him to accept the nomination, and the subject was dropped. Despite his close attention to business he was, nevertheless, more or less active in the councils of the Whig party during the first two years of his association with Logan, and in 1843 he became chairman of the local convention, drew the political platform, and otherwise manifested keen interest in party matters, at the same time becoming an active candidate for the congressional nomination. His most formidable rival for this honor was Baker, Logan's former partner; but neither man was strong enough to carry the convention, and John J. Hardin, another prominent member of the bar, was named and elected. The following year Baker and Lincoln were again mentioned for the same office, but Lincoln refused to contest the place with his friend and fellow-member at the bar, who had long set his heart upon obtaining the prize, and to whom defeat would have brought great bitterness. Indeed, Baker's political ambitions were almost boundless, and in after years Judge Davis used to tell a story about him to the effect that when he first read the Constitution of the

¹ Some of the records of the Illinois circuit courts have been destroyed by fire, but the writer frequently noted Lincoln's name in the judge's minutes, and found other indications that he was at this time doing his share of circuit work.



Drawn by Jacques Reich

JUDGE STEPHEN T. LOGAN

HON. JOHN T. STUART

WILLIAM H. HERNDON

LINCOLN'S LAW PARTNERS

United States and discovered that no one but a native American could be President, he burst into tears, bewailing the fact that he was ineligible, having been born in England. Largely as a result of Lincoln's withdrawal, Baker received the coveted nomination, and was subsequently elected to Congress, afterward becoming the leader of the California bar and United States senator from Oregon. There was certainly a strange fatality about these early congressional contests, for each of the three friendly competitors died for his country in the order of his election—Hardin gallantly leading his troops in a charge at the battle of Buena Vista in the Mexican War, Baker while commanding his regiment at the disastrous battle of Ball's Bluff in 1861, and Lincoln at the head of the nation.

There is reason to suppose that Logan, knowing his partner's deficiencies in the law, originally intended to utilize his talents as a jury advocate; but after Lincoln began to study in earnest, he developed other qualities which made him quite as effective with the court as he was with the jury, and the two men were thereafter constantly together in all sorts of legal work. "He would study out his case and make about as much of it as any one," Logan remarked, speaking of his partner many years afterward. "His ambition as a lawyer increased; he grew constantly. By close study of each case as it came up he got to be quite a formidable lawyer."

It has been stated that under Logan's tutelage Lincoln became a "case-lawyer," but this is not true if a case-lawyer be one who has at his tongue's end all the precedents affecting any given state of facts, and who is lost unless his legal trail is plainly blazed. But if the term describes one who makes no excursions into the field of general legal knowledge and is not concerned with its theories and philosophy, then Lincoln may properly be regarded as a case-lawyer. He met each problem as it presented itself, attempting to do only one thing at a time, concentrating the whole power of his mind upon the subject in hand until he mastered it, and never forgetting any item of information when once acquired. His mind, he remarked, was like a piece of steel—very hard to scratch, but almost impossible to free of any mark once made upon it. He did not trouble himself to analyze the subtleties and labored profundities of the law, and never made the slightest pretense to academic knowledge. For real scholarship he had, of course, a profound respect, but the pseudo-learning often displayed in the courts only amused him. On one occasion a lawyer against whom he was practising quoted a Latin maxim, and then, either to impress his hearers or to embarrass his adversary, added, "Is not that so, Mr. Lincoln?"

"If that is Latin," Lincoln responded dryly, "I think you had better call another witness."

While Logan and Lincoln were practising together certain changes were made in the judiciary, and among the new judges elected by the legislature was Stephen Arnold Douglas, then in his twenty-eighth year. Judge Douglas presided over the Fifth Circuit, and Lincoln's practice was almost entirely in the Eighth; but in those days the circuit judges, as a body, formed the Supreme (appellate) Court, and Lincoln must have argued many cases before his future rival for senatorial and Presidential honors, and in one case (*Grubb v. Crane*, 5 Ills., 153) Douglas delivered the prevailing opinion of the court in Lincoln's favor.

The exact date of the dissolution of Logan & Lincoln's partnership is not clear, but their names appear together in the case of *Rogers v. Dickey* (6 Ills., 636), argued in November, 1843, and they were opposed to each other in *Kelly v. Garrett* (6 Ills., 649) in March, 1844, so the separation must have taken place sometime between these two dates. Mr. Herndon says that political rivalry was at the bottom of the dissolution, and hints that Logan desired the nomination for Congress which eventually went to Lincoln. This may have been so, but it is difficult to see how Lincoln's nomination in 1846 could have caused the partners to separate in 1844, and the fact is that Logan himself made the speech which nominated his ex-partner for Congress, fought hard to make him United States senator from Illinois, and remained his warm friend and supporter as long as he lived. The real cause of the dissolution of the firm is to be found in the character and temperament of the two men. Lincoln was naturally independent, and he outgrew the guidance of his preceptor. He was a born leader, and not a subordinate, and it was against his nature to remain in a position of dependence any longer than was necessary. Therefore, the moment he felt strong enough, he started out for himself.

It is, however, impossible to overestimate the influence which Logan exerted upon his associate. He laid the foundations upon which Lincoln built his legal career, and there was no other lawyer in Illinois who could have given him any-

thing like the same incentive and training. Indeed, there is no legal reputation in the State to-day which is more secure than Logan's, and time has only confirmed the judgment of his peers. The Hon. David Davis, after ten years' experience as circuit judge and fifteen years' service on the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States, declared that he was the ablest lawyer he had ever met, and his opinion justifies the conclusion that Lincoln in his second partnership came into touch with one of the most extraordinary legal minds in the country.

Certainly the State of Illinois recognized two great lawyers in the persons of Logan and Lincoln; for while they still practised at the bar, and before Lincoln was thought of for the Presidency, the county of Logan was named in honor of the senior partner, and Lincoln, the county-seat, in honor of his associate.¹ No law firm in this or any other county has ever received an equal tribute.

XIV

LINCOLN THE HEAD OF A LAW FIRM

It required no little courage and self-confidence for Lincoln to sever his relations with Logan, for he and his family were entirely dependent upon his earnings, and when he left the judge's office he had not, strictly speaking, a client whom he could call his own. Until that time he had never been obliged to face the difficulties of building up a practice, for he had stepped into an established business when Stuart gave him his start in the law, and a ready-made clientage awaited him in the partnership with Logan. Doubtless he had strengthened and increased the judge's business, but he was not entitled, as a matter of right, to any definite share of it when he left, and the fact that clients cannot be parceled off like merchandise would have prevented a partition of the patronage in any case. Of course the retiring member of a law firm is justified in accepting any clients who voluntarily follow him to his new office, but there is a delicate professional courtesy which must be observed in such matters, and Lincoln was not the sort of man who would willingly supplant an ex-

¹ A young lawyer once asked Lincoln if the county-seat of Logan County was named after him.

"Well, it was named after I was," Mr. Lincoln responded gravely.



Drawn by Malcolm Fraser from a photograph

OLD COURT HOUSE (BURNED SEVERAL YEARS AGO) AT LINCOLN—THE COUNTY SEAT OF LOGAN COUNTY—WHICH LINCOLN SAID "WAS NAMED AFTER HE WAS"

associate. It is not probable, therefore, that he counted on acquiring any of Logan's business when he left him, and there is no indication that the two men ever had the slightest misunderstanding over any such question.

But though he had no business following, Lincoln had good reasons for believing that he could hold his own in the practice of the law at Springfield. He had a wide acquaintance in the neighborhood, he was popular with all sorts and conditions of men, and he knew himself to be the peer of his competitors at the local bar. Lincoln was modest,—modest to the point of humility,—but he was always properly aware of his own abilities. He never boasted of what he could or would accomplish, but he did not attempt to discount failure with self-depreciation, knowing that excuses have merely a personal interest and that accomplishment makes its own claims. He did not challenge events, but met them boldly, instinctively responding at every crisis to the latent powers within him; and in a large measure this was the secret of his success.

It was in this spirit that he faced the future when he withdrew from the valuable alliance with Judge Logan. He

thought he could stand alone, and, feeling his own strength, he was anxious to match himself against his contemporaries, relying solely on his own resources. There was no assumption of superiority in this. It was the natural desire of a strong man with a stout heart.

But though he believed in himself and made his hazard of new fortunes without misgiving, Lincoln was neither adventurous nor sanguine by nature. Even as a boy he had not displayed the usual confidence of youth, and in his first public address he advised the voters of Sangamon County that he was already too familiar with disappointments to be very much chagrined if his aspirations met with defeat. He was not exactly despondent, but there was a suggestion of fatalism in his mental attitude toward many questions; and, as he matured and his responsibilities increased, he became more and more thoughtful, serious, and inclined to deep depression. Indeed, at one time—just before he joined Judge Logan—he was actually threatened with melancholia, induced by a combined attack of "engagement fever" and malaria, and all his life he fought despondency with jest and joke and story, winning where most men would

have lost. Humor was the talisman with which he exorcised "the fretful fiends of doubt and care."

If Lincoln had yielded to his natural tendencies and encouraged self-distrust at the moment of parting with Judge Logan, he could easily have found another partner with a ready-made practice in Springfield; for there were a number of well-established lawyers who would have been only too glad to make generous terms with Logan's ex-associate. His days of even quasi-dependence were over, however, and he was ambitious to be the head and front of his own business. Of course the simplest method of accomplishing this would have been to practise by himself. Yet had he started out absolutely alone, he would have been obliged to undertake all his own office work, for law clerks were not easily procured in those days, and he was utterly unfitted by nature for coping with small drudgeries. Moreover, it so happened that one of his friends, recently admitted to the bar, was in need of just the start which a junior partnership provided, and it was under these circumstances that he offered William Henry Herndon the chance of his life.

It is a curious coincidence that all three of Lincoln's partners were, like him, natives of Kentucky; but Herndon's family had moved to Illinois when he was a mere child, and his youth had been passed in the neighborhood of Springfield. He was nine years younger than his senior partner, whom he had first encountered on the eventful occasion when Lincoln had piloted the gallant steamer *Talisman* in her attempt to force the passage of the Sangamon, and this accidental meeting led to a closer acquaintance, which was turned to friendship through an incident connected with the murder of Elijah Lovejoy, the Abolitionist.

Herndon was a student in the college at Jacksonville, Illinois, when Lovejoy set up his anti-slavery press at Alton and began the campaign which resulted in his death at the hands of a mob. The crime aroused violent excitement throughout the State. Indignation meetings were held, speeches were made, and violent condemnation of the outrage was expressed in every form. Indeed the Jacksonville students voiced their sentiments so openly

that Herndon's father, a pronounced slavery man, withdrew his son from the college, fearing that his mind would be poisoned by the Abolition doctrines. But the young man returned to Springfield with his opinions already formed, and it was undoubtedly his bold anti-slavery utterances at a time when the people of Illinois picked their words very carefully on the negro question which cemented his friendship with Lincoln.

Like his future partner, Herndon was first employed as a clerk in a grocery-store, and although he does not say so in his biography, it is highly probable that Lincoln procured the position for him, as his employer was Joshua Speed, Lincoln's most intimate friend. Moreover, despite Herndon's silence on the subject, there is every reason to suppose that it was Lincoln who encouraged his young friend to study law. Certainly his legal apprenticeship was passed in Logan & Lincoln's office, and under all the circumstances it is not strange that his preceptor should have kept an eye on him, and taken the first opportunity to advance his fortunes after his admission to the bar. It should be stated, however, that Herndon does not explain the partnership in this fashion; but, unfortunately, he is not the most reliable of chroniclers, and there is abundant evidence that he failed to appreciate the situation. Many years afterward a Chicago lawyer quoted Lincoln as saying that he had selected Herndon, supposing him to be a good business man who would keep the office affairs in order, but soon discovered that he had no more system than he himself, and was in reality a good lawyer, "thus proving a double disappointment." Herndon ingenuously printed this explanation in his "True Story of a Great Life," and evidently accepted it with no little complacency. But whatever Lincoln may have thought of his subordinate's legal attainments in later years,—and there is some evidence that Herndon grew to be a fair lawyer,—it is not likely that he ever placed much dependence on his orderly habits; for he must have been thoroughly acquainted with his shortcomings in this and other respects long before he generously offered him his start in life.

Certainly there never was an office conducted with less method, and Herndon was the last man in the world who could

have set things right. It must be admitted, however, that Lincoln would probably have defeated the most capable and persistent of managers in any case; for the only method he ever personally introduced into the firm's affairs was the immediate division of all fees which came

with fair success, the junior partner making a good clerical assistant in the drawing of pleadings and the minutiae of procedure, and in 1844-5 the senior partner argued no less than thirty-three appeals before the Supreme Court, an excellent first-year record, which fairly indi-

*In the Circuit Court of
Sangamon County—
March Term 1856*

Thomas Aspinall

vs

Thomas Lewis

Willis H. Johnson &

John B. Moffett

In Debt

Debt \$2000

Damage 1000.

*The clerk will please
issue summons in the above case— for Lewis
and Johnson
to this county; for Johnson & Johnson
and for Moffett to Duane county.*

Lincoln & Herndon p.p.

*I do hereby enter myself security for costs
in the above case, and acknowledge myself
bound to pay or cause to be paid all costs
which may accrue in the action either to the
opposite party, or to any of the officers of
the court in pursuance of the laws of
the state— Dated this 29th of Jan. 1856
A. Lincoln*

From the collection of Major William H. Lambert

LEGAL DOCUMENT IN LINCOLN'S HANDWRITING, SIGNED WITH THE FIRM NAME,
AND BY LINCOLN, PERSONALLY, AS SECURITY FOR COSTS

into his hands, giving his partner his share at once, if he happened to be present, or placing it in an envelop indorsed, "Smith v. Jones—Herndon's half," if he chanced to be away. This was the beginning and the end of office organization as far as the senior partner was concerned.

Despite its slack business methods, however, the firm of Lincoln & Herndon met

cates the extent of his practice in other courts.¹ Doubtless he would have been even more successful at the outset had he devoted himself exclusively to the law, but in 1845 he was again a candidate for the congressional nomination, and his preparation for the campaign necessarily diverted his attention. The election took place in 1846, and, after a sharp contest,

¹ The writer's examination of the Illinois Circuit Court records shows that Lincoln conducted all the trial work of the firm at this period. It is stated in the third volume of the Illinois Historical

Society's publications that Herndon never did any circuit work during his partnership with Lincoln; but this is manifestly an error, for his name appears frequently in the records of later years.

he was returned by a large majority over Peter Cartwright, the itinerant preacher, who had been one of his successful rivals in his first canvass for the legislature, and whose grandson he was destined some years later to save from the gallows by a remarkable and dramatic appeal to the jury.

The partnership of Lincoln & Herndon did not immediately terminate as a result of his election; for Congress did not convene until late in the next year, and the firm continued in active practice until the senior member left for Washington.

Lincoln was then in his thirty-ninth year. His life had been eventful, his rise from absolute obscurity phenomenal, and his influence in his



Drawn by Harry Fenn, from a photograph

THE BUILDING IN SPRINGFIELD ON THE
THIRD FLOOR OF WHICH WAS THE
OFFICE OF LOGAN AND LINCOLN

(To be continued)

own State and party remarkable. But the character of the man is well illustrated in the account which he gave of himself in the "Congressional Dictionary," and, in view of some of the voluminous memoirs of later members which adorn the modern official directory, his contribution is suggestive and instructive. It contains just forty-eight words, and reads as follows:

Born February 12, 1809, in Hardin County, Kentucky.

Education, defective.

Profession, a lawyer.

Have been a captain of volunteers in Black Hawk War.

Postmaster in a very small office.

Four times a member of the Illinois legislature and a member of the lower house of Congress.

AN OUT-PATIENT

BY EDWARD BOLTWOOD

WITH PICTURES BY WILL GREFÉ



IF John Craddock's son was laid by for repairs in a New York private hospital, and therefore John Craddock left Wyoming in the middle of his beef roundup and hurried East. Dickie was no longer in danger, but in Dickie's letter there was a warm reference to a nurse which made old John scowl. He recalled a former partner's marriage to a

designing woman who trimmed fingernails in a Cheyenne barber-shop. Big John had never seen a manicure—nor, for the matter of that, a nurse.

In the office of Miss Floyd, the hospital superintendent, old Craddock's huge frame sprawled on a spidery gilt chair. The business-like severity of the office was pleasantly tempered by feminine grace. Miss Floyd sat at her heavy, directorial desk, and Dr. Murray,

rising from the sofa, clicked his watch decisively.

"Yes, that 's my emphatic opinion," he

Murray shook his head as he left the room. Craddock's unexplained wish to take his son from the hospital was none



Drawn by Will Greff. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

"WHAT 'S THE MATTER, DICKIE?"

said. "Your son is doing splendidly; but to move him from his bed inside of a month would probably be fatal."

"I 've been lent the president's car, doctor. Anything that money can—"

of the doctor's business. Miss Floyd, however, was concerned, and she leaned forward tentatively.

"I 'm sorry you 're dissatisfied with us," she said, smiling. "I can assure you



Drawn by Will Grete. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"WAIT, PLEASE! . . . A STRETCHER WILL COME PRESENTLY"

that young Mr. Craddock has had our best care during this fortnight. Miss Norris is one of our most reliable nurses—and he seems contented.”

“He *is* contented, ma’am,” rejoined the Westerner, grimly. “‘T ain’t no trick to content a man when he’s sick and locoed and onused to females. I’ve took quarters ‘cross the street. I’ll be riding herd—seeing Dickie continuous.”

“You must ask Miss Norris about that,” said the matron. “She’s in command.”

“Oh, she is, is she?” grumbled Craddock to himself in the hall. “Dang a bunch of fool women! What use are they, idling round men? In com—oh, we’ll see.”

Distrusting the elevator, he climbed the stairs again. The hospital consisted of several dwellings thrown into one, and, to his disgust, the narrow corridors confused Craddock. A nurse bustled by, carrying a tray on which something was covered by a damp napkin.

“Excuse me, lady,” said Craddock, unwillingly. “If you’d show me where ‘nineteen is—”

She nodded, and set the tray on a table. A corner of the napkin flapped up and disclosed the curved, silvery blade of a vicious knife. Old Craddock was not unaccustomed to vicious knives, but he had never met one carried on a tray by a rosy girl. He followed his guide thoughtfully. Girls did “ornery” things in this place. When he creaked abruptly into nineteen, young Craddock looked alarmed. The nurse was not in the room.

“What’s the matter, Dickie?” he asked, jarring the bed with his knees.

Dickie laughed. “Nothing,” he said. “Lift me, will you, dad? Pillow’s hot.”

Craddock gingerly grabbed the boy’s shoulders in his big fingers.

“Easy, you old steam-derrick!” breathed Dick. “Now—turn the pillow.”

“With both hands holding you? How? Wait a minute, Dickie.”

While Craddock pawed desperately he heard Miss Norris’s placid voice at his elbow.

“Whatever are you doing with my patient, Mr. Craddock? One side, please. So!”

She bent over Dickie, who promptly twined his arms around her neck. She

straightened herself, and Dickie came up with her. With her free hands she turned the pillows, and Dickie dropped on them.

“Say, that’s neat,” muttered the father. “A fellow can heave up a heap with his back if he knows how. Where’d you learn that, ma’am?”

Miss Norris laughed, and fixed the black hair under her cap. She was slight and wiry. Her pale, clean-cut face was, perhaps, too masculine, with its wide cheek-bones and stubborn chin. She glanced at her watch; then critically at the patient; then pleasantly at the visitor.

“Time for you to leave, sir,” she said. “Orders, you know.”

“Eh? Well, orders be—”

But she crossed to the window and lowered the shade. “I’ll let you come in this afternoon for ten minutes if I think it best.”

“Oh, is that so?” inquired Craddock, derisively.

“Yes. Will you call at four o’clock?”

Miss Norris was frowning over a memorandum, and when she raised her gray eyes, unflinchingly level, the frown remained, despite the little smile upon her lips.

“At four?” she repeated.

“Why—I dunno.” Craddock looked at his son, who apparently dozed. “Why, if Dickie’s asleep, I’d as lief go. But so long as he’s awake, ma’am, you’d better understand right now—”

Dickie opened his eyes and grinned appreciatively. The father pretended that he did not see, and he stalked out of the room, his suspicions convinced.

Indulged by the matron, for reasons of her own, old Craddock haunted the hospital and saw things. One morning he encountered three nurses on the stairs. Two were supporting the third between them, and the third was gnawing her lower lip.

“Too much candy?” asked Craddock, jocosely.

“I’m all—right,” whispered the staggering nurse. “Take me—take me back.”

“No, sir-ee,” objected one of the others. “I know typhoid delirium. Ten hours of it is enough. Don’t let a doctor see,” and they whisked her out of sight.

“Humph!” said Craddock. He had noticed men who looked similarly after a two days’ chase of stampeded cattle. But

when women looked that way he knew it must be a trick for the purpose of bedeviling. These nurses, in his opinion, made a great bluff of having something to do.

Hospital gossip, rampant in the linen-closet, varied in its estimate of old Craddock. Miss Beaumont pronounced him as cross as the lions in Trafalgar Square. Miss Rhett declared that he was a right smart specimen of a father, and that she proposed to show him courtesy. Accordingly she waylaid him when she was off duty and asked if he would like to see the new operating-room.

The apartment was on the top floor, and it was all glass, glistening metal, and white tile. Craddock held his breath involuntarily and walked on tiptoe. The shiny room seemed to him like the core of a superlatively delicate machine. He was afraid of throwing out the mysterious gearing, and he inspected the glass operating-table with much awe.

"I expect this ain't been used," he ventured hoarsely.

"Not since this noon," said Miss Rhett. "Dr. Van Deusen and three of us worked here all the morning."

"Reckon any folks ever—ever died here?"

The nurse winced a little. "I'm afraid so," she said, and turned cheerfully enough to the sterilizer.

Craddock understood. He had seen people die hard deaths in various places. But he would not be apt willingly to frequent the places afterward, certain that he was to see other hard deaths there, and not as a mere onlooker, either. He regarded Miss Rhett narrowly. He liked nerve.

"How often do you work here, ma'am?"

"Nearly every day," she replied.

"That 's the 'by-by' room."

"The which?"

"Where the patients take the ether. And beyond is the sun-parlor. I'll leave you there, Mr. Craddock, if you wish. It 's a pleasant place to sit when you have time. I'm off to bed; I have n't slept lately."

The deserted sun-room was perched like a cage on the top of the house. Craddock stretched himself in a steamer-chair behind a screen. For the moment he forgot that he should be riding herd on

Dickie against the matrimonial craft of Miss Norris, but he was recalled to his senses when the elevator glided up the shaft and two nurses came into the sun-parlor. Hidden by the screen, Craddock lay low. He was delighted. Here he might observe these artful and frivolous creatures off their guard. The women sat down limply.

"Whew! I tell you, Olga Bernstein, a chair feels good. And the sun! Don't the trees down there in Central Park look nice?"

Craddock knew the speaker. Burke was her name. She was the fainting girl.

"My arms—they are numb from the clavicle," said Miss Bernstein.

"What doing?"

"That poor child of Van Deusen's with the hip. It must be held, and we take turns half an hour about. Are you still with Clarke's typhoid, Burkechen?"

"Yes," answered Miss Burke, wearily. "Delirious. Won't sleep. Says he can't until he dies."

"It would be good to kill him, then," advised the other. "Listen. Once I had a sleepless delirium man who said the same as yours. The doctor could use not the anodynes. 'Let me die,' he would say, the foolish. 'Yes,' I say; 'I will kill you.' I take a little paper-cutter. 'This is my knife to kill you,' I say. He looks so thankful. I make as if to stab him in the heart. 'You are dead!' I say. And he sleeps and sleeps and he is well, and the doctor is proud. But the doctors they do not know everything about their cases. No," and she chuckled comfortably, wiping her spectacles.

Miss Burke nodded. She was a fragile girl, barely over twenty. "I did the same thing myself once, only 't was the other way round. Had to let a patient kill me. Gracious! that was queer! I was on nights, all alone, at the men's contagious pavilion of the State Charity. Eight beds. Watchman supposed to come in every half-hour, but—you know. Well, it was the time of the blizzard and quite a walk from the main building, and the snow had put the call-wire out, somehow. So there I was, and one of the patients was a big stone-cutter, crazy with the fever. I was sponging him when up he jumps, not a stitch on him. 'Your time to die!' he shouts, and grabs my throat, and the

other fevers yelped. 'All right,' I said; 'if I must, I must.' There was a glass of water on the table and my emergency hypo alongside it. 'Let go my throat,' I said, 'and I 'll drink this strychnine poison.' He watched me cat-fashion from the bed. I drank the water and keeled over on his legs. My, he kicked terribly! 'Be still!' I said, 'and let me die,' and with that he lay quiet, and I got a grip and gave him the whole of the syringe in the calf—the 81 solution. It works quick. The stone-cutter sent me this pincushion last Christmas. His wife made it."

"Br-r-rh!" ejaculated Miss Bernstein. "Were you not scared then in the pavilion?"

"Scared?" echoed Miss Burke, scornfully. "I should think I was. You ought to have heard the steam-pipes pounding that night. They were enough to scare anybody."

"Letters!" said Miss Norris's voice from the threshold. "Catch, Annie Burke!"

"Oh, I know what this is," announced Miss Burke. "Note of thanks from Dr. Conway's peritonitis lady. 'Shall forever think with gratitude of your loving care.' That 's nice, but when the loving-care job pays only—"

"Hush!" broke in Miss Norris. "Gratitude is part of our wages, and you know you like it."

"Well, I do; but I wish it would buy coal for my mother." Miss Burke continued to read. "'Your attention to me was so sweet that I know it was not dictated entirely by your duty—'"

"I would rather a vacation have," said the German woman, soberly, "than notes."

"Oh, a vacation!" cried Miss Burke. "If I had a vacation, I 'd sit under a tree all day, and think of something else besides pulse—temperature—respiration—medication—remarks." She rattled off the headings of a clinical chart. "Who 's your letter from, Miss Norris?"

"My sister—catalogue of eligible bachelors, and won't I please come home in time for Lenox this autumn, and what do the winter hats look like? Winter hats! Maybe she means ice-caps. I saved a man's life with one last week." Young Craddock's nurse walked to an open window and leaned over the coping.

Miss Bernstein rubbed her arms briskly. "If a home I had nearer than a billion miles," she said, "I would go."

"You absurd fraud!" laughed the Norris girl. "Leave the hospital?"

"*Natürlich*, there is just now my case to be finished," rejoined Miss Bernstein, seriously.

"There always is."

"And next month is mine in the operating-room. *Ach*, the child! I must hurry," and Miss Bernstein trotted away.

"Olga lets them work her too hard," said Annie Burke. "She 's gray as a badger. She 'll break down again, and it 's three times and out, you know."

The girl at the window turned, smiling, and rested her elbows on the sill.

"Really!" she exclaimed. "I 'll match you for gray hairs against Olga, young woman."

"Well, this is the place where they make 'em," said the other.

"Annie, you goose, be quiet. Your nerves are stringy. You need a rest. I shall speak to Miss Floyd."

"You dare!" protested the younger nurse. "I 've a dispute to settle first with that Toronto woman. She 's afraid our typhoid can't pull through, and I—" Miss Burke clenched her thin fist. "Well, typhoid is always too good a fight to lose," she concluded almost savagely. "We just can't!"

Through the crack of the screen old Craddock had a glimpse of her set, transfigured face, and he was inclined to agree with her.

"And you chatter about sticking to the hospital merely to make a living!" said Miss Norris. "Don't you see what keeps us here, whether we know it or not?"

"No. What?"

Miss Norris laughed again. "Let 's go down-stairs," she suggested.

"I know what keeps 'em here," soliloquized old Craddock, sagely. But he was not quite so sure as he had been. These girls worked hard and took strange risks. They were different from other women. "All the more reason to watch out," decided Craddock.

He watched the business of the hospital very closely, and saw a quiet and masterful way of doing things which he could vaguely comprehend. An indescribable

air of skilled and combative alertness pervaded the place. Old John liked it. He had been a fighter all his life, and he began to see that the profession of these cheery, gliding, soft-voiced nurses was to fight, and against sneaking, deadly foes that did not fight fair.

"But they 're always smiling," said Craddock. "That 's the cunning of 'em."

Possessing a certain cunning himself, he forebore to warn Dickie against their fascination. He feared a warning might make matters worse. He never doubted that his son weakly fancied himself in love. The father utilized every second of his allotted time at Dickie's bedside. From his lodgings he glowered by night at Dickie's window, imagining sentimental episodes.

Late on a windy evening he heard fire-engines clang and clatter over the asphalt. It did his heart good to see a running horse again. He reached the corner of Central Park as the water-tower rumbled by.

"Guess she 's a fire, all right," yelled a man, exultantly. "Must 'a' got a big start. Why, say, she 's in the next street!"

Vast, whirling clouds of smoke, blued by the electric light, enveloped the block of houses which backed against the hospital. Three or four steamers snarled angrily, and as Craddock turned he heard the battering of woodwork and the shiver of glass.

The door of the hospital was wide open. In the corridor and adjoining reception-rooms was a busy throng of nurses and doctors, hovering over stretchers. The elevator slid constantly up and down and discharged uncouth figures wrapped in blankets. Occasionally a woman's hysterical whimper piped shrilly. Miss Floyd, cool and unperturbed, met Craddock. She might have been a calmly attentive hostess in the crush of an afternoon tea.

"There 's not the slightest danger," she explained, raising her voice distinctly; "but all are ordered down, just to make sure. You see, with sick people, Mr. Craddock—" She made way for a hospital carriage.

Craddock dashed up the stairs and into room nineteen. Dickie was swathed in a quilt, like a papoose. Miss Norris had opened the window.

"Good evening, Mr. Craddock," she said. "Will you close the door? The smoke—"

"I 'll pack you down, Dickie," and Craddock swung his long arms around the quilted bundle.

"Wait, please!" Miss Norris touched his elbow. "A stretcher will come presently."

"Damn the stretcher! Let me loose, ma'am."

"No. You must not move him that way. If you should—no, you must not, sir!"

Craddock faced her in a sharp fury of anger. He could have tossed the girl aside with a single turn of his wrist.

"You talk like a fool," he snapped. "This is my boy."

"And my patient. Go to the elevator and ask them to hurry the long stretcher."

She picked up a vial, deliberately reading the label twice, and her fingers sought Dickie's pulse. Had she faltered in speech or movement, old Craddock would have flung her across the room. He grunted unintelligibly and threw open the door. Smoke flooded in. It was queer smoke—yellowish, sticky, clinging to the floor.

"Explosion of some sort," said Miss Norris, sniffing. "Shut that door quick!" but Craddock was already groping in the lurid corridor.

The strange smoke stifled him. He could not find his way. He reeled back into nineteen. The poisonous vapor curled knee-high. Miss Norris bent over the man on the bed intently, and through the window echoed the jangle of gongs in the street.

"Engines," coughed Craddock. "We 're afire and cut off!"

"Those are ambulance-bells, sir," said the nurse, without raising her head. "They 'll send a stretcher up outside, if you 'll call. My patient is sinking, or I would see to it." Her voice was as steady as the hand with which she adjusted a hypodermic.

John Craddock stumbled to the grating of the fire-escape and shouted with what power was left in his smoke-stung throat; but the metallic tumult in the street baffled him. Men waved their arms and pointed to the iron ladder, and Craddock could not make them understand. In the

murk of the room he blinked at Miss Norris holding a moistened cloth over Dickie's mouth.

"No use," groaned old Craddock. "They can't hear."

"Go down until they can. At once!"

"By God! I 'll carry my boy."

"You shall not," said the nurse.

"Then I stay with him. Go down, you."

"And leave my patient? If you wish to save his life, obey me." Dickie's head lay in the crook of her elbow.

"You 'll die with him," choked Craddock.

"Go down, I tell you!"

The yellow smoke seemed to coil in the old man's brain, and he saw only elemental things—saw only that a flight down the ladder was desertion. Nevertheless, he obeyed this woman who would die, if need be, with his son. Craddock tottered to the window, and met Murray and two ambulance surgeons bearing a litter.

"Bradley, if ever you did a fine job, do it now," said the doctor.

The three men deftly slipped Dickie on the carrier, and the girl resigned his wrist to Murray. A tiny wail came from underneath the cloth. Craddock lurched forward.

"I 'm right with you, boy," he said brokenly. "I 'm right with you. Everything 's—"

"Miss Norris!" moaned Dickie. "Miss Norris!"

"Yes, Mr. Craddock. You are having a good sleep. I 'm always here." She pressed her hand against his temple, and he closed his eyes trustfully.

"Watch the pulse, Miss Norris," ordered Murray. "So! All set, Bradley. Gangway, Mr. Craddock, please!"

Step by step, with incredible steadiness and precision, they descended the fire-escape to the sidewalk; the father, following, cringed petulantly under his uselessness. When he reached the street they had hoisted the stretcher to an ambulance, and he peered into the dimly lighted cavern and descried Miss Norris kneeling beside Dickie. Murray's coat was over her shoulders. The doctor, in his shirt-sleeves, swung on the foot-board.

"We 're going to St. Matthew's," he said to Craddock.

"I 'll trail you. Stick by him!"

"Oh, I 'll stick," rejoined Murray, heartily. "And so will she. If she had left him for a minute up there—by the Lord, sir, that girl 's a—a—well, she 's a nurse! Hey, in front! Think we want to stay here all night?"

At St. Matthew's old Craddock found that he was forbidden from the private room which Murray had secured. He paced the dreary parlor, and a kindly attendant brought him an occasional word from his boy. Once the physician saw him. All was going well; rest was the prime factor.

"And rest would n't be a bad proposition for you, sir," supplemented Murray.

"Guess I can stand it while you and she can, doctor."

"I 'll send you some of Miss Norris's milk-punch."

"Oh, ladies' drinks ain't much in my line," said Craddock, gruffly.

But when the punch arrived he smacked his lips over the unexpected tang of it.

"Say, that was n't meant for no cripple," he observed. "Three fingers, I bet!"

It was sunrise when the doctor again shook old John's shoulder as he lay stretched on the shabby lounge. Craddock, however, had not slept. He was not a man accustomed to the readjustment of his ideas, and the novel process engrossed him.

"I 'm glad we 're out of the woods," he said to Murray. "I 'll just hang around till I can see that there girl."

"Miss Norris? I 've been using strong language to her, I 'm afraid."

Craddock glared wrathfully. "You have, eh? Well, you 'd better not—"

"Because she would n't quit. But here she comes, now that we 've got a good day-nurse. Well, I 'm off to see Miss Floyd. What a mess she 's in! Luckily, she has the sand of a major-general. They say, though, that no real harm was done."

The doctor bustled out of the waiting-room and down the broad hall of the hospital. By daylight the parlor was particularly gloomy, as though it had absorbed the essence of the countless sad vigils which it had witnessed. Miss Norris's face was ashen, and there was an odd look of weariness even to her limp blue gown and crumpled linen.

"I 'm set on a little talk with you, ma'am," said Craddock. "'T won't take

"I ain't breathin' a sign of this to Dickie," said old John, "nor him to me; but I saw how things was pointed. I'd have blocked it up to last night. I ain't acquainted much with women, ma'am. I never calculated there was any one like you. You'd be worth more to Dickie and me than all the long horns on Powder River. A girl that'll risk her life 'cause she's fond of a—"

"Oh, stop!" entreated Miss Norris. "Really, you're so wrong, so absurdly mistaken," struggling against her hysterical desire to laugh.

"Eh?"

"You're absurdly mistaken," she reiterated eagerly. "You mustn't ever, ever mention this again. It never entered my brain—nor, I hope, your son's—that notion you suppose. Why, any nurse in the hospital would have done the same for her patient—Olga Bernstein, or anybody. Really—Mr. Craddock, please—that's only part of our business." A few tears crept into her bewildered eyes.

"If I've hurt you, I'm sorry, ma'am," faltered Craddock. "I did n't know. Did n't seem as if anything would make a woman do what you done except—"

"Of course you don't know. Lots of things seem queer in a hospital—when you don't know." She fingered her belt des-

perately, searching for words. "A hospital's a queer place. Mr. Craddock, to bring people close together all of a sudden. But we know a real nurse who does her work has it more for much else, than all this."

"I reckon you're a real nurse all right."

"Well, that's my business," asserted Miss Norris with returning composure.

"It's been my business ever since I was at training-school. She glanced out into the corridor and tried to change the subject. "I studied here at St. Matthew's," she said.

"A real nurse," persisted Craddock, "and the kindest, best woman who ever wore shoes. If Dickie should ask you that question—"

"But he would n't—I could n't let him. Don't you see? You must see—you must understand what our profession means to us."

A uniformed gray-headed hospital porter limped down the hall toward them. He walked painfully, dragging one foot; but when he saw Miss Norris he straightened himself and his face glowed with a light not seen often in the faces of rough men. There was adoration in it, reverence, religion. The old porter took off his cap and rubbed his hand carefully on his blouse and patted his hair furtively, as if he were at a church door.

"Why, there's Corrigan," said Miss Norris, brightly. "He was my first patient here. I have n't seen him for—how do you do, Patrick?"

"Well, and God save ye kindly, miss," said the porter. He held her hand, motionless. "Faith, 't is I would be ashamed not to stay well after the trouble ye tuk wid me. Me old bones serve me fine, and thank ye."

"That's splendid."

"Yes, miss." Corrigan stooped a little, released the girl's hand slowly, and then his fingers caught in the edge of her apron and he pressed it hastily to his wrinkled cheek. "May the blessed saints always be about ye," he said; "for ye're wan iv thim!"

The Irishman pulled on his cap, shot a sheepishly defiant look at Craddock, and lumbered away with a brave effort.

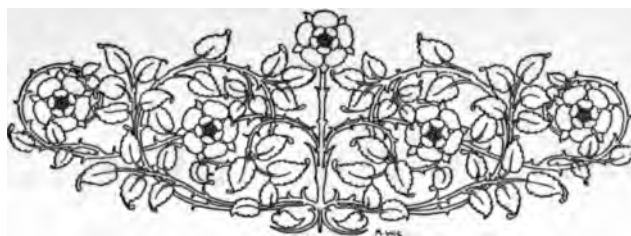
Big John Craddock nodded gravely. "I sort of expect I understand," he said.



Color drawing by Simon Ivanov

MIDWINTER





THE NAME WRIT IN WATER

(PIAZZA DI SPAGNA, ROME)

BY ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON

The Spirit of the Fountain speaks :

YONDER 'S the window my poet would sit in
While my song murmured of happier days;
Mine is the "water" his "name" has been "writ in,"
Sure and immortal my share in his praise.

Gone are the pilgrims whose green wreaths hère hung for him,—
Gone from their fellows like bubbles from foam;
Long shall outlive them the songs have been sung for him;
Mine is eternal—or Rome were not Rome.

Far on the mountain my fountain was fed for him,
Bringing soft sounds that his nature loved best:
Sighing of pines that had fain made a bed for him;
Seafaring rills, on their musical quest;

Bells of the fairies at eve, that I rang for him;
Nightingale's glee, he so well understood;
Chant of the dryads at dawn, that I sang for him;
Swish of the snake at the edge of the wood.

Little he knew 'twixt his dreaming and sleeping,
The while his sick fancy despaired of his fame,
What glory I held in my loverly keeping:
Listen! my waters still whisper his name.



A DIPLOMATIC ADVENTURE

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL

Author of "Hugh Wynne," "Constance Trescot," etc.

PART I

NO man has ever been able to write the history of the greater years of a nation so as to include the minor incidents of interest. They pass unnoted, although in some cases they may have had values influential in determining the course of events. It chanced that I myself was an actor in one of these lesser incidents, when second secretary to our legation in France, during the summer of 1862. I may possibly overestimate the ultimate importance of my adventure, for Mr. Adams, our minister at the court of St. James, seems to have failed to record it, or, at least, there is no allusion to it in his biography. In the perplexing tangle of the diplomacy of the darker days of our civil war, many strange stories must have passed unrecorded, but surely none of those remembered and written were more singular than the occurrences which disturbed the quiet of my uneventful official life in the autumn of 1862.

At this time I had been in the legation two years, and was comfortably lodged in pleasant apartments in the Rue Rivoli.

Somewhere about the beginning of July I had occasion to engage a new servant, and of this it becomes needful to speak because the man I took chanced to play a part in the little drama which at last involved many more important people.

I had dismissed a stout Alsatian because of my certainty that, like his predecessor, he was a spy in the employ of the imperial police. There was little for him to learn; but to feel that I was watched, and, once, that my desk had been searched, was disagreeable. This time I meant to be on safer ground, and

was inquiring for a suitable servant when a lean, alert little man presented himself with a good record as a valet in England and France. He was very neat and had a humorous look which caught my fancy. His name was Alphonse Duret. We agreed easily as to wages and that he was to act as valet, take care of my salon, and serve as footman at need. Yes, he could come at once. Upon this I said: "A word more and I engage you." And then, sure that his reply would be a confident negative, "Are you not a spy in the service of the police?" To my amused surprise he said:

"Yes, but will monsieur permit me to explain?"

"Certainly."

"I was intended by my family to be a priest, but circumstances caused me to make a change. It was not gay."

"Well, hardly."

"I was for a time a valet, but circumstances occurred—monsieur may observe that I am frank. Later I was on the police force, but after two years I fell ill and lost my place. When I was well again, I was taken on as an observer. Monsieur permits me to describe it as an observer?"

"A spy?" I said.

"I cannot contradict monsieur. I speak English—I learned it when I was valet for Mr. Parker in London. That is why I am sent here. The pay is of a minuteness. Circumstances make some addition desirable."

I perceived that circumstances appeared to play a large part in this queer autobiography, and saved the necessity of undesirable fullness of statement.

I said: "You appear to be frank, but are you to belong to me or to the police? In your studies for the priesthood you may have heard that a man cannot serve two masters."

His face became of a sudden what I venture to call luminous with the pleasure an intelligent man has in finding an answer to a difficult question.

He replied modestly: "A man has many masters. One of mine has used me badly. I became ill from exposure in the service, but they refused to take me back. If monsieur will trust me, there shall be but one real master."

The man interested me. I said: "If I engage you, you will, I suppose, desire to remain what you call an observer."

"Yes. Monsieur may be sure that either I or another will observe. Since the unfortunate war in America, monsieur and all others of his legation are watched."

"And generally every one else," I said. "Perhaps you, too, are observed."

"Possibly. Monsieur may perceive that it is better I continue in the pay of the police. It is hardly more than a *pourboire*, but it is desirable. I have an old mother at Neuilly."

I had my doubts in regard to the existence of the mother—but it was true, as I learned later.

"It seems to me," I said, "that you will have to report your observations."

"Yes; I cannot avoid that. Monsieur may feel assured that I shall communicate very important information to my lesser master,"—he grinned,— "in fact, whatever monsieur pleases. If I follow and report at times to the police where monsieur visits, I may be trusted to be at need entirely untrustworthy and prudent. I do not smoke. Monsieur's cigars are safe. If monsieur has absinthe about, I might—monsieur permits me to be suggestive."

The man's gaiety, his intelligence, and his audacious frankness took my fancy. I said: "There is nothing in my life, my man, which is not free for all to know. I shall soon learn whether or not I may trust you. If you are faithful you shall be rewarded. That is all." As I spoke his pleasant face became grave.

"Monsieur shall not be disappointed." Nor was he. Alphonse proved to be a devoted servant, a man with those respect-

ful familiarities which are rare except in French and Italian domestics. When once I asked him how far his superiors had profited by his account of me, he put on a queer, wry face and said circumstances had obliged him to become inventive. He had been highly commended. It seemed as well to inquire no further.

On the 6th of October I found on my table a letter of introduction and the card of Captain Arthur Merton, U.S.A. (2d Infantry), 12 Rue du Roi de Rome.

The note was simple but positive. My uncle, Harry Wellwood, a cynical, pessimistic old bachelor and a rank Copperhead, wrote me to make the captain welcome, which meant much to those who knew my uncle. On that day the evening mail was large. Alphonse laid the letters on my table, and as he lingered I said, "Well, what is it?"

"Monsieur may not observe that three letters from America have been opened in the post-office."

I said, "Yes." In fact, it was common and of course annoying. One of these letters was from my uncle. He wrote:

I gave Arthur Merton an open letter to you, but I add this to state that he is one of the few decent gentlemen in the army of the North.

He inherited his father's share in the mine of which I am part owner, and has therefore no need to serve an evil cause. He was born in New Orleans of Northern parents, spent two years in the School of Mines in Paris, and until this wretched war broke out has lived for some years among mining camps and in the ruffian life of the far West. It is a fair chance which side turns up, the ways of the salon, the accuracy of the man of science, or the savagery of the Rockies. You will like him.

He has been twice wounded, and then had the good sense to acquire the mild typhoid fever which gave him an excuse to ask for leave of absence. He has no diplomatic or political errand, and goes abroad merely to recruit his health. Things here are not yet quite as bad as I could desire to see them. Antietam was unfortunate, but in the end the European States will recognize the South and end the war. I shall then reside in Richmond.

Yours truly,

Harry Wellwood.

I hoped that the imperial government profited by my uncle's letter. It was or may have been of use, as things turned out, in freeing Captain Merton from police observation, which at this time rarely

failed to keep under notice every American.

I was kept busy at the legation two thirds of the following day. At five I set out in a coupé, having Alphonse on the seat with the coachman. He left cards for me at a half-dozen houses, and then I told him to order the driver to leave me at Rue du Roi de Rome, No. 12,—Captain Merton's address.

As I sat in the carriage and looked out at the exterior gaiety of the open-air life of Paris, my mind naturally turned in contrast to the war at home and the terrible death harvest of Antietam, news of which had lately reached Europe. The sense of isolation in a land of hostile opinion often oppressed me, and rarely was as despotic as on this afternoon. I turned for relief to speculative thought of the numberless dramas of the lives of the busy multitude among which I drove. I wondered how many lived simple and uneventful days, like mine, in the pursuit of mere official or domestic duties. Not the utmost imaginative ingenuity of the novelist could have anticipated, as I rode along amidst the hurries and the leisesures of a Parisian afternoon, that my next hour or two was about to bring into the monotony of office life an adventure as strange as any which I could have conceived as possible for any human unit of these numberless men and women.

Captain Merton lived so far away from the quarter in which I had been leaving cards that it was close to dusk when I got out of the carriage at the hotel I sought.

I meant to return on foot, but hearing thunder, and rain beginning to fall heavily, I told Alphonse to keep the carriage. The captain was not at home. I had taken his card from my pocket to assure me in regard to the address, and as I hurried to reënter my coupé I put it in my card-case for future reference.

As I sat down in the coupé, and Alphonse was about to close the door, I saw behind him a lady standing in the heavy downfall of rain. I said in my best French: "Get in, madame. I will get out and leave you the carriage." For a moment she hesitated, and then got in and stood a moment, saying, "Thank you, but I insist that monsieur does not get out in the rain." It was just then a torrent. "Let me leave monsieur where he would desire to go."

I said I intended to go to the Rue de la Paix, but I added, "If madame has no objection, may I not first drop her wherever she wishes to go?"

"Oh, no, no! It is far—too far." She was, as it seemed to me, somewhat agitated. For a moment I supposed this to be due to the annoyance a ride with a strange man might have suggested as compromising, or at least as the Parisian regards such incidents. Alphonse waited calmly, the door still open.

Again I offered to leave her the carriage, and again she refused. I said, "Might I then ask where madame desires to go?"

She hesitated a moment, and then asked irrelevantly, "Monsieur is not French?"

"Oh, no. I am an American."

"And I, too." She showed at once a certain relief, and I felt with pleasure that had I been other than her countryman she would not have trusted me as she did. She added: "On no account could I permit you to get out in this storm. If I ask you to set me down in the Bois—I mean, if not inconvenient—"

"Of course," I replied. "Get up, Alphonse." It was, I thought, a rather vague direction, but there was already something odd in this small adventure. No doubt she would presently be more specific. "The Bois, Alphonse," I repeated. A glance at my countrywoman left with me the impression of a lady, very handsome, about twenty-five, and presumably married. Why she was so very evidently perturbed I could not see. As we drove on I asked her for a more definite direction. She hesitated for a moment and then said Avenue du Bois de Boulogne.

"That will answer," I returned. "But that is only a road, and it is raining hard. You have no umbrella. Surely you do not mean me to drop you on an open road in this storm." I was becoming curious.

"It will do—it will do," she said.

I thought it strange, but I called out the order to Alphonse and bade him promise a good *pourboire*.

As we drove away, all of the many people in the streets were hurrying to take refuge from the sudden and unexpected downfall of heavy rain. Women picked their way with the skill of the Parisienne, men ran for shelter, and the carriages

coming in haste from the afternoon drives thronged the great avenue. The scene was not without amusement for people not subject to its inconvenience and to the damage of gay gowns. I made some laughing comment. She made no reply. Presently, however, she took out her purse and said, "Monsieur will at least permit me to—"

"Pardon me," I returned gaily; "I am just now the host, and as it may never again chance that I have the pleasure of madame for a guest, I must insist on my privileges."

For the first time she laughed, as if more at ease, and said, looking up from her purse and flushing a little: "Unluckily, I cannot insist, as I find that I am, for the time, too poor to be proud. I can only pay in thanks. I am glad it is a fellow-countryman to whom I am indebted."

We seemed to be getting on to more agreeable social terms, and I expressed my regret that the torrent outside was beginning to leak in at the window and through the top of the carriage. For a moment she made no remark, and then said with needless emphasis:

"Yes, yes. It is dreadful. I hope—I mean, I trust—that it will never occur again."

It was odd and hardly courteous. I said only, "Yes, it must be disagreeable."

"Oh, I mean—I can't explain—I mean this—this special ride, and I—I am so wet."

Of course I accepted this rather inadequate explanation of language which somehow did not seem to me to fit a woman evidently of the best social class. As if she too felt the need to substitute a material inconvenience for a less comprehensible and too abrupt statement, she added: "I am really drenched," and then, as though with a return of some more urgent feeling, "but there are worse things."

I said, "That may very well be." I began to realize as singular the whole of this interview—the broken phrases which I could not interpret, the look of worry, the embarrassment of long silences.

After a time, at her request, we turned into one of the smaller avenues. Meanwhile I made brief efforts at impersonal talk—the rain, the vivid lightning,—won-

dering if it were the latter which made her so nervous. She murmured short replies, and at last I gave up my efforts at talk, and we drove on in silence, the darkness meanwhile coming the sooner for the storm.

By and by she said, "I owe you an apology for my preoccupation. I am—I have reason to be—troubled. You must pardon my silence."

Much surprised, I acquiesced with some trifling remark, and we went on, neither of us saying a word, while the rain beat on the leaky cover of the carriage, and now and then I heard a loud "Sacré!" from the coachman as the lightning flashed.

It was now quite dark. We were far across the Bois and in a narrow road. To set her more at ease, I was about to tell her my name and official position, when of a sudden she cried:

"Oh, monsieur, we are followed! I am sure we are followed. What shall I do?"

Here was a not very agreeable adventure.

I said, "No, I think not."

However, I did hear a carriage behind us; and as she persisted, I looked back and saw through the night the lamps of what I took to be a cabriolet.

As at times we moved more slowly, so it seemed did the cabriolet; and when our driver, who had no lights, saw better at some open place and went faster, so did the vehicle behind us. I felt sure that she was right, and to reassure her said: "We have two horses. He has one. We ought to beat him." I called to Alphonse to tell the driver to drive as fast as he could and he should have a Napoleon. He no doubt comprehended the situation, and began to lash his horses furiously. Meantime the woman kept ejaculating, "*Mon Dieu!*" and then, in English, "Oh, I am so afraid! What shall we do?" I said, "I will take care of you." How, I did not know.

It was an awkward business—probably a jealous husband; but there was no time to ask for explanations, nor was I so inclined. It seemed to me that we were leaving our pursuers, when again I heard the vehicle behind us, and, looking back, saw that it was rapidly approaching, and then, from the movement of the lanterns, that the driver in trying to overtake us

must have lost control of his horse, as the lights were now on this side of the road, now on that. My driver drew in to the left, close to the wood, thinking, I presume, that they would pass us.

A moment later there was a crash. One of our horses went down, and the cabriolet—the lighter vehicle—upset, falling over to the right. As we came to a standstill I threw open the left-hand door saying: "Get out, madame! Quick! Into the wood!" She was out in an instant and, favored by the gloom, was at once lost to sight among the thick shrubbery. I shut the door and got out on the other side. It was very dark and raining hard as I saw Alphonse slip away into the wood shadows. Next I made out the driver of the cabriolet, who had been thrown from his seat and was running up to join us.

In a moment I saw more clearly. The two coachmen were swearing, the horses down, the two vehicles, as it proved later, not much injured. A man was standing on the farther side of the roadway. I went around the fallen cab and said: "An unlucky accident, monsieur. I hope you are not hurt." He was holding a handkerchief to his head.

"No, I am not much hurt."

"I am well pleased," said I, "that it is no worse." I expected that the presumably jealous husband would at once make himself unpleasant. To my surprise, he stood a moment without speaking, and, as I fancied, a little dazed by his fall. Then he said:

"There is a woman in that carriage."

I was anxious to gain time for the fugitive, and replied: "Monsieur must be under some singular misapprehension. There is no one in my carriage."

"I shall see for myself," he said sharply.

"By all means. I am quite at a loss to understand you." I was sure that he would not be able to see her.

He staggered as he moved past me, and was evidently more hurt than he was willing to admit. I went quickly to my coachman, who was busy with a broken trace. Here was the trouble—the risk. I bent over him and whispered, putting a napoleon in his hand, "There was no woman in the carriage."

"Two," said the rascal.

"Well, two, if you will lie enough."

"Good! This *sacré* animal! Be quiet!"

I busied myself helping the man, and a moment later the gentleman went by me and, as I expected, asked the driver, "There was a woman in your carriage?"

"No, monsieur; the gentleman was alone, and you have smashed my carriage. *Sacré bleu!* Who is to pay?"

"That is of no moment. Here is my card."

The man took it, but said doubtfully, "That 's all well to-day, but to-morrow—"

"Stuff! Your carriage is not damaged. Here, my man, a half-napoleon will more than pay."

The driver, well pleased with this accumulation of unlooked-for good fortune, expressed himself contented. The gentleman stood, mopping the blood from his forehead, while the two drivers set up the cabriolet and continued to repair the broken harness. Glad of the delay, I, too, stood still in the rain saying nothing. My companion of the hour was as silent.

At last the coachmen declared themselves ready to leave. Upon this, the gentleman said to me: "You have denied, monsieur, that there was a woman with you. It is my belief that she has escaped into the wood."

"I denied nothing," said I. "I invited you to look for yourself. The wood is equally at your disposal. I regret—or, rather, I do not regret—to be unable to assist you."

Then, to my amazement, he said: "You, too, are in this affair, I presume. You will find it serious."

"What affair? Monsieur is enigmatical and anything but courteous."

"You are insulting, and my friends will ask you to-morrow to explain your conduct. I think you will further regret your connection with this matter."

"With what matter?" I broke in. "This passes endurance."

"I fancy you need no explanation. I presume that at least you will not hesitate to inform me of your name."

As he spoke his coachman called out to him to hold his horse for a moment, and before I could answer, he turned aside toward the man. I followed him, took out my card-case, and said as I gave him a card, "This will sufficiently inform you who and what I am."

As I spoke he in turn gave me his card,

saying: "I am the Count le Moyne. I shall have the honor to ask through my friends for an explanation."

He was evidently somewhat cooler. As he spoke I knew his name as that of a recently appointed under-secretary of the Foreign Office. I had never before seen him. As we parted I said:

"I shall be at home from eleven until noon to-morrow."

We lifted our hats, and the two carriages having been put in condition, I drove away, with enough to think about and with some wonder as to what had become of Alphonse.

After a slow drive with a lame horse I reached my club, where I attended to a small matter, and then, as the rain was over, walked to my rooms. A bath and a change of garments left me free to consider the adventure and its too probable results. What was meant by that affair? It was really a somewhat bewildering business.

I looked at the count's card. His name was, as I have said, somewhat unfamiliar, although it was part of my duty at our legation to learn all I could in the upper social life of Paris, where, at this time, we had few friends and many foes. If, still unsatisfied, he chose to look up my driver, I felt sure that the man would readily tell all he knew. The count had said I was in the affair. A confederate? What affair? I could not—indeed, I did not mean to—explain how I came to be with the woman, nor to admit that there was a woman concerned. There had been, however, enough to make me sure that in that case I might have to face a duel, and that the next day I should hear from this angry gentleman. But who was my handsome and terrified companion, and what was the affair?

To refuse to meet him would be social ruin and would seriously affect my usefulness, as I was the only attaché who spoke French with entire ease, and it was, as I said, a part of my duty to learn at the clubs and in society the trend of opinion in regard to the war with the rebel States. I could do nothing but wait. I was the victim of circumstances and of an embarrassing situation not of my making, and in regard to which I could offer no explanation. There was nothing left for me except to see what the morning would bring.

I dined that evening with my chief, but of course said nothing of my adventure. On my return home I found Alphonse.

"Well," I said, "what the deuce became of you?"

"I dived into the edge of the wood, and after hearing what passed I considered that you might desire to know who the lady was."

"Yes, I did—I do."

"I overtook her very easily, and as she seemed quite lost, I said I was your servant. When I had set her on the avenue she wanted to find, she said I might go, and gave me a napoleon, and I was to thank you."

"Did you follow her?"

"No; she seemed to want to go on alone. I hope monsieur approves."

"I do."

There was a curious delicacy about this which was explained when he added: "She is quite sure to let monsieur hear of her again. I ventured to mention your name."

The point of view was Parisian enough, but I contented myself with a further word of satisfaction, although I had my doubts as to whether his theory would fit the case of my handsome countrywoman.

As I rose, about to go to bed, I said to Alphonse: "You will find in my card-case the card and address of Captain Merton. I shall want you to take a note to him in the morning."

He came back with the case in his hand and said: "I saw you take out a card, sir, when we were at 12 Rue du Roi de Rome. You looked at it and put it back in the case. It is not there now, nor in any of your pockets, but I remember the address. Perhaps—" and he paused.

"Perhaps what?"

"You gave the very angry gentleman a card."

"Nonsense!" I returned. "Look again." I could see, by the faint smile and the slight uplift of the brow, that my valet appreciated the situation. He was gone for at least ten minutes. Meanwhile I sat still, more and more sure that I had made one of those blunders which might bear unpleasant interpretations. At length, impatient, I joined Alphonse in his search. It was vain. He stood at last facing me with a pair of pantaloons on

one arm, a coat on the other, all the pockets turned inside out.

"Monsieur—circumstances—I mean it is to be feared—I have looked everywhere."

"It is incredible," said I.

"But the night, monsieur, and the storm, and the count, who was not polite."

He was sorry for me and perfectly understood what had happened. Yes, undoubtedly I had given the count Captain Merton's card. I said as much while Alphonse stood still with a look in which his constant sense of the comic contended for expression with his desire to sympathize in what he was shrewd enough to know was, for me, that form of the socially tragic which has for its catastrophe ridicule.

I went back to my salon and sat down to reflect on the consequences of my mishap. Of course, it was easy to set the matter right, but what a muddle! I must make haste in the morning to correct my blunder.

Desirous to be on time, about ten the next morning I called on the count. He had gone out. At the Foreign Office I again failed to find him. I was told that he had gone to his club for breakfast, but would be back very shortly. I waited a half-hour and then tried the club. He had left. Remembering that I had said I should be at home from eleven to twelve, I looked at my watch and saw, to my annoyance, that it was close to noon. I had hoped to anticipate the call of the count's seconds on Merton. I felt sure, however, that the captain would simply deny any share in my adventure, and that a word or a note from me to the count would set things straight. Although I regretted the delay my vain pursuit of the count had caused, a little reflection put me at ease, and calling a cab, I drove to Captain Merton's. I was so fortunate as to find him at home. As I entered he threw on the table a number of letters and made me welcome with a certain cordiality which in its manner had both refinement and the open-air frankness of a dweller in camps.

I liked him from the first, and being myself a small man, envied the six feet one of well-knit frame, and was struck with a way he had of quick backward head movement when the large blue eyes considered you with smiling atten-

tion. My first impression was that nothing as embarrassing as the absurd situation in which my blunder might have placed him could as yet have fallen upon this tranquil gentleman. There was therefore no occasion for haste.

We talked pleasantly of home, the war, my uncle, and Paris, and I was about to mention my mistake in regard to his card when he said rather abruptly:

"I should like you to advise me as to a rather odd affair—if not too late for advice."

"About eleven to-day, the Baron la Garde and a Colonel St. Pierre called upon me on the part of a certain Count le Moyne. The baron explained that, as a lady was involved, it would be better if it were supposed that we had quarreled at cards. As you may imagine, I was rather surprised, and asked what he meant. He replied, and not very pleasantly, that I must know, as I had given my card to the count and said I should be at home from eleven to twelve. I said: 'Pardon me, gentlemen, but there is some mistake. I do not know Count le Moyne, and I never saw him. As to my card—I have given no one my card.' I was, of course, very civil and quiet in my denial, and the more so because the baron's manner was far from agreeable."

"Then the baron, to my amazement, handed me my own card, saying, 'Do we understand you to say that last night, in the Bois de Boulogne, you did not give Count le Moyne your card?'"

"Now I am at times, Mr. Greville, short of temper, and the supply was giving out. I checked myself, however, and said as calmly as possible: 'Really, gentlemen, this is rather absurd. I was at home last night. I never saw or heard of your count, and you will be so good as to accept for him my absolute denial.'"

"Upon this the baron said, 'It appears to us that you contradict flatly the statement of our principal, a man of the highest character, and that we are therefore forced to suppose that you are endeavoring to escape the consequences of having last night insulted the count.'"

"Before I could reply, the other man—the colonel—remarked in a casual way that there was only one word to characterize my conduct. Here I broke in—but, for a wonder, kept myself in hand."

"I said: 'This has gone far enough. Count le Moyne has rather imprudent friends. Some one has played me and your principal a trick. At all events, I am not the man.'

" 'Monsieur,' said the colonel, 'so you still deny—'

" 'Wait a little,' said I. 'I allow no man to doubt my word. But let us be clear as to this. Am I to understand that the language now used to me represents the instructions of the count?'

"By George! the colonel said, 'Yes.' They really believed me to be lying. I had gotten past any desire to explain or contradict, and so I replied that it was all damn nonsense, but that I had supposed French gentlemen were on these occasions courteous.

"You should have seen the baron. He is as tall as I am, and must weigh two hundred and fifty pounds. He got red and said that if it were not for his principal's prior claim on me, he should himself at once call me to account. I replied sweetly that need not interfere, for that, after I had killed the count, I should be most glad to accommodate his friend. He did seem a bit amazed."

I was about to comment on this queer story when Merton said:

"Pardon me, I must first tell you all; then you will kindly say what you think of this amazing performance.

"The little colonel, who had the leanness and redness of a boiled shrimp, now took up the talk, and this other idiot said: 'My friend the baron will, no doubt, postpone the pleasure of meeting monsieur; and now, as monsieur is no longer indisposed to satisfy our principal, and, as we understand it, declines to explain or apologize,—in fact, admits, by his inclination to meet our friend, what he seemed to deny,—may we have the honor to know when monsieur's seconds will wait on us? Here is my card.'

"The little man was posing beautifully. I laid his card on the table and said, 'Be so good, gentlemen, as to understand that I have not retracted my statement, but that if the count insists, as you do, that I lie,—that, at least, is decent cause for a quarrel,—he can have it.'

"The little man replied that the count could not do otherwise.

" 'Very good,' said I.—No, don't in-

terrupt this charming story, Mr. Greville; let me go on. There is more of it and better.

"My colonel then said, 'We shall expect to hear from you—and, by the way, I understand from monsieur's card that he is an American.'

"I said, 'Yes; captain Second Infantry.'

" 'Ah, a soldier—really! In the army of the Confederation, I presume. We shall be enchanted to meet monsieur's friends.'

" 'What!' I said; 'does monsieur the colonel wish to insult me? I am of the North.'

" 'A thousand pardons!'

" 'No matter. You will hear from me shortly, or as soon as I am able to find gentlemen who will be my seconds.' This seemed to suit them until I remarked that, to save time, being the challenged party, I might as well say that my friends would insist on the rifle at thirty paces.

" 'But, monsieur, that is unusual, barbarous!' said my little man.

" 'Indeed!' said I. 'Then suppose we say revolvers at twelve paces or less. I have no prejudices.' It seems that the baron had, for he said my new proposition was also unheard of, uncivilized.

"Upon this I stood up and said: 'Gentlemen, you have insisted on manufacturing for me a quarrel with a man I never saw, and have suggested—indeed, said—that I, a soldier, am afraid and have lied to you. I accepted the situation thus forced on me, and in place of the wretched little knitting-needles with which you fight child duels in France, I propose to take it seriously.'

"I saw the little man—the colonel—was beginning to fidget. As I stopped he said, 'Pardon me; I have not the honor fully to comprehend.'

" 'Indeed?' said I. 'So far I have hesitated to ascribe to gentlemen, to a soldier, any motive for your difficulty in accepting weapons which involve peril, and I thought that I had at last done so. I do not see how I can make myself more clear.'

" 'Sir,' said my little man, 'do I understand—'

"I was at the end of the sweetest temper west of the Mississippi. I broke into English and said: 'You may understand what you damn please.'

"You see, Mr. Greville, it was getting to be fatiguing—these two improbable Frenchmen. I suppose the small man took my English as some recondit insult, for he drew himself up, clicked his heels together, and said, 'I shall have the honor to send to monsieur those who will ask him, for me,—for me, personally,—to translate his words, and, I trust, to withdraw the offensive statement which, no doubt, they are meant to convey.'"

"I replied that I had no more to say, except that I should instruct my friends to abide by the weapons I had mentioned. On this he lost his temper and exclaimed that it was murder. I said that was my desire; that they were hard to please; and that bowie-knives exhausted the list of weapons I should accept."

"The colonel said further that, as I seemed to be ignorant of the customs of civilized countries, it appeared proper to let me know that the seconds were left to settle these preliminaries, and he supposed that I was making a jest of a grave situation."

"When I replied that he was as lacking in courtesy as the baron, the little man became polite and regretted that the prior claim of his two friends would, he feared, deprive him of the pleasure of exacting that satisfaction which he still hoped circumstances would eventually afford him. He was queerly precise and too absurd for belief."

"I replied lightly that I should be sorry if any accident were to deprive him of the happiness of meeting me, but that I had the pleasant hope of being at his service after I had shot the count and the baron. I began to enjoy this unique situation."

"The colonel said I was most amiable—but really, my dear Mr. Greville, it is past my power to do justice to this scene. They were like the Count Considines and the Irish gentlemen in Lever's novels."

"And was that all?" I asked.

"No, not quite. After the colonel ceased to criticize my views of the duel, he again informed me that his own friends would call upon me to withdraw my injurious language. Then these two peacemakers departed. Now what do you think of my comedy?"

I had listened in amazement to this arrangement—three duels as the sequel of

my adventure! As Merton ended, he burst into a roar of laughter.

"Now," he said, "what will they do?—rifle, revolver, or bowie? By George, I am like d'Artagnan—my second day in Paris and three duels on my hands! Is n't it jolly?"

"That was by no means my opinion. 'Mr. Merton,' I said, 'I came here about this very matter.'"

"Indeed! How can that be? Pray go on—and did any man ever hear of such a mix-up? Where do you come in?"

"I will tell you. Last night in the dark, by mishap, I gave this infernal count your card instead of my own."

"The deuce you did! Great Scott, what fun!"

"Yes, I did." I went on to relate my encounter with the lady, and the manner in which Count le Moyne had behaved.

"What an adventure! I am so sorry I was not in your place. What a fine mystery! But what will you do? Was she his wife? I have had many adventures, but nothing to compare with this. I envy you. And you were sure she was not his wife?"

"No, she was not his wife; and as to what I shall do, it is simple. I shall go to the count and explain the card and my mistake. I meant to anticipate the visit to you of Count le Moyne's seconds. I am sorry to have been late."

"Sorry! Not I. It is immense!"

"The count will call me out. There will be the usual farce of a sword duel. I am in fair practice. This will relieve you so far as concerns the count, and nobody else will fight you with the weapons you offer."

"Won't they, indeed? I have been insulted. Do you suppose I can sit quiet under it? No, Mr. Greville. You, I hope, may make yourself unpleasant to this count, but I shall settle with him and the others, too. Did I happen to mention that I told them I did not fight with knitting-needles?"

"You did."

"They seemed annoyed."

"Probably," said I. Although the whole affair appeared to me comical, it had, too, its possible tragedy.

"Well," I continued, "I shall find the count, and set right the matter of the

cards. After that we may better see our way. These matters are never hurried over here. Dine with me to-night at my rooms at seven-thirty; and meanwhile, as for the baron—"

"Oh, the baron—you should see him. I came near to calling him Porthos to his face. I wish I had."

"And the small man, the colonel—"

"Oh, yes—shade of Dumas! He may pass for Aramis."

I laughed. "By the way," I added, "he is one of the best blades in France."

"Is he? However, he comes in third. But can he shoot? If I accept the sword,—and it may come to that,—I am pretty sure to be left with something to remember. If we use rifles, I assure you they will remember me still longer or not at all." There was savage menace in his blue eyes as he spoke. "But is it not ridiculous?"

I said it was.

"And now about this count who is interested in the anonymous lady. I suppose he may pass for Athos, as I had learned, was a man of high character who had lately joined the Foreign Office, a keen imperialist, happily married and rich."

I declined the wine of my country, and answered him that Athos, as I had learned, was a man of high character who had lately joined the Foreign Office, a keen imperialist, happily married and rich.

"Then certainly it cannot be the wife."

"No, I think I said so; I am thankful to be able to say that it is not. But what part the woman has in this muddle is past my comprehension."

"Stop a little," said my d'Artagnan. "You are having a good deal of trouble to keep this short-legged Emperor from getting John Bull and the rest to bully us into peace."

"Yes, there has been trouble brewing all summer." I could not imagine what the man was after.

"Well, the woman seemed pleased when she learned that you were an American. You said so, and also that the count charged you with being in that affair. He slipped up a bit there. He seemed to believe you to be engaged in something of which he did not want to talk freely."

"Yes, that is true."

The blue eyes held mine for a moment,

and then he inquired, "Was she—" and he paused.

"My dear captain, she is an American and a lady."

"I ask her pardon. A lady? You are sure she is a lady?"

"Yes."

"Then it is a matter of—let me think—not jealousy? Hardly. We may leave that out."

"Certainly."

"Don't you catch on, Mr. Greville?"

"No, I must say I do not."

"Well, consider it coolly. Exclude love, jealousy, any gross fraud, and what is left? What can be left?"

"I do not know."

"How about politics," he smiled. "How does that strike you?"

The moment he let fall this key-word, "politics," I began to suspect that he was right. The woman had exhibited relief when I had said I was an American. We lived in a maze of spies of nearly every class of life, rarely using the post-office, trusting no one. With our own secret agents I had little to do. The first secretary or the minister saw them, and we were not badly served either in England or France; but all this did not do more than enable me to see my d'Artagnan's notion as possibly a reasonable guess.

After a moment's thought I said: "You may be right; but even if you are, the matter remains a problem which we are very unlikely ever to solve. But how can a handsome young American woman be so deeply concerned in some political affair as to account for this amazing conduct of a secretary not yet a week old in the work of the imperial Foreign Office."

Merton smiled. "We exhaust personal motives—what else is left? Politics! She may know something which it seems to be desirable she should not know. We must find her."

The more I considered his theory, the more I inclined to doubt it. At all events as things stood it was none of our business—and after a moment's reflection I said:

"We have quite enough on our hands without the woman. I shall see the count to-day, and then we may be in a better position to know what further should be done."

"Done?" laughed the captain. "I shall give all three fools what is called satis-

faction. I don't take much stock in them. I hate Aramis. It's the woman interests me the most."

"The woman? I assure you, I am out of that."

"Oh, no, no! We must find her. She is in trouble."

I laughed. "Can we find her?"

"We must. I like her looks."

"But you never saw her."

"No. But the most beautiful woman is always the one I never saw."

He was delightful, my d'Artagnan, with his amused acceptance of three duels, and now his interest in an unknown woman. But I held fast to my opinion, and after some further talk I went away to make my belated explanation to Count le Moyne.

After dinner that evening Merton and I settled ourselves in my little salon with coffee, cognac, and cigars. Merton said:

"Are we safe here?"

"Yes. There are two doors, and the outer one I have locked. My last valet was a spy. The information he got for their Foreign Office must have been valuable. My present man—the fellow who waited on us just now—is also a spy," and upon this I told the captain of my arrangement with Alphonse.

He was much amused. "Can you really trust him?" he said.

"Yes, he has an old mother whom I have seen and have helped. I believe that it is his desire and interest to serve me and at the same time to keep his place as a paid spy."

"What a droll arrangement! And are you really sure of him?"

"Yes, as far as one can be sure of any one in this tangle of spies."

"But does he not—must he not—seem to earn his outside pay?"

"Yes, seem. I will call him in. He will talk if I assure him that he is safe."

"Delightful—most delightful! By all means!"

I rang for Alphonse.

"Alphonse," I said, "this gentleman is my friend. He cannot quite believe that you can be true to me and yet satisfy your superiors in the police."

"Oh, monsieur!" exclaimed Alphonse. He was evidently hurt.

"To relieve him, tell monsieur of our little arrangement."

"The letters, monsieur?"

"Yes."

"Well, my master is kind enough to leave open certain letters. They have been found to be of interest. My pay has been raised. Circumstances make it desirable."

"What is her name?" said Merton, laughing.

"Louise."

"What letters, Greville, do you turn over for the recreation and service of the Foreign Office?"

"My uncle's," said I, "usually."

"Ah, I see. The old gentleman's opinions must be refreshing—authoritative they are, I am sure. When last I saw him he had, as usual, secret intelligence from the army. He always has. I think with joy of the effect of his letters on the young secretaries of the Foreign Office."

I confessed my own pleasure in the game, and was about to let Alphonse go when Merton said:

"May I take a great liberty?"

"Certainly," I laughed—"short of taking Alphonse. What is it?"

"Alphonse," asked Merton, "would you know the lady you followed and guided that night in the Bois?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"Do you want to make two hundred francs?"

"Without doubt."

"Find that woman and I will give you three hundred."

"It will be difficult. Paris is large and women are numerous."

"Yes, but there is the Count le Moyne as a clue."

"Yes, yes." He seemed to be thinking. Then he turned to me.

"If monsieur approves and can do without me for two days?"

"Certainly." I was not very anxious to add the woman to our increasing collection of not easily solved problems, but Merton was so eager that I decided to make this new move in our complicated game.

Alphonse stood still a moment.

"Well?" I said.

"The lady, monsieur,—she is, I think, not French."

"No; she is an American, and that is all we know."

"But that is much. Then I am free to-morrow?"

"Yes," and he left us.

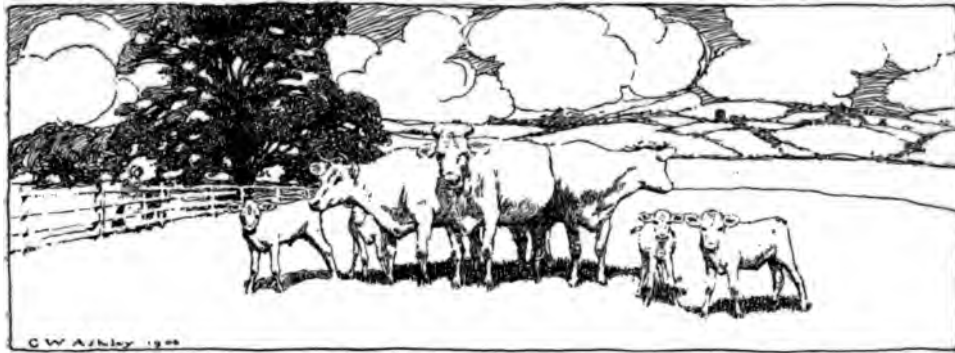


From the painting in the Berlin Museum.

ST. AGNES, BY ALONZO CANO

(TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD ENGRAVINGS OF
OLD SPANISH MASTERS: EIGHTEENTH OF THE SERIES)

1



THE CREED OF MAJOR CARNES

BY CORA HELM RAMSAY

WITH PICTURES BY CLIFFORD W. ASHLEY

AS Judith Hunter, with cheeks abloom and eyes ashine, walked briskly up the path to her kitchen door, a negress within, visible through the uncurtained window, was mixing a hoe-cake by the light of the coals in the old-fashioned fireplace. Although dusk had gathered into darkness, the lamps were still unlighted. Economy was a rigorous necessity in the Hunter household, but old Rachel, who knew her culinary art, as she declared, "from A to izzard," protested always that she needed no light, seeking to divest poverty of some of its harshness by pretending to adopt its measures from choice.

"I cay n't b'ar new shoes. My footses jest wont stan' 'em, thank you, ma'am," she had said to a philanthropic neighbor who had offered her new foot-gear the winter before. Her toes were sticking out of her ragged shoes at the time, and she really longed to possess the new ones, but pride and loyalty to her mistress forbade her acceptance of them.

"If Mis' Judy cay n't afford to gib 'em to me, I sha'n't take 'em from nobody else," she told herself. "I 'd look nice, would n't I, trapesin' eroun' in shoes better dan my own mistis hez got!"

It was this loyalty to her mistress that kept her, with her boy Sam, at the old homestead of her former master long

after freedom had dissolved her lawful obligations, rejecting all offers of remuneration for her services, scorning all attempts upon the part of "Mis' Judy" to induce her to better her condition by changing places.

When Judith burst, like a fresh breeze, into the kitchen this evening, she caught Rachel around the waist and spun her about the room in breathless rapidity.

"I 'clar' to gracious, chile, you plumb take my bref away," exclaimed Rachel, laughing with the infection of Judith's gaiety, and throwing up her hands to replace her disarranged turban.

"We are going to keep the old place, mammy," Judith announced. "I have made arrangements with Major Carnes," she continued enthusiastically, "to place a mortgage upon it. With the money I shall stock the land. Sam can help me take care of the cattle, and still have time for other work. With cattle we can soon pay off the debt, besides making a living. Then you and I will have a home as long as we live."

This information did not seem to produce the desired effect upon Rachel. The laughter died out of her face. She rolled the whites of her eyes toward Judith, while her hands went up again, this time in a gesture of protest.

"Majah Carnes!" she ejaculated; "dat

ole skinflint! Lordy, honey! You ain't done gone and mortgaged dis yeah place to him, hez you? 'Ca'se if you hez, he 'll git every acre of it away from you, sure ez shootin'. He 's nothin' but a' old rapscallion. I 's heard your pa say so time and ag'in. He 's ez full of Yankee tricks ez a gourd is of seeds. Dat 's what he am, Mis' Judy. Did n't he git Mis' Dan'els's farm away from her? Ain't he been growin' richer and richer wid his robbin' of widders and orphans, all dis time dat quality folks hev been growin' poorer and poorer?"

Judith stiffened. Rachel had always been privileged to speak plainly, as a former nurse, as a present servant, counselor, and friend; but there were limits of speech which even she could not exceed with impunity. Judith would not admit, even to herself, that Rachel's statements, hard as they were to disprove, were true. The same imperious will that had caused her, as a child, to disobey the wishes and commands of her nurse still characterized her. She had made up her mind to mortgage the farm. She was "a Hunter all over," people said; and "When any of de Hunters git deir heads set," Rachel was wont to say, "you cay n't do nothin' wid 'em."

"Rachel," replied Judith, sharply and inconsistently, "I wish you would keep your opinions to yourself. Major Carnes's business is his own, and mine is my own. Please remember that hereafter."

"Yessum," responded Rachel, going back to her hoe-cake. "But I ain't a-gwine to do it," she muttered, shaping the cake by tossing it from one hand to the other, after the door had closed upon Judith. "I ain't a-gwine to stan' by wid my mouf shet and see Mis' Judy cheated out of house and home—not if I is a nigger!"

She walked to the window, pressing her nose flat against the pane, and gazed down the orchard path, through which the autumn leaves were swirling, to the bank of the Missouri River; then across its dark surface to the opposite shore, where the lights gleamed in Major Carnes's house, crowning Poverty Ridge.

It was the finest house in the neighborhood. Rachel professed to regard it with scorn "built by de money of widders and orphans," she spitefully asserted; but

she secretly admired its pillared porticos, its distinguishing cupola, its large and convenient basement, "lit wid prison glass." She was painfully aware of the difference between its modern, well-kept aspect and the dilapidated appearance of the house occupied by the only descendant of her dead master.

"Ole marster jest 'spised him," she soliloquized. "It 's a heap of pleasure he gits out of dat house, livin' alone in dem big, lonesome rooms, wid nobody to do for him but poor white trash hired by de week. What he want wid a cupoler, anyhow, I 'd like to know? I reckon he jest sets up dar like de pilot sets in de pilot-house of de snag-snatcher boats on de ribber, ready to grab whateber he sees comin' his way."

Rachel's opinion of the major was shared by his neighbors on Poverty Ridge, as well as by the people on Judith's side of the river. Indeed, the major's cupidity was the subject of much talk. To amass a fortune when others work just as hard but remain poor is alone, in the estimation of many, equivalent to dishonesty. His history was mysterious, consequently suspicious. It was known that he had once been married, but whether domestic troubles or death had separated him from his wife could not be learned. For his so-called "pride" in keeping his own counsel, for his refusal to answer every indictment presented against him by Poverty Ridge, he had been tried and condemned at the bar of public judgment.

He had moved into the State from the North shortly before the Civil War. Unlike his neighbors, he remained loyal to the Union, thus incurring their lasting enmity. Unlike the majority of them, too, he returned, alive, at the close of the war. Since then he had given himself up to the business of raising and shipping cattle, making loans to the soldiers' widows surrounding him, until one by one their farms had nearly all passed into his hands. Their small holdings were swallowed up in his great estate, which year after year grew larger, spreading out upon each side like the outstretching wings of some ravenous bird.

In appearance he was of medium height, inclining to stoutness. The lines of his mouth were concealed below a short, bristly mustache. Bushy eyebrows gave

his face such a fierce look that few ever really knew the color or expression of his eyes beneath. His voice was deep, his manner brusque.

Judith had not told her old negro mammy that she had mortgaged the farm to him because he was the only one that would or could advance the amount of money needed upon it. Her father had distrusted and disliked him, yet, in her extremity, she had been obliged to go to him. There had been many to advise

browned cake upon the table, drew up the solitary chair, and called Judith.

"Dis is all de victuals I 's got for you to-night, honey," she said; "but to-morrow you 'll hab an egg sure, for it 's de brown hen's layin'-day."

The subject of the mortgage was not referred to again between them. Judith had evidently "got her head set," for the cattle were bought. Then the winter closed down upon them, bringing few visitors and shutting off the steamboats that



"'I CAYN'T B'AR NEW SHOES'"

her. The nearest village had its usual contingent of men who sat idly upon dry-goods boxes, relating to credulous listeners wonderful stories of what they could have accomplished with such a start as the Hunter farm.

"There are plenty who could have done something, but there is no one who *has* done anything except Major Carnes," decided Judith. "If I want information on how to make money, I must ask advice from some one who has made it."

The major suggested cattle-raising as a profitable means of livelihood, and, as Judith had no available funds, the only way to obtain the purchase-money for the stock was to mortgage her land to him.

Rachel, thinking of the business failures she had witnessed while the people, unused to work, accustomed all their lives to slaves, had been trying to adjust themselves to their altered conditions since the war, sighed and grew sad. At last she turned from the window, set the perfectly

in pleasant weather came puffing up the great waterway, where islands of ice now formed in the boats' old path.

In the spring Judith's herd was increased by an almost equal number of calves. The major came over to inspect them, commented favorably upon them, and praised Judith's judgment in the selection of her stock.

"He 's jest lookin' eroun' to see what propahty he 'll git," was Rachel's observation, as she jealously watched his movements.

Judith had so far lost her fear of him that she pointed out to him her newly planted garden, the corn-ground freshly plowed by Sam, the place where she meant to set out a young orchard, and even plucked him a bunch of flowers from her daisy-bed to carry home with him. The one interesting spot to which she did not conduct him was the family burying-ground, where lay the body of her father, his oldtime enemy.

The major's face wore a well-satisfied expression when he left, carrying carefully the bouquet of daisies.

About a week later he brought Judith the seed of a choice variety of peas, which she and Rachel planted.



Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

"ON SUCH OCCASIONS RACHAEL WAITED UPON THE TABLE
IN SILENT DIGNITY"

"She has thrift," he said to himself, turning to look back upon the little farm, his eyes glistening under his shaggy brows; "she has thrift and grit."

"If they grow," remarked Judith, with a desire to tease her black servitor, "I shall ask the major over to eat some of them."

"He would n't have brung 'em," promptly replied Rachel, "if he had n't thought he 'd git 'em back ag'in."

The peas grew. The major came, not once, but several times, to dine upon them. On such occasions Rachel waited upon the table in silent dignity, the points of her turban standing stubbornly erect, her starched, faded calico sweeping out in harsh, unyielding stiffness, her whole figure set in prim, unbending lines.

"It 's puffectly scan'lous," she remarked to herself. "He 's jest ez good ez got Mis' Judy's lan', but he 's dat greedy he ain't satisfied wid dat. He 's tryin' to git Mis' Judy, too. Well," she concluded, straightening herself to her full height, "dere 's two things left about dis place yit dat he cay n't git—he cay n't git ole marster's niggers."

The spring gave promise of a goodly year. The cows fattened on the luxuriant blue-stem grass of the pasture; the calves grew apace; the corn waxed green and glossy.

The pasture-land bordered the river—that river of strange freaks and uncertain whims, accustomed to winding itself like a huge snake all over the valley, which was six miles in width. There were two reasons for the river's capriciousness: one was its bed of shifting quicksand; the other was the gradual raising and filling up of one side of the valley by debris. Nearly all the streams tributary to the Missouri in that region empty their waters into it on the east bank. In the spring and fall, during the overflows, they bring down quantities of detritus and loose soil which raises the east side of the valley to a higher level and forces the river westward over the lower ground. Poverty Ridge confined its wanderings upon the east, but Judith's farm of rich, low-lying bottom-land was exposed to its merciless ravages. Walking through the pasture in the spring, Judith had noticed that the current was washing very close to the shore. The spring overflow came and went, however, doing no damage and dispelling her fears. There was no immediate cause for alarm, she reasoned. The summer was passing quietly away, and by fall the current might be a quarter of a mile from there. With the going down of the high waters, the river frequently retraced its steps.

The major called at regular intervals during the summer.

"I 's been hearin' things in town about Mis' Judy," Sam confided to his mother one evening. "I hearn Majah Carnes come courtin' her."

"Shet your fool mouf!" snapped Rachel. "What you want to listen to dem triflin' folks in town for? Ain't you got no sense? I don't want to hear no mo' sich talk."

In spite of Rachel's assurances, she was by no means certain in her own mind as to the object of the major's visits, or as to the state of her mistress's feelings toward him. Judith, finding her and Sam in a shrill-voiced altercation one day, inquired the cause of it.

"Dat nigger say folks 'low you gwine to marry Majah Carnes. I tells him you ain't—no sich thing. Says I, 'Mis' Judy ain't lived to be thirty years old widout marryin' to be fool enough to take old Carnes now—not if she neber gits anybody.' 'Dat 's right, ain't it, Mis' Judy?"

"When I marry," said Judith, after proper deliberation, "you may be sure I shall choose a man of good character."

"Dat 's what I tol' him," cried Rachel, triumphantly. "'She would n't wipe her old shoes on Carnes,' I says, 'he 's so mean. He took Mis' Dan'els's farm away from her, and now he 's fohclosed de mortgage on de Hyatt place and druv 'em off—jest cleaned 'em out root and branch.'"

There was scarcely a week passed after that, it seemed to Judith, that Rachel did not inform her of the foreclosure of a mortgage on some widow's or orphan's piece of property.

"Well, he can't foreclose the mortgage on us," she answered, laughing; "for I never saw a finer field of corn than the one I am going to pay the first year's interest with, and the calves will bring high prices in the spring to help reduce the principal."

In the autumn Judith observed, with dismay, that the current of the river, instead of leaving her shore, was washing more heavily against it. While she was salting her cattle in the pasture, she saw a huge chunk of earth fall off and slip quietly into the water. She ran to the bank. It was sheer, sliced off perpendicularly like a loaf of bread. She had



[Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

"THE MAJOR HAD SEEN HER COMING"

lived by the river long enough to know what this foretold. It meant the loss of much more land; the extinction, perhaps, of the whole farm. Day by day she watched it anxiously. When the river "cut" the land upon one side, it always "made" land upon the other, as a spader takes the dirt from one place and throws it in another. Judith, seeing portions of her pasture disappear, carried off by the working current, beheld also the bar that was beginning to form in front of the major's house, across and slightly down the river. Rachel's sharp eyes had detected it, too.

"Jest look dar," she groaned. "I tol' you he 'd git all de lan', Mis' Judy; and ain't he gittin' it now?"

In time the daisy-bed fell into the river. Then the corn-field that was to have paid the interest on the debt followed so swiftly that none of the corn could be saved.

When the pasture was about half gone, the major sent Judith word that he had five of her cows which he had rescued from the water. They had fallen in with the caving of the land, and the resistless current had swept them over. Judith got into her boat, pushing along the shore to determine whether or not it was safe to leave the rest of her herd in the pasture. The terrible devastation that had been wrought in the last few days convinced her of the utter hopelessness of longer delay in removing her stock to a place of safety. She saw that the annihilation of the farm was inevitable. For the first time since the beginning of her undertaking, a feeling of discouragement possessed her. Heretofore she had had perfect confidence in her ability to discharge her debt, as well as in the integrity of the man to whom she owed it. Now a doubt of both assailed her. Perhaps she was, after all, facing a double peril. She was powerless before the elements that were making such havoc with her possessions. Could a more than ordinary interest in the major have blinded her as to his real character? She recalled the prejudice of her father, the warnings of her old nurse. Was it possible that they had been correct and she mistaken? She glanced across at the bar, the accreted land of the major. Its yellow surface shone brightly in the morning sun. It was steadily growing, that could be plainly seen. Was he secretly

exulting over it? Was he rejoicing in her misfortune—a misfortune that would inure to his own benefit?

Wearily she turned the boat in a homeward direction. How the water beat against the shore! How swiftly it was doing its work! With a great roar it surged against the land, cut it away, carried it off, and deposited the greater portion on the major's bar. A strong wind was blowing in the direction of the current slanting across to the other side. Judith, attempting to row home, was carried by the wind into the current's path; and though she exerted her utmost strength to pull back to her own shore, she was soon traveling rapidly across to the opposite bank, whither her land had gone. She felt a chagrin that she should thus be carried there against her will. The present was, of all times, the one when she least desired to meet the major. Worn out by her useless efforts to buffet the waves, adrift upon a rolling, dangerous waste, she sank helplessly down in the boat to await the end of the journey.

The major had seen her coming. When she neared the bar, he hastened out with a long rope in his hand.

"I did n't know whether it would be something to put in the barn or in the pasture," he laughed as he helped her out. "Come into the house."

He conducted her up the broad stone steps into the library. They sat down, facing each other. Judith was visibly embarrassed. It was the first time she had ever been in his house.

"The wind and water brought me over, major," she began, "but I suppose it is just as well. I should have seen you before about the interest that is coming due. I want to ask you if you would just as soon keep those cows of mine that you have in payment of it."

The major's heavy brows contracted. He flushed deeply, twisting uneasily in his chair.

"Well, the fact is," he stammered, "I—I don't want your cows. I have more now than I can take care of."

"Of course, if you would rather have the money," Judith hastily suggested, "I—"

The major jumped up and began pacing the floor.

"I can't take your cattle," he said; "I've had to take other people's property,

whether I wanted it or not. I 'm not going to take yours. I 've loaned money to people. I 've tried to teach them how to make more, but I can't do it. They give their farms up to me when I don't want them. There was Mrs. Daniels—tried my best to help her along; gave her a start, let her live in the house two or three years after I owned the place; but she could n't make a success of it, moved away, and left the farm. I had to take it. There were the Hyatts—same thing. Had to take that place. No business about 'em. But you—you 've got business about you. You 'd have succeeded with your cattle if fate had let you alone. Why that river wanted to tear up your farm, take it away from you, and bring it over here to me, when I don't need it, is something I can't understand. Now see here," he concluded, seating himself again, "I 'll keep your cows for you until spring, when you can sell them for a good price. I have the corn to feed them with, you know. It came over some time ago."

The fact was, a very small portion of the corn had stopped at the major's. The most of it had gone on down the stream.

"I must dispose of all the stock," replied Judith, "to pay off my debt. The whole farm will go into the river. Of course, if you have too many cattle already—"

"Why should you pay me," demanded the major, "when I am getting your land? Do you see how that bar out there is growing? I 've sat here day after day and watched your farm coming over. First the pasture came, then the corn-field, then the cows. Why it is, I don't know. I

don't need them. I don't want them. I don't want *anything*," he added bringing his fist down hard upon the table, "that confounded river is bringing over here!"

He stopped abruptly. Judith had risen and was moving toward the door. She was filled with confusion. Conscious that the river had brought herself over, she was fleeing in shame.

The major, seeing his mistake, sprang after her. "Judith, I want to take that back," he said. "There 's one thing I want. I want *you*! Your daisies are coming up in my field," he urged, seeing her pause; "your cows seem to like my pasture first-rate. Could n't you be happy here with me?"

Then Judith, who had felt her heart going out to him all summer, piece by piece, very much as her land had done, sped back to him.

When she reached her own home that day, Rachel was in the kitchen with her apron over her head, crying bitterly.

"De buryin'-groun' is gone," sobbed the negress. "Ole marster's grave went dis mawnin'."

"Rachel," said Judith, cautiously, with a shade of regret in her voice, but a tender, happy light in her eyes, "the old farm will soon all be gone. The major is going to take the rest of the stock over. He wants us to come, too. It looks like we will just *have* to go."

Rachel put down her apron and dried her eyes upon it.

"Well, Mis' Judy," she said, with resignation in her tones, "sence ole marster hisself hez gone ober dar, I reckon de rest of de fambly might as well go, too."



LOVE AND A DAY

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY

TAKE all the other loves my heart has known;
But one, oh, one, leave it and me alone!
Take all the other loves and days to be;
But, oh, one love, one day for that and me!



Halftone plate engraved by H. Davidson

A MOTHER
FROM THE PAINTING BY JOHN W. ALEXANDER
THE CENTURY'S AMERICAN ARTISTS SERIES





SONNETS TO KEATS

I. BY GERTRUDE HUNTINGTON MCGIFFERT

TORCH of Apollo—wrapt in sudden blaze,
Thy swift soul spent itself—immortal light,
While siren music from Olympus' height
Poured from thy stirring heart its wingèd praise
To beauty, truth, and gods. Thy fever plays
With flashing gleams upon our quickened sight.
As meteor-trail, thy passing in its flight
Scatters great sparks of life. Compelled, we gaze
With thee into the starry realms of space
Whence come thy songs inspired to haunt the race.
Thy name was "writ in water"? Nay, thy name
Is writ across the century in flame.
Cloud-hidden, anon it cleaves the dark asunder
And lingers with an after-sense of thunder.

II. BY HELEN LOUISE GAUSE

THOU dreamer of the dreams of ancient Greece,
Thy life was but a fantasy of night:—
Thou didst not know the dawn of perfect peace
And yet the splendid night-sky lent thee light.
Thou caught'st the music of the classic spheres,
The magic of the cold, white, dreaming moon,
To set them to the ecstasy of tears,
And sing them as the nightingale his tune.
Thine arms were stretched for Love and clasped young Death,
Thou sang'st of Life and she was raptured Art;
Yet though the star of ill-fate gave thee breath
The star of Fame flashed over thy still heart.
The laurel fell on thy dead brows—too late,
But the contentment of thy look was great.




FENWICK'S CAREER¹

BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

Author of "The Marriage of William Ashe," "Lady Rose's Daughter," "Eleanor," etc.

VII

"UGÉNIE, are you there?"
"Yes, papa."
Lord Findon, peering short-sightedly into the big drawing-room, obstructed by much furniture and darkened by many pictures, had not at first perceived the slender form of his daughter. The April day was receding, and Eugénie de Pastourelles was sitting very still, her hands lightly clasped upon a letter which lay outspread upon her lap. These moments of pensive abstraction were characteristic of her. Her life was turned within; she lived more truly in thought than in speech or action.

Lord Findon came in gaily. "I say, Eugénie, that fellow 's made a hit."

"What fellow, papa?"

"Why, Fenwick, of course. Give me a cup of tea, there 's a dear. I 've just seen Welby, who 's been hobnobbing with somebody on the hanging committee. Both pictures accepted, and the portrait will be on the line in the big room,—the other very well hung, too, in one of the later rooms. Lucky dog! Millais came up and spoke to me about him—said he heard we had discovered him. Of course, there 's lots of criticism. Drawing and design, modern and realistic,—the whole *painting* method, traditional and old-fashioned, except for some wonderful touches of pre-Raphaelitism,—that 's what most people say. Of course, the new men think it 'll end in manner and convention; and the old men don't quite know *what* to say. Well, it don't much matter. If he 's genius, he 'll do as he likes; and if he has n't—"

Lord Findon shrugged his shoulders,

and then, throwing his head against the back of his capacious chair, proceeded to "sip" his tea, held in both hands, according to an approved digestive method—ten seconds to a sip—he had lately adopted. He collected new doctors with the same zeal that he spent in pushing new artists.

Eugénie put out a hand and patted his shoulder tenderly. She and her father were the best of comrades, and they showed it most plainly in Lady Findon's absence. That lady was again on her travels, occupied in placing her younger daughter for a time in a French family, with a view to "finishing." Eugénie or Lord Findon wrote to her every day; they discussed her letters when they arrived with all proper *égards*; and, for the rest, enjoyed their *tête-à-tête*, and never dreamt of missing her. *Tête-à-tête*, indeed, it scarcely was; for there was still another daughter in the house, whom Madame de Pastourelles—her much older half-sister—mothered with great assiduity in Lady Findon's absence; and the elder son also, who was still unmarried, lived mainly at home. Nevertheless, it was recognized that "papa" and Eugénie had special claims upon each other, and as the household adored them both, they were never interfered with.

On this occasion Eugénie was bent on business as well as affection. She withdrew her hand from her father's shoulder in order to raise a monitory finger.

"Genius or no, papa, it 's time you paid him his money."

"How you go on, Eugénie!" said Lord Findon, crossing his knees luxuriously as the tea filtered down. "Pray, what money do I owe him?"

"Well, of course, if you wait till he 's

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made a hit, prices will go up," said Eugénie, calmly; "I advise you to agree with him quickly, while you are in the way with him."

"I never asked him to paint you," said Lord Findon, hastily, swallowing a sip of tea under the regulation time, and frowning at the misdeed.

"Oh, shuffling papa! Come—how much?—two hundred?"

"Upon my word! A painter should n't propose to paint a picture, my dear, and then expect to get paid for it as if he 'd been commissioned. The girls might as well propose matrimony to the men."

"Nobody need accept," said Eugénie, slyly, replenishing his cup. "I consider, papa, that you have bolted that cup."

"Then for goodness' sake don't give me any more!" cried Lord Findon. "It's no joke, Eugénie, this sipping business—Where were we? Oh! well, of course I knew we should have to take it—and I don't say I 'm not pleased with it. But two hundred!—"

"Not a penny less," said Eugénie—"and the apotheosis of my frock alone is worth the money. Two hundred for that—and two-fifty for the other?"

"Welby told me that actually was the price he had put on it! The young man won't starve, my dear, for want of knowing his own value."

"I should n't wonder if he had been rather near starving," said Eugénie, gravely.

"Nothing of the kind, Eugénie," said her father, testily. "You think everybody as sensitive as yourself. I assure you, young men are tough, and can stand a bit of hardship."

"They seem to require butcher's meat, all the same," said Eugénie. "Do you know, papa, that I have been extremely uncomfortable about our behavior to Mr. Fenwick."

"I entirely fail to see why," said Lord Findon, absently. He was holding his watch in his hand and calculating seconds.

"We have let him paint my portrait without ever saying a word of money—and you have always behaved as though you meant to buy the 'Genius Loci.'"

"Well, so I do mean to buy it," said Lord Findon, closing his watch with a sigh of satisfaction.

"You should have told him so, papa, and advanced him some money."

"It is an excellent thing, my dear Eugénie, for a young man to be kept on tenter-hooks. Otherwise they soon get above themselves."

"You have driven him into debt, papa."

"What on earth do you mean?"

"I have been questioning Mr. Cunningham. He does n't know, but he *thinks* Mr. Watson has been lending him money."

"Artists are always so good to one another," said Lord Findon, complacently. "Nice fellow, Watson—but quite mad."

"Papa, you are incorrigible. I tell you he has been in great straits. He has not been able to buy a winter overcoat, and Mr. Cunningham suspects he has often not had enough to eat. He does illustration work the greater part of the night,—etcetera."

"The way you pile on the agony, my dear!" said Lord Findon, rising. "What I see you want is that I should write the check, and then go with you to call on the young man?"

"Precisely!" said Eugénie, nodding.

Lord Findon looked at her.

"And that, you suppose, is your own idea?"

Eugénie waited, interrogatively.

"Do you know why I have never said a word to the young man about money?"

"Because you forgot it," said Eugénie, smiling.

"Not in the least," said Lord Findon, flushing like a school-boy found out; "I wanted my little sensation at the end."

"My very epicurean papa!" said Eugénie, caressing him. "I see!—Young man in a garret,—starving—*au désespoir*. Enter Providence, *alias* my papa, with fame in one hand and gold in the other. Ah, *que tu es comédien, mon père. À la bonne heure!*—I now order the carriage!"

She moved towards the bell, but paused suddenly—

"I forgot—Arthur was to come before six."

A slight silence fell between the father and daughter. Lord Findon cleared his throat, took up the evening paper and laid it down again.

"Eugénie!"

"Yes, papa."

Lord Findon went up to her and took her hand. She stood with downcast eyes,

the other hand playing with the folds of her dress. Her father's face was discomposed.

"Eugénie!" he broke out. "I don't think he ought to come so much. Forgive me, dear!"

"You only think what I have thought for a long time," she said in a low voice, without raising her eyes. "But to-day I sent for him."

"Because?"—Lord Findon's face expressed a quick and tender anxiety.

"I want to persuade him—to marry Elsie Bligh."

Lord Findon made a hurried exclamation, drew her to him, kissed her on the brow, and then, releasing her, turned away.

"I might have known—what you would do," he said in a muffled voice.

"I ought to have done it long ago," she said passionately; then, immediately curbing herself, she turned deliberately to a vase of roses that stood near and began to rearrange them, picking out a few faded blooms and throwing them on the wood fire.

Lord Findon watched her, the delicate drooping figure in its gray dress, the thin hand among the roses.

"Eugénie!—tell me one thing!—you are in the same mind as ever about the divorce?"

She made a sign of assent.

"Just the same. I am Albert's wife—unless he himself asks me to release him,—and then the release would only be—for him."

"You are too hard on yourself, Eugénie!" cried Lord Findon. "I vow you are! You set an impossible standard."

"I am his wife," she repeated gently, "while he lives. And if he sent for me—at any hour of the day or night—I would go."

Lord Findon gave an angry sigh.

"You can't wonder, Eugénie," he said impatiently. "that I often wish his death."

A shudder ran through her.

"Don't, papa! Never, never wish that. He loves life so."

"Yes!—now that he has ruined yours."

"He did n't mean to," she said, almost inaudibly. "You know what I think."

Lord Findon restrained himself. In his eyes there was no excuse whatever for

his scoundrel of a son-in-law, who after six years of marriage had left his wife for an actress, and was now living with another woman of his own class, a Comtesse S., ten years older than himself. He knew that Eugénie believed her husband to be insane; as for him, he had never admitted anything of the kind. But if it comforted her to believe it, let her for Heaven's sake believe it!—poor child!

So he said nothing, as he paced up and down, and Eugénie finished the rearrangement of the roses. Then she turned to him, smiling.

"You did n't know I saw Elsie yesterday?"

"Did she confide in you?"

"Oh, that—long ago! The poor child's dreadfully in love."

"Then it's a great responsibility," said Lord Findon, gravely. "How is he going to satisfy her?"

"Only too easily. She would marry him blindly—on any terms."

There was a short silence. Then Eugénie gathered up the letter she had been reading when her father entered.

"Let's talk of something else, papa!—Do you know that I've had a very interesting letter from Mr. Fenwick this afternoon?"

Lord Findon stared.

"Fenwick? What on earth does he write to you about?"

"Oh! this is not the first time, by a long way!" said Eugénie, smiling. "He began it in March, when he thought he had offended me—by being rude to Arthur."

"So he was—abominably rude. But what can one expect? He has n't had the bringing up of a gentleman—and there you are. That kind of thing will out."

"I wonder whether it matters—to a genius?" said Eugénie, musing.

"It matters to everybody!" cried Lord Findon. "Gentlefolk, my dear, say what you will, are the result of a long natural selection, and you can't make 'em in a hurry."

"And what about genius? You will admit, papa, that a good many gentlefolks in the world go to one genius!"

The lamps came in at that moment, and it was not lost on Lord Findon, in spite of her flicker of gaiety, that Eugénie

was singularly pale. And he knew well that they were both listening for the same step on the stairs. However, he tried to keep it up.

"Genius?" he said, humming and hawing—"genius? How do we know what it is—or who has it? Everybody's so diabolically clever nowadays. Take my advice, Eugénie—I know you want to play Providence to that young fellow—you think you'll civilize him, and that kind of thing; but I warn you—he has n't got breeding enough to stand it."

Eugénie drew a long breath.

"Well, don't scold me, papa—if I try—I must—" her voice escaped her, and she began again firmly—"I must have something to fill up."

"Fill up what?"

She looked around to make sure that the servants had finished closing the shutters, and that they were alone.

"The days—and the hours," she said softly. "One must have something to think of."

Lord Findon frowned.

"He will fall in love with you, Eugénie—and then where shall we be?"

He heard a laugh—very sweet, very feminine, yet, to his ear, very forlorn.

"I'll take care of that. We'll find him a wife too, papa, when he arrives. We shall be in practice—you and I."

Lord Findon sprang up.

"Here he is!" he said, with very evident agitation. The pronoun clearly had no reference to Fenwick. Eugénie sat motionless, looking into the fire, her hands on her knee. Lord Findon listened a moment.

"I'm going to my room. Eugénie!—if I could be the slightest use—"

"Dear papa!" she looked up, smiling. "It's very simple."

With a muttered exclamation, Lord Findon walked to the farther end of the drawing-room, and vanished through an inner door.

The footman announced, "Mr. Welby."

As soon as the door was shut, Eugénie rose.

Welby hurriedly approached her. "You say in your note that you have something important to tell me?"

She made a sign of assent, and as he grasped her hand she allowed herself a moment's pause. Her eyes rested—just

perceptibly—on the face of the man whose long devotion to her, expressed through every phase of delicate and passionate service, had brought them both at last to that point where feeling knows itself, where illusions die away, and the deep foundations of our life appear.

Welby's dark face quivered. In the touch of his friend's hand, in the look of her eyes, there was that which told him that she had bidden him to no common meeting. The air between them was in an instant alive with memories. Days of first youth; youth's high impressions of great and lovely things; all the innocent, stingless joys of art and travel, of happy talk and ripening faculty, of pure ambitions, hero-worships, compassions, shared and mutually enkindled: these were forever intertwined with their thoughts of each other.

But much more than these!—

For him, the unspoken agony of loss suffered when she married; for her, the memories of her marriage, of the dreary languor into which its wreck had plunged her, and of the gradual revival in her of the old intellectual pleasures, the old joys of the spirit, under the influence of Arthur's life and Arthur's companionship. How simply he had offered all that his art, his tact, his genius had to give!—and how pitifully, how hungrily she had leant upon it! It had seemed so natural. Her own mind was clear, her own pulses calm; their friendship had appeared a thing apart, and she was able to feel with sincerity and dignity, that if she received much, she also gave much,—the hours of relief and pleasure which ease the labor, the inevitable torment, of the artist, all that protecting environment which a woman's sweet and agile wit can build around a man's taxed brain or ruffled nerves. To chat with her, in success or failure; to be sure of her welcome, her smile, at all times; to ask her sympathy in matters where he had himself trained in her the faculty of response; to rouse in her the gentle, diffident humor which seemed to him a much rarer and more distinguished thing than other women's brilliance; to watch the ways of a personality which appeared to many people a little cold, pale, and over-refined, and was to him supreme distinction; to search for pleasures for her, as a botanist hunts rare

flowers; to save her from the most trifling annoyance, if time and brains could do it;—these things, for three years, had made the charm of Welby's life. And Eugénie knew it,—knew it with an affectionate gratitude that had for long seemed both to her and to the world the last word of their situation on both sides,—a note, a tone, which could always be evoked from it, touch or strike it where you would.

And now?

Through what subtle phases and developments had time led them to this moment of change and consciousness?—representing in her, sharp recoil, an instant girding of the will,—and in him a new despair, which was also a new docility, a readiness to content and tranquilize her at any cost. As they stood thus, for these few seconds, amid the shadows of the rich, encumbered room, the picture of the weeks and months they had just passed through flashed through both minds, illuminated, thrown into true relation with surrounding and irrevocable fact. Both trembled,—she under the admonition of her own higher life,—he, because existence beside her could never again be as sweet to him to-morrow as it had been yesterday.

She moved. The trance was broken.

"I do, indeed, want to talk to you," she said, in her gentlest voice. "We sha'n't have very long. Papa wants me in half an hour."

She motioned to the seat beside her; and their talk began.

LORD FINDON sat alone in his study on the ground-floor, balancing a paper-knife on one finger, fidgeting with a newspaper of which he never read a word, and otherwise beguiling the time until the sound of Welby's step on the stairs should tell him that the interview up-stairs was over.

His mind was full of disagreeable thoughts. Eugénie was dearer to him than any other human being, and Welby, his ward, the orphan child of one of his oldest friends, had been from his boyhood almost a son of the house. Eight years before, what more natural than that these two should marry? Welby had been then deeply in love; Eugénie in her first maiden bloom had been difficult to read, but a word from the father she adored

would probably have been enough to incline her towards her lover, to transform and fire a friendship which was already more romantic than she knew. But Lord Findon could not make up his mind to it. Arthur was a dear fellow; but from the worldly point of view it was not good enough. Eugénie was born for a large sphere; it was her father's duty to find it for her if he could.

Hence the French betrothal, the crowning-point of a summer visit to a French château where Eugénie had been the spoilt child of a party containing some of the greatest names in France. It flattered both Lord Findon's vanity and imagination to find himself brought into connection with historic families all the more attractive because of that dignified alienation from affairs imposed on them by their common hatred of the Second Empire. Eugénie, too, had felt the romance of the *milieu*; had invested her French suitor with all that her own poetic youth could bring to his glorification; had gone to him a timid, willing, and most innocent bride.

Ah, well! it did not do to think of the sequel. Perhaps the man was mad, as Eugénie insisted; perhaps much was due to some obscure brain effects of exposure and hardship during the siege of Paris,—for the war had followed close on their honeymoon. But, madness or wickedness, it was all the same; Eugénie's life was ruined, and her father could neither mend it nor avenge it.

For owing to some—in his eyes—quixotic tenderness of conscience on Eugénie's part, she would not sue for her divorce. She believed that Albert was not responsible, that he might return to her. And that passionate spiritual life of hers, the ideas of which Lord Findon only half understood, forbade her, it seemed, any step which would finally bar the way of that return, unless Albert should himself ask her to take it. But the comte had never made a sign. Lord Findon could only suppose that he found himself as free as he wished to be, that the ladies he consorted with were equally devoid of scruples, and that he therefore, very naturally, preferred to avoid publicity.

So here was Eugénie, husbandless and childless at eight and twenty,—for the only child of the marriage had died

within a year of its birth; the heroine of an odious story which, if it had never reached the law courts, was none the less perfectly well known in society; and, in the eyes of those who loved her, one of the bravest, saddest, noblest of women. Of course Welby had shared in the immense effort of the family to comfort and console her. They had been so eager to accept his help; he had given it with such tact and self-effacement; and now, meanly, they must help Eugénie to dismiss him! For it was becoming too big a thing, this devotion of his, both in Eugénie's life and also in the eyes of the world. Lord Findon must needs suppose—he did not choose to *know*—that people were talking; and if Eugénie would not free herself from her wretched Albert, she must not provide him—poor child!—with any plausible excuse.

All of which reasoning was strictly according to the canons as Lord Findon understood them; but it did not leave him much the happier. He was a sensitive, affectionate man, with great natural cleverness and much natural virtue, wholly unleavened by either thought or discipline. He did the ordinary things from the ordinary motives; but he suffered, when the ordinary things turned out ill, more than another man would have done. It would certainly have been better, he ruefully admitted, if he had not meddled so much with Eugénie's youth. And presently he supposed he should have to forgive Charlie!—Charlie was the son who had married his nurse—if only to prove to himself that he was not really the unfeeling or snobbish father of the story-books.

Ah! there was the up-stairs door! Should he show himself, and make Arthur understand that he was their dear friend all the same, and always would be?—it was only a question of a little drawing-in.

But his courage failed him. He heard the well-known step come down-stairs and cross the hall. The front door closed, and Lord Findon was still balancing the paper-knife.

Would he really marry that nice child Elsie? Elsie Bligh was a cousin of the Findons; a fair-haired, slender slip of a thing, the daughter of a retired Indian general. The Findons had given a ball

the year before for her coming-out, and she had danced through the season, haloed, Euphrosyne-like, by a charm of youth and laughter—till she met Arthur Welby. Since then Euphrosyne had grown a little white and piteous, and there had been whisperings and shakings of the head among the grown-ups who were fond of her.

Well, well; he supposed Eugénie would give him some notion of the way things had gone. As to her—his charming, sweet-natured Eugénie!—it comforted him to remember the touch of resolute and generally cheerful stoicism in her character. If a hard thing had to be done, she would not only do it without finching, but without avenging it on the bystanders afterwards. A quality rare in woman!

"Papa!—is the carriage there?"

It was her voice calling. Lord Findon noticed with relief its even, silvery note. The carriage was waiting, and in a few minutes she was seated beside him, and they were making their way eastwards through the twilight streets.

"Dear?" he said with timid interrogation, laying his hand momentarily on hers.

Eugénie was looking out of the window, with her face turned away.

"He was very—kind," she said, rather deliberately. "Don't let us talk about it, papa—but wait—and see!"

Lord Findon understood that she referred to Elsie Bligh—that she had sown her seed, and must now let it germinate.

But herself—what had it cost her? And he knew well that he should never ask the question; and that, if he did, she would never answer it.

By the time they were threading the slums of Seven Dials she was talking rather fast and flowingly of Fenwick.

"You have brought the check, papa?"

"I have my check-book."

"And you are quite certain about the pictures?"

"Quite."

"It will be nice to make him happy," she said softly. "His letters have been pretty doleful."

"What has he found to write about?" exclaimed Lord Findon, wondering.

"Himself mostly!" she laughed. "He likes rhetoric, and he seems to have found

out that I *do* too. As I told you, he began with an apology; and since then he writes about books and art, and—and the evils of aristocracy."

"Bless my soul, what the deuce does he know about it! And you answer him?"

"Yes. You see, he writes extremely well, and it amuses me."

Privately, he thought that if she encouraged him beyond a very moderate point, Fenwick would soon become troublesome. But whenever she pleaded that anything "amused" her, he could never find a word to say.

Every now and then he watched her, furtively trying to pierce that gray veil in which she had wrapped herself. To-morrow morning, he supposed, he should hear her step on the stairs, towards eight o'clock,—should hear it passing his door in going, and an hour later in coming back,—and should know that she had been to a little Ritualist church close by, where what Lady Findon called "fooleries" went on, in the shape of "daily celebrations" and "vestments" and "reservation." How lightly she stepped; what a hidden act it was,—never spoken of, except once, between him and her! It puzzled him often; for he knew very well that Eugénie was no follower of things received. She had been a friend of Renan and of Taine in her French days; and he, who was a Gallio with a leaning to the Anglican Church, had sometimes guessed with discomfort that Eugénie was in truth what his Low-church wife called a "free-thinker." She never spoke of her opinions, directly, even to him. But the books she ordered from Paris or Germany, and every now and then the things she let fall about them, were enough for any shrewd observer. It was here too, perhaps, that she and Arthur were in closest sympathy; and every one knew that Arthur, poor old boy, was an agnostic.

And yet this daily pilgrimage, and that light and sweetness it breathed into her aspect!

So, one day, he had asked her abruptly why she liked the little church so much, and its sacramental "goings-on."

"One would n't expect it, you know, darling, from the things you read."

Eugénie had colored faintly.

"Would n't you, papa? It seems to me so simple. It's an *action*—not words

—and an action means anything you like to put into it—one thing to me—another to you. Some day we shall all be tired—sha'n't we?—of creeds and sermons, but never of 'This *do*, in remembrance of Me!'"

And she had put up her hand to caress his, with such a timid sweetness of lip, and such a shining of the eye, that he had been silenced, feeling himself indeed in the presence of something he was not particularly well fitted to explore.

Well, if she was inconsequent, she was dear!—and if her mystical fancies comforted and sustained her, nobody should ever annoy or check her in the pursuit of them. He put a very summary stop to his wife's "Protestant nonsense," whenever it threatened to worry Eugénie; though on other occasions it amused him.

THE landlady in Bernard street greeted them with particular effusion. If they had only known, they represented to her—cautious yet not unkindly soul!—the main security for those very long arrears of rent she had allowed her lodger to run up. Were they now come—at this unusual hour—to settle up with Mr. Fenwick? If so, her own settling up—sweet prospect!—might be in sight. Cunningham and Watson had recently left her, and taken a joint studio in Chelsea. Their rooms, moreover, were still unlet. Her anxieties therefore were many, and it was with lively expectation that she watched the "swells" grope their way upstairs to Mr. Fenwick's room. She always knew it must come right some day, with people like that about.

Fenwick received them with mingled pleasure and astonishment. He was at work on a large canvas which had only just been set up. He had been measuring, spacing, planning,—preparing, in fact, for a large subject,—and was evidently in a fervor of composition. But both father and daughter were painfully impressed by his strained and harassed look. He was pale, hollow-eyed, and threadbare. No news, it was clear, of his Academy good fortune had yet reached him.

"We could n't help coming," said Lord Findon, laying his hand on the young man's arm. "We're in your way,

I know, but I think you 'll forgive us! Your two pictures are accepted, my friend!—and will be admirably hung,—both on the line, and one in the big room.”

Fenwick flushed deeply.

“Are you sure?” he said, stammering and looking from one to the other.

Findon gave his authority, and then Eugénie held out her hand.

“We *are* so glad!”

She had thrown back the gauze veil in which she had shrouded herself during her drive with her father, and her charming face—still so pale!—was full of sympathy.

Fenwick awkwardly accepted her congratulation, and shook the proffered hand.

“I expect it 's your doing,” he said abruptly.

“Not in the least!” cried Lord Findon. His eye twinkled a little. “My dear fellow, what are you thinking of? These are the days of merit and publicity!—when every man comes to his own.” Fenwick shrugged his shoulders. “You 've earned *your* success, anyway, and it 'll be a thumper. Now look here, where can we talk business?”

Eugénie discreetly withdrew to the farther end of the room, and busied herself with some wood blocks on which Fenwick had been drawing. The two men remained hidden behind the large canvas, and she heard nothing of their conversation. She was aware, however, of the scratching of a pen, and immediately after her father called to her.

“Eugénie! come!—we must get back for dinner.”

Fenwick, looking up, saw her emerging from the shadows of the farther room into the bright lamplight, her gray veil floating cloud-wise round her. As she came towards him, he felt her the emblem and angel of his good fortune. All that closer acquaintance, to which during the preceding weeks she had admitted him, throbbed warm at his heart. His mind was full of gratitude—full also of repentance!—towards Phœbe, and towards her. That very night would he write his confession to her, at last!—tell all his story, beg her to excuse his foolish lack of frankness and presence of mind to Lord Findon, and ask her kindness for Phœbe and the child. He already saw little Carrie on her knee, and the ægis of

her protecting sweetness spread over them all.

Meanwhile the impression upon her was that he had taken the news of his success with admirable self-restraint, that he was growing and shaping as a human being, that his manner to her father was excellent, neither tongue-tied nor effusive, and his few words of thanks manly and sincere. She thought to herself that here was the beginning of a great career, the moment when the streamlet finds its bed and enters upon its true and destined course.

And in the respectful homage, the evident attachment, she had awakened in the man before her, there was for Eugénie at the moment a peculiar temptation. Had she not just given proof that she was set apart—that for her there could be no more thought of love in its ordinary sense? In her high-strung consciousness of Welby's dismissal, she felt herself not only secure against the vulgar snares of vanity and sex, but, as it were, endowed with a larger spiritual freedom. She had sent away the man of whom she was in truth afraid, the man whom she *might* have loved. But in this distant, hesitating, and yet strong devotion that Fenwick was beginning to show her, there was something that appealed—and with peculiar force, in the immediate circumstances—to a very sore and lonely heart. Here was no danger to be feared!—nothing but a little kind help to a man of genius, whose great gifts might be so easily nullified and undone by his thorny vehemence of character, his lack of breeding and education.

The correspondence, indeed, which had arisen between them out of Fenwick's first remarkable letter to her had led unconsciously to a new attitude on the part of Madame de Pastourelles. That he could paint she knew; that on subjects connected with his art he could talk copiously and well,—that also she knew; but that he could write with such pleasant life, detail, and ingenuity was a surprise, and it attracted her, as it would have attracted a Frenchwoman of the eighteenth century. Her maimed life had made her perforce an “intellectual”; and in these letters the man's natural poetry and force stirred her enthusiasm. Hence a new interest and receptivity in her, quickened

by many small and natural incidents,—books lent and discussed, meetings in picture-galleries, conversations in her father's house,—and throughout it that tempting, dangerous pleasure of "doing good" that leads astray so many on whom Satan has no other hold! She was introducing him every week to new friends—her friends, the friends she wished him to have; she was making his social way plain before him; she had made her father buy his pictures; and she meant to look after his career in the future.

So that, quivering as she still was under the strain of her scene with Welby—so short, so veiled, and at bottom so tragic!

—she showed herself glitteringly cheerful—almost gay—as she stood talking a few minutes with her father and Fenwick. The evident delight in Fenwick's face and movements gave his visitors, indeed, so much pleasure that they found it hard to go; several times they said good-by, only to fall back again into a laughing gossip. Till Lord Findon remembered that Eugénie did not yet know that he had offered Fenwick 500*l.* for the two pictures instead of 450*l.*; and that he might have the prompt satisfaction of telling her that he had bettered her instructions, he at last dragged her away. On this day of all days did he wish to please her!—if it were only in trifles.

(To be continued)



THE PRESIDENT AND THE RAILROADS

BY CHARLES A. PROUTY

Member of the Interstate Commerce Commission

IN the JANUARY CENTURY was published an article by Samuel Spencer, President of the Southern Railway, entitled "Railway Rates and Industrial Progress." We here present an article on the same subject, from the point of view of those who favor the extension of government control over railway rates, by one intimately familiar with the President's attitude.



HE railways assert that to adopt the policy of regulation advocated by President Roosevelt would paralyze or at least seriously interfere with the industrial and commercial operations of this country. I am asked by the Editor of THE CENTURY to discuss that phase of the railway problem.

No discussion can be intelligent that does not begin with a clear understanding of the matter under debate; and this is specially true here, where most of the honest doubt as to the wisdom of the President's recommendation arises from a

misconception of what that is. Let us begin with a statement of the exact proposition.

A railroad is a public highway. In many countries railroads are built and operated by the government itself; in ours they are, almost without exception, owned by private capital: but this makes them none the less public in their character. These two facts—first, that the railroad is private property; second, that the function discharged is of a public nature—must be kept thoroughly in mind. In so far as can properly be done, the private capital invested in a railway should be left as free and untrammelled

as that invested in any other enterprise; but, like all other property, it must observe the law.

In its organization and construction a railroad is given certain extraordinary privileges. It can appropriate to its own use the property of a private individual against his most earnest protest. In operation it is a practical monopoly. The individual must use it and must pay for the service whatever is demanded.

These extraordinary privileges are given to the railway because it discharges a public duty; and in consideration of these privileges the railway assumes certain liabilities in the discharge of that duty. It must treat all members of the public alike, and it must render its services to the public for a reasonable compensation. If a railway imposes upon me an unjust charge for the transportation of my person or my property, it violates the law, precisely as I should if I declined to pay a reasonable charge for that transportation.

A SUIT AT LAW IS NO REMEDY

ORDINARILY, if an individual suffers through a violation of law, his remedy is by suit in court and a judgment for damages. This is not universally true. When that does not afford an adequate remedy, the law provides another. Injunction is used, and the specific execution of contracts is decreed. In the business of transportation itself the railway is not obliged to sue for the amount due, but may retain possession of the property transported until payment has been made.

Now it is generally understood that a suit at law and a judgment in damages is no remedy in most instances for the imposition of an unjust railway rate. The Commission recently heard testimony in a case where the complainant alleged that he had been compelled to pay too high a passenger fare. The amount in issue was \$1.08, but the passenger agent of the defendant railroad testified that to put in effect the rate upon which the complainant insisted would reduce its revenues \$40,000 annually. The coal-dealer who pays the freight on the anthracite coal which we consume in New England has no interest in the amount charged. He simply adds it to the price of the coal to the consumer. The person who is ulti-

mately affected neither can nor would maintain a suit. For these and other reasons, the only remedy which can afford much practical relief from the imposition of an unjust or a discriminative railway rate is the correction of the rate itself.

THE PRESIDENT'S PROPOSITION

THE proposition of President Roosevelt is just this: Whenever an individual, in behalf of himself and others similarly affected, whenever a community through some local organization, whenever a State by its railroad commission, in the interest of its citizens, questions the lawfulness of a railway rate, a government tribunal shall be provided which has power to hear that complaint and, if it finds the railway in violation of law, to stop the wrong by compelling it to put in effect a rate which is lawful. He would simply force the railway specifically to execute its contract with the public to impose just and reasonable charges.

This is not a proposition to "make" the railway rates of this country. It is only after a rate has been fixed by the railway, complained of, and declared to be unlawful, that it can be corrected. This is no attempt to manage our railways by government commission. The railroad is perfectly free to manage its own business until it impinges upon the rights of others; then it should be restrained. What the President proposes is to use a remedy which every court has declared to be legal to redress a wrong which can be redressed in no other way. Just how will it injure the commerce and industry of our land if its railways are thus obliged to treat their patrons with fairness and with justice?

THE CLAIM OF THE RAILWAYS

THE first claim of the railways seems to be that rate-making is an extremely delicate process requiring ability of a high and peculiar order which is possessed by only a few persons and can be exercised by them only after long experience. As well attempt to remodel a statue of Phidias or retouch a play of Shakspeare by government commission as to revise the work of these traffic experts in that manner. To interfere with the rates and the rate adjustments which these gentlemen have

fixed will disarrange the operations of the entire country and bring down commercial disaster.

If an impious person had penetrated into the sanctuary where the ancient priestess of Delphi delivered her inspired prophecies, he would probably have found a female of ordinary proportions sitting on a tripod which any good carpenter could make. It was the mystery which gave weight to her oracular utterances. So here, if we can get by the railroad lawyers and railroad presidents who stand without the temple warning off the profane with wild gesticulation, and into the edifice itself, we can form a much clearer notion of the exact situation. There is no fairer way than to present to the reader two or three actual cases illustrative of the questions which arise, and let him say whether they ought to be dealt with by the government at all, and whether an attempt to deal with them in this manner will result in the dread consequences which are foretold. As the first illustration, let us take the last case involving the inherent reasonableness of a railway rate upon which the Interstate Commerce Commission has made a report.

ADVANCES IN CATTLE RATES

ON February 1, 1899, rates on cattle from Texas to the various markets of consumption were advanced two and a half cents per hundred pounds; on December 15 of the same year they were again advanced three cents per hundred pounds; and on March 5, 1903, there was a third advance of three cents per hundred pounds. Advances were also made at various times from other regions west of the Missouri River and from the Texas breeding-pastures to the Northern ranges, aggregating from two to eight cents per hundred pounds. The Cattle Raisers' Association of Texas filed with the Commission a complaint attacking all these advances, and that complaint was made the subject of extended investigation.

Let the reader clearly apprehend the significance of the question at issue. Eight and one half cents per hundred pounds is about one twelfth of one cent per pound. If this increase in the transportation charge were borne entirely by the consumer, it could add to the cost of

beef upon his table only the fraction of a cent to the meal. As applied to the carload, its effect is more manifest. The ordinary loading of cattle is 22,000 pounds, so that the total advance from Texas points would amount to about eighteen dollars per car. This, while considerable, is not a large sum. It is only by turning to the aggregate result that the true importance of these advances is appreciated. The exact amount cannot be stated, but it can be affirmed with confidence that the advances put in issue by this complaint would yield to the carriers from three to five millions of dollars per annum. But even this does not convey a correct idea of the real meaning of the increase. The value of a railroad depends upon the net result of its operations. An increase in rate, other conditions remaining equal, adds so much to net revenue. Railway securities at the present time sell, perhaps, upon a four-per-cent. basis. A permanent addition of four millions of dollars to the net income of these railroads means an addition of one hundred millions of dollars to the value of the properties themselves.

ADVANCES MADE BY AGREEMENT

THE manner of making the advances should also be noted. While there are several independent lines which transport cattle from Texas to the Northern markets, it appeared that these advances had been made as the result of concerted action. The traffic officials of these railways had imposed this additional charge without consultation with the shippers and against their protest.

This is an actual, not a supposititious, case, and, in view of it, what says the President? That there shall be a tribunal which can hear these parties and determine their rights. That tribunal shall be fair; but it must have power to administer an adequate remedy. If it finds the present rate too high, it shall determine what would be reasonable and compel the carriers to change their tariffs accordingly. No, declares the railway; there shall be no tribunal with power to change this rate, no matter how unjust it is. It must be left to our unrestrained discretion to determine what that rate shall be. No government tribunal can justly hear and determine that question.

But why? What is there in this question which cannot be understood? What were the reasons alleged by the railways for these advances? The first was that the old rate was not sufficient to cover the cost of moving the business. That is an operating, not a traffic, question. Certainly it involves nothing which an intelligent man, familiar with railroad operations and constantly engaged in hearing similar cases, cannot fully understand and appreciate. It was alleged, secondly, that cost of operation had increased, and that therefore the rate might properly be increased. The complainants admitted that most of the items which went into the cost of operation had advanced in price, but insisted that this was more than offset by the great increase in traffic, so that the actual expense to the railway of moving a ton of freight to-day was less than formerly, while the number of tons moved was much greater. This is another operating question which certainly is not beyond the comprehension of the ordinary mind. The railways said, in the third place, that the country was prosperous, and that they were entitled to share in this general prosperity, to which the complainants made answer: Whatever may be the condition of the country, the cattle industry is prostrate; while your profits have enormously increased, ours have shrunk to nothing. This issue, again, is one about which the traffic men had no exclusive knowledge, and upon which the shipper was entitled to be heard.

I have stated these issues at some length so that the reader may judge for himself. The reasonableness of railway rates presents a most perplexing problem, but the difficulty arises rather from the absence of a standard of comparison than from inability to understand and apply the considerations which should govern.

NO ATTACK ON RAILWAY REVENUES

It is said that if this law were enacted every rate in the country might be complained of and reduced, and that this would so diminish the revenues of the railways as to cripple their operations and impair their securities.

Every rate might certainly be attacked and, if found excessive, reduced. There is no probability that this would be done.

Nothing could be more foolish than to impair unjustly the revenues of our railroads, and what warrant is there for assuming that a government tribunal would, in defiance of law, be guilty of such folly? It ill becomes the representatives of our railways to put forth this suggestion. What manner of man is that who asserts in one breath that he is fair enough to determine without restraint what the public shall pay him, and in the next, that a branch of the government sworn to judge fairly between him and the public will confiscate his property?

But even if this tribunal were foolish enough and wicked enough to make the attempt, it could not succeed. The Federal Constitution, as interpreted by the Supreme Court of the United States, declares that no legislature and no commission can impose upon any railway a schedule of rates which does not yield a fair return upon its investment. This protection is not a fanciful one; it has been several times invoked and exercised.

ARE THERE NO "UNREASONABLE RATES"?

The railways assert that this right to reduce a rate which has been found unreasonable is of little consequence, since there are to-day in this country no unreasonable rates. Numerous witnesses testified before the Senate Committee that there was no complaint of unreasonable rates. This is a matter of fact which I wish to deny in the most emphatic manner possible. The most serious complaints which have come to the Commission in recent years have been directed against the inherent unreasonableness of rates. I have said elsewhere, and I repeat here, with full knowledge of the meaning of the statement, that within the last three years the Interstate Commerce Commission has investigated complaints against the unreasonableness of the rate,—complaints attacking generally an advance and sometimes a second or a third advance,—in which the amounts fairly in issue would build and equip every railroad in my native New England.

A SUBTLE AND ALL-PERVADING TAX

No other tax is so subtle and all-pervading as the railroad rate. It enters into the cost of every commodity, it lays trib-

ute upon every activity of life; and yet so unobtrusive is its action that he who finally pays it is hardly aware of that fact. In no other manner can the fruits of monopoly be so safely gathered. One mill per mile added to the passenger fare of all the passengers carried by our railroads for the year ending June 30, 1904, would add to the revenues of these railroads \$21,923,213; an increase of one cent per hundred pounds in the freight rate for the same year would have increased their revenues by \$128,336,109. It is the right to impose this tax without legal restraint, with all the tremendous financial, social, political power which that right carries, for which the railways are expending millions in this contest.

But while this is in fact the vital thing, it is kept as much as possible in the background. The white-sheeted specter which stalks through the editorial columns of railway newspapers, and enters the deliberations of commercial organizations, is not the absolute, but the relative, rate. Shall a "political commission" determine the rates which one community shall enjoy in comparison with some other community? This is the feature which is most dwelt upon in these discussions and which gives rise to most doubt.

Here again it is important to understand at the outset just what the proposition is. I can best illustrate this by a simple diagram.



A and B are points of production, either communities or individual plants; C is a point of consumption. So long as the railroad leading from A to C is independent of the railroad leading from B to C, the government has nothing to say as to the relative rate; but if both lines are owned and operated by the same company, the relative rate from A to C as compared with the rate from B to C is subject to adjustment. So long as there can be competition, each community and each industry must take its chances in the competitive struggle; but when competition has ceased, when some single will dominates that situation, then the government may interfere to prevent injustice. It is not proposed to destroy competition, but to prevent the abuse of monopoly.

FREE TO MEET LOCAL CONDITIONS

THE railways urge that their traffic officials are better acquainted with the conditions of the communities they serve, that they better understand their needs, better appreciate their commercial conditions, and are therefore better fitted to name the rates for these communities than any government tribunal. All this is certainly true. A railroad can manage its own business much more intelligently, and understands the territory which it serves vastly better, than any government official can. For these reasons, as well as for the further reason that the private capital invested should be given a free hand as far as may be, the railways should be allowed to name their own rates, to develop their business, to meet the wants of their patrons. President Roosevelt has expressly said that, in his opinion, these rates should be first made by the railways themselves. But if, after they have been fixed, a community conceives that it is unjustly dealt with, if a particular shipper asserts that his business has been sacrificed to that of his competitor or to the self-interest of the railway, what then? Must he submit without appeal, or shall there be some tribunal where he can be heard and his rights adjudicated? I can best illustrate this by another actual case, and will select once more the last complaint of this character upon which the Commission has reported.

A RECENT CASE IN ILLUSTRATION

THE State of Texas consumes more corn than it raises, and it obtains this surplus from the corn-bearing regions of the Middle West. Large quantities of this corn are ground before being consumed. It is evident that if the freight rate on corn and corn-meal is the same from the point of production on the Missouri River to Texas, the grinding may be done at either place; but if the rate on corn-meal is materially higher than the rate on corn, then the corn will of necessity be taken to Texas and ground there. In other words, the relation between these rates determines whether the mill shall be located on the Missouri River or in the State of Texas.

In most parts of the country rates on corn and the products of corn are the

same, so that the process of manufacture is possible at almost any point where natural conditions permit; but for some reason there has obtained for a long time a differential of three cents per hundred pounds from the Missouri River to Texas points in favor of corn,—that is, the rate on meal has been three cents higher than the rate on the raw article. Under this adjustment of rates, corn has been freely ground both in Texas and in Kansas.

In the early spring of 1905 this difference was made nine cents instead of three cents. Since the profit in grinding corn does not exceed from one to three cents per hundred pounds, this change in rates absolutely prohibited the manufacture of meal at the Northern mills. Complaint was made to the Commission, the matter was investigated, and the following facts appeared:

Texas has a railroad commission which establishes the rates applicable within the borders of that State. That commission had given notice in the early part of 1905 that it would hear shippers upon the proposition of reducing rates on corn and the products of corn. The railways of Texas felt that the millers were likely to appear and insist upon this reduction, and that unless they did appear, no one else probably would. Thereupon they approached these Texas millers, saying to them: You desire a wider differential between corn and corn-meal; we wish to prevent the reduction of Texas rates; now if you millers will agree not to appear before the Texas Commission and demand this reduction, we upon our part will increase the differential from three cents to nine cents. This bargain was struck. The Texas millers did not appear, and the railroads did increase the differential.

It has been intimated that this particular injustice will be corrected by restoring the original differential. But the question is not whether this particular wrong has been righted by grace of those who committed it, but whether similar wrongs can be, and should be, corrected by law. Many recommendations of the Interstate Commerce Commission are followed to-day which, in the ordinary state of public opinion, would receive scant attention. I ask the reader whether there is anything in the nature of this case which cannot be intelligently understood and

passed upon by a body of men chosen for that purpose and dealing continually with these questions, even though their souls have never been attuned to the harmonies of rate-making in a railroad freight office? Shall the miller of the Missouri River be heard before his property is confiscated in the self-interest of the railways, and will it afflict this country with commercial paresis if the government lays its hand on performances of that character?

The fixing of a differential is a question which, in the very nature of things, admits of no exact solution. So long as it can be left to the determination of competitive conditions, that should be done; but when it has come to pass that there is no competition, when it must and does rest in the breast of some one man to say where business shall be done and by whom it shall be done, then, and to that extent only, it is safer and better that this power should be lodged in a disinterested representative of the government than that it should be left solely to the interested determination of the railway.

ANOTHER CASE

To this proposition that the traffic official can alone be safely trusted to protect the business interests in his territory, and that any interference with his decree means business disaster, let me cite one more case,—this again the last one of its kind which the Commission has considered.

The Fairmont coal district in the State of West Virginia extends some twenty-five miles north and south by sixteen miles east and west, and contains at the present time seventy or eighty coal operations. The Red Rock Coal Company has recently purchased and owns four thousand acres of coal-bearing lands which it desires to work. For that purpose it has begun the construction of a tippie and has opened to some extent its mine. It applied to the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company for a switch connection such as are allowed to the other mines in that district, which was refused upon the ground that there were already too many mines in operation. It appeared, upon investigation, that it is the policy of that railroad company not to permit the opening of other mines, and that several applications previous to that of this company

have been declined in obedience to that policy.

It further appeared that the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad was itself, directly or indirectly, the owner of a majority in capacity of the coal operations in that district. In the year 1904 seventy per cent. of all the coal produced and shipped out was by mines owned or directly controlled by that railroad company. What this company does, therefore, is to say that neither the four thousand acres of the Red Rock Company nor the lands of any other company shall be put upon the market as a coal proposition in competition with its own mines.

When it is insisted that this Red Rock Company shall have some tribunal before which its rights can be determined and enforced, the railway makes this answer: The feelings of those gentlemen are not, perhaps, unnatural, but really they fail to grasp the actual situation. These traffic problems can be dealt with only by traffic experts. We have in our employ one hundred clerks whose entire time is devoted to the making of rates. Many of them have grown old in that service. Some of them are paid large salaries,—why, several traffic officials in this country receive as much as \$50,000 per year! If you permit a government commission to lay its rude hand upon this delicate piece of mechanism, a universal crash must follow.

MONOPOLY OF BITUMINOUS COAL

IT requires no expert to foretell what will happen in this case unless some restraining influence is imposed upon the operations of this traffic machinery. The Baltimore and Ohio already owns three fourths of the mines in operation in the Fairmont district. If that company can decline such applications as that of the Red Rock Coal Company, it can presently own at its own price all the coal-bearing lands of that district; and when that happens, the social problem is one degree more difficult than it is now. The Pennsylvania Railroad to-day controls, with some assistance from the New York Central, the transportation of most of the bituminous coal which reaches tide-water at Norfolk and north upon the Atlantic seaboard. It will, if this process continues, control not only the transportation, but the coal itself.

ANTHRACITE COAL MONOPOLY

THE same result is being worked out with bituminous coal which in the last few years has been effected in the case of anthracite coal. Three or four railroad companies now have a practical monopoly of all the anthracite in the eastern part of the United States, and they have acquired and are maintaining that monopoly through their ability to regulate the supply. Note the financial result of these operations in the anthracite field.

The company most interested and most affected is the Reading, a control of whose stock is now owned by the Pennsylvania and the New York Central. This is written October 13, 1905. Seven years ago, October 13, 1898, the stocks of the Reading Company were worth at the market price on that day, in round numbers, thirty-one millions of dollars. To-day those same stocks are worth one hundred and fifty-three millions of dollars, an increase of one hundred and twenty-two millions of dollars in amount—almost four hundred per cent.

There are three other railroad companies with which anthracite coal may be said to be of the essence of things, and these are the Delaware and Hudson, the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western, and the Lehigh Valley. The comparative market value of the stocks of those companies upon the dates above named on the basis of \$100 shares was as follows:

	1898	1905
Delaware and Hudson	\$104	\$220
Lehigh Valley	40	145
Delaware, Lackawanna and Western	148	489

It would appear that while these astute traffic gentlemen are looking after the interests of the country, they are not entirely oblivious of their own.

The railways assert that the adoption of the President's policy would dry up the fountains of industry.

The industry which our famous captains of industry have most assiduously cultivated in the last eight years has been the creation and exploitation of monopoly, and in no field have these operations been so extensive or so profitable as among the railroads. A proper enforcement of such a law as the President recommends might

perhaps somewhat diminish the fountains of that industry; no legitimate industry could be affected.

RAILWAY RATES NOT A COMMODITY

It is earnestly urged against the proposed policy that railway rates are the product of commercial forces and competitive conditions; that you can no more fix the price of transportation than you can fix the price of other commodities, and that to do so would be as disastrous in the transportation world as the artificial fixing of prices would be in the business world. Having conclusively shown that railway rates can be made only by ability of the highest order, these gentlemen now proceed to show with equal conclusiveness that railway rates are not made at all. My space is exhausted, and I can only indicate the answer to this proposition.

A railway is a business enterprise. Its revenues come from its traffic. Without traffic it has no revenue and yields no return. Its transportation charges must, therefore, be so adjusted as to develop its business,—such that its lumber can move from its forests, its coal from its mines, its iron from its furnaces. The self-interest of the railway often compels it to establish rates, in order that its traffic may move, which are lower than would be fixed by any government tribunal invested with that authority. Laying hold on this undoubted truth, the opponents of railway regulation insist that the self-interest of the railway is ample protection to the shipper, since the rate will not be so advanced as to interfere with the movement of the traffic.

It is certainly true that this principle is an important one in its application to railway operation, and that it has exercised a highly salutary influence upon the development of the resources of our country. It is a most substantial reason why railways should be given the initiative in the making of their rates; but it does not afford adequate protection against the imposition of unjust rates, for the reason that the rate may be too high and the traffic still move.

Consider once more our cattle case. Here was an advance of twenty-five per cent. in cattle rates to market—an addition of four millions of dollars annually to the

revenues of those railroads and a hundred millions to the value of their properties. And yet the testimony in that case shows that its effect upon the movement of the traffic was comparatively slight. The amount of loss through reduction in tonnage was as nothing compared with the gain through increase in the net revenues.

Will the astute traffic manager kill the hen which lays the golden egg? No; but if the animal is confided to his exclusive custody, he may appropriate all the eggs, and he certainly will appropriate more than his share.

MARKET COMPETITION DISAPPEARING

MARKET competition is much in evidence in these discussions, and the relative rate on cotton piece-goods from New England mills as compared with that from Southern mills has often been referred to as an illustration.

Until a comparatively recent period cotton cloth was mostly manufactured in New England, but in later years cotton-mills have sprung up in the South. This cloth, whether woven in New England or in the South, is largely consumed in the Middle West, of which Chicago may be taken as a type. The Southern mill in its infancy said to the railroads which connected it with Chicago: We must have a low rate to help us against our established competitors in New England. As the Southern mill waxed strong, the New England mill appealed to its railroads, saying: Our rate must be reduced to protect us against the competition of the Southern mill, whose raw material, whose power, whose labor, is cheaper than ours. Thus the railroads from New England to Chicago were placed in competition with those from the South to the same point. This seems to be what is meant by market competition, and there is not the slightest doubt that this form of competition did force down the rate on cotton piece-goods, and that in numberless other instances it has exercised a marked effect in the reduction of rates. Under present conditions, however, this kind of competition is rapidly diminishing, and bids fair well-nigh to cease, as the following considerations will show:

The present rate on cotton cloth to Chicago is sixty-five cents per hundred pounds

from New England and fifty-five cents from the Carolinas. The rougher kinds of this material run from two to six yards to the pound. A variation of five or ten cents in the freight rate produces a very slight difference in the price. No reduction in rates can reduce the selling price of this commodity sufficiently to affect materially the amount sold. In other words, a lowering of the freight rate does not increase the total tonnage, but simply determines whether that tonnage shall pass over the rails from New England or from the South. This creates a highly competitive condition so long as the lines of railroad are independent; but when the same man owns both, it is a matter of comparative indifference to him whether the tonnage moves via one route or the other, and the competition which formerly tended to reduce the rate no longer exists. This is exactly what has happened and is happening in all parts of the country. Where there is not absolute identity of ownership in the railways serving different markets, that ownership is so concentrated that it has become possible for the owners of different properties to sit down in conference and determine that "suicidal competition" shall no longer prevail. With notable exceptions, market competition can no longer be relied upon either to reduce rates or to prevent their advance.

It is urged that the system of rate-making now in vogue has in the past developed our resources to an unprecedented degree, and has brought about an extremely low average of rates; and it is asked why the same results may not be expected in the future, and whether it is not folly to substitute a different system. The answer is twofold.

First. It is not proposed to substitute a different system. The railways will make their rates in exactly the same manner that they have, and will have precisely the same inducement to make low rates. Railways develop the resources of a country by reducing, not by advancing, their transportation charges, and they will still be as free to make those reductions for that purpose as they ever have been.

RAILWAY COMBINATIONS

SECOND. Within recent years conditions have radically changed, and this

makes more imperative the need of supervision. No longer ago than 1896, when I came to have a practical knowledge of these matters, there was the most active competition of all kinds in railway rates, and these competitive conditions continually tended to force down transportation charges. This is no longer true, owing mainly to the concentration of railway ownership and management. Last winter I caused to be compiled, mostly from the returns of railways to the Interstate Commerce Commission, a statement showing certain facts as to six of our great railway systems, from which it appeared that these six systems embraced fifty-five per cent. of the total railroad mileage, sixty per cent. of the railroad capital, and sixty-six per cent. of the railway gross receipts of the United States. If the six systems next in importance had been added to these, the twelve would have included all the important railway mileage in our country. The competition of nine years ago has almost gone, and what is left of it will speedily go.

As a result, rates upon almost every staple article—upon hay, upon grain and the products of grain, upon coal, upon lumber, upon live stock—have within the last five years been materially advanced. They are not being advanced now. They will not be advanced so long as this agitation continues. On the contrary, they are quite likely to be reduced as an object-lesson. But this concentration of control carries with it the ability to increase enormously the transportation charge, and that ability is certain to be exercised in the end. Human nature is not yet so good that it may be trusted to take just what belongs to it if it has the power to take more.

It is this concentration of control which stands out above everything else. In the face of it, the most conservative must reconsider his opinions. Whether these combinations are lawful or unlawful, they are here, and they cannot be dissolved. However desirable, competition in the railway rate is impossible. We have attempted to secure it by law, and have utterly failed.

The only way to regulate the railway rate is by laying hold on the rate itself. Some administrative body must be clothed with the power to determine and prescribe

for the future. That method of regulation is absolutely fair if the tribunal which exercises it is intelligent and just. Is it not the wise thing for all parties to recognize the conditions which exist, and to

join with the President in his attempt to provide a tribunal which can and will do justice between all parties? If the Interstate Commerce Commission is not such a body, let us have one that is.



TOPICS OF THE TIME

MANNERS, MIND, AND MONEY

THE manners of the "young person" of America have been so long a target for foreign criticism that it must be a wonder to our transatlantic friends that our older generation (who must once have been young) have anything admirable left, aside from the extraordinary energy which, with a little aid from natural resources, good crops, and a variety of climate, has given us a certain preëminence in material wealth. Manners are simply a refinement of amiability—"just the art of being kind," which, as Mrs. Wilcox says, "is all this sad world needs"—but note! an *art*. A prominent English student of the United States has said that, on the whole, Americans are the least cruel people in the world. The absence of cruelty may be said to be the passive principle of kindness, and a very good foundation on which to begin a structure of manners. But much remains to do if we are to attain to the fine art of social conduct—that supremacy of graciousness which is the bloom upon the fruit of the highest civilization. Without manners life becomes, under whatever glossy name, a vulgar scramble for the trough.

A fundamental principle of social intercourse is, within the range of self-respect, *deference*—not deference to the point of weak complaisance or obsequiousness, but consideration of each in the true measure of his worth or needs: deference to parents, to the aged, to women, to persons of real distinction, to guests—nay, to one of a casual encounter—the guest, as it were, of the passing moment. This is true humility, that Lost Pleiad of the virtues, and it may consist with the firmest

character. With the change of régimes and forms of government this code of deference changes its gradations, but it is as necessary to a democracy as to an empire.

Will any one say that, in this seething New World, in a flood of immigration such as never before has been witnessed, and in the sudden elevation to opportunity, through newly acquired wealth, of thousands who clamor for the "open door" of society, American manners are growing in refinement and charm? We yield to no one in loyalty to the admirable types of women and men which America produces; at their best there are none finer. What we are considering is the average. Nor are we now engaged with the kindergarten of society: the knowledge of how to enter or leave a drawing-room, or the passing of the small change of conversation, etc., things that may be taken either too seriously or not seriously enough. The main question is, Has our conception of society kept pace with our opportunities, or has it fallen behind? Have we, for instance, the French esteem for things intellectual, by which a writer or artist of distinction, or a great scientist, takes precedence of the merely rich? Is the man who serves the state faithfully, whether in or out of office, as welcome, his social acceptability being equal, as the polished manipulator of great financial enterprises? We need not go across the ocean for traditions of a society ruled by the higher types of mind and taste. Cities like Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Richmond, New Orleans, St. Louis, each in its individual way, were once conspicuous in the cultivation of what we now know as old-time gentility. They had then as now a firmly

drawn line of exclusion; but is it to-day as inimical to the purse-proud, or the scheming promoter, or the vulgar rich?

Not until after the present unsettled era of prosperity shall have been succeeded by the repose of normal conditions will society be in the way of discovering and remedying the glaring defects that deprive it of the power which should belong to it.

FICTION IN AMERICA

THE art of fiction, which holds such immense possibilities of method and content, has been much abused of late, and not least in America, where a successful popular appeal means such enormous financial rewards. Not only from such accomplished hands and under such established fames as those of Howells and James, but from other hands of skill, appears now and then an American novel which proves anew the growing power of our native literature to deal with native subjects in the highest spirit of art.

The brain which years ago gave to our fiction what promises to be accepted as a classic historical novel, American in scene and sentiment, has lately put forth a novel whose time is the period just after our great civil contention—a novel as artistic in large construction as it is satisfying in literary detail, as fine and true and soundly ethical in foundation as it is admirably written. To the fashioning of the story of "Constance Trescot" Dr. Mitchell brought not merely the special knowledge of what may be called the practical psychologist, but the skilled, conscientious, and fortunate touch of the literary artist. It is a story of fate, a story of the tragedy not only of social and political situation but of inherited and natural disposition and character; and it is a veracious picture of American life in the time and circumstances depicted. Its author knew well the period in which his tragedy was placed, the currents of opinion, and the deep memories which dominated districts, groups, and individuals. But his material, the fact behind the fiction, was never subversive of the art of imaginative narration.

Another veracious picture of the time and circumstances depicted is Mrs. Wharton's "The House of Mirth." Those who should regard it as a complete represen-

tation of the American society of our own period would be much misled. It reflects, of course, only a fragment of that society,—it may be, only a possible group in that society,—which, like all other large societies, has its good and its bad, whereas here there is not much besides the bad. If as a report of fact the book has a fault, it is in giving so little hint of the better side, for it would seem almost impossible for so few elements of that better side to have crossed the existence of the group here so delicately and vitally set forth. But the book is what it is by thoughtful intention; it reports that which is true, and it does so with remorseless accuracy, the ease of an expert, and the wit, vividness, unwastefulness, of a master of expression. It has the finished detail of the Dutch or Japanese painter, and it has, too, the large effect of those artists. It has the moral basis of Hawthorne, and it is as free as Hawthorne from inartistic and intrusive preachment.

In substance Mrs. Wharton's book has timely importance, for if our insurance revelations show how our rich men grow rich and richer, "The House of Mirth" shows how some of them spend their riches—in that section of our society that is barren of character and of noble effort and association, and that is bent only upon amusement which tends not to happiness, and upon luxury which is close to the sensual; a society preposterously intent, when at home in America, upon an exclusive association with and circulation among its own ineffable inanities.

In the Old World there are social groups as vapid and vulgar as those of "The House of Mirth," but a story of their happenings would probably be relieved by some background of historic charm, some hint at least of names of persons, places, or things associated with great accomplishment. In choosing to show us, in the present work, the poorer phases of our social life, the author has been unflinching in portraying their utter emptiness and vanity. But one great interest in reading a work like this is that it suggests the possibilities of further accurate and masterly dramas of American life by the same hand, and by other hands similarly skilled and inspired.

For the art of "Constance Trescot" and of "The House of Mirth" is tonic

and exemplary both in its ethical soundness as affecting the public that reads, and in its upholding of noble artistic standards in the minds of the people, and in the

consciences of the tellers of tales. Good books—good artistically and good ethically—increase the demand for good books, and fortunately the supply also.

OPEN LETTERS

"Saving California's Fruit Crops"

DIFFICULTIES OF THE SEARCH FOR PARASITES

Postscript (see page 581)

THROUGH the courtesy of the Hon. Ellwood Cooper, Commissioner of Horticulture of California and a leader in this movement since it was first undertaken in the State, I am able to give herewith extracts from a letter from Mr. George Compere, written to the commissioner from Hongkong, China, under dates of September 18 and 30, 1905. Mr. Compere's letter suggests the difficulties under which the work of securing these enemies of insect pests is carried on in foreign lands. He says:

"Since I wrote you last I have visited Macao, Canton, and other places in that direction. I think I can safely say that I have now the parasite which will result in the destruction of the red and purple scales [two scales which, unless checked, menace citrus fruits in California]. It is, however, difficult to find either scale unpunctured by the parasite. At Chin San, a small Chinese city some miles from Macao, I found two small rose-plants in pots standing in the private garden of the late Low Hang. This garden was for years one of the finest flower-gardens in the south of China. Upon one plant there was considerable red scale, while the other had but few: but upon this scale I found at work one of the most peculiar chalcid flies that I have yet met with; on the other, a small yellow species. Am sending specimens [microscopic] of both. I purchased the plants and have them now on my roof-garden here, where the little parasites are to be seen at work upon the scale. In another garden I found a shaddock-tree in pot, which contained a few specimens of live red scale and also a few purple ones. This I also have upon my roof and will send by this steamer, and you may be able to secure a few of each parasite.

"From Macao I returned here and at once started for Canton, as in that district there are thousands of orange-trees. But not a single live scale was I able to find there, and the

same on the Hoo Nan side of the river. But there I found again what I once saw here at Hongkong, the small grayish, mottled chalcid fly which I think is the true parasite of the purple scale. This parasite was noticed at work upon the purple scale infesting a small orange-tree in pot at one of the gardens on the Hoo Nan side of the river. I secured this tree and now have it placed between the two trees which you sent.

"From Canton I returned here and at once left again for Macao, as there was a large garden there, belonging to the Portuguese governor, which contained many orange-trees and which I had been unable to gain access to on my first visit here. I failed to find a single live red or purple scale after looking over every tree and plant in the whole garden.

"September 30. — Since I wrote the above I have visited Swatow and Chou Choo Fu, and experienced the worst trip of my life. Swatow itself has no gardens or orchards, but is the shipping port of Chou Choo Fu, a very fine agricultural section situated thirty miles inland. From Chou Choo Fu to the nearest orange-groves is twelve miles. It was impossible for me to find any scale-infested trees in any of the orchards. Seldom was even a single scale met with. Yet every species of scale-insects known to attack citrus fruits or trees is to be found there.

"Finding it was impossible to obtain enough scale in the orchard from which to rear parasites, I turned my attention to the private gardens in the towns. In one garden I found an orange-tree in pot infested with purple and many other species of scales and other insects, with the parasites at work upon the purple as well as the other species. This tree I secured, and you will know it by its being packed in the case you shipped the two trees in. In another garden I found a sago-palm tree well infested with the purple scale, and the species of parasites at work upon it. It also contained some red scale, with the yellow parasite at work upon it. This mottled parasite of the purple scale is

very difficult to detect with the naked eye, owing to its color being so much like that of the scale.

"To secure this palm-tree was not an easy matter, it being one of a pair standing on each side of the front-door steps, and the owner did not at first want to part with it under any circumstances. But when I finally offered him a five-dollar bill (Mex.) he changed his mind and let me have it. In another garden I found another old sago-palm tree growing in the open ground, the lower leaves of which were thickly covered with red scale and thousands of the little yellow parasites at work. Owing to its size and age, I could not have the tree dug up, but I cut every infested leaf off and the half I am sending with this. If they reach you in anything like good condition, you should have no difficulty in obtaining thousands of parasites from them. All told, there are seven packages, five of which will have to be placed upon the manifest. One small package contains two species of *Novius* and a few slides, together with a little wild-pear seed.

"The greatest precaution must be taken in the handling of the trees I am sending, as they are attacked by about every species of insects known which attack the citrus-trees, as well as fungi. They should be kept in a closed room under lock and key. The packing and boxes should be burned at once, as the boxes are infested with white ants. And I would advise that, as soon as you secure a stock of the parasites from the trees, the trees be burned up also.

"I am at present in a bad fix in send-

ing things from here to Australia, owing to the blockade of the Suez Canal by a sunken steamer, which will not be cleared out for five or six weeks. There is no chance to send via Colombo, and the boats going direct to Sydney from here have very poor cold-storage accommodations. Having only a very limited stock of the Macao red-scale parasites, and no possibility of finding any more this season, and there being so much need of it both in California and Australia, I have made up my mind to leave here on October 4, with the insects, for Sydney, and breed them on the way upon the infested palm-leaves. From Sydney I can send them north to Perth with safety. . . . It is all very well to visit Chinese seaport towns, but in a region where you seldom see any Europeans it is another matter. One takes his life in his hands by going alone to these out-of-the-way places. The better class of the Chinese are a fine race of people and treat you well, but when you get among the coolies in the country districts you are not safe a moment."

The trees of which Mr. Compere writes, bearing the parasites of these two dangerous scales, reached San Francisco in good condition and were placed in the breeding-cases to await the issuance of the parasites. The balance of nature, by Mr. Compere's report, is well maintained in the Chinese districts where the scale and the parasite are found together, and there appears to be no reason why the distribution of the parasites over the infested regions of California should not result in the control of the pest.

W. S. Harwood.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Uncle Sam to his Best Girl

NOTE. The Yankee school-marm has become a power in the Philippines.

HERE 'S to the best of my very best—
To the girl with the spirit to
Pull out from the old things of the West
And go to the East and the new;
To take to the youth of the Orient
Her Yankee ways and the heart
To teach them what
A kid has got
To tackle to get a start.
The school-marm follows the flag, and she
Is the emblem of star-spangled tyranny.

Her scepter 's a switch, and where she rules
The little and big must obey;
She bosses the best in the white man's schools,
And the yellow must come her way.
She will show to the kids of the Orient
The paths in which they should tread;
And if they shy,
Her switch will fly
Till their yellow skins are red.
The school-marm follows the flag, and she
Is the emblem of star-spangled tyranny.

She steps straight out, prepared to go forth
In her country's cause and its name;

She comes from the South, she comes from
the North,
But she 's Yankee just the same;
And she goes to the far-off Philippines
With her mind made up to guide
Those Philippine youth
To the light and truth,
Or take it out of their hide.
The school-marm follows the flag, and she
Is the emblem of star-spangled tyranny.

William J. Lampton.

The Testimony

It has been demonstrated that docking a horse's tail
is a painless operation. *Daily paper.*

THEN up stepped Reggie Toodlekins, the
celebrated whip,
'Who 's tooled the good coach *Tally-ho* on
many a summer trip;
He bowed before the jury and he smiled
upon the judge,
And when they asked, "Does docking
hurt?" he answered them, "Oh, fudge!
"I 've driven sixteen hundred steeds and
every one was docked,—
Indeed, had they been otherwise, e'en they
would have been shocked,—
And I assure you—'pon my word, I 'll
gladly swear to it—
I never felt the slightest pain, not e'en a
tiny bit!"

Then up rose Pauline Vandergold, the
sporting heiress maid,
Who gazed upon the jury with a blue eye
unafraid.
"Does docking hurt?" She giggled then.
"Excuse me if I smile,
But really that 's the funniest thing I 've
heard in quite a while.

"I 've thirty horses in my stalls, O Mr. Law-
yer-man,
And banded is every tail of them from Jessie
V. to Dan;
And though I 've lived among them since
'way back in '93,
Not one of all my equine pets has e'er
complained to me."

Then up spake Mike O'Shaughnessy, a
fresh-faced stable-boy—
A corner he in freckles, with a brogue
without alloy.
"Doos dockin' hur-ur-rt? Will, Oi din-naw!"
he added with a cough;
"Oi niver hod a tail mesilf, so no wan 's cut
it off.

"If Oi'd your job, your honor, judge, a-sittin'
in the chair,
And yours, O jury gentlemin, a-frownin'
over there,

Wid such a ca-ase for sittlemint, Oi rather
t'ink moi course
Would be to l'ave dood witnisses, an' go
an' ashk the horse."

John Kendrick Bangs.

'Lasses an' Buttermilk

DERE 's two things dat we useter hab
Endurin' slave'y time
Dat I ain't neber had none like—
Ha! but dey sho was prime!

De fust was good thick buttermilk,
Right fresh from out de churn:
Ol' mis' was mighty 'ticular
About de tas'e er hern.

An' 'lasses was de udder thing—
An' *good!* Well, I should say!
I 'd give five yehs from off my life
Fo' some er hit to-day.

Dey useter cut de sugah-cane
Right dere on marster's place,
An' I ain't had no 'lasses since
Dat had dat ol'-time tas'e.

Dey say de streets er heaben flow
Wid milk an' honey sweet,
An' *some* folks think dat dem two things
Are mighty hard to beat.

But I cyan't keep from hopin' dat
At leas' *one* street will flow
Wid 'lasses an' fresh buttermilk
Like dat er long ago.

Eloise Lee Sherman.

Progress

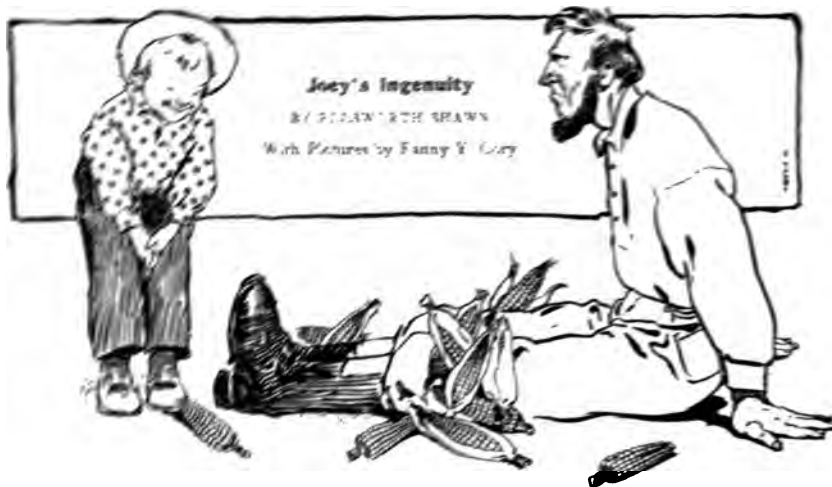
TRIUMPHANT ART! Proudly we see to-day
Thy colored pictures in the magazines;
Perfervid pigments vividly portray
The atmosphere of realistic scenes.

Here note a maid, with rich plum-colored
cheek,
Plucking red-flannel roses from a tree;
Green and vermilion clouds with feeling reek,
And pale-pink ships float in an ocher sea.

Again, behold in violet evening dress
A youth beneath an orange chandelier;
His light-green face aglow with happiness,
He murmurs in his love's magenta ear.

What matter, then, the lithographic slips
Which show a bright-green blossom
scarlet-leaved,
Or crimson teeth laughing 'twixt pure white
lips,
Since color-process pictures we 've
achieved?

Carolyn Wells.



"WHAR 's the liniment, maw?" inquired Farmer Mullins, peevishly, as he limped through the kitchen doorway. "Drat that thar boy!" he went on, without waiting for a reply; "he 's jest railroaded this here farm purty nigh ter death. I don't dare to put him to plowin' but he 'll go a-tootin' the team across the field, ner let him drive the waggin, fer sure 's I do he 'll begin his infernal railroadin'. Fust he 'll walk the pole to the hosses' heads an' jump kerslap out in front uv 'em, run croun' an' step up by the hub uv a wheel. Says he 's practisin' to be a brakeman. Everythin' 's railroad! I wish ter gracious we 'd never seed or hearn tell uv a railroad! Fust they comes right through here an' takes forty acres uv my best timber, an' never says 'Thank yer.' I tried to law 'em, but I 'd 'a' been a mighty sight richer if I had n't. Now, 's if to rub salt into my sore, here 's Joey a-wantin' to railroad me everywhar."

Ezra paused as if expecting a word of sympathy from his good wife Betsy; but the gentle-faced partner of his hardships only smiled, as if to say, "That's the same old story, Ezra," but she did n't voice it.

The childless Mullinses had taken little Joey Perkins from the Orphans' Home mission, and, although the farmer made a desperate fuss about Joey's misdirected energy, it was a common subject for dispute among the country folk as to whether Ezra or his wife lavished the greater amount of affection upon the little wail.

There had been an added importance noticeable in Ezra's step since the day little Joey was brought home and safely deposited upon the big four poster bed in the best room. And it was "maw" this and "paw" that between Ezra and Betsy all day long. They were determined to make up for that seventeen years of paternal and maternal yearning.

Joey had grown some, and was bright, good-natured, and winning, but sorely afflicted with a budding genius for "railroading" and the invention of contrivances of more than doubtful utility.

"This mornin'," the farmer continued, as if determined to have his say out, "'stead uv carryin' the corn to the hog lot, what must Joey do but beg me to try his railroad, a dern riggin' he 'd fixed up with a lot uv planks, a passel uv wheels an' gear f'om a' ole thrashin'-machine, an' a' ole sleigh body. The fool thing did look reasonabul, specially when that boy'd go over the p'int with that oily tongue o' hisn. I got so almighty interusted in the cantankerous thing I plumb forgot Joey was a-makin' me carry corn up to the loft to load the train with. That was harder 'n carryin' it to the hog lot.

"Well, when we got the car full uv corn I was more excited 'n Joey was.

"Now, Paw Mullins," says he, "you 'll haf to set on top uv these bags to keep 'em steady, an' you 'll get there in a jiffy."

"Betsy, have you ever noticed anything wrong with me—anything like mental lapses, er moral lapses, what the preacher tells about? Huh? Well, I must 'a' had a whole litter uv lapses when I was a-gettin' on that murderin' railroad. Blame fool that I was, I did n't even ast Joey why he did n't ride it hisself—an' him so all-fired fond uv ridin', too.

"Then Joey he says, 'Now, Paw Mullins, hol' tight with both han's, an' when you 're ready say, "All aboard," an' I 'll cut the rope; if she goes too fast, put on the brake.'

"All aboard," says I, an' then somethin' give 'way. I knowed I 'd been caught like a rat in a trap the minute the dern thing started, but ther I was an' ther I had ter stay, er break my neck by jumpin'. I tried to put on the brake, an' that 's where I showed my low forrad. The cussed thing jest bucked like one uv

them trick ponies at the Wil' West Show, an' kerchunk I went through the trussel, with every tarnation bag on top uv me.

"When I got out uv the wreck and looked back ter the barn, Joey he was a-holdin' both han's ter his stummick an' a-actin' like he had cramps. Purty soon here he comes a-runnin' down, an' when he gets me outen the wreck he says, 'Paw Mullins, that brake are no good.' 'It's too almighty good,' says I, rubbin' my shins. 'Come here an' shoulder a sack uv this here corn, an' stop yer gosh blame railroadin'.'

"Afore we 'd done feedin' the hogs, Joey he was a-splainin' ter me how we could fix up the clothes-line f'om the house to the barn, an' by usin' a pulley an' buckets save carryin' water to the horses. 'Joey,' says I, 'that sounds mighty like railroadin'.' But he said it was only a simple labor-savin' device. 'So was yer hog-feedin' railroad,' says I.

"Joey seed I warn't to be moved, an' give it up. He 's a natural-born inventor, that boy is, an' he 's got more bright p'int's than a new-filed whip-saw; but he 'll have to practise an' 'speriment on somebody else."

While Betsy was soaking a bandage with liniment, Joey came in, his bright little face alight with the importance of his latest inven-

tion. "We don't haf to carry no water to the horses no more," he announced as he sidled toward Betsy. Forgetful of her husband's bruises, Betsy clasped the little tow-head to her bosom.

At the sound of Joey's voice, Ezra gave a sudden start as though some one had touched a bruised spot on his body or a tender one in his memory.

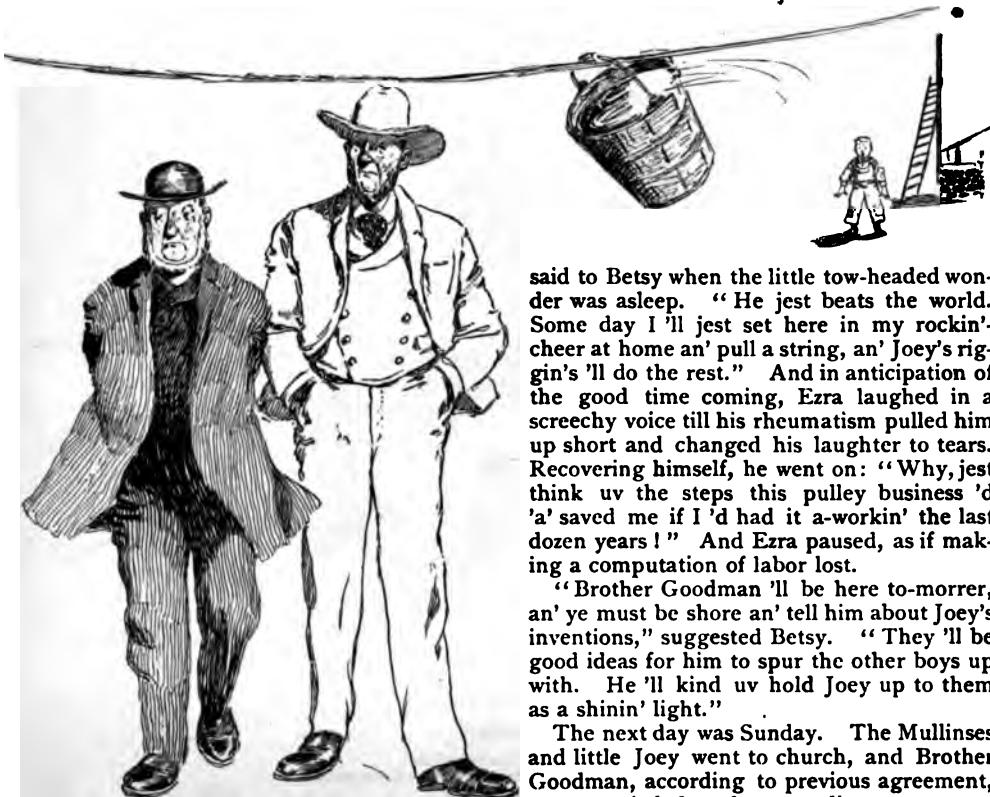
"What hev ye done now, Joey?" he inquired uneasily, turning to get a better light on the young wizard's face.

"I've done put up the clothes-line an' pulley," said Joey, in his most persuasive tone, "an' tested it; sent six buckets uv water to the trough at the barn an' never spilt a drop." "The dickens ye did!" exclaimed Ezra, suddenly alive with interest and admiration, forgetting all former lessons. "An' how do she work, Joey?"

"Jest come here an' see, paw," and Joey eagerly led the way to the well, Ezra limping after him.

The demonstration was doubtless a complete success, for at supper-time the simple farmer was enthusiastic in his praises of Joey's ingenuity.

"My, but I 'm glad we got that boy!" he



"THEY HAD NO THOUGHT OF OUTWARD AND PHYSICAL DANGERS."

said to Betsy when the little tow-headed wonder was asleep. "He jest beats the world. Some day I 'll jest set here in my rockin'-cheer at home an' pull a string, an' Joey's riggin's 'll do the rest." And in anticipation of the good time coming, Ezra laughed in a screechy voice till his rheumatism pulled him up short and changed his laughter to tears. Recovering himself, he went on: "Why, jest think uv the steps this pulley business 'd 'a' saved me if I 'd had it a-workin' the last dozen years!" And Ezra paused, as if making a computation of labor lost.

"Brother Goodman 'll be here to-morrer, an' ye must be shore an' tell him about Joey's inventions," suggested Betsy. "They 'll be good ideas for him to spur the other boys up with. He 'll kind uv hold Joey up to them as a shinin' light."

The next day was Sunday. The Mullinses and little Joey went to church, and Brother Goodman, according to previous agreement, accompanied them home to dinner.

Joey divested himself of his good clothes

immediately. They were not very fine, but "best" clothes are only a hindrance to a boy who is working out great problems.

Father Mullins and Brother Goodman went to the barn, where they supplied the horses with a liberal dinner before going to the house to see what Betsy had provided for themselves.

It just then occurred to Joey to test again the efficiency of his latest invention with a view to its probable improvement. Going to the well, he drew a bucket of water, intending to send enough to the barn to satisfy the thirst of the horses. No sooner had he let go of the bucket, which was on the trolley line, than Paw Mullins and Brother Goodman emerged from the barn, so earnestly engaged in a discussion of inward and spiritual matters that they had no thought of outward and physical dangers.

"Look out there, paw!" yelled Joey, excitedly; but Paw Mullins, with his customary deliberation, stopped to push the minister out of harm's way. And that 's where Ezra suf-

fered another lapse. The bucket, which was not under proper control from the well end, struck Paw Mullins a ringing thump on the head and knocked him against Brother Goodman so hard that both were sent sprawling in the dust of the barn lot. The bucket turned a somersault, spilling its contents over the prostrate victims and making a mortar that did not in the least add to their appearance or comfort.

Mr. Ezra Mullins, painfully dignified and devoid of all interest in labor-saving inventions, made rigid inquiry of Betsy concerning Joey's whereabouts, but the good motherly heart was always ready to shield the orphan.

"He said he heard the dogs a-barkin' down ter the branch, an' he thought they 'd treed somethin', likely," was Betsy's reply.

If Ezra's ears had been a bit keener he might have heard some hard breathing and other suspicious noises under the bed in the next room, but he did not.



Drawn by L. Warde Blaisdell

DIPLOMACY

BARBER: How do you like your hair?

CUSTOMER: Neither too long nor too short, please.



From the painting by Henry Godwin De Laith, owned by Colonel Robert M. Thompson

SUNSET IN PICARDY

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THE GARDEN OF THE SUN

ROUTE NOTES IN SICILY

BY WILLIAM SHARP

WITH PICTURES BY JAY HAMBIDGE

PART I

THERE are some lands which have always laid a spell upon the mind, upon the imagination, upon the heart. Greece, above all other countries, has entranced the mind. The imagination has ever loved the East—Egypt, the Indies, forgotten Asia, the almost as mysterious Asia of to-day. For most of us, the homeland is the country of the heart; for many, it may be, it is Palestine, where was lighted the fire at which the hearts of incalculable millions are still warmed. Others are content to say, with Emerson in the fine essay on "Heroism," "That country is the fairest which is inhabited by the noblest minds." But, above all other lands, there is one which has at once impressed the mind, the imagination, and the heart of Western peoples. When a famous poet declared that on his heart would be found engraven the word *Italy*, the words voiced the emotion of a multitude in every country of Europe and in the great Northern continent overseas.

To see Sicily—the old "Garden of the

Sun," as the poets have loved to call it—is not to see Italy, though there may be a measure of truth in Goethe's remark, that not to know Sicily is not to know Italy. In a sense one might more truly say of Sicily, that not to know it is not to know Greece. In another sense, however, we have in this most beautiful of islands the intensification of Italy: whatever is most Italian is in evidence here, though it is Italian of the South and not of the North. What a gulf divides them is known only to those familiar with the whole peninsula.

Two thirds of the travelers to Sicily come by one of the three routes from Naples. Voyagers nervous of even a single night passage naturally prefer the express train which leaves Naples every evening for Reggio, whence there is connection by steam-ferry with Messina for the north express to Palermo and the south to Syracuse. The drawbacks to this route are that, in winter and early spring especially, little or nothing is viewed of

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the beautiful scenery between Naples and the Straits of Messina—a fascinating journey from the delights of La Cava and the vineyards of Salerno from the flats of Pontecorvo and Herculaneum and desolate Paestum to the wild and lovely coasts of Calabria. All the train rushes underneath rock-set scylla and beyond Charibdis swiftly rises like a dream. If, however, the traveler does not object to a slow and generally dirty train, as provisionless as the desolate stations stopped at frequently en route, and is willing to break the journey for the sake of what is to be seen on the way, he can leave Naples early in the morning, and reach Paola by five o'clock in the evening or Sta. Eufemia by seven. At either of these places accommodation is to be had, and notwithstanding the possibility of the frequent flea and his burly cousin, notwithstanding the inevitable mosquito, notwithstanding the sour bread and the execrable coffee, few travelers will regret the experiment. Discomforts are soon forgotten; but one never forgets the sunset in the Gulf of Policastro, the marvelous light on the coasts and headlands from Diamante to Montelone, or sunrise breaking from the mountains of Calabria as the train slowly sweeps round the great promontory of Tropea, with the Æolian Isles—the Isole di Lipari of to day—like vast sapphires and amethysts rising from the sun-swept sea.

Of the two sea routes from Naples, that to Palermo is the better, and can be depended upon nightly. Steamers to Messina sail on an average from four to five times a week. In each case landing has to be effected in small boats, a disagreeable experience if the morning be wet, and as regards the clamorous and rapacious boatmen invariably disagreeable, at any rate for travelers not fluent in Italian. If the season of the trip be December or January, it will be better to take Taormina and the east and southeast coast first, and to return via Palermo by steamer to Naples nightly, or via the north coast of Sicily by morning train to Messina, and thence nightly by the north express from Reggio, or by the Naples steamer. At this season Palermo is apt to be cold and wet, or, if Sicilians in general and Palermitans in particular should consider this libelous, at least the beautiful capital of

Sicily is sure to know spells of cold and damp about this time, when Syracuse and Girgenti are bathed in radiant warmth and when Taormina is rejoicing in her divine Christmas-summer. So far as regards what is to be seen, local times and convenience and the like, it matters little whether one begins at Messina, and goes thence to Palermo, and so round to Messina again by Syracuse and Taormina, or vice versa. The routes either way, with the cross-routes, lend themselves equally to the traveler's convenience—to the traveler's inconvenience, he will generally add, after efforts to see Segesta, Selinunte, Eryx, and other famous but remote localities. Two months should be allowed for Sicily by those who wish to see the greater part of the island; but of course the chief places can be visited within a couple of weeks, if needs must.

There are three great routes for the ordinary traveler: the north-coast line, from Messina to Palermo, via Tyndaris, the gem of the northern, as Taormina is of the eastern, coast, and Cefalù; the east-coast line, from Messina to Syracuse, via Taormina, Catania, and Augusta; and the central line, from Palermo, via Castrogiovanni (Enna), to Catania. Besides these, there are the branch routes from Sta. Caterina (Xirbi), via the central line, to Girgenti; the south-coast line, via Licata, Terranova, and picturesque Ragusa and Modica, to Syracuse; and the southwestern line, to Marsala and Trapani. Finally there is the picturesque, superbly beautiful, and fascinating mountain-line round Etna, from Giarre Riposto, via Linguaglossa, medieval Randazzo, picturesque Bronte, and so round to Catania.

For convenience' sake, let us give precedence to the route from Messina by the north coast to Palermo. But first a few words as to the famous town of Messina itself, for the majority of visitors the first glimpse of Sicily. And what an impression it can be, whether we approach the ancient Zancle by sea from Naples or catch a first glimpse of it across the narrow straits from Scylla as the train sweeps round that beautiful rocky headland toward Reggio. In certain mornings it lies like a vast magnolia trailed on lovely slopes and serrated heights: it is pre-eminently, from a distance, a white city.



Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by Robert Varley

AT THE DOOR OF THE CATHEDRAL AT MESSINA



Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick
CHATTERING WOMEN AROUND A FOUNTAIN AT FARO

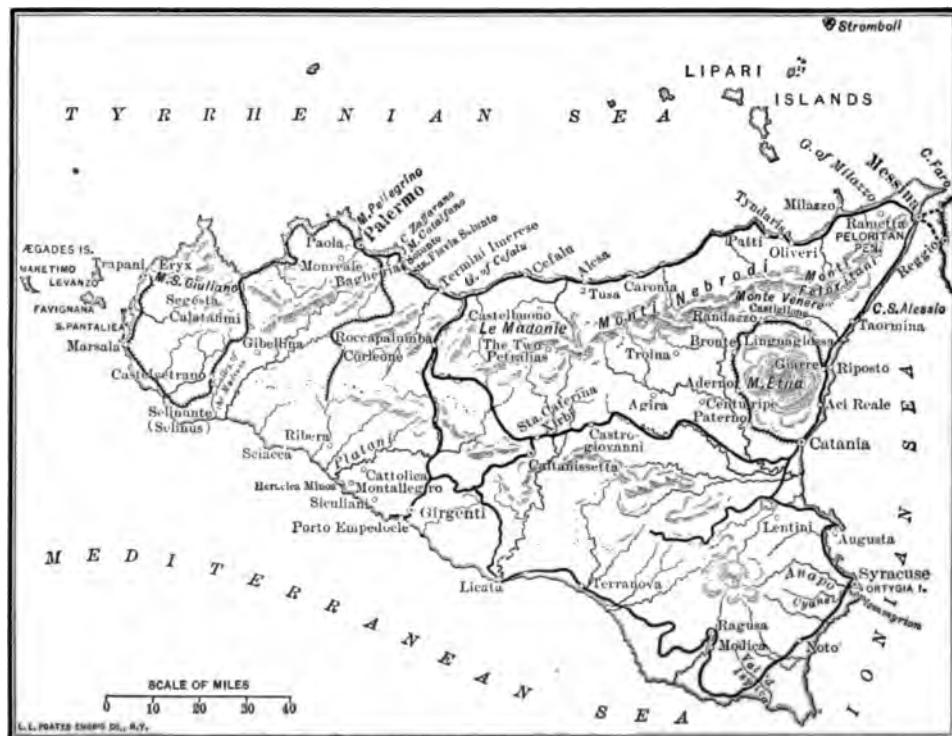
In situation it has few rivals in the whole world; its climate is of the best to be had in southern Italy; it has beautiful architecture and many interests; and yet Messina remains the least known of all the cities of Sicily, or, for that matter, of Italy. Thousands pass through it annually, but perhaps only a few score at most spend more than a day within its precincts. Residentially, it is incomparably superior to Catania, the dreariest of Italian cities. A stay in Messina might well be delightful, and the visitor interested in the art and history of Sicily and of Greece might find days slip into weeks. Unfortunately there is a large "might." Life is not agreeable for the stranger here. The Messinese are poor, and they look upon foreigners as divinely sent objects, in themselves unpleasant and unwelcome, for persistent exploitation. The best hotels are indifferent. The streets are dirty, and though the air of Messina is as good as when of old Hygeia was worshipped here as one of the two guardian deities of the city, the rheumatic and neuralgic complain of enhanced pains, due, no doubt, to the cold currents of air which course the straits, delightful in summer, but very trying in winter. Though Messina is very different from the disheveled town which Goethe found it more than a hundred years back, it is still as dirty and

disagreeable as Naples was until a few years ago. The municipality, however, is doing its best to improve the general conditions, and in a few years "the sickle-shaped city" will, no doubt, attract innumerable visitors. Some idea of the difficulty which meets any effort at reform may be gained from the fact that consequent on the effort to suppress or materially modify the curse of professional mendicancy, there is a regular ferry, a kind of coöperative union, of beggars from the opposite shores of Calabria, who cross daily and cheerfully pay the small tariff of the brief passage of the straits. To look at Messina from the water, one can well think of it as the scene of Keats's beautiful "Isabella and the Pot of Basil," or even as that lordly Greco-Italian city which the insatiable Verres despoiled, where dwelled that Mæcenas of Sicily, Caius Heius, the wealthy amateur who, among many other treasures of art, including the most valuable tapestry of the ancient world, owned the famous Eros of Praxiteles, the Hercules of Myron, and the Canephora of Polycleitus. But, ashore, disillusion waits. Again, too, when the visitor is astonished to see so few remains of the ancient city of the Normans, the Romans, the Mamertines, the Greeks, the Sikels, one must wonder, rather, that there is anything of either

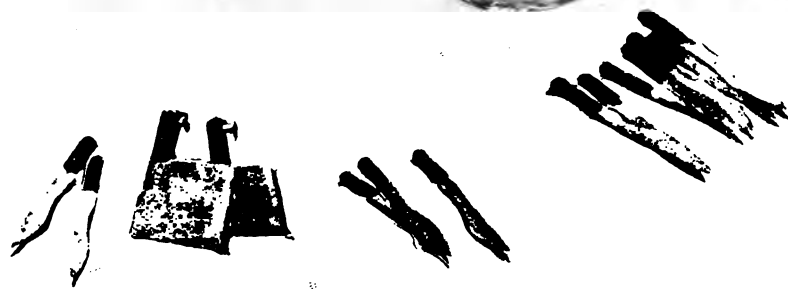
ancient Messina or later Messina left at all. No place in Europe has endured such a continuity of disastrous vicissitude. Since its prehistoric origin till its latest cholera epidemic, this beautiful town has been so often all but destroyed that it might be called the Phenix city.

There is more than enough of interest in Messina to detain the visitor who has inclination and leisure for the study of new aspects of painting, sculpture, and architecture. Many of the churches are notably fine, and some have distinguishing features, or contents so remarkable as to make any neglect of them regrettable. In particular one should see the picturesque Abbadiazza,—or "Badiazza," as it is locally called,—the ruins of a Benedictine monastery dating from the twelfth century, and one of the finest examples of Norman architecture in Sicily. It is a visit that is well worth the effort even on the part of travelers indifferent to architectural interest, because of the picturesque surroundings and the lovely view down the Torrente di S. Francesco di Paolo and over the crowding groves of lemon and orange. The famous cathed-

ral is more easily visited, even if one has only an hour or two in Messina. Despite lightning, earthquake, and the ravage of siege after siege since its foundation in A.D. 900, the great church still stands, though much of it is modern. The beautiful façade, however, with its three richly decorated portals, dates from the fourteenth century. Among the most celebrated items of interest are the details of the principal portal, where intricate beauty of florid ornament may be seen at its highest; the high altar, a mass of precious stones, and a splendid example of the art of marble inlaying; and the ancient Madonna, attributed to St. Luke, with, below it, a copy of the world-famous letter given by the Virgin herself, as all good Messinians believe, to the city of Messina. Among the citizens most of the poorer folk, it is said, believe that this letter is the original, and no incongruity is observed in this sheet of paper written in heaven and filled with the divine concern in the hygienic and other municipal matters of this favored city. As the Madonna della Lettera, the Virgin Mary is the patron of both the cathedral and the



MAP OF THE ISLAND OF SICILY



Drawn by Jay Hambridge. Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

A KNIFE-GRINDER AT MESSINA

town, and to this day "Letter" is a common name for children of either sex born within the civic boundaries.

Of classical Messina almost nothing survives. The traveler will seek in vain for any remains of the great temples of Apollo and Aphrodite, of Zeus and Diana, of Castor and Pollux, of Janus, of Poseidon, of the great fane of Orion. Surely, he may think, something at least will be visible of that magnificent temple of Hercules of which Cicero wrote so glowingly, and that even down to the beginning of the seventeenth century was not only extant, but an object of pilgrimage on the part of enthusiasts throughout Europe. Unfortunately not a vestige survives. It is bad enough when to earthquake or eruption or the barbarism of war is attributable the disappearance or ruin of ancient monuments, but how much worse when this misfortune is due to the ignorance and folly of man! In 1605 this great temple, built in remote ages to symbolize the union of the first citizens of Zancle and the Peloponnesian settlers from Messene, was wilfully destroyed in order to make the indifferent street now called the Via Primo Settembre, and at the time of the outrage the Via d'Austria. Every trace of the great temple disappeared. When Goethe came to Messina in 1787 there was not a man who could point to a single stone and say that it was from the celebrated fane of Hercules. The rediscovery of the site even was due to laborers in the employ of the municipal waterworks, when, too, besides the foundations, the level of the ancient road was found some six feet below that of the present street.

For the visitor not deeply interested in the things of the past, Messina is still worth a day or two's visit for the sake of what it has itself to offer—its lovely views, and the excursions that can be made from it, notably to the adjacent Faro at that narrowest part of the straits known to the ancients as Cape Pelorus, hard by the troubled waters of Charybdis, with rock-set Scylla gleaming opposite on its Calabrian eyrie, or to Reggio and the wooded heights of Aspromonte. Neither Naples nor the Foro Italico, or Marina, at Palermo can surpass the Marina of Messina (called also Palazzata and officially the Corso Vittorio Emanuele) in

vividness of life and color and characteristic aspects of Italian maritime life. Nor has even Palermo any garden to surpass in splendor of outlook, or even to excel in semitropical luxuriance, the lovely garden of the Villa Rocca Guelfonia.

The best time and train to leave Messina, by the north-coast route, whether for Palermo or to stop en route at Milazzo (Mylai), Patti (for Tyndaris), or Cefalù (Kephalaëdion), is to take what is known as the "Continental Express" at ten o'clock. This, it may be added, is the only train by which one can reach Trapani on the west coast in the same day. In late spring, or when the weather is too warm at midday for pleasant traveling, one will do better to leave by the early train at a quarter to five, for all that it stops at every station along the whole route. By this train, too, one could visit Tyndaris and the neighborhood and return by an afternoon train to Messina in time for dinner, if one does not wish to make the journey to Palermo this way, or intends to return by it as the final part of the circuit of the island. The fares are moderate, the cost for the whole distance from Messina to Palermo being under thirty francs first class. Of course the ideal way for this lovely route is by motor-car, by carriage, or, if there be any pedestrian tourists left nowadays, afoot. I can imagine no lovelier pedestrian trip in all Italy south of the two Rivieras.

When the train leaves Messina it at once deserts the coast and bisects the Peloritan peninsula, to emerge at Rometta on the northern shore, at the eastern end of the beautiful Gulf of Milazzo. From here onward the sea and a most lovely coast are on the right hand; to the left are the continuous picturesque hill-ranges of the Monti Peloritani, the Monti Nebrodi, and the magnificent mountain-group of the Madoniè, or Madonian Mountains. At the moment of emergence, too, one has an enchanting vision of the Lipari Isles, probably with Stromboli in eruption, for smoke is seldom absent from that restless volcano, and on most nights of the year it is a torch in the darkness for ships and steamers passing between Sicily and the mainland.

Milazzo is a fascinating place, whether one sees it from the train, walks along its lovely bay, or goes above the town and



Drawn by Jay Hambidge

TIED TO ITS MOTHER'S APRON-STRING

looks downward and far shoreward and seaward from the old *castello*. The not too particular visitor can manage at a decent inn here (the Villa Nuova), and will find Milazzo a convenient place not only from which to visit the Æolian Isles, but from which to drive to Tyndaris, or to make inland excursions to the wild and beautiful and almost unexplored Nebro-dian and Peloritan highlands. As for the student of ancient history, he might well come here and remain a long while. Ed-

ward Freeman, when he was compiling the materials for his great history of Sicily, is reported to have said that one might devote years to the study and elucidation of the history of Milazzo alone. As Mylai, it had many vicissitudes in its early days, but did not become famous till Hiero II the Tyrant of Syracuse won (270 B.C.) his great battle over the Mamertines close by. It was in the Bay of Mylai that Rome first vanquished the till then supreme naval might of Carthage, a vic-



Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by S. Davis

A STREET IN MONREALE, PALERMO

tory largely due to the invention of the Roman admiral Duilius, who affixed a prominent bronze *corvus*, or beak, to each galley. Here, too, Augustus defeated Sextus Pompeius; and here, later, in A.D. 866, the Christian fleets went down before the greater Saracenic hosts. But the Italians of to-day have a not less notable event to commemorate; for it was at Milazzo that Garibaldi brought about the beginning of the end of the Bourbon dynasty in Italy, by his skilful hemming in and forcing General Bosco's army to surrender on July 20, 1860.

Tyndaris—that name of magic to the few who intimately know and love Sicily! How best to visit the Tindaro of to-day? Ordinarily, this is done by carriage or mules from the small station of Oliveri (reached by the early-morning train from Messina about seven o'clock—the “Continental Express” does not stop here) or from the town of Patti. But Patti is a dirty, malarious town, and even the best inn is of so execrable a nature that a single night's experience might well be considered too dear (and that in every sense of the term) an experience. The best way is to arrange with the superior of the Monastery of the Madonna del Tindaro, that loveliest site in Sicily, or at best rivaled only by Taormina. Here, if two days' notice be given, clean rooms and good, if very simple, food may be secured; and, if properly approached, the superior may even arrange for the travelers to be met at Patti or Oliveri. Otherwise, and quite imperatively if there be a lady in the party, the journey should be broken at Milazzo, and the excursion thence made either by carriage or by rowing-boat to the lovely sickle-like peninsula known of old to the Romans as the “Island of the Sun” and to the Greeks as the “Golden Chersonese.”

It is almost impossible to avoid rhetoric in speaking of Tyndaris, and the temptation is the greater because it is so little known, so rarely visited. For the many hundreds now familiar with Taormina there are not as many scores who know its northern rival. It is not only in beauty that Tyndaris is the rival of Taormina, though it is without the magnificent dominance of Etna. Its Greek theater is larger in extent, though so much more ruinous; its Roman remains are superb;

and its ancient walls are the most imposing in Sicily. The day is not far distant when the Tyndaris of to-day will become, especially in the late spring and summer, as frequented as is Taormina in the winter months. In midwinter there can be no question as to the superiority of the latter, with its southern exposure: but from April till November Tyndaris would have the advantage. The fascination and



Drawn by Jay Hambidge
Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

A SARACENIC WATER-TOWER AT PALERMO

interest of this lovely spot, if felt at all, will be felt overwhelmingly. A lovelier view than that from the Madonna del Tindaro (on the site of the ancient temple of Cybele, or, as Freeman surmises, of the city's patron deities, Castor and Pollux) it would be difficult to name. Of the magnificent Roman building known as the *Ginnasio Romano*, which probably stood between the ancient agora and acropolis, so great an authority as Freeman asserts that the Roman has nowhere left a worthier monument of the building art than these bold and massive arches.



Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by Robert Varley

THE FOUNTAIN AND CLOISTERS AT MONREALE, PALERMO

Of the lovely Greco-Roman theater there is a consensus of opinion that it ranks next to those of Syracuse and Segesta, and there is none to dispute that the Greek walls are the finest in Sicily. One may ramble here in a flowery solitude of ruin, as at Selinunte or far-off Olympia, a wealth of flower-luxuriance almost equal to the Eden of the Etnean slopes behind Catania. Then, too, Tyndaris has its marvelous inland beauty—ravines and flowery uplands, lofty forest-clad hills, and vast barren mountains. From the Madonna del Tindaro (as in the instance of the great shrine in Algeria, a black

Madonna, the object of veneration to pilgrims from every part of Italy and abroad) one will, with a sudden thrill, catch sight of a snow-covered cone rising above even the gigantic shoulders of the Nebrodian Mountains, and recognize Etna.

There is, in truth, hardly a place in the island where that majestic and noble mountain does not dominate the landscape—the “Mother of Snows” of Pindar, the Gibel Hathamet, or Hill of Fire, of the Moors, *la Montagna* (as if there were, in this country of mountains, only one mountain) of the Sicilians of to-day.

The express takes about two hours from Tyndaris (i.e. Patti) to Cefalù, along a route of great beauty, particularly at Caronia, the ancient Kalakte, "the Beautiful Shore," and in the neighborhood of Tusa, near which was the ancient Halaisa, one of the oldest towns in Sicily, a Sikel city founded by Archonides. The hamlet here is still called by its hardly altered ancient name, Alesa; and some day the archæologist-explorer will doubtless reveal much that is hidden among the earth-sunken ruins.

Cefalù is superbly situated, has much of the deepest value and interest, and ought to be one of the most delightful places to visit in Sicily. Unfortunately even its best *albergo*, the Hotel d'Italia, is not a very comfortable hostelry to put up at, and there are few towns in Sicily where the visitor is so persistently annoyed by squads of boys and battalions of beggars. If he has come from the south he may have thought nothing could be more disagreeable than his probable experience at Girgenti; if from Palermo, that after Monreale nowhere else could he be more solicited and worried. But at Cefalù the boys are as persistent and insolent as the worse *ragazzi* of Girgenti, or of Posilippo and other outskirts of Naples. It is the

more regrettable as Cefalù would be an admirable center for excursions into the wild and lovely regions of the Madonian Mountains, to beautiful towns and localities such as Castelbuono and lovely and divine-aired Gibilmanna (a summer health-resort of the near future), or to ancient picturesque hill-cities such as the two Petralias. In the present circumstances all that can be recommended to the tourist is to make the excursion from Palermo. All in Cefalù can be seen with ample leisure if one takes the early-morning train from Palermo. The drawback to the more convenient forenoon train is that it arrives at the time of the siesta, when there is often difficulty or delay in obtaining admission to the cathedral and elsewhere, with, moreover, no return train till near seven, and then a tiresome nocturnal wait of at least an hour and a half en route at Termini, delaying arrival in Palermo till eleven P.M.

Although there are several interpretations of the meaning of the city's name, much the likeliest is that which identifies it with the Greek *κεφαλή*, head. A rocky headland dominates the modern town, and in ancient days supported the flourishing Greco-Sicilian city. There are two things in particular to attract the visitor. One is



Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

THE ENTRANCE TO THE PALATINE CHAPEL AT PALERMO

the magnificent gigantic mosaic of the head of Christ, the chief splendor in a splendor of unrestored mosaic, the loveliest to be seen even in Sicily, where the mosaics of Monreale have long had a world-wide fame. The other is the so-called historic building known as the Temple of Diana, hitherto thought to have been erected long before the first Dorian Greeks sent colonies to the remote insular "New Greece" in the northwest, and when probably the very name of Artemis was unknown among the Sikels.

For the first the visitor must make his way to the cathedral, an imposing building with a superb west front. The twelfth-century mosaics would be one of the wonders of the art-world but for the greater fame of those at Monreale. Perhaps among those who come here are some who have seen the Byzantine mosaic "Christ" at St. Mark's in Venice: they will be astonished to see a mosaic far greater and more impressive. In certain respects this Cefalù "Christ" is more impressive even than that at Monreale. In expression there is a singular likeness to a noble Christ mosaic I saw last year in the Monastery of Daphni, on the old Eleusinian Sacred Road near Athens. As to the so-called prehistoric temple, which may easily be reached by a steep climb behind Cefalù, archæologists differ, though all agree that it is the most ancient monument of its kind and style to be found in Sicily. By some it is ascribed to the Homeric age; others are content to speak of it as Mycænæan; Freeman, a good, but, in archæology, perhaps a prejudiced authority, considered it to be Sikelian.¹ It is in its kind more impressive than anything I have seen since the primitive houses of Mycænæ above the Argolic plain, or Argive Tiryns, those supreme remains of the Pelasgic race in Greece. It is to Greece, too,—to the great convent of Mount Athos,—that the student must go if he would see anything superior to the mosaic art of Cefalù cathedral.

If the traveler has been staying overnight at Cefalù, he can pleasantly visit Termini Imerese (the ancient Himera) en route to Palermo, by taking the train

at 9:30, which reaches Termini about an hour later, whence again he may leave for the capital about a quarter to three, and reach it within an hour. But it is most conveniently to be visited from Palermo itself. No doubt it is the student of history who will be most anxious to see where ancient Himera stood—Himera and its baths, the *Thermæ Himæræ*. What a pleasure to such a one, no doubt, to take the waters at the spring of the *Acque Sante*—or *Acque del Binuto*, as officially styled—and to remember how Roman, Carthaginian, and Greek extolled them; how Pindar praised them early in the fifth century B.C.; and how Hellenic legend relates the refreshment of Hercules by the nymphs of these healing waters when he was wearied by his titanic task of driving the cattle of Geryon. But of course the great memory at Himera is of the world-famous victory of Gelon of Syracuse and Theron of Acragas (*Girgenti*) over the first Hamilcar and his 300,000 Carthaginians—one of the greatest of Greek victories, and won, it is said, on the same day that the Greeks of Hellas itself gained their supreme triumph over the Persian host at Salamis. A day, indeed, for the Hellenic race! One shrinks from speculation as to what different destiny the peoples of Europe would have endured if on that September day, 480 years B.C., the three hundred ships of the Athenians and their allies had not destroyed the vast Persian navy of a thousand vessels, or if the barbaric host of Hamilcar had definitely submerged the might and glory of Hellas oversea.

Half an hour or so after leaving Termini Imerese the train leaves the beautiful Golfo di Cefalù, bisects the headland of Cape Zaffarano, and comes to the eastern side of the immense bay of Palermo, with the capital on the western shore, white, radiant, beautiful, the *Conca d'Oro* at her feet, the vast and magnificent rocky headland of Monte Pellegrino behind.

Of Palermo it is needless to write here in detail. Every voyager to Sicily (unless the invalid consigned to Taormina and no farther) will of course visit the

¹ Until within three years, it has been the habit to attach impressively early dates to all buildings in the polygonal, or cyclopean style. Conclusive evidence from excavations now in progress reveals that this style continued in Italy far into the republican period. The present remains indeed present us with a rough, but good Doric cornice above the door.—THE EDITOR.



Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

A WATER-VENDER AT PALERMO.—“AQUA! AQUA!”

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and addresses of the members of the committee.

capital. A true capital it is, too, unlike many of the chief towns of the smaller European states and ducal realms. The Palermitans claim that it is as animated as Naples, as metropolitan as Rome, as beautiful as Florence, as great an intellectual center as Bologna, as important a commercial mart as Milan, and that as a port it will some day be the Genoa of the south. It is doubtful if Italians from these cities, or foreigners familiar with them, would recognize the particular

that the *forestieri* cannot or should not walk even the shortest distance. The shopkeepers, too, are worthy rivals of the Neapolitans in extortionate demand and troublesome bargaining, though many have already found, as in Milan, Florence, and Rome, that the system of reasonable and fixed prices answers best.

But what a beautiful and delightful city it is in radiant weather, such as generally prevails even in winter and may almost be counted on from the end of Feb-



Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

MARBLE-SAWYERS AT PALERMO

claim. Unquestionably the Sicilian capital is metropolitan, animated, beautiful, an intellectual center, a commercial town, a prosperous port; but in all this it is Palermo and no other place. No need to claim comparison in beauty with any city, with that superb view from the Foro Italico, or the Marina, embracing what many agree in considering the loveliest bay and shore and mountain background in Europe.

As a matter of fact, however, the Palermitans have still much to do before their city will become as delectable as they believe it. The streets are dirty, and in bad weather become intolerably muddy; its narrow pavements are overcrowded; and strangers are still continually harassed by beggars and touts of all kinds, and almost as exasperatingly by the peripatetic cabmen, who seem to be under the impression

ruary! It has a thousand interests to appeal to almost every taste, and is the best center for many of the finest excursions in Sicily. Palermo has, too, what Syracuse, Girgenti, and Taormina lack: ample evening amusement for those who desire the relief or entertainment of the theater, of the opera, concerts, balls, and the like. In late spring and early summer it is worth crossing Europe to visit the Foro Italico at night, when the well-to-do populace is enjoying coffee, ices, cigarettes, gossip, and flirtation under the palms and oleanders, with the sigh of the sea rising from the purple-dark moonlit gulf, the evening star like a lamp above Monte Pellegrino, and the fireflies weaving their luminous mazes under the boughs of pine and pepper-tree or round the dark-green columns of the cypress.

Murray's and Baedeker's, Joanne's and



SICILIAN CARTS



MAKING THE CARTS



PAINTING AND DECORATING

Treves's, guide-books, and many volumes of all kinds down to Mr. Douglas Sladen's latest and invaluable dictionary of Sicily, will tell the visitor to Palermo all he ought to see. Days will not suffice for, and weeks will not exhaust, the many things of charm and interest.

Of the many places which can be conveniently visited from Palermo, apart from Cefalù and Himera and other resorts already referred to, and excluding Monreale and picturesque Old-World Bagheria as "suburban," the best worth seeing of those reachable within an hour or so by carriage or motor-trip or on horseback is Solanto, the Soluntum of the Romans, the Solus of the Greeks. The Pompeii of Sicily, as it is often called, can also be reached by train to Bagheria, but this involves a tiring walk of three miles each way (carriages are not always to be had at the station): for though there is a station at Sta. Flavia Solunto (a mile from the ruins), the only day-train which stops there does not leave Palermo till three in the afternoon, and the first train back is about 10:30 p.m. Moreover, the approach by carriage constitutes a charming drive, and the fine air becomes a delight as one mounts, beyond the modern village of Solanto, to the slopes of Monte Catalano, on which the ancient city stood, looking down on the great bay of Himera and facing rock-set Cefalù on the east.

Some idea of the antiquity of Solanto, a fortress-town founded by the Phenicians in a prehistoric period, may be gained from the legendary association with it of that Hiram, King of Tyre, who was King Solomon's admiral. Visitors who go to it under the impression that they will see an unveiled city of the dead like Pompeii will be disappointed: for, like most arbitrary comparisons, that of Pompeii and Solanto is misleading. Here, however, one may see the remains of the Roman city, and be able to gain some idea of its site and extent, if not of its magnificence. Here and there are imposing remains, as the beautiful portico of a Roman temple or other edifice now rightly or wrongly called the Ginnasio. But to see the famous statue of Jupiter and the archaic and profoundly interesting figure of Isis, discovered at Solanto in 1825, and other treasure-trove, it is not necessary to leave Palermo, as all

can be seen at the great museum there, in some respects the most fascinating archaeological collection in all Italy.

Apart from those who can afford motor-trips or make long carriage-excursions, visitors to western Sicily will do best to keep to Palermo as headquarters. This is easier and in the long run cheaper, as well as vastly more comfortable, particularly for ladies, than the traveling and cross-traveling by slow trains at awkward hours to shed-like stations in isolated localities where, often, even a third-rate *albergo* is invisible, or, when existent, of a nature so intolerable that much archaeological and historical enthusiasm is necessary to meet the temporary evil with equanimity. This is still more obviously the case in the instance of visits to places such as Corleone (formerly the Arabic town Korlioun) or Piana dei Greci, the interesting survival of a settlement of Albanian Greeks, who still maintain a corrupt Greek dialect, many Greek customs, and, on occasion, the picturesque Albanian costume.

The three chief places to visit from Palermo are Segesta, Selinunte, and (via Marsala) Trapani. Girgenti is more conveniently taken when en route for Catania (and north and south of it), via the great central railway through Castrogiovanni (Enna), "the navel of Sicily," or for the long circuitous, and tedious south-coast route, via Licata and Modica, to Syracuse.

Marsala of sherry fame in modern days, and prosperous and historically interesting Trapani, do not come into the itinerary of two thirds of the visitors to western Sicily. That each is well worth a visit is indisputable, but where there is so much else to see of greater importance and interest, and where time and means have to be considered, they can better be omitted than Segesta or Selinunte or Castrogiovanni, and, for the ordinary traveler, Girgenti above all. All those, however, for whom classic and scholarly interests are paramount, will desire to visit Trapani in order to see the superb site of ancient Eryx, the modern Monte San Giuliano, 2465 feet above the sea; and here, too, should come those who above all else delight in natural beauty, in all magnificent aspects of sea and land.

It is because of immemorial Eryx that most visitors come so far. The lover of Virgil will delight to find himself on fa-



Drawn by Jay Hambidge.

MONTE SAN GIULIANO AND THE SALT POOLS AT TRAPANI

miliar ground here; for almost the whole of the fifth book of the *Æneid* has Trapani and the region for background; and the historical student of the prolonged and momentous struggle between Rome and Carthage for the dominion of the world will recognize at every point something of deep interest or suggestion. If an enthusiast, and able to spend a few days in this region, he may enjoy a visit to Favignana or Levanzo or other of the Isole Egadi, the *Ægatian Islands*, lying off western Sicily, where was fought that great naval battle between the fleets of Rome and Carthage which not only terminated the first Punic War, but (though not thus recognized at the time) was the beginning of the end of the once omnipotent African dominion. To sportsmen these islands have particular appeal, for nowhere can the tunny-fishing which is the great maritime Sicilian industry be so well observed and participated in; and, moreover, nowhere in the south is such good quail-shooting to be had. A singular instance of what is known as rhythmic sequence in migration will interest the naturalist. The *Ægatian Islands* are right in the track of the great migration route, and it is a proved fact, as well as a long tradition, that the quail-flocks invariably pass over the island of Levanzo going north, and as invariably pass over the island of Favignana coming south. The botanist will find on these two islands, as also on Marittimo and *Ægusa*, certain plants and a few flowers for which he may look in vain on the mainland.

Except in winter or early spring, it is not advisable for those who wish to visit Eryx to do so afoot by the shorter by-road, as sometimes recommended. Hardy walkers, habituated to a southern sun, can manage it in about two and a half hours. Even for these, however, there is risk in arriving tired and hot at the goal, nearly 2500 feet above the sea, where a cold wind often blows, especially after a snow-fall on Etna and the central highlands.

Like Taormina or Tyndaris, Eryx is one of the places where the traveler may come without any special interest in the past, the present affording so much beauty and fascination. Such a one would of

course enjoy a visit in the summer or early autumn preëminently, for at this season Monte San Giuliano is frequented by Sicilians and foreigners from Trapani, Marsala, Syracuse, Catania, and Palermo, to escape the fierce and enervating heats of the lowlands; and of course it is then to be seen in an amusing and characteristic aspect such as is never disclosed to the winter tourist.

The shrine of Venus at Eryx was the most famous of the ancient world. Legend has it that the prehistoric Pelagic people worshiped a great goddess, the same goddess of Love or Death, or of Love and Death, whom the Elymian and other inhabitants of antique Sicily worshiped here at this same mountain-shrine, whom the Greeks worshiped here through ages as Aphrodite, whom the dark peoples of Phenicia and Carthagina worshiped here as Astarte or Ashtoreth, whom the Romans worshiped here as Venus, her shrine "in splendor, wealth, and beauty far surpassing all the other temples of Sicily" (as the admirable Murray will inform the visitor), and whom, to-day, the Sicilians unknowingly revere in the disguise of the Madonna. Even in Roman days, when some of the greatest of ancient shrines were treated cavalierly, Eryx was so highly esteemed that the Senate voted the maintenance of a guard of two hundred soldiers. The most beautiful women, the daughters often of the greatest families in Sicily, were proud to become Erycinian priestesses. To-day one has to look down from the ruined sanctuary and see much with the eye of faith; but the visitor may still lean from a fallen Roman column or Greek temple-corner or Carthaginian wall, or stand on rude Elymian masonry, and see those very lower slopes, the veritable scene, so beautifully described in the *Æneid*. To-day, as then, the supreme shrine of Idalian Venus may be considered the goal of countless numbers from all parts of the world. All has gone, but not the great legend, not the wonder, the beauty. The city is lost under a medieval name, and the priests of Astarte and of Venus have given way to the priests of the Madonna of the Seven Sorrows: but Eryx is still on its unchanging heights "near the stars."



BION AND ADONAIIS

(SHELLEY AND KEATS)

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

I

BION sang Adonais to his rest,
Who, then, swift beckoning from no earthly shore
Drew, soon, the soul from out the singer's breast:
The dust of both two Roman grave-mounds store.
There, once, I deem I heard the Muse outpour
Her fond lamentings. . . . Nor had I been loath
My life to give, might they but live once more!
Bion and Adonais!—by my troth,
If I were Moschus, I would dare to sing them both!

II

So might I tell how, once, upon the air
That set a-tremble the cool ivy leaves
(Wherewith our Bion's couch is spread so fair),
A Voice went forth: "For mine, a world-heart grieves,
And, bending here, the more itself deceives!
My heart-of-hearts¹ knows not the burial urn,
Nor darkness that the wizard Spring o'erweaves,
But lives, instinct, in later breasts that burn,—
In singing loves that toward the mount of vision turn!"

III

And I would witness how the low-laid lyre,
Though dark with rust and many winters' rain,
The watchful, unseen Muse does yet inspire
To wake, for yearning ears, its olden strain.

¹ "Cor cordium," the inscription on Shelley's tombstone.

There, as I stood, again, and yet again,
 A golden fervor shook the broken string,
 And golden was the purport: "Not in vain,
 O Pilgrim, to yon tenderest legend cling;
 For I was tuned to Love, and, still, of Love must sing!"

IV

And once, my foot was on the very stair
 That Adonais climbed, with strength outworn;
 I paced that room where the hush'd midnight air
 Received his parting sigh—"not all forlorn!"
 Thus, to my thought, a Voice made answer, borne,
 With liquid soothings, from the street below:
 "I am the fountain, that, from eve to morn,
 Crept singing round his dreams; and, Pilgrim, know,
 It is that song (a requiem, now) that charms thee so!"

V

There, lingering till the evening, roseate-gray,
 Came softly floating down that stairway old,
 I marked the neighboring casement's taper-ray,
 Where once, a-row, the sequent candles told
 The anguished hours of vigil, dim and cold,
 Till death-sleep Adonais overcame.¹ . . .
 Ye poets! thus, the Muses' fire ye hold,
 In kindling line: when death your light shall claim,
 The nearest comrade's torch shall catch the onward flame!

VI

Bion and Adonais—sound their sleep,
 Within a precinct of the Aventine!
 How can they know, if any come to weep—
 To pour libations of long-hoarded wine,
 And, afterward, as unto souls divine,
 Faith and heart-quivering love and homage plight?
 Yet, let us vow to them a house, a shrine,
 Where far-come pilgrims of a day and night
 May meet—may kneel, beneath their alabastrine light!

¹ Severn relates that in the last nights of Keats's illness a continuous light was produced by means of a connecting thread, by which, as fast as one candle burned down, it communicated the flame to the next in line.




A DIPLOMATIC ADVENTURE

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL

Author of "Hugh Wynne," "Constance Trescot," etc.

PART II

 "HAT a fine specimen!" said the captain; "scamp rather than scoundrel. Well, I suppose I shall hear from the count and Porthos and the little man with the pink kid gloves—Aramis. I hate the little animal, but Porthos—I want you to see Porthos. He has gigantic manners. He is so conscious of his bigness, and makes chests at you like a pouter pigeon. He has a bass voice like a war-drum. Things shake. Oh, I like Porthos. Pardon my nonsense, Greville, but the whole thing is so big, so grotesquely huge. Tell me about Athos, the count. Your cigars were not bought in France; may I have another? Thanks. You were to see him to-day."

"Yes; I called on him, and I assure you," I replied, "that nothing you have told me is more wonderful than my sequel. I did think you had the original *trois mousquetaires* rather too much on your mind, but really, the resemblance is certainly fascinating."

"But what about the count? You have seen him, I suppose."

"Yes, I saw Count le Moyne. He lives in a charming little hôtel near the Parc Monceaux. He had my card in his hand when I entered. He welcomed me quite warmly, and said, 'It is odd, as you are of your legation, that we have never met; but then I am only of late transferred from Vienna. Pray sit down.'"

"I was sure that for a fraction of a moment he did not identify me, but as I spoke, my voice, as so often happens, revealed more than the darkness had made visible. I observed at once that, although

still extremely courteous, he became more cool and looked puzzled.

"I said: 'Monsieur, last night, in the darkness, I gave you by mistake the card of my friend Captain Merton in place of my own. I have called in person solely to apologize for my blunder.' As I spoke I stood up, adding, 'As this is my only purpose, I shall leave you to rearrange matters as may seem best to you.'"

"As I turned to go he said: 'May I ask you to sit down? Now that I know you to be of your legation, and I being, as you are aware, in the Foreign Office, an affair between us would be for both services inadvisable. Having left myself in the hands of my friends, I am now doing, as you will understand, an unusual thing; but whatever may be the result, I feel that, as a gentleman, you will hold me excused. There *was* a woman in your carriage. Of course our police found the cabman and got it out of him. I have no direct personal interest in her—none; nor can I explain myself further. I regret that in the annoyance of my failure to effect my purpose I was guilty of a grave discourtesy. If you had told me that you would send your seconds to me to-day, I should have felt that you were fully justified. I can very well afford to say that I owe you an apology; and, fortunately, my friends will have learned that I sent them to the wrong man and will return for instructions. If, however, you feel—'

" 'Oh, no,' I said; 'pardon me, I am quite willing to forget an unfortunate incident, and to add that the lady, by the merest accident, took shelter from the rain in my carriage. I never met her before.'"

"I saw at once that he had a look of what I took to be relief. He smiled, became quite cordial, and when I added that whatever I might have said or done the night before was really unavoidable, he returned that it was quite true that he had been hasty, and that, as he had said very little to his friends, it would rest between us.

"As I rose to go, I could not help saying that the remarkably good looks of the woman made my conduct the more excusable.

" 'Yes,' he said; 'at least she is handsome, but—' and here he paused and then added, 'I hope before long to have the pleasure of presenting you to my wife.'

"I thanked him."

"One moment," said Merton, "before you go on. It is clear that the woman is a lady; that he was wildly eager to catch her, and especially at that time; that, being foiled, he lost his temper; that he believes you, or makes believe to do so; and, finally, that he is sensible enough to know that a duel with an American secretary is undesirable. You let him off easy."

"I did, but I had the same kind of reason to avoid a hostile meeting that he has. Moreover, he is really a charming fellow, and it must have cost him something to apologize."

"But about the woman who set all these pots a-boiling—I beg pardon, simmering—"

"Oh, the woman. I hope I may never see her again."

"You will. That fellow Alphonse will find her."

"I hope not. But what a mess! *chez la femme!*"

"That we must do," laughed Merton. "The mosquitos illustrate the proverb: only the females bite. Good, that, is n't it? But what next? I interrupted you. You are out of it, but where do I come in? What about Porthos and that little red weasel Aramis?"

"And D'Artagnan?" I laughed.

"If you like, Greville. You are complimentary. Was that all?"

"No. The count said, 'I will at once write to Captain Merton and apologize, but I fancy my friends have already done so.' I was about to take leave of the count when I walked the baron, behind the biggest mustache in Paris, a ponderous per-

son. 'Shade of Dumas!' I muttered; 'Porthos! Porthos!' Behind him was a much-made-up little fellow, the colonel—your Aramis."

"Oh, drop him. He is what the arithmeticians call a negligible quantity. What next?"

"The count said, 'Allow me to present M. Greville of the American Legation—the Baron la Garde, my cousin, and the Colonel St. Pierre.' We bowed, and the count said, 'M. Greville is somewhat concerned in the affair in which you have been so kind as to act for me.'

"The two gentlemen looked a little bewildered, but bowed again and sat down, while the count added: 'You may speak freely. I suppose M. Merton explained that he was not the person.'

"Oh, by all that 's jolly! what a situation for the stage! A match, please. What next?"

"The baron spoke first. 'I do not understand you, my dear count.'

"The count said: 'Why not? It was very simple. I presume you to have said that you regretted the mistake, and then I suppose you apologized and came away to report to me. I am sorry to have sent you on a fruitless errand. Kindly tell us what passed.'

"The colonel sat up, and, as I thought, was a little embarrassed. He said: 'With your permission, baron, I shall have the honor to relate our conversation. We put the matter, count, as you desired. You had been insulted. What explanation had M. Merton to offer? Then this amazing American said that it was not true that he had insulted you; that he had not given you his card; that he had never seen you; that it was a droll mistake—"that you were unfortunate in your friends." I think I am correct, baron?'

" 'Yes. I so understood it.'

" 'Then you said, as I recall it, baron, that—that—there was only one word to apply to a man who could insult another and try to escape the consequences. Then he said—well, to cut it short, he would send his friends to us, and that, as he was the challenged party, it would save time if he now declared it must be rifles—or revolvers—or, yes, what he called bowie. What that is I know not.'

"Lovely!" murmured Merton. "Go on."

"I explained to the count's friends that the bowie was a big knife with which our Western gentlemen chopped one another. The count sat still, with a look of repressed mirth, I choking with the fun of it, Aramis fidgeting, the baron swelling with rage. The count asked if that were all.

"Aramis went on: 'When I assured M. Merton that the methods proposed were barbarous, he made himself unpleasant, and I was forced to say that his language was of such incorrectness—in fact, so monstrous that as a French soldier I held him personally responsible. The animal assured me that when he was through with you and the baron, he would attend to my own case. I grieve to admit, count, that our friend the baron, usually so amiable, had previously lost his temper. That was when our brigand proposed revolvers and the knife-bowie, and said we were difficult.'

"'I did,' said the baron; 'I, who am all that there is of amiable. Yes, I lost my temper.' He stood up as he went on. 'I said it was uncivilized, that it was no jest, but a grave matter. *Mon Dieu!* That man, he told me that we fought with knitting-needles, that our duels were baby-play—me—me—he said that to me! What could I reply? I said I should ask him to retract. That man laughed—à *faire peur*—the room shook. Then he said to excuse him, it was—so what he called "damn nonsense." I think, colonel, I am correct? What means that, M. Greville—damn nonsense?'

"'English for very interesting,' said I, not wishing to aggravate the situation.

"'Ah, thanks,' said Aramis. 'This American he was pleasant of a sudden, and would be happy to hear from us all. He did regret that I came third, but that after he had killed you and the baron he would be most happy to kill me. *Mon Dieu!* we shall see. It remains to await his friends. I shall kill him.'

"'Pardon me,' said the baron; 'he belongs to me.'

"Meanwhile the count's face was a study. What it cost him not to explode into laughter I shall never guess except by my knowledge of the internal convulsions of my own organs of mirth. But Athos—I like him. He said at last very quietly: 'Here, gentlemen, are three duels

—a fair morning's work. May I ask you, M. Greville, if you know Captain Merton? I mean well.'

"Lord, what a chance! What did you say?"

"I saw what he meant, and said you were a captain in our army, had been twice wounded, and were here to recruit your health; that you were of first force with the rifle and revolver, but knew nothing of the small sword.

"The baron's shoulders were lifted and he spread out huge hands of disgust. 'But these weapons are impossible. Only a semi-civilized people could desire to employ the weapons of savages.'

"'Pardon me,' I said; 'I presume that the rifle and revolver are both used in your service; and, also, may I ask you to remember that I, too, am an American?'

"'That does not alter my opinion. If monsieur—'

"'Oh, stop, stop!' cried the count. 'M. Greville is my guest. He will allow me to reply. Do you mean to create four duels in a day? My dear cousin will recall his words.'

"'My dear cousin' did not like it, but said stiffly, 'So far as M. Greville is concerned, I withdraw them.'

"I bowed and said: 'Permit me, count. These gentlemen, as it seems to me, have put you and themselves in the position of challengers, which everywhere gives to the challenged party the right to choose his weapon. As M. Merton's friends will abide by his decision, your own seconds must, I fancy, accept what is or would be usual with us. They have no choice except to decline and allow their refusal to be made public, as it will be, or to choose one of the three weapons so generously offered.'

"The baron glared at me, the colonel was silent, and the count said: 'M. Greville is correct. I regret to have been the means of putting you in a false position. M. Greville has come to explain to me that in the darkness of the night, when our vehicles came together and we said some angry words, he gave me by mistake the card of M. le Capitaine Merton. M. Greville and I—you will pardon me—have amicably arranged our little trouble, as I shall tell you more fully.'

"Oh, joy!" cried Merton; "close of fourth act. Every one on but D'Artagnan

and the woman. Athos, Porthos, Aramis! What next? Was there ever anything more dramatically all that could be desired? What next?"

"The count was very pleasant, and thought only a little explanation was required to reconcile his friends and the captain. This by no means satisfied Porthos.

"The baron said he would fight with a cannon if necessary, and he will. Aramis is degenerate. He observed that it would require consideration. Then the count said: 'The captain's ideas are certainly somewhat original, and why not leave it to M. Greville and me and such others as we may choose?'

"I was well pleased. Whether they were or not, I cannot tell. They said, however, a variety of agreeable nothings, and I am to see the count to-morrow. He kept Porthos and Aramis and, I suspect, gave the two fools a lecture."

"Well, well," said Merton. "When I left the regiment I thought I was out of the world of adventure."

"Oh, this is comic opera. I do not suppose that you really want to fight these idiots."

"No; but I will, if they desire to be thus amused. Otherwise there will have to be some word-eating. I was not bluffing."

"Porthos will stick it out. You won't be too stiff-necked, I trust."

"Oh, no. I leave myself in your hands—I mean absolutely; and I want also to say, Greville, that this queer affair ought to make us friends."

"It has," I returned with warmth. "You dine with the minister next week, I believe."

"Yes, Monday."

We talked for a few minutes of the campaigns at home, and then he returned to the subject which just now more immediately interested him. "What about that woman? I have an impression that we are not at the end, but at the beginning, of an adventure. Are you not curious?"

"Yes, I am, and my curiosity has ripened. There may be some politics in the matter, just as you said. If, as is barely possible, it is our international affairs that are involved, it is my duty to follow it up and to know more. But how to follow it up? In what way an unknown American lady can be concerned in them, I am unable to

imagine. This, however, is, I think, certain, the count did not want to be involved in an affair of honor about this lady. We were to be supposed to have quarreled over cards. He wanted her to disappear from the scene. But why?"

"Well, it is late," said Merton, looking at the clock. "Good night. I shall stay at home to-morrow until I hear from you and the count."

I may add that Merton at once accepted the count's explanation and called on him. The affair of Baron Porthos and my friend proved more difficult. Both declined to apologize. Somehow, it got out at the clubs, and Paris was gaily amused over paragraphs about the Wild West man who would fight only with the knife-bowie. Merton was furious, and I had hard work to keep him within bounds.

Meanwhile the count and another gentleman met me and a friend of mine, Lieutenant West, a naval officer, and made vain efforts to bring about peace or a duel with swords; at which Merton only laughed, saying that when he went "a-cat-fishing, he went a-cat-fishing," a piece of national wisdom which I found myself incompetent to make clear to my French friends. Aramis was easier to manage than his namesake. Meanwhile, our minister was very much troubled over the matter, and the count hardly less so. But Porthos was as inexorable as his namesake, and Merton merely obstinate. It was what the count described as an *impasse*.

At this time the Emperor—for this was in the fall of '62—was busy about his Mexican venture, and our legations were disturbed by vague rumors of efforts to combine the great powers in an agreement to bring about a perilous intervention in our affairs, which at home were going badly enough, with one disaster after another. No one at the legation knew how deep the Emperor was in the matter, but there was a chill of expectation in the air, and yet no distinct evidence of the trouble which was brewing.

It was, as I have said, an essential part of my work to frequent the best houses and in every way to learn what was the tone of feeling. It was, in fact, so hostile that it was now and then hard to avoid personal quarrels. In England it was, if possible, worse. Mr. Gladstone had

spoken in public, and with warm praise of Mr. Jefferson Davis and the confederation. Roebuck had described our army as the "scum of Europe." We had few important friends in England or France. The English premier was, to say the least, unfriendly, and Lord John Russell in their Foreign Office was not much better.

Meanwhile I came to know and like the Count le Moyne, who was a warm Napoleonist, and whom I had to see often, either on our impossible duel or on diplomatic business. During this familiar intercourse, I began to notice that he was distracted and, I thought, worried.

When I spoke of it to Merton, he said, "That 's the woman." He had no reason to think so, but he was one of the rare men whose intuitions are apt to be correct. This business of the duel went on for a week.

To go back a little, I should have said that at the end of his two days' leave Alphonse appeared and asked for three days more. He had no report to make, and went away again.

On the next day but one I was writing letters in my salon, and Merton was growling over the unpleasant news our papers were bringing us. Suddenly Alphonse appeared. He waited without a word until I said, "You have found her."

"Yes: it was all that there is of simple. Monsieur had said she is an American—I went to the American church."

Merton looked at me, smiling, as he remarked, "Like all the great things, it was simple."

"I saw the lady come out after the morning service. When I began to follow her at a distance I saw that she was also followed by one of the best men of the police. I know him well. I also perceived that, as it seemed to me, the lady was uneasy, and, I think, aware that she was watched."

Here Merton stopped him. "You are sure that is the same woman you saw in the carriage?"

"Monsieur, when once this lady has been seen, she is not to be forgotten."

"Ha!" exclaimed the captain: "I told you so, Greville. But go on, Alphonse."

"And cut it short," said I, impatient.

Alphonse paused. "Circumstances, monsieur, oblige me to speak in some detail. I was two years in the service. Those

who watch and follow madame are of the best. I know them. Therefore there is something serious."

"And her name?" I asked.

"Mme. Bellegarde, Rue de St. Victor, No. 31—a small private hôtel. I regret not to be able to report more fully, but I am well known as monsieur's valet. To appear too curious would be unwise."

I regarded my valet with increasing respect, while Merton ejaculated, "Damn such a country!" and I asked:

"Is that all?"

"Yes, monsieur; but circumstances—"

"Oh, that will do," I said. "You may go."

When alone with Merton, he said to me, "You must call on her."

"No," I said; "she is suspected of something and I, at least for a time, was taken to be an accomplice. That would never do."

"You are right," returned Merton, thoughtfully; "quite right. You must keep quiet. The matter, whatever it may be, is still unsettled; but I am resolute to find what this woman has done, and why she is watched like a suspected thief. I never was more curious."

For a moment we considered the situation in silence. At last Merton said, "If this woman goes out into society, might you not chance to meet her?"

"Yes, but I never as yet have done so, and I remember faces well. I may meet her any day, or never meet her at all, but any direct approach we must give up. The more I think of it, the graver it appears. If it be a police affair, no letter reaches her unopened. Rest assured of that. She is like a fly in a cobweb. Chance may help us, but so far the luck has been against us."

"No," said Merton: "the game is not played out. There is something they don't know, and they are, therefore, no better off than we."

With this he went away and Alphonse returned. The man was plainly troubled. He said he could do no more, and that when he had made his report to the police that day he had been told to keep a closer watch on me and my letters. Might he show them a note or two?

I said, laughing: "Yes: there are two replies to invitations and a note to my tailor."

That would do, and might he venture to say that monsieur would be well advised to keep out of the matter?

I thanked him, and there the thing stood over for several days longer.

Two days later I dined at one of the great Bonapartist houses. I was late, and as the guests were about to go to dinner, our hostess said, "Let me present you to a fellow-countrywoman, M. Greville of the American Legation—Mme. Bellegarde." I was so taken aback that I could hardly find words to speak to her until we sat down together at dinner. She, too, was equally agitated. I talked awhile to my left-hand neighbor, but presently her adjoining table companion spoke to her, and being thus set free, I said to Mme. Bellegarde in English, speaking low:

"You are my countrywoman, and are, as I know, in trouble. What is it? After we met I learned your name, but I have been prudent enough to refrain from calling."

She said: "Yes; you are right. I am in trouble, and of my own making. In my distress that awful night I did not want to give my name to a stranger, and now to recognize in my companion one of our own legation is really a piece of great good fortune. We cannot talk here. I may be able to be of service to the legation—to my country, but we dare not talk here. What I have to say is long. You must not call on me, but we must meet. Come to the masked ball at the palace tomorrow—no, not you. Some one who is not of the legation—some one you can trust. It is a masquerade, as you must know. I shall wear a mask—a black domino with a red rose on one sleeve, a white one on the other. Let your friend say, 'Lincoln.' I shall answer, 'America.' But do let him be careful."

I said, "Yes; I will arrange it."

"Oh, thank you. Talk now of something else."

I said, "Yes, in a moment." It occurred to me that I might use Merton. "My friend will be in our army uniform, an entirely unsuspected man. How pretty those flowers are!"

I found her charming, a widow, and, if I might judge from her jewels, one at ease in regard to money. Before we left, after dinner, I had a few minutes more of talk with her in the drawing-room. She

was free from the look of care I had observed when presented.

"Good-by," I said, as we parted, "and be assured that you have friends."

"Oh, thank you!" she murmured. "But I am involving others in my difficulties. I wish I had never done it. Good night." I went home, curious and perplexed.

Early in the morning of the next day I went to the rooms of our first secretary. In reply to my request, he said he had two cards for the ball at my disposal, and would arrange matters with the master of ceremonies. I accepted one card for Merton, and went away well pleased and regretful that I found it better, as she had done, to leave this singular errand to another.

I made haste to call on Merton, and, finding him in, related my fortunate meeting with Mme. Bellegarde, and told him what she expected us to do. He was much pleased, and I happy in finding for our purpose a man whom no one was likely to watch. I urged him, however, to be cautious, and went away, arranging that he should call on me after the ball, even though his visit might be far on in the night. I was too curious and too anxious to wait longer.

It was after three in the morning when he aroused me from the nap into which I had fallen.

"By George!" he cried, "she is a delightful and a brave woman. I told you so; but, good heavens! she is in a sad scrape."

"Well, what is it? Has she robbed the Bank of France?"

"Worse. I told you it was some diplomatic tangle. I was right. It is a big one."

"For Heaven's sake, go on!"

"She is beautiful."

"Of course; I know that. But what happened?"

"I said she was beautiful."

"Yes, twice, and you have never seen her face."

"No, but you told me so. However, I went early and waited about the door until she came in. I kept her in sight. It was n't easy. A half-hour later I got my chance. She had been left by her last partner near a small picture-gallery, and was chatting with an old lady. I said,

'It is my dance, I believe.' She rose at once. As we moved away I whispered, 'Lincoln,' and on her replying, 'America,' she guided me through the gallery and at last into a small conservatory and behind some orange-trees. No one was near. 'One moment,' she said; 'even here I am not free.' I saw no evidence of her being watched, but she was, I fancied, in an agony of apprehension. As I mentioned my name and tried to reassure her, she let fall her black domino saying, 'Quick, push it under that sofa!' She wore beneath it a pearl-colored silk domino, and, of course, was still masked."

"By George!" said I, "a woman of resources. How clever that was!"

Merton went on: "Then we sat down, I saying: 'Be cool, and don't hurry. You are entirely secure.' She did go on, and what a story! She said:

"'On the night before I involved Mr. Greville in trouble, I went to an evening party at Count le Moyne's. I was never there before, or only to call on the countess, and at that time talked a few minutes with the count. They have been here hardly more than a month. When I arrived there was a great crush in the hall and on the stair. As I waited to get rid of my wraps the count came through the crowd and passed me. He had, I suppose, been belated at the Foreign Office. He seemed to be in haste and went behind a screen and into a room on the side of the hall. A little later the music upstairs ceased. I heard cries of fire. People rushed down the stairway screaming. There was a jam in the hall and a terrible crush at the outer doors. A curtain had been blown across a console and taken fire; that was all, but the alarm and confusion were dreadful. Women fainted. One or two men made brutal efforts to escape. I have a temperament which leaves me pretty cool in real danger. There was none but what the terror of these people created. I was hustled about and, with others, driven against the Chinese screen which covered the doorway of the count's office. I said he had entered it—yes, I told you that. As the alarm grew, it must have reached him, for he came out and had to use violence to push the screen away so as to let him pass. The tumult was at its height as he went by me crying, '*Mon Dieu!*' He ran along a back pas-

sageway and disappeared. There were other women near, but I was so placed as to be able to slip behind the screen he had pushed away. I am afraid that he recognized me. As I thus took refuge in the doorway the screen was crushed against it, and I was caught. Of course I was excited, but I was cool compared with the people outside. I tried the door behind me and felt it open. Then I saw that I was in the count's private office. On the table a lamp was burning. As I was crossing the room to try a side-door entrance into the garden, I caught sight of a large paper envelop on the table. I could not help seeing the largely written inscription. I paused. In an instant I realized that I was in an enemy's country and had a quick sense of anger as I read: "*Foreign Office. Confidential. Recognition of the Confederate States. Note remarks by his Majesty the Emperor. Make full digest at once. Haste required! Drouyn de Lhuys.*" I stood still. For a moment, believe me, I forgot the fire—everything. I suppose the devil was at my side.'

"'A good devil,' said I.

"She said: 'Oh, please not to laugh. It was terrible. If you had lived in France these two years you would know. I have been all summer in the utmost distress about my country. I have been insulted and mocked because of our failures. Women can be very cruel. The desirability of France and England acknowledging the Confederacy was almost daily matter of talk among the people I met. Here before me, in my power, was information sure to be valuable to our legation—to my country. I little dreamed of its importance. I did not reflect. I acted on impulse. I seized the big envelop and drew my cloak around me. The package was bulky and heavy.'"

"Good heavens! Merton," said I, "she stole it!"

"Stole it! Nonsense! It was war—glorious."

I shook my head in disapproval, and had at once a vast longing to see our worried and anxious envoys profit by the beautiful thief's outrageous robbery.

Merton continued: "I will go on to state it as well as I can in her own words. She said: 'I stood a moment in doubt, but the noise in the hall increased. The screen was driven in fragments against

the door. I might be caught at any moment. That would mean ruin. I tried the side door. It was not locked, and in a moment I found myself outside, in the garden. I went around to the front of the house, and in a minute or two secured a cabriolet and was driven home. Then my worst troubles began. I had acted on impulse. It was wrong. I was a thief. Was it not wrong? Oh, I know it was wicked! To think, sir, that I should have done such a thing!

"When she broke out in this way," said Merton, "I saw that if we were to help her, it was essential that we should know whether she was becoming irresolute. To test her I said: 'But, madame, you could have given it back to the count next day. You may be sure he would never have told; and now, poor man, he is in a terrible scrape, and that unlucky Foreign Office! It is not yet too late. Why not return the papers?'"

"For a moment I felt ashamed, because even before I made this effort to see if it was worth while to take the grave risks which I saw before us, I knew that she was sobbing."

"It was worth while. But what," I asked, "did she say?" If Merton had said that she was weakening, I should have felt some relief and more disappointment.

He asked in turn, "What do you think she said?"

For my part, I could only reply that it was a question of character, but that while she might feel regret and express her penitence in words, a woman who had done what she had done would never express it in acts.

Merton said, "Thank you," which seemed to me a rather odd reply. He rose as he spoke and for a moment walked about in silence, and then said: "By George! Greville, I felt as if I had insulted her. You think I was right—it is quite a relief." He spoke with an amount of emotion which appeared to me uncalled for.

"Yes, of course you were right; but what did she say?"

"Say?" She said: 'I am not a child, sir. I did what I know to be wrong. I did it for no personal advantage. I am punished when I think of myself as a thief. I have already suffered otherwise. I do not care. I did it for my country,

as—as you kill men for it. I shall abide by what I did, and may God forgive me! But if you are ashamed—if you are shocked—if you think—oh, if you fear to assist me, you will at least consider what I have said as a confidence.' She stood up as she answered me, and spoke out with entire absence of care about being overheard. Ah, but I wanted to see that masked face! I said twice as she spoke: 'Be careful. You mistake me.' She took not the least notice of my caution. Then at last I said: 'Pray sit down. It was—it is clear, madame, that all concerned, or who may concern themselves, with this matter must feel absolute security that there will be no weakness anywhere. After what you have said, and with entire trust in you, we shall at all risks see this thing through.' She said, 'Thank you,' and did sit down.

"Then I went on: 'I want to ask you a question or two. Did the count recognize you?'"

"I was not very sure at the time, but he must have at least suspected me, for he called next day at an unusually early hour, insisted on seeing me, and frankly told me that on the night before, during the fire, a document had been stolen from his table. He had remembered me as near to the office. Did I know anything about it? I said, How could I? I was dreadfully scared, but I replied that I had certainly gone through his office and had left both doors open. Then he said, 'It is too grave a matter for equivocation, and I ask, Did you take it?' I said I was insulted, and upon this he lost his temper and threatened all manner of consequences."

"To cut it short, Greville, she refused to be questioned, and, I fancy, lied rather more plainly than she was willing to admit to me. He went away furious and reasonably sure, or so I think, that she had the papers."

"I see," said I. "He had been careless. Of course, he hesitated for a day or two to confess his loss. But what about those papers? Where are they? She ought to have taken them at once to the legation."

"Yes, but that is easily explained. The count called early, and after that she felt sure that she would be promptly arrested. He was too ashamed to go at once to any

must judge. He must be an indeliberate man. At all events he took no positive action until after our encounter and her escape. Even so, he was still more sure where we was going and why. You see, he had the good sense to confess instantly to the head of his office. Arrest would have been instantaneous. He wanted, hesitated to confess, and I presume did not fully inform the police he called in. Now, I suppose, he has had to confess his loss to his superiors."

"But these papers?" said I.

"Well, don't hurry me. When she got home that night and read the papers she had well taken, she saw their enormous value to our government. Their importance increased her alarm, and the count's visit added to her sense of need to conceal somewhere the proofs of her guilt. After her first fatal delay of the next morning, she was afraid to carry the papers to the legation. She could trust no one. She believed the Emperor's minister would act at once. She knew that, soon or late, her town house would be searched. To keep the papers about her would not do. She must hide them at once, and then we must hear of them; and no letters would serve her purpose. She was panic-stricken. I fancy the count, having been careless, was as anxious, but told no one that day. This gave her a chance until luck played her a trick. The count's interview in the morning, while it frightened her, had not helped him. The next day his superiors would have to be told, and I have no doubt have been."

"Then, as you know, it came his turn to have a bit of good fortune. Walking in haste to escape a ducking, he must have turned into the Rue du Roi de Rome to get a cab, and was just in time to see her enter your carriage. Very likely he did not see you at all. Indeed, we may be sure that he did not. When, too, the count saw that, in place of turning homeward, she was being driven toward the Bois, his suspicions were at once aroused. I ought to say that, to avoid using her own carriage, she had set out to walk. She was not yet watched, though she may have thought she was, and her plan was a good one. Curious and troubled, he caught a cabriolet and followed, as was natural enough."

"The direction of your flight through the Bois confirmed his suspicions. He may

have guessed, and he was right, that she was about to go to her well-known little country house and meant to hide the papers. I am trying to follow what must have been his course of thought and would have been mine. He would catch her and get them, even at the cost of arresting her. So far this is in part her account and in part my inferences. As we talked thus at length, she was again indescribably uneasy and took every one who passed for a spy."

"Well," said I. "I do not wonder. The court is cool to us. Something hostile to our country is going on between France and England. The English abuse is exhausting their adjectives. If they propose intervention in any shape, Mr. Adams has instructions of which every American should be proud."

"Good!" cried Merton. "We have not put forth our power, and people over here do not dream of the way in which we could and would rise to meet new foes. But here is our own little battle. I have yet to tell you what she did and my further reflections. After you got her away from the count, and Alphonse guided her, she walked through the rain in the darkness to her small chalet beyond the Bois."

"But," said I, "why did not the count follow and get there, as he could have done, before her?"

"I do not know. He was, you said, a bit dazed and his head cut. Probably he felt it to be needful to secure aid from the police, as he did later."

"Yes, that must have been the case."

"Her old American nurse has charge of the chalet. At times madame spends a few days there. She explained her condition as the result of a carriage accident, and, I fancy, must have taken her nurse into her confidence. She did not tell me. A fire was made in her boudoir, and, with some change of dress, she sat down to think. She knew that, soon or late, the count must confess his loss, and then that the whole police force of Paris would concentrate its skill first on preventing her from using the papers, and finally on securing them. They would at once suspect that she had made her singular dash for the chalet to conceal the papers, as the count must have inferred. She was one woman against the power, intelligence, and limitless resources of an army. If the count acted with reasonable prompt-

ness, the time left her to hide the papers was likely to be short.

"She had adopted and dropped one plan after another as she walked through the night. Then, as she sat in despair, she had an inspiration. The fireplace was kept, after the common American way, full of unremoved wood ashes. It suggested a resource. To lessen the size of the package she hastily removed the many envelops of the contained papers and also the thick double outside cover. Then she tied them together, raked away the newly made fire, and setting the lessened package on the hearth, far back, piled the cold ashes over it. It was safe from combustion. Finally, she replaced the cinders and set on top some burning twigs and a small log or two. The fire was soon burning brightly. For a few minutes she sat thinking that she must burn the envelops. It was now late. The gate-bell rang. Three hours had gone by since she left the count. In great haste she tore up the thick outside envelops and other covers and hastily scattered them on the flames. She did succeed in burning the larger part of the covers, and only by accident, or rather by reason of her haste, was, as I shall tell you, lucky enough to leave unburned a bit of the outer cover. However, she piled on more twigs, and had settled herself by the fire when her nurse entered in company with a man in civilian dress and two of the police. They used little ceremony and said simply that she was believed to have certain papers. Best to give them up and save trouble. Of course, she denied the charge and was indignant. Then they made a very complete search, after which two of them remained with her, and the other, leaving, came back in an hour with a woman who went with her to her room and there made a very rigorous personal search of her own and her nurse's garments. She, of course, protested vigorously. At last, returning to her boudoir, she found the man in civilian dress kneeling beside the fire. She was in an agony of alarm. The man had gathered the fragments of half-burned paper, and when she entered was staring at the unconsumed corner of the outer official envelop. Without a word, he raked away the fire and a part of the ashes, but seeing there no evidence of interest, contented

himself with what proof he had of the destruction of the documents he sought. The appearance of much burned paper and the brightly blazing fire, I suppose, helped to confirm his belief. To her angry protests he replied civilly that it was a matter for his superiors. Finally, an officer was left in charge, but she was allowed to send for a carriage and to return home. It is clear that they are not satisfied, and the house has been watched ever since. Of course, the man who found the charred fragments of the official envelop concluded that she had burned the contents. But some one else who knows their value will doubt."

"I suppose so. They were less clever than usual."

"No; her haste saved her. The unburned corner of the envelop fooled the man. How could he dream that under a hot fire, cool and safe, were papers worth a fortune?"

"Certainly this time the luck is hers," said I; "but this will not satisfy them."

"No. More than once since they have been over the house and garden and utterly devastated it, so says her nurse. They searched a tool-house and a small conservatory. Madame Bellegarde has been cool enough to go there for flowers, but is in the utmost apprehension. And now ten days have passed."

"Is that all?"

"No. She has been questioned pretty brutally over and over, but as yet they have not searched her town house. They are sure that the papers are in the villa."

"Well, what next?" I asked.

"She says we must get those papers. That is our business."

"It will be difficult," I returned; "and there should be no delay. It must be done, and done soon. You or I would have found her cache."

"No, I should not; but if those people are still in doubt, as seems to be the case, and decide that no one but a fool would have burned the documents, some fellow with a little more imaginative capacity to put himself in her place will find them."

"By the way," added Merton, "she described the house to me. Now let us think it over. I shall be here at nine tomorrow morning. When I return, you will give me your own thoughts about it. Given a house already watched day and night, how to get a paper out of it? No

one will be allowed to leave it without being overhauled. The old nurse, you may be sure, will be searched and followed, even when she goes to market. To communicate with madame would not be easy, and would give us no further help and only hurt her. It is so grave a matter that the police, after another search, will arrest Mme. Bellegarde secretly and, if possible, scare her into confession. We have no time to lose. It must be done, too, in some simple way. For her sake we must avoid violence, and whatever is done must be done by us."

"But, Merton, how can we get into the house, even if we enter the garden unseen?"

"Oh, I forgot to say that she has said she would contrive to tell her nurse to leave the conservatory unlocked, and also the door between it and the house. I told you she has been there twice. On each occasion she was watched, but was allowed to enter and pick flowers. She feels sure of being able to warn the nurse. We must give her a day. But why do they not arrest her? That would have been my first move."

I replied: "Her late husband's people are Bonapartists and very influential. It would have to be explained, and the situation is an awkward one. The mere destruction of the papers is not what they most desire; neither do they want the loss known, and very likely they desire to conceal it as long as possible from the Emperor. I have been unable to think of any plan. Has the night left you any wiser?"

"I? Yes, indeed. I have a plan—a good one and simple. When I was a boy and coveted apples, one fellow got over the fence and attracted the attention of the farmer, while the others secured apples in a far corner of the orchard. Don't you see?"

"No, I do not."

"Well, it is simple. Just see how easy it is. We attract the attention of the guards, and then one of us goes into the house."

"But," said I, "if he meets there a resolute guard."

"And if," said Merton, "the guard is met by a more resolute man, let us say, with a revolver."

"Merton, it is a thing to be done without violence."

"Or not at all?" queried Merton, with what I may call an examining glance.

"No, I did not say that."

The captain, I suppose, understood my state of mind, for he said: "I feel as you do. You are quite right; but if it becomes needful to use positive means,—I say positive means to get these papers,—then—" I shook my head and he went on, "You may rest assured that I shall use no violence unless I am obliged to do so."

"You will have no chance," said I, "because I, as a member of the legation, must be the one to enter the house. No one else should. You may readily see why."

Merton was disappointed, and in fact said so, while admitting that I was in the right. He looked grave as he added: "We are playing a game, you and I, in which, quite possibly, the fate of our country is involved, and, also, the character and fate of a woman. If we win, no one can convict her of having taken these papers. On their side there will be no hesitation. There should be none on ours."

I said nothing to relieve his evident doubt as to the spirit with which I had undertaken a perilous venture. I, on my part, simply insisted that the larger risk must be mine. He finally assented with a laugh, saying he was sorry to miss the fun of it. After some careful consideration of his plan and of our respective shares in carrying it out, he went away, leaving me to my reflections. They would, I presume, have amused and surprised the man who had just left me. I had led a quiet, studious life, and never once had I been where it was requisite to face great danger or possible death. I had often wondered whether I possessed the form of courage which makes certain men more competent, the greater the peril. As I sat I confessed to myself an entire absence of the joy in risks with which Merton faced our venture, but at the same time I knew that I was not sorry for a chance to satisfy myself in regard to an untested side of my own character. I knew, too, that I should be afraid, but would that lessen my competence? I had a keen interest in the matter, and was well aware that there was very real danger and possible disgrace if we were caught in a position which we could not afford to explain.

(To be continued)



Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

AN AMERICAN TYPE: ETCHED BY OTTO J. SCHNEIDER



ART IN THE STREET

BY SYLVESTER BAXTER



Drawn by Jules Guérin. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

DRINKING-FOUNTAIN, LEXINGTON, MASS.,
"CAPTAIN PARKER, THE MINUTE-MAN"
(HENRY HUDSON KITSON, SCULPTOR)

TO make utility the vehicle of beauty is a chief end in civic art. Use and beauty have too commonly been regarded as necessarily separated attributes: things of utility must be commonplace, and it is immaterial if the commonplace be ugly; its very ugliness makes us appreciate all the more the beauty of things rare, kept precious and apart—that is the view the multitude has been led to take, and from which even many artists are not exempt. It was an old-fashioned custom to isolate all the nice things of the household in the best room, which was too precious to live in. But the modern practice is to make the whole house as beautiful as possible. We now see that just because the "best room" went unused, its contents, deemed beauti-

ful, really made it a chamber of horrors. A forced familiarity with ugliness dulls the taste for beauty. So unless the eyes are wonted to the beautiful by seeing it on every side, resident in the most common things, beauty at its best cannot be given to the things set apart to wear it as a garment of state, as in statues, monuments, and public buildings.

The ideal in civic art presents a complete fabric of beauty woven from elements all beautiful in themselves. The smoothly paved, well-ordered street, pleasantly shaded, and margined with velvety turf, becomes mean when equipped with ugly lamp-posts. A line of stiff trolley posts or of scrawny telegraph poles in front of some fine building mars the edifice precisely as a good picture is marred when defaced by ugly scratches. Hence it is essential that artistic character should be given to all these things. Even telegraph poles, desperate as their problem seems, can be made more shapely than they commonly are, and in many instances might be made less conspicuous.

When things of every-day utility are made beautiful they fulfil a double purpose—delighting the eye as well as serving our daily convenience. Scarcely anything of this sort is so humble that it cannot properly be made to serve a memorial intent. The fact of every-day service makes it commemoratively more fitting than were it merely a monument, set up to be admired. A memorial drinking-fountain, or public lamp, or clock-tower, for example, not only commemorates, but it perpetuates in actual performance the great virtue of service to one's fellows that gives human life its best significance.

Minor and multifold things, like street signs, can be made objects of art, however simple their character. Care may easily be had to give them proper proportions, an agreeable color compatible with legibility, and good lettering. In the case of wayside guide-boards there is yet further opportunity to make them attractive in design. In Boston, when street signs stand detached from buildings, a pleasant decorative effect is given by some simple wrought-iron scroll-work in the angle between board and post.

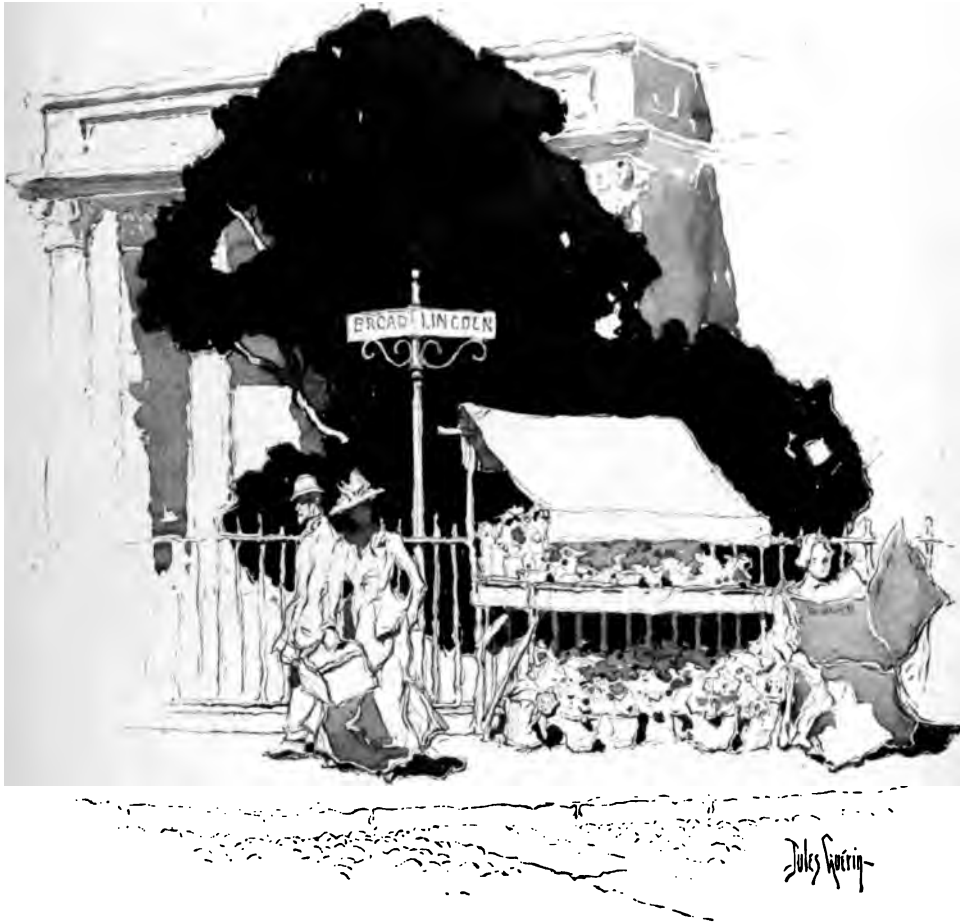
In many parts of Boston are to be seen bronze tablets with appropriate inscriptions, marking some historic building or commemorating some notable event. Cer-

tain patriotic orders, like the Sons of the Revolution, have made the placing of such tablets one of their duties. In various New England communities local historical societies mark notable sites in a similar way, perhaps at first with painted legends, to be replaced, when means permit, by inscriptions more enduring. This service might well be extended. Street names often bear intimate relations with local history, but for lack of record the circumstances of their designation are likely to be forgotten. Here, then, is a rich field of work for local societies, in placing in each street that bears a name of historical purport an inscription giving the facts in the case. Lincoln street, in Boston, for instance, might now commonly be supposed to be named in honor of the great President. But a suitable inscription would recite the fact that the name was given, on such a date, in honor of Levi Lincoln, governor of the commonwealth, etc. On School street the inscription would be to the effect that the first public Latin school in America stood there. In such ways the streets of a town could be made a veritable book for the public, in which literally they that run might read. These tablets could be given attractive shape, as simple or as ornate as desired, and perhaps fashioned after some standard design, as street signs are. Or, where a street bears the name of a person of note, the tablet might include a medallion portrait in low relief. The thoroughfare itself would thereby more fully serve the function of a commemorative monument. Inscriptions might at first be affixed in temporary shape, gradually to be reproduced in bronze, perhaps a certain number each year. Such a work would add vastly to the interest of a place. Particularly in the older parts of the country, as in New England, the historic character of which attracts tourists from other parts of the country in increasing numbers every year, it would be a remunerative outlay for a community to undertake the task as completely as possible.

Our lamp-posts, as a rule, whether for gas or electric light, are patterns of bald ugliness. Even in European cities, where such things are so much better done, the custom, according to the organ of the Belgian Society for Public Art, "*L'Œuvre Nationale Belge*," has been to order the city lighting apparatus from the illustrated

catalogues of "international manufacturers," offering the same type of post, conventional in design and carelessly proportioned, for all cities of all countries. Under the new influences, however, worthy artists are employed by the municipal authorities to produce appropriate designs.

In illustration may be cited a certain form of lamp-post now in common use for an electric arc-light. In this type a wooden post has been substituted for the iron form previously employed, metal proving a source of danger. In design the new post is a decided improvement over



Drawn by Jules Guérin. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

AN ARTISTIC STREET SIGN

Decorative equipment in street lighting was, with highly gratifying results, made the subject of a competition by the Belgian society in 1896, as noted by Mr. Charles Mulford Robinson in his admirable book. Succeeding competitions under the Belgian society have been for more artistic flagstaffs, newspaper kiosks, etc.

If manufacturers would only take pains to provide good standard designs in these things there would be a marked improve-

ment. In illustration may be cited a certain form of lamp-post now in common use for an electric arc-light. In this type a wooden post has been substituted for the iron form previously employed, metal proving a source of danger. In design the new post is a decided improvement over the old ones; the wood is simply fashioned, and has the appearance of sufficient strength for its purpose. The post supports a goose-neck device in ornamental metal-work, from which the lamp hangs. The post is black; the metal-work has the silvery gray of aluminium. These strongly contrasting colors make a transition too abrupt for harmonious effect. Were the wood accented with some simple metal bands of aluminium and the ornamental



Drawn by Jules Guérin. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

PILLAR WITH LAMPS, DEWEY SQUARE, BOSTON (SHEPLEY,
RUTAN & COOLIDGE, ARCHITECTS)

metallic portion somewhat picked out with black, the effect of abrupt transition between the two parts would be relieved by toning each with something of the domi-



nant color of the other. The use of wood suggests that a variety of forms artistically adapted to that material might very easily be employed in constructions of the kind.

Street furnishings like lamp-posts, in their numerous repetitions, perform an important decorative function. We know that in decorative design the repetition of ornament is an esthetic principle, producing its impression by the reiteration of a pleasing figure. But long-continued uniformity produces monotony; fatigue follows visual restfulness. Therefore, even when manufacturers produce good designs, it is undesirable that these should be alike everywhere, in town after town, for the eye would tire of seeing the same thing in all places. Hence each municipality would do better to obtain something distinctive. Indeed, the same thing should not be repeated all over one city; the standard pattern ought to vary with different districts, and perhaps with different streets. Locally individual significance

might well be imparted to these things by embodying in the ornament of such furnishings some device, like a municipal seal, or arms, that in design would symbolize a distinguishing character of the place, as in site, trade, or staple industry. It is common for a maritime city, for instance, to give prominence to the dolphin in its conventionalized ornament; a shoe-manufacturing city might depict the human foot in like fashion, a ship-building town a boat, and so on.

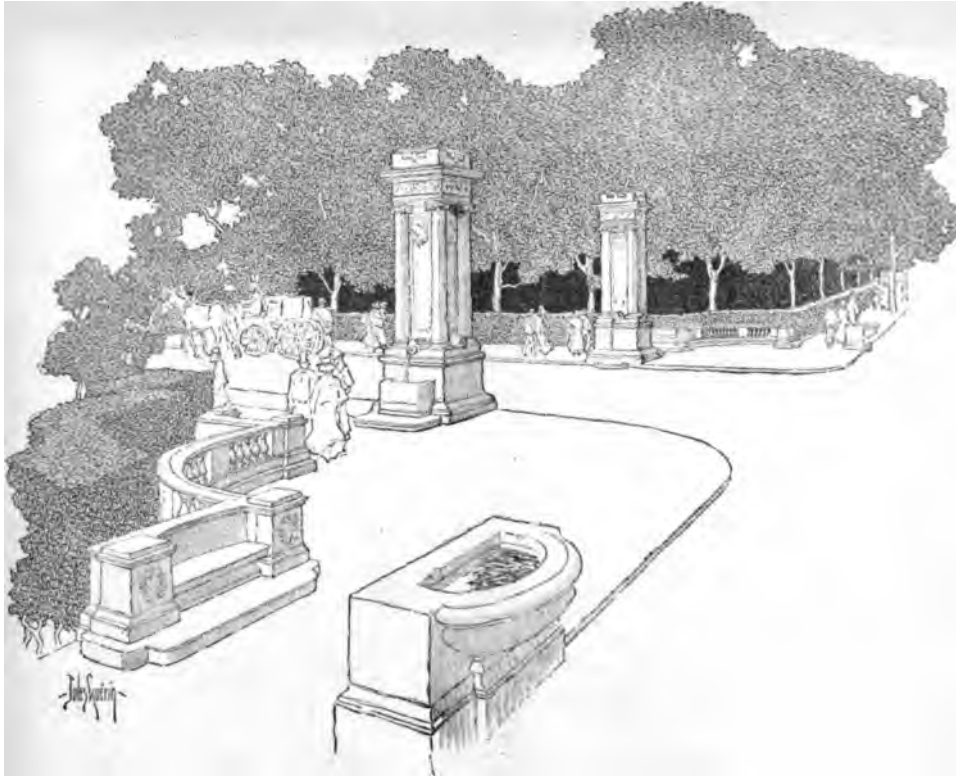
Beyond the ordinary lamp-post, the lighting service of a municipality offers decorative opportunities in conspicuous devices set at prominent points, as in pillars with clusters of lamps. Such pillars may have monumental form and commemorative purpose. They may be embellished with sculpture, statuary may be grouped at their base, or they may be



Drawn by Malcolm Fraser

THE KILBON MEMORIAL FOUNTAIN AT LEE, MASSACHUSETTS (DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH, SCULPTOR)

combined with fountains. Varied forms in the arrangement of the lamps with supports of rich metal-work designs offer endless opportunities for splendid embellishment, particularly in night-time effects



Drawn by Jules Guérin. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

THE CHENEY MEMORIAL DRINKING-FOUNTAIN AT THE WESTLAND ENTRANCE TO THE FENS, BOSTON (DESIGNED BY GUY LOWELL)

under illumination. Under certain circumstances resplendent polychrome qualities might be obtained by using colored lights. With the modern resources of electricity, the possibilities of this form of civic adornment have only just begun to be realized. Beautiful examples of these things are not uncommon in many European cities, particularly Paris. In this country one of the most notable illustrations is presented in the monumental illuminating pillar in Dewey Square, Boston, in front of the great South Station. The famous naval victory that gave the name to the square is symbolized by the prows of vessels that project from the pillar.

Other frequently repeated forms of street-furnishing that offer excellent opportunities for good decorative effects in agreeable shape and appropriate ornamentation are such things as post-hydrants, fire-alarm and police-signal boxes, and letter-boxes. These things are now almost invariably bad in design. There is no reason why a signal-box, for instance, should

not be as artistic as in foreign countries little wayside shrines so often are.

In the drinking-fountain we have something strikingly adapted to decorative effect. Conspicuous in character, and placed, as a rule, at some prominent and frequented point, if it is beautiful the many who resort to it may be led to contemplate and admire, while enjoying its ministrations. The element of water also contributes to the artistic possibilities. There are, indeed, not a few good drinking-fountains to be seen now and then; but ordinarily the opportunities are sadly neglected. A very common type, for instance, is made from the end of a water-main section standing perpendicularly to form a large circular basin for horses, perhaps with a faucet attached for human beings. Nothing uglier could well be imagined. Another type, supplied in quantities and most frequently seen along the streets, is a regulation iron-works pattern, with some attempt at design. Sometimes these things are not bad in form, though usually tame and characterless.

They show that the makers are not without a sense of the desirability of decoration. But their idea of ornament is likely to be of the domestic-stove order, consisting in "fancy work," often applied at the most inappropriate points. Yet another form, often seen, consists of a clumsy and shapeless block of stone, smoothly hewn into bad proportions, and too often standing as an

ungracious monument to some well-intentioned giver, as signified in the inscription.

The possibilities for good work in these things are many. If low cost is a consideration, as it usually is, then artistic character is here compatible with the greatest economy in outlay. The very simplest forms can be made pleasant to look upon. Any one of the aforementioned types,



Drawn by Jules Guérin. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

SHELTER AND BAND-STAND, REVERE BEACH, BOSTON (STICKNEY & AUSTIN, ARCHITECTS)



Drawn by Jules Guérin. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

STREET RAILWAY WAITING-SHELTER, COOLIDGE CORNER, BOSTON

commonly so ugly, can be made attractive without added expense.

Improvement societies and other organizations interested in civic art could effect a decided reform by offering prizes for the best designs for inexpensive fountains. Manufacturers might then be induced to adopt these designs and municipalities influenced to order them. Good standard patterns would thus be brought into favor. And should a municipality be about to erect a number of such fountains, say at the curb along the principal thoroughfares,—as for ice-water in hot weather,—instead of ordering all of one common design, however good this might be, it would be more desirable to obtain one each of a number of good designs.

Occasionally a good wayside drinking-fountain may be seen formed from a boulder, perhaps partly hewn, or from a pile of boulders roughly disposed. For a construction of this type, however, the site should be not only absolutely rural, but there should be a harmonious environment. Care is needed to avoid affectation in rusticity on the one hand, and crudeness on the other. By taking advantage of blank wall-spaces in a public street, not only may most convenient locations for drinking-fountains be found, but good artistic effects may be obtained very simply—picturesque bits, making pleasing incidents in a street scene. A charming instance of this sort occurs on Ninth street in Philadelphia, where a lady, in substituting for an ugly

board fence before her house a brick wall with an architectural gateway, very public-spiritedly provided a drinking-fountain in a niche in the wall—a feature that not only enhances the beauty of the premises, but contributes to the public comfort in a way appreciated by hundreds of passers. At the main entrance to the Charlestown Heights pleasure-ground in Boston a similar opportunity for a drinking-fountain against a wall is taken advantage of in a more monumental way, as the site suggests, with a handsome exedra as a feature of the design.

A drinking-fountain may, indeed, most appropriately have a commemorative purpose, and may be made as monumental as opportunity allows. In Wrentham, Massachusetts, the village common recently received a new adornment in the shape of a drinking-fountain erected in honor of the men of the town who served in the French and Indian War. The unveiling, by the only surviving grandson of any member of the gallant band, a venerable man of eighty years, was made the occasion for a village festival. The fountain is a plain and well-shaped structure of granite. A more elaborate monumental development of the drinking-fountain idea is the result of the bequest of a lady to the city of Boston. Dying alone in the world, and without near relatives, she gave her modest fortune, amounting to about twenty thousand dollars, for the erection of a drinking-fountain for man and beast. An appropriate site, both for monumental effect and for serviceability, was assigned at one of the main approaches to the great Parkway, the Westland entrance to the Fens, and the work was given the character of a gateway—a double fountain in the shape of two large, square pylons of classic design, with basins, seats, inscriptions, and sculptured ornament.

The development of electric railways throughout the country has given rise to a very modern form of street utilities in the shape of shelters for persons waiting for the cars. As a rule, these little structures are to be found in villages, or at points by a rural wayside, rather than in cities. But in Greater Boston, at Coolidge

Corner, Brookline,—an important transfer station on the Beacon Street Boulevard,—there are two such shelters, picturesquely designed and roofed with tile, that show the artistic possibilities of this form of public convenience. These structures are commonly erected by the railway companies, just as stations are on steam-railways. It should be easily possible for village improvement societies, or similar organizations, to induce the companies to give to such edifices a simple architectural form that will make them genuine public adornments rather than rude sheds. If necessary to this end, the additional expense, which would not be great, might well be contributed by the community, just as communities often contribute to the cost of making a railway-station beautiful, or for embellishing its grounds. At certain points these shelters might be combined with other public utilities. Substantially constructed, they might appropriately even be given a memorial or monumental character. The pleasant fashion of trolley-touring is now so much in vogue that the interest of strangers would be greatly enhanced, and attention profitably attracted to the desirable character of a locality, if such a shelter, standing upon a village green, where they now are frequently located, were designed to commemorate some matter of historic moment.

Possibly upon such a site a feature that might be connected with a waiting-shelter would be a village band-stand. These band-stands, it may be added, furnish excellent opportunities for decorative effect. With all due lightness and festal graciousness that properly belong to a structure of the sort, they are usually so conspicuous in site that they might well bear a monumental significance. A French community delights to honor its eminent sons, whether distinguished in statecraft or in war, in letters or in art, with fitting public memorials. What more appropriate for a town where some eminent musician was born than to erect to his memory a monumental band-stand, as beautiful as art may make it? In the constant presence of such work the band might well play better music and the public learn better to know what good music is.



Old Sarah rose with a nimbleness which belied her seventy-five years, and went briskly away, and Peter gazed meditatively up the street to where, on the Neuweilers' door-step, sat Jovina, the daughter of the house, with his nephew, Benjamin Gaumer, by her side.

Benjamin was in reality the most miserable young man in the Pennsylvania-German village of Millerstown; for Benjamin halted between two opinions, or, to speak more correctly, between two girls, and though most of his waking thoughts for a year had been devoted to an effort to decide between them, he seemed to grow each day farther from a solution of the difficulty.

Mary Kuhns was the prettier of the two. She was short and plump, with light, fluffy hair, blue eyes, and a skin which no amount of exposure to the wind or sun could harm. Her voice, as Benjamin often said to himself, was "like old man Fackenthal's pigeons what coo so pretty." The women, alas! called her "flirty," which, translated into the masculine vocabulary, meant that direct glances were not the only method by which Mary beheld her fellow-man. She was so short that she could stand under Benjamin's outstretched arm, and he often remembered with delight how she fled to him for protection when Weygandt's old mooly looked at her in the lane. He had encouraged her with shameless deceit to think the mild beast dangerous, and she clung to him helplessly. Fortunately, he was not at hand the next day to see her walk through Weygandt's meadow, where there were thirty cattle, and switch them, even savage old Tom, with a willow switch as she passed.

There were times when Benjamin was positive that Mary was his choice. Then he grew hot with jealousy of John Weimer and Jimmie Weygandt, to whom she freely dispensed her favors, and he made up his mind that, before another day passed, Mary should be his. But—and in this hesitation lay his undoing—before he decided finally, it would be well to see Jovina once more.

Jovina was not pretty, except for her dark eyes. She was tall and spare and sallow, and her hair was a dull brown. Jovina, however, could cook, and for that reason her popularity was equal to Mary's. Plain cooking is not counted much of an

accomplishment in Millerstown, for every woman is a good plain cook. There were a few, however,—Jovina, Savilla Arndt, and Linnie Kurtz,—in whose skilful hands cooking had become a fine art, and Jovina perhaps excelled all the others.

"Chofina can bake sirty-sefen kinds cake," her mother claimed proudly. "And she need n't look once in de receipt-book. She can make, of course, pancakes an' funnel-cakes an' *schwingfelders* an' waffles, besides. De sirty-sefen means fancy cakes."

Beside this, Jovina could make yeast-beer and root-beer and half a dozen fruit-vinegars. Her chicken and waffles, her *schnitz und knöpf*, her *latwerk* (apple-butter), were the envy of all the other women. Her soap was always the whitest, her dried peaches and corn were the most tasteful, her liver-pudding, sausage, and *pan-hass* (scrapple), the best in the village. Was it any wonder that the delicious flavors of the products of her skilful hands veiled for a while Mary Kuhns's saucy face and dimmed the tender glances of her blue eyes?

Had Benjamin been more sophisticated, he might have ascribed the duality of his love-affairs to the naturally polygamous instincts of man. So advanced a theory, however, had not yet become part of Millerstown's ethics. Each man was expected to love, cherish, and, in many cases, obey one woman, be she sweetheart or wife. Girls were allowed, on account of their natural fickleness, to change their minds. Any masculine wanderings from the narrow path of single-hearted devotion, however, were considered evidences of woeful weakness of character. Hence Benjamin, who had once shared Millerstown's old-fashioned opinions, and who had no new theories with which to console himself for his inconstancy, was thoroughly miserable.

"It iss n't any oder way about it," he would say despairingly to himself. "I must pretty soon decide. When I don't, den John Weimer or Jimmie Weygandt will perhaps get her. But perhaps it iss n't *her* what I want, but Chofina. An' den when it iss Chofina, she iss pretty spunky, an' perhaps she won't haf me when I put it much longer off."

As he ate Jovina's crullers and molasses-cake, he looked with eager anticipation down a long line of years during which

crullers and "fine-cake" should be his daily fare. When he had thoroughly satisfied his hunger, he decided to ask her to be his. Then, as he ate still more, he began to think that perhaps he had better see Mary once again before taking so irrevocable a step. Mary's eyes were so blue, and there was such an alluring dimple in her chin! Mary was always so sweet-tempered, and Jovina—well, Jovina had a mind of her own.

Ten minutes on the Kuhns's dim, vine-shaded porch with Mary by his side convinced him that it was not Jovina that he wanted at all. Poor, desolate Jovina, she would probably be heartbroken when she heard he was to marry Mary, but that, of course, could not be helped.

In another ten minutes he had again changed his mind; for Mary gave him a piece of chocolate-cake, "which I myself baked," she explained. Now Mary's was the exception which proved the rule of Millerstown's good cooking. Even everyday necessities, such as pie, bread, and fried potatoes, grew into strange things in her hands. When she attempted anything as ambitious as chocolate-cake, the result was sad to behold and worse to taste. At the first bite, Benjamin's lips puckered over a huge lump of baking-soda, and he said fervently to himself: "*Nay, bei meiner Seele! Des du ich net!*" (No, by my soul! This I will not do!) Again the star of Jovina was in the ascendant. Should he ever get the taste of that soda out of his mouth? Certain delicious crullers suggested themselves as an antidote, and firmly convinced that "good cooking iss more dan good looks, for cooking lasts, and looks don't," he determined to seek Jovina the next day and offer her his heart and hand.

Jovina, however, to whose ears had penetrated some gossip concerning her willingness to share the attentions of her lover with another, was, naturally enough, in a bad humor, and the sharpness of her voice and the angry flash in her black eyes reminded Benjamin by force of contrast of another voice which was always soft, and other eyes in which he never saw aught but tenderness. Mary Kuhns was the girl who should be the future Mrs. Benjamin Gaumer. Mary, however, again fed him cake, with results disastrous to her prospects.

Thus it went on all the long summer.

Millerstown did not for a moment appreciate Benjamin's situation, and undertook to tell the girls plainly what it thought. For its pains it got only a laugh from Mary and a scathing "It would be a fine sing for Millerstown when de folks would learn once to mind deir own business," from Jovina. Evidently the girls did not purpose to take any one into their confidence. No one thought of admonishing Benjamin. He had always been too ready with his fists to make that an inviting task.

The girls, meanwhile, who lived near each other on Church street, continued to be good friends.

Then one day Mary, coming out of Jovina's gate, met Sarah Arndt. The old woman greeted her with a sly smile.

"Well," she began, "did n't she do you nosing?"

"Who?" Mary asked in frank amazement.

"Ay, Chofina."

"Why, of course not. Why should Chofina do me anysing?"

The old woman laughed shrilly.

"Sure enough! You need n't act as when you did n't know what she said from you and Benj."

"From me and Benj?" A faint color began to show on Mary's cheek.

"Yes. She said dat you wass trying to get Benj Gaumer away from her, and dat she would settle you once."

"What will she do?" Mary spoke in angry haste.

"I don't know; but you better look a little out."

"I guess I can take care of myself; you can tell her dat once." Mary slammed her own gate defiantly.

That evening old Sarah stopped for a moment at the Neuweilers' to tell Jovina's mother that Mary said that she "would 'a' srown Benj long ago ofer, only she liked to tease Chofina." Both Jovina and Mary might have known better than to believe Sarah's tales, but the subject of their common lover had, through long teasing, become a sore point. So Mary walked by Jovina one day on the street without speaking to her, only to realize a second later that her trouble was unnecessary, as Jovina had turned her head the other way. After this there was openly declared rivalry between them for Benjamin's attentions. Whether they wanted his love was

another question. Mary was just as cordial to John Weimer and Jimmie Weygandt as she was to Benj, and whether Jovina would ever really accept him was doubtful.

"Perhaps he gets after all left," said old Sarah. "Perhaps Mary will take one of de oders, and perhaps Chofina will at last get her spunk up and not haf him. When I wass young, girls had more spunk, dat iss what dey had. No man could fool so long round and yet mean nosing by it."

Meanwhile poor Benjamin grew more puzzled as each day went by. Mary's smiles seemed to grow more winning and her eyes deeper, and Jovina's "fine-cakes" lighter and more delicious. Then suddenly, almost without realizing it, he was engaged.

One Sunday evening he went to see Jovina, assuring himself, as he walked up Church street, that Jovina was the girl for him. His last call on Mary had not been very satisfactory. She had seemed less confiding, less sweet than usual, and had several times spoken sharply to him.

"She has also a temper," he said to himself. "I sink I take de cooking."

He did not find Jovina on the front door-step, where she usually received him, and, wondering a little, he opened the gate into the side yard and went around to the back porch to inquire of Mrs. Neuweiler whether her daughter had gone away. To his surprise, he found Jovina herself, in a new and most becoming pink dress, rocking vigorously back and forth in the rocking-chair.

"I sink you are fixed up pretty fine for de back porch, Chofina," he commented, gazing admiringly at her.

"Why, Benj?"

"Why, you ought to be sitting out front where de folks can all see your fine new dress."

"I am not fixed up for de folks," said Jovina.

Benjamin's mouth opened in astonishment. That coquettish remark from staid Jovina, who often harshly criticized Mary Kuhns for "making de men sink too much from demselves!" Jovina, who had yielded to an unaccountable impulse to be "flirty," blushed suddenly and becomingly.

"Shall we den go out front," she demanded with asperity.

"Well, I guess not," said Benjamin, firmly, as he sat down on the step at her feet. "I sink we will stay here—anyhow, a while. Your dress iss for sure fine!"

At this Jovina, who usually "gafe him a mousful" when he began to flatter, smiled sweetly.

"Look a little out; you might make me vain," she said.

"I guess it iss no danger, Chofina. Do you want to go dis efening in de church?"

"Ach, I don't know. Do you?"

"No."

"Well, den, I guess we won't go."

Benjamin gasped. Was Jovina actually making an effort to please him? Not once during the evening did she show any of her "spunk." She agreed with everything he said. Usually they had long and heated discussions about religious matters. It was just the time when the "New Baptists" were leaving the "Jonathan-Kuhns Baptists," and Jovina, who went, did not agree at all with Benjamin, who stayed. It was quite by accident that Benjamin introduced the subject this evening. He had such an exhibition of Jovina's temper the last time they discussed it that he might have known better than to try again. This evening, however, Jovina only said sweetly:

"I sink it would perhaps be better when we would talk from somesing else."

Whereupon, with all doubts driven from his mind, Benjamin proposed, and was immediately accepted.

"When shall we den get married, Chofina?" he asked.

"Oh, I sink I can be by Sursday all ready. I haf chust dis week made me dis new dress, an' I will buy me a coat an' hat."

"But, Chofina, I sought it took much longer to get ready to get married!" he exclaimed in surprise and consternation.

"It does not take so long of course as when we were going to housekeeping for ourselves. We will, of course, lif here wis mam and pap. An' you haf dis new suit to get married in."

"Yes, b-b-but—" this mad haste took away his breath—"dis is me pretty much of a hurry. No—no—Chofina,"—he saw her figure straighten in the moonlight,— "I did n't mean nosing by it! I meant—I meant—could we get a minister so soon, Chofina?"



Drawn by Leon Guipon. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"JOVINA—WELL, JOVINA HAD A MIND OF HER OWN"

11

"I sink it would be a good sing when we would go ofer to New Chersey. Den all de busybodies in Millerstown need n't know nosing about it beforehand. I heard

Den we can slip easy Sursday morning away."

So occupied was Benjamin with his own thoughts that he scarcely knew how the



Drawn by Leon Guipon

"THEIR ENGAGEMENT WAS ANNOUNCED"

you say once dat when you got married dat would be de way what you would do. Besides, we need ofer in New Chersey no license."

"Yes, but—"

"I will of course tell mam and pap, and you can tell Wednesday efening your mam.

rest of the evening passed. Finally he bade her good night and went home.

"It iss me too much of a hurry, dat iss what it iss," he said miserably to himself. "It iss n't dat I don't want to get married, or dat I don't want Chofina; but—but dere iss Mary Kuhns."

The old puzzle rose like a specter to harass him.

"Perhaps it was only in my mind dat Mary wass de last time ugly to me," he thought. "Perhaps she wass a little chealous from Chofina. She iss ten times so good-looking as Chofina. Chofina iss me too homely."

He forgot Jovina's pretty new dress and the flush on her cheek. He knew now, once for all, which he wanted: it was Mary. He could feel the touch of her little hand and see the coquettish gleam in her soft eyes. And poor Mary! What would she do if he should marry Jovina? Perhaps it would break her heart and she would die, and he would be to blame. Mary was such a little girl! She was not big and strong like Jovina, who was almost as tall as he. What should he do? He could not go and tell Jovina that he had been mistaken. In the first place, she might hold him to his promise, and there would be an awful scandal, which would effectually put Mary beyond his reach. On the other hand, she might angrily release him, and he did not wish to break with her entirely. That would mean that he would *have* to take Mary. Of course he wanted to marry Mary, but he did not want to be driven to it.

His round and rosy face dropped in such doleful lines when he looked in the glass in his room that it made him almost sick with pity for himself. All night Jovina, tall, dark, and inexorable, seemed to stand beside his bed.

Nor was he any less miserable on the eve of his wedding. He had seen Jovina only once. Then she was very sweet to him, and there was a soft flush on her cheek. He began to feel easier. The same afternoon, however, he passed Mary on the street, and the alluring tilt of her chin sent him back into despair. He could scarcely attend to his work in the cigar-factory. The boss frowned, and the boys chaffed him gaily.

"You act as when your mind wass away some place. Perhaps it iss ofer by Mary, or perhaps Chofina. Which one is it anyhow, Benj?"

Benjamin frowned only a trifle less darkly than John Weimer, who said, "*Esci!*" ("Donkey!") under his breath.

When Benj went home for supper on Wednesday, a big plate of crullers occu-

pied the place of honor in the center of the table.

"Chofina Neuweiler gafe dem to me," his mother explained. "I wass once ofer dere a little while dis afternoon. My! but Chofina iss a good cook. Don't you sink so?" She looked at him inquiringly, but his mouth was full and he did not answer. "I belief perhaps she iss going somewheres off to-morrow."

"Why do you sink she is going somewheres off?" Benjamin had not yet announced the fact of his approaching marriage. That would be the first decisive step, and he hesitated to take it. Now, however, he realized that the time had come when it could no longer be put off.

"*Ach*, nosing; only her mam said to her somesing about 'when you come back, Chofina,' and I sought perhaps she wass going somewheres off."

Thereupon Benjamin announced that he and Jovina proposed to journey the next day to New Jersey to be married. His mother, who had never liked Mary Kuhns, expressed her approval; and, buoyed by this and the memory of her crullers, he went to see Jovina in a fairly cheerful frame of mind. They planned to make the journey by trolley, starting at five o'clock in the morning. He decided not to notify the men at the shop that he was not coming, but to let his mother send the boss word after he had gone. It would be a good joke on Millerstown.

As the evening wore on, and Jovina seemed to prefer long silences to conversation, his cheerfulness waned. He saw John Weimer go swiftly past in the dusk, and a furious jealousy added to his soreness of heart. He did not want to marry Jovina Neuweiler; he wanted to marry Mary Kuhns. Jovina noticed his gloom, but whether or not she suspected its cause, there was a solemnity about her good night which warned him that his choice was irrevocable.

He needed neither the alarm-clock nor the sound of his mother's voice to arouse him the next morning. Indeed, he was awake long before it was time to get up, and he was not sure that he had slept at all. He ate so little breakfast that his mother was frightened.

"You will feel bad when you do not eat somesing, Benj. Come now; here is some raisin-pie."



Drawn by Leon Guipon

"JOVINA'S 'HELLO, CHIMMIE!' WAS THE ONLY ANSWER HE RECEIVED"

He silently shook his head. The unaccustomed splendor of his Sunday clothes worried him, and there was something about the exceeding tightness of his high collar which reminded him of the other yoke he was about to assume. He stole through the streets to the Neuweilers' more like a thief than a prospective bridegroom, and, avoiding the boardwalk, went around to the back door upon the grass. Jovina met him at the door, the bright pink of her dress reflected in the glow of her cheeks.

"Say, Benj," she began, "you go a little ahead down to de trolley, an' I will come a little behind. Den when de folks see us dey will not know dat we are wis each oder."

Thus admonished, Benjamin sped away with a sudden lightness of heart. The evil day was postponed for a few minutes at least. When Jovina met him down on Main street, however, his despair again overwhelmed him. The next time he saw that spot he would no longer be free. No longer could he live his own life. No longer could he join the boys in the gallery of the church on Sunday evenings; he would have to sit with Jovina. No longer could he dash gaily around the Copenhagen ring at the Sunday-school

picnics, winning a kiss for a forfeit from every girl whose hands he could slap. He would have to stay close by Jovina now. And, worst of all, nevermore could he join the gay group on Mary Kuhns's doorstep; nevermore could he take her walking or trolley-riding. Nevermore could his hand linger caressingly on hers as he bade her good night; nevermore would her glances at him be aught but straightforward and direct. He was back for the moment on the Kuhns's porch in the summer dusk, and Mary was laughing as she tried to get her hand away. Benjamin smiled.

"Benj!" He came back to the awful present with a start. This was not dusk; it was dawn. The girl at his side was not gentle Mary; it was tall, stern Jovina—Jovina, whom he was about to marry!

"Well?" he answered dully.

"Don't you see den de car!" she exclaimed.

He raised both arms in a wild signal to the motorman, and the car, speeding toward them like a Juggernaut, stopped with a great grinding of wheels.

"It would haf been a fine sing when we had got left!" commented Jovina as they climbed aboard.

As they passed Sarah Ann Mohr's, that good lady was just opening her front door. Benjamin ducked his head, hoping she had not seen him. Jovina, however, gaily waved her hand, and, as Benjamin looked back, he beheld Sarah Ann, her fat arms akimbo, the light of knowledge beaming in a broad smile on her cheerful face. Their engagement was announced.

As they sped past the creamery, the farm-wagons with their shining cans had begun to drive up, and again Benjamin bent his head. Jovina, however, sat all the straighter, proud in the consciousness that she wore a becoming new dress and that she was going to be married. There was little conversation between them. She called his attention to Jimmie Weygandt as he started around his wheat-field, scythe in hand, to mow the first row before the reaper; and Jimmie, who neared the fence as they turned the corner by his fields, waved his hat and shouted. Jovina's "Hello, Chimmie!" was the only answer he received. Already Benj could see him seated by Mary Kuhns's side on the porch, dark in the shadow of the honeysuckles. The more his face darkened, however, the more cheerful did Jovina become. She hummed a hymn as they dashed on, she admired the goldenrod flaming into splendor in the fence-corners, and presently she slid along the bench toward Benj.

"It hardly seems true dat we are going to be married, does it now?" she asked.

"No, it don't," he said quickly. Was Jovina beginning to have doubts as to the wisdom of their proceedings? "Are you sure it iss den for de best, Chofina? Are you sure we haf not den hurried ourselves too much? Do you sink we had perhaps better go back?"

"No, indeed, Benj! I am sure," Jovina interpreted his questions as the effort of a doubting lover to assure himself of her affection.

"You will den nefer repent?"

"Nefer, Benj; nefer. I—I haf lofed you dis long time; I—" Jovina's remarks were suspended while she grabbed for her hat, which threatened to blow off in the blast created by the tremendous speed at which they dashed through the street of the next village—"I wass not fery happy

for a long time till I found it wass I and not Mary Kuhns what you lofed."

Benj groaned. Was it right for a professing Christian—a Jonathan-Kuhns Baptist at that—to enter into an agreement in which the other party was the victim of a delusion? Would it not be better to break the fact to Jovina that it was not she whom he loved best, but Mary? Again, however, his old doubts assailed him.

"If I do dat, den Chofina will nefer look at me again. Suppose I should den want her! An', besides, if Chofina wants to say dat we wass going to get married, and den I would n't, eferybody will belief her; for Sarah Ann she saw us going off in de trolley. When a fellow an' a girl go off so early in de morning in de trolley, it means dat somesing iss up."

He could not understand how it was that he had happened to propose. He forgot again Mary's heavy chocolate-cake and her coldness to him. Nor did he think of Jovina in her new dress flushing softly as he complimented her.

They reached the county-seat before he was aware. There, even though it was only six o'clock, the town was thoroughly awake. The day seems to begin an hour earlier in southeastern Pennsylvania than in other places. The cars which passed as they waited for the Easton car were crowded with men going to their work down at the wire- or rolling-mills. A little later a crowd of girls and women on their way to the silk-mills and shoe-factories would fill the streets. A man who was sweeping the old-fashioned double porches of the United States House at the opposite corner threw down his broom as he helped the porter carry out the heavy satchels of departing guests of the house, who dashed wildly across the pavement and into a carriage, meanwhile calling to the driver to "Hurry up once or we miss the train!" Already the doors of an establishment at the other corner swung vigorously back and forth. Men pushed them in swiftly, then came out more slowly, wiping their lips. The card-despatcher, standing in the middle of the tangle of tracks, shouted strident Pennsylvania-German oaths at the motormen and conductors, who in turn answered him as gruffly.

When the lumbering "double-trucker" marked "Easton" swung around the cor-

ner from Hamilton street into Sixth, Benj and Jovina climbed aboard and began the second stage of their journey. There was little danger that any one would guess that they were prospective bride and groom. The frowns on Benj's brow did not lift for an instant, and, as time went on and all her efforts at conversation failed, Jovina's face also lost its cheerful expression. Benj gazed mournfully out of the window on one side of the car and Jovina on the other, he with bent shoulders, and she with head high in the air.

It was about eight o'clock when, having left the car at Easton, they crossed the Delaware bridge into Phillipsburg, New Jersey.

"I sink it iss perhaps early yet to go to de preacher," said Benj, after a long silence. "Perhaps we had better take a little walk once. De folks do not get so early up here like in Lehigh County."

"All right," assented Jovina, cheerfully. "I wonder where dese steps go." As she spoke, she pointed to a flight of steps which fell from the street-level.

"We will see once," he answered. She followed him down the steps, which lay along the side of the steep river-bank. At the foot they came upon a little railroad station. The tracks followed the windings of the river along the New Jersey side. Overhead, on another road, thundered the heavy freight-trains back to their own county-seat.

"I sink dis would be a pretty good place to rest," said Jovina as she spied the seats in the little waiting-room. "It iss noisy here, but it iss quiet, too."

She led the way thither, and they sat down. The station-agent eyed them curiously as they waited for half an hour in solemn silence. Then Benjamin arose, and Jovina, who had begun to think that Phillipsburg, even if it were slower than Lehigh County, would by this time be thoroughly awake, prepared to follow.

"You wait here a little," Benj commanded as she gathered up her pocket-book and her gloves. "I will go first out and walk up an' down a little."

"Well, I guess I go wis."

"No; you will get tired. You stay here." There was such sternness in his voice that Jovina sank back. Did he purpose to run away? She determined to

change her seat to where she could watch every inch of the little platform. Just as soon as he started up the steps he would find her at his side. She yielded for the first time to her suspicions that perhaps Benj was beginning to repent, and she grew each moment more angry.

"If it wass not for one sing he might go back," she said to herself. "An' dat iss dat by dis time all Millerstown knows eferysing about it. Sarah Ann Mohr she saw us, and, besides, I told mam dat by dis time she could tell. Go back and not married, when I start out to get married! I guess not! It iss too late now for him to sneak out of it. If he only knew something what / know, he might be glad enough. But dat sing I will not tell him—not yet, anyhow. In a half-hour we will be married; den it will be time enough."

In spite of the firm purpose betokened by Jovina's tightly pressed lips and flashing eyes, she was, at the end of a half-hour, still the same Jovina Neuweiler. As Benj walked up and down the platform, he realized that the time for procrastination was past. Each moment his anguish grew more intense.

"It don't make anysing out now what happens," he thought. "I would be willing to do wisout Mary, too, and nefer get married, if only I did n't haf to marry Chofina. I don't care for cooking or nosing. Mam's cooking iss me plenty good enough."

Wild thoughts of flight sped across his brain. There, however, stern, watchful, implacable, sat Jovina. He looked nervously at his watch. It was already after nine o'clock. He expected each moment to see her at the door, beckoning him to follow her up the steps. Presently she appeared.

"Benj!" she called. "What time iss it at your watch?"

He pretended not to hear, and she called the second time in tones which admitted of no misunderstanding.

"I don't know for sure. Wait once; I look." He drew his watch slowly from his pocket.

"It iss somewheres near nine," he said weakly.

"Well?" demanded Jovina.

"Well? well?" he repeated in confusion. "How do you mean wis 'well,' Chofina?"

"I guess you know what I mean. I sink it iss a funny sing when—"

"Chofina, wait once." He interrupted frantically the rush of her speech. "I haf a plan. Wait once a minute, Chofina."

Jovina waited at least five.

"Well?" she said again.

"Why, it says here on de time-table dat a train goes to Riegelsville at nine-sirty. I used to know a preacher what wass preaching dere. Don't you—d-d-don't you—" Benj stammered madly in his excitement—"don't you sink it would be a good sing to go once down dere an' get married?"

Jovina considered the proposition for an instant. The railroad ran down the Jersey side of the river. Had it been the Pennsylvania side, she would have concluded that Benj wished to delay the ceremony until it was too late in the day to get a license. In Jersey, however, they would need no license, hence he could gain nothing by delay. She did not object to satisfying what appeared to be only a harmless whim. It was only nine o'clock, and they had the rest of the day before them.

"But, Benj," she exclaimed, "it will cost to go down to dat place. We haf spent already a good deal money."

"What do I care for money!" he said, with reckless prodigality. "We haf safed on de license."

"Haf you got de tickets?"

"No; wait once. I get dem." He vanished swiftly into the station. As he waited for his change, he looked back. There stood Jovina in the doorway. Her hat cast a shadow across her face which to him appeared like a deep scowl.

"*Ach*, I 'm coming!" he said hurriedly. Had it begun so soon as this, that she would watch him every minute? The cheerfulness caused by the prospect of a delay vanished instantly. He pictured Mary at his side. How differently she would have acted!

It never occurred to him to help Jovina up the steps of the car. He climbed up himself and sank despairingly into the first seat, half of which was already occupied, whereupon Jovina, who followed close at his heels, seized him by the arm.

"Are you den not right?" she demanded, and he rose and followed her to

a vacant seat. Presently she called his attention to a strong odor of mint which seemed to envelop them.

"It iss a powwow doctor lifs along here," she explained. "Sarah Ann Mohr told me once from him. Lots of folks come from Beslehem an' Nazares an' lots of places in Norsampton County ofer. He gifs much medicine, an' it smells of mint."

Benjamin, however, plunged in despair, heard not a word. Nor did the conductor's loud "Riegelsville! Riegelsville!" make the least impression upon him. He did feel, however, Jovina's clutch upon his arm.

"It iss Riegelsville," she said. "Come on!"

Benjamin came. Now at last his bachelor days were ended. He made, however, another brave effort.

"I sink perhaps dat preacher has mofed away."

"It don't make nosing out when dat one has mofed away. I guess dere iss anoder."

Jovina kept her hand on his arm till, having left the station, they followed the other passengers toward the dark opening of a covered bridge.

"Wh-where are you going?" he queried.

"Can't you see de town iss ofer here? We must pay first toll, I guess. De town iss on de oder side of de bridge."

Benj paid, forgetting for once in his life to count the change. When they stepped again upon solid ground, he suddenly halted.

"Chofina!" he almost shouted, "we are again in Pennsylvania. It wass de rifer what we crossed."

"Well, what of it?"

"We can't get married in Pennsylvania wisout no license."

"Den we go back to where we come." Her voice was terrible in its sternness. Was this his little game? Benj, however, had never before been within a dozen miles of Riegelsville, and knew nothing of its topography. He regarded this as a special interposition of Providence in his behalf.

"But, Chofina, it would not bring good luck to go back to a place for a second time to get married."

"We are going to Phillipsburg to get right aways married. Dat iss what we

are going to do." To Jovina the only ill luck which could possibly befall was further delay. "Come on; it iss pretty soon perhaps a train back." Again she laid her hand on his arm. "Come on. But what iss now de matter?" For Benj had suddenly stopped at the opening of the bridge.

"I—I haf—I haf lost my pocket-book!"

"Well, you must 'a' dropped it here. Come on; let us look once. When did you last haf it?"

"I don't know," he almost wailed. "I paid de tickets an' de toll from some loose change what I had. I might 'a' lost it efen in Millerstown already. How will we den get home, Chofina? I haf only a few cents loose change any more."

For a few minutes they searched diligently.

"It ain't here," said Benjamin. "*Ach!* what will we do? Where are you den going, Chofina?"

Jovina had started toward the station.

"Come on!" she said.

"But I haf no money! We can't walk."

"You haf de tickets, anyhow, to Phillipsburg. We can sit in de station till de next train comes."

"But we can't walk from Phillipsburg to Millerstown, I guess."

"Benj Gaumer," she commanded, "dere iss one way, and only one, what you can get home besides walking. Dat way I will tell you when we get to de station." Thereupon Benjamin followed her.

"I haf plenty money of my own," she announced; "but I don't take no strange fellows trafeling round wis me. I would take a fellow if I wass married to him, and no oder kind; dat I can tell you, Benj Gaumer! You need n't say nosing now. When we got to Phillipsburg once it will be den time enough."

For the next hour he sat silently beside her. He slipped his hand surreptitiously into one pocket after the other, but no purse could he find. He listened greedily to the clink of silver in Jovina's pocket-book as she changed it from one hand to the other. Certainly she moved it around oftener than was necessary. There was a north-bound train in an hour, and again he left her to climb unaided to the car. Again her "Chust smell de mint, Benj!" as they passed Raubsville fell on

deaf ears, and it was necessary for her to remind him forcibly that they had reached their destination.

He followed weakly behind her up the long steps, in the embarrassed helplessness of the man with empty pockets. When they reached the top she paused.

"Well?" she said grimly.

Benjamin looked up the street, then down, then he thrust his hands wildly into his pockets. The two minutes that had passed since his last investigation had not served to create a purse. Then he capitulated.

"What for a preacher, Chofina?" he asked.

"So long as dere ain't no New Baptists nowhere but in Millerstown, I don't care. But no Menisht [Mennonite] an' no Casolic [Catholic] an' no Chew! What-efer oder preacher you can find dan dose, I don't care."

"Wh-where den will I find him?" he asked.

She cast upon him a glance of withering scorn.

"Go in dat store an' ask!" He followed the direction she indicated.

"De drug-store?"

"Yes."

The clerks looked slyly at one another as Benj entered the store after a moment's frantic struggle to push in the door which was marked "Pull."

"Where iss a preacher?" he demanded wildly.

"The second house from the corner on the next block, sir."

"Sank you." Benj started out, but came speedily back.

"He ain't for sure no Casolic?" he queried.

"No what?"

"No Casolic."

"Oh, Catholic you mean! No, sir."

"Nor yet a Menisht nor a Chew?"

"A what? He is a clergyman of the Lutheran Church."

"Sank you."

"He 's harder hit than most," a clerk remarked as Benj joined Jovina on the opposite corner. "Look at 'em; they 're going the wrong way."

He rushed to the doorway and called loudly, whereupon Jovina stood still, while Benj moved on a few paces.

"You 're going the wrong way!" he



Drawn by Leon Gulpon. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"'BENJ GAUMER,' SHE COMMANDED, 'DERE ISS ONE WAY, AND ONLY ONE, WHAT
YOU CAN GET HOME BESIDES WALKING'"

shouted. "The preacher lives up the other way."

Jovina seized Benj by the arm, and the clerk went back to the store.

"I 'm afraid I 've spoiled sport," he laughed. "The poor chap won't get away from her again."

When they reached the preacher's door, Jovina herself asked if he were at home, and, upon being answered affirmatively, motioned Benj to precede her. The maid, whose dancing eyes gave testimony that she understood their errand, invited Jovina to walk up-stairs and lay off her hat.

"No, I won't need to lay off my hat. I can be married in a hat."

Was this another scheme of Benj's to get away? Had he mysteriously communicated with this saucy girl, and was she trying to aid him?

"Not much does she get me away!" Jovina said to herself. "I am a little too smart for dese New Chersey ones."

The maid ushered them into the preacher's study, and he rose as they entered.

"You wish to see me?" he asked smilingly. "From Pennsylvania? Ah, I understand. Yes, I can perform the ceremony immediately."

He asked them various questions. The only objection he had to his present pastorate was the fact that it lay in a town which was a veritable Gretna Green, and he was not always sure that the persons he married were truthful about their age or their residence. In this case, however, his mind was more at ease. In the first place, they were certainly both of age, and, in the second, the clothing of the groom, in which he was evidently not thoroughly at home, and the bride's gay and beruffled attire, were too conspicuous to have been donned for an elopement. As he turned from Jovina to Benjamin, however, he began to be puzzled.

"If this young woman were apparently as unwilling to be married as this young man," he said to himself, "I should feel it my duty to decline to marry them."

Benjamin's replies, however, though wanting in spirit, were correct as to the letter, and presently he and Jovina were pronounced man and wife.

As the preacher shook hands with them, Jovina slipped a dollar bill from her hand to his own.

"He lost his pocket-book," she explained.

"But—but, my friend, I can't take a fee from you!"

"*Ach!* dat don't make nosing out," she said calmly. "He will chust haf to pay it back again."

At this the preacher bowed, his chin deep in his collar. He went with them toward the door. When they reached the hall, the maid paused for a moment with her dusting, and Jovina looked at her sharply. Had she been listening? Had this saucy little thing heard Benj's gruff replies? Was she laughing at them? Jovina turned toward the preacher.

"You must excuse him because he don't seem so anxious," she explained loudly. "It iss n't as he don't want to get married; it iss because—because—" Jovina was not an habitual prevaricator, and invention was difficult—"it iss because he has new shoes an' he has it so in his feet. Good-by, *Para* [Pastor]."

Then Jovina looked haughtily at the pretty maid,—Jovina, who herself had lived out one summer at the Weygandts', where she expected to be treated as one of the family,—and waving her hand majestically, issued her commands:

"Will de serfant-girl open de door?"

Blissfully unconscious of the laughter to which master and maid yielded as she seized Benj again by the arm, she walked briskly down the street.

"I sink it would be nice when we would take de steam-cars home," she said. "We haf come by de trolley. We can walk back across de bridge to Easton."

"All right." Had she proposed an airship, Benj would have been equally satisfied. If she chose to waste the difference between the trolley fare, which was fifteen cents, and the railroad fare, which was fifty, well and good. She carried the pocket-book, and she had promised to get him back to Millerstown. She bought some bananas and soft pretzels, and they ate their dinner as they crossed the bridge. When they reached Easton they found that they had just missed a train, and it was almost dark when they reached their own county-seat. They had scarcely spoken a word. Jovina, from whose stern eyes the sharpness had vanished, glanced occasionally at Benj with an expression curiously like wistfulness around the cor-

ners of her mouth. Benj, however, paid no heed. He mounted the train at her suggestion and rose to leave it at her word; but he had no will of his own. It simply "made nosing out" what happened now. When they reached the corner from which the Millerstown cars started, they found that again they had missed a car. Thereupon Jovina suggested that they take a walk out Hamilton street, where suddenly the faint twilight gave place to the blaze of electric lights. It was she who asked the shouting car-despatcher what time the next car departed for Millerstown, she who piloted the way across the crowded street, she who bought a bag of peanuts from the Italian at the corner. Then Benj gave the first sign that he still possessed an interest in life, for he munched them greedily. He was hungry—not, however, for peanuts or bananas or pretzels, but for boiled cabbage and pork and schnitz-pie. He realized suddenly that he wanted schnitz-pie more than he had ever wanted anything in his life. And, alas! his mother seldom baked it! It was at Jovina's alone that he had ever got enough schnitz-pie. Suddenly he drew a deep breath. He was henceforth to live at Jovina's! The black clouds which hemmed him in brightened. It was true that they were still so very gray as to be almost black; but Jovina, had she only known, had good reason to take courage. He remembered for the first time to help her into the car, and as he sat down beside her he noticed that she wore her pink dress. A loud shout from the rear suddenly drew his attention.

"Well! well! Look once in front dere! Chust married, fellows! Hello, Benj!" It was Billy Knerr and the young Fackenthals. At their gay sally every one in the car grinned broadly, and Benj blushed like a girl. Another penalty for being married! The sense of his own misery surged over him again. Jovina was to blame for this. He looked around at her, and for an instant her own glance, tormented, pitiful, pathetically unlike Jovina, held his own. That instant something new was born within him—a sense of possession. He rose to his feet and looked angrily back at his fellow-townsmen.

"You fellows had better shut once up!"

he called. "It shows mighty poor manners to yell at a lady in de street-car! An', what iss more, any one what does it will settle wis me!"

So amazed were they, and so thoroughly convinced that he meant what he said, that they were instantly silent.

The streets of the county-seat and the long, ugly rows of suburban houses were soon left behind. Then they sped out into the summer darkness, where the lights were gleaming in scattered farm-houses.

"Are you cold, Chofina?" Benj asked suddenly, as the cool evening breeze blew through the car.

"N-no," she answered, startled by his solicitude. "But I am tired."

"An' I, too."

Suddenly Jovina began to tremble.

"No, it ain't dat I am cold. It iss somesing else. It iss somesing dat I must tell you, Benj. I haf known it sometime already. It—it—iss—it iss dat—"

"Well?"

"It iss dat Chohn Weimer will some one of dese days marry Mary."

"Mary? Mary who?"

"Why, Mary Kuhns."

"Chohn Weimer marry Mary Kuhns!"

He laid his hand heavily on her wrist. "How do you den know dis?"

"Chohn told me himself, an' it iss for sure true."

John Weimer marry Mary Kuhns! Mary Kuhns, whose steady suitor he had been for three years! Now all Millerstown would say that she had thrown him over for John. A fierce anger against her swelled within him. What right had she to treat him like this? Then at last the morning of Benjamin's content dawned.

"But—but—"

"But what, Benj?" prompted Jovina in a voice thick with suppressed tears.

"Wait once," he said, his forehead wrinkled in a frown, his grasp on her wrist growing each moment tighter. "But, Chofina, it wass I what srew Mary Kuhns ofer, and not she me."

"Of course it wass," said Jovina.

"Chofina, did you haf de wedding-day so soon because of Mary's also getting married? Did you sink folks would say she srew me ofer? Did you do it den for me?"

"Of course I did," said Jovina.

His clasp this time closed on Jovina's hand. Her own, however, was suddenly drawn away.

"Chofina!" he exclaimed, "do you turn away from me?"

"No—no; it ain't dat, Benj. I haf somesing else to tell you, Benj."

"Wait once, Chofina. It iss almost time to get out. Den you can tell me."

He helped her down tenderly. Billy Knerr called after them something about a serenade they would have the next evening, but they paid no heed as they started up the dark and silent street.

"Now, Chofina, what iss den dis foolish sing what worries you?"

"It iss dis, Benj," she sobbed: "it iss your pocket-book. I picked it up on de bridge, and I haf had it all de day. *Ach!* Benj, what will you do?"

"You haf den had it all day!" he repeated dully. "Why, Chofina, if I had

not lost it, it might be dat we would not haf been yet married!"

"I knew it—I knew it! I knew it all de time!" she exclaimed wildly. "Den you don't lofe me a bit! It would make nosing out to you when I wass dead!"

For the fraction of a second Benj considered. As he had said, if he had not lost his pocket-book they might not have been married. Then how Millerstown would have laughed! And now—

"Chofina," he whispered, "it iss all right. Don't you cry a minute. I am not mad ofer you, Chofinily; I am glad. Listen once. If we wass not already married, dey would all say dat she srew me ofer, and dat you wass second choice. Now we haf a good one on her!"

"But, Benj, are you sure you don't lofe her no more?"

"I nefer lofed her," declared Benjamin, sure of his mind at last; "an' now I hate her!"



A TRYST

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON

I WILL not break the tryst, my dear,
That we have kept so long,
Though winter and its snows are here,
And I 've no heart for song.

You went into the voiceless night;
Your path led far away.
Did you forget me, Heart's Delight,
As night forgets the day?

Sometimes I think that you would speak
If still you held me dear;
But space is vast, and I am weak—
Perchance I do not hear.

Surely, howe'er remote the star
Your wandering feet may tread,
When I shall pass the sundering bar
Our souls must still be wed.



Drawn by F. E. Schoonover. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"THE DEPARTING FIGURES WERE SILHOUETTED FOR AN INSTANT . . . ON THE
TOP OF SUGAR TREE HILL"

THE MAKING OF A DOCTOR OF DIVINITY

BY ROSE YOUNG

Author of "Sally of Missouri," "Henderson," etc.

THE trouble had begun when I reached "Miss Nigger's" cabin. Unmistakable evidence of the fact met my eyes and ears as I stopped on the bare, foot-beaten place in front of the door and chewed my sun-bonnet strings and surveyed the unseeing group within.

On the kitchen side of the room sat Miss Nigger, Brother Johnson, and Pokeberry Tate. On the parlor side sat Big Nance Poteet, from the roasting-ear country down in Melrose Bottoms. The line-up meant more than home folks and company: it was also sharply suggestive of the two religious bodies into which the negroes of that part of the county were divided. Brother Johnson was the spiritual head of Old Mount Zion, a congregation of colored foot-washing Baptists. Miss Nigger was the incarnate enthusiasm of that congregation. Pokeberry Tate was what the white people called the "Foot-wash reserve." When there was no one else ripe for conversion, the Foot-washers worked over Poke, who stayed ripe. Big Nance, on the other hand, was what the white people called the "body militant" of the Free-will Baptists.

The Free-wills had one great advantage over the Foot-washers. Their new minister had taken the pains to introduce himself into Melrose Bottoms as a doctor of divinity. In the beginning he had had a name, but to his congregation his title was so much more valuable than his name that it was not long before the latter became innocuous with disuse, and he was known far and wide as "Doc' 'Vinity." Brother Johnson, an easy-going man, had come into the Twin Oaks country as plain bro-

ther, and plain brother he had had to remain, even though by this time Free-will references to Doc' 'Vinity had become flaunts.

Standing there at the doorway, I could hear Big Nance holding forth, Free-will fashion.

"Ou' chu'ch was pack' plumb up to de do'-knobs," she was saying, "an' Doc' 'Vinity des tu'n hisse'f loose an' preach de mos' endfind sermon I e'er hyeh endurin' my borned days." Her voice rolled through the doorway and pounded away to the sun-burnished hills, startling them from their Sunday-afternoon drowse with affronting echoes.

The Foot-washers eyed her furtively, with an evident hope that the subject of Doc' 'Vinity's edifying sermons was not to be pursued. But, bristling with mischief, Big Nance kept straight on.

"Snakes alive! teks a docteh ob 'vinity tuh preach, innyway." Then she pretended to be confused by the remembrance that Brother Johnson was not a titled divine. She put the back of one hand to her mouth and chuckled with bland self-deprecation and swayed her huge form back and forth and wagged her head facetiously. "Eh, la! Eh, la! I dunno huc-come I fegit 't ain't all preachehs doctehs. No 'fense 'tended, *Br'er* Johnsing."

Now, Brother Johnson's specialty was good-nature, not wit. He could only lean back in his chair helplessly and say, "None taken, Miss Poteet; none taken," and let the pleasure of being polite salve his wound.

It was Miss Nigger who added, "As yit." She and Big Nance looked at each other for a laden moment. I sat down on

the door-step and let my bonnet swag to my shoulders so that I could the better see within. I was glad that I had come.

The two colored gentlemen, one on each side of Miss Nigger, exchanged glances, walling up their eyes, and pulling down their mouths humorously. Kindled by Miss Nigger's eye, Brother Johnson's suspicion that he ought to have resented the slight put upon him by the mulatto woman mounted with a feeble flame. He scratched his head and turned upon Big Nance with some directness of purpose. But when that lady pitched her great body toward him, her hands resting jauntily on her knees, her arms bowed outward, her lower lip jerked back, he shrank down into his chair. Again he weakly murmured, "None taken." And again Miss Nigger supplemented, "As yit."

Big Nance brought her hands to her hips with a thwack that almost split my ears.

"As yit! As yit!" she screamed at Miss Nigger. "Ef so be yeh rambunctious tuh tek 'fense, s' I, teks doctehs ob 'vinity fuh preach gospile ob Gord an' lub ob Christ. S' I, huccome de Foot-washers wastin' time washin' dey foots whenst dey souls brack as pots an' dey ain't got no docteh ob 'vinity tuh tote um tuh de gre't wash-basin on hohed?"

Partly to evade the main issue and partly because his familiarity with the doctrine gave him a sense of grace, Brother Johnson was brave enough to interrupt Big Nance at this juncture.

"Foot-washin'," he said in a scholarly way, "would be no lessen foolishness ef it p'ten' fuh git ou' foots clean. It don't ebum p'ten' fuh do dat. It des a cer'm'ny fuh show ou' humidity."

"Tha's whut it fuh. Tha's *puzzackly* whut it fuh." Pokeberry nodded his head, well pleased with the incomprehensibility of the explanation.

"Shut yo' mouf, Poke!" growled Big Nance, impatiently. "Shut yo' mouf! You know 'bout ez much 'bout 'ligion ez a chicken-louse."

"No 'fense 'tended, Miss Potet." said Poke as fast as he could. And when Big Nance leaned over and snapped her fingers in his face, he cringed.

The virago's merciless domination over him and the very inconsequence of the

little black rascal seemed to arouse a fierce ancestral maternity within Miss Nigger. She rose and stood by her chair, her outraged gaze upon the mulatto woman. I got up, too, to be prepared for what was surely coming. Miss Nigger was dangerous like that. Her nostrils were flickering. The nostrils of my father's thoroughbreds down at Camelot flickered with excitement in that same way.

"Git outen my house, yaller 'oman!"

Under compulsion of the tense command, Big Nance also rose, but the crisis was far too much to her liking for her to quit it. She lumbered across the room like a prairie-schooner and faced Miss Nigger.

"Black 'oman, I 's one de Free-will picks. I teks no sass f'om a Foot-washer. Yeh want tuh git dat intuh yo' scrull, an' ef yo' scrull too t'ick, I lay it open fuh yeh!"

She would have, too, if Miss Nigger had not been quick to strike down the up-lifted hand.

Then came chaos. The room filled with strange jungle-grunts and whirling tigresses. Presently it became apparent that Miss Nigger was pushing Big Nance to the wall. And all the while Big Nance kept making stealthy efforts to get her hand to her dress bosom.

The two colored gentlemen side-stepped to the door. Discovering me there, Poke began a piteous importuning.

"Fuh Gord's sake, li'l' missy, mek um stop!" His voice rose to a pig-like squeal: "Big Nance got a razzuh discredited in huh clo's!"

I understood then the catlike lifting of Big Nance's hand, and stepped into the room. Even if I had been much afraid, I must have, in those affectionate, impulsive days, stepped into any room where Miss Nigger was menaced. But I was not much afraid. These were the kind of grown ones that made a white child feel old and strong and wise.

"You stop!" I commanded confidently. I was accustomed to see them pay heed when a white person ordered. "You hear me? Stop!"

So direct was the bond between Miss Nigger and me that my voice reached her straight through the red mist of her passion. She did stop, realizing undoubtedly that to have continued would have

been to endanger me. As luck had it, Big Nance was too exhausted to seize her late-come chance to draw her weapon. She leaned against the wall, puffing like a porpoise. Then she raised her red, sullen eyes, and although they fell on only Miss Nigger and me, standing hand in hand, she seemed to see something that frightened her. With a guttural exclamation, she shuffled out of the cabin. Pokeberry Tate and Brother Johnson obligingly flattened themselves against the wall to let her pass. Long afterward we heard that she said that she would have "razzuhed" Miss Nigger to ribbons if I had n't looked such a "spittin' image" of old Neill Gordon, my dead grandfather, that she thought she saw his ghostie.

Whatever the cause, we were glad indeed to see her gigantic form disappear down the road that followed the Killrall into the Melrose corn-lands. Brother Johnson and Pokeberry Tate sidled back to the two good rocking-chairs. "Phew! Miss Poteet's a turbul survigrous 'oman!" quavered Poke. Brother Johnson wiped his brow sadly. Miss Nigger sat down in a straight-backed wooden chair and lifted me to her lap. I could feel her body jerking.

"All thet sturvins fuh nuttin' but thet D.D. business!" She shook her head, sighing and sorrowing.

Sympathy for her had inspired me to many misguided efforts in her behalf. It inspired me to one now. "Miss Nigger," I cried, "why don't the Old Mount Zionites chip in and buy Br'er Johnson a D.D. decree? You can buy 'em, you know." In saying so, I drew heavily upon some information that I had recently acquired from the grown ones at my father's house.

"Ma'am? li'l' missy, ma'am?" cried Brother Johnson, with touching eagerness. Poke pricked up his ears. Miss Nigger stiffened.

"Whut thet yeh sayin', lamb-pie?" In her beloved voice there was a throb of hope that lifted me like wings. I soared.

"Why, I 'm telling you that you can buy these here D.D. decrees—like Caspar Columbine's—from a college up at Kansas City, for fifty dollars. I heard my uncle Norval telling my father."

Poke was the first to rally from the shock of the amount. "Sim lak a col-

lege mought sell yeh innynthing on Gord's green yeth fuh dat much money," he said.

It was Brother Johnson, however, who now seized the situation dominantly. The possibility of realizing the great ambition of his life had electrified him. He sat upright and moistened his thick, cracked lips. Visions tormented him. Bigger people, with the clarion call of vaster destinies in their ears, have seen what he saw. "Ef it come tuh pass dat I e'er does git a lift outen air decree, they is some people whut gwine hyeh de crack ob my whup ez I whurls by. Dat fuh sho *an'* sartain." It was with difficulty that he clambered down from those heights whither his unbridled Pegasus had so swiftly carried him. "Sis' Nigger," he began,—that being the black people's modification of my name for her,—"*dis* be a scrumptious worl' ef we kin fore-ordinate *dis t'ing* tuh come tuh pass." He licked his lips and regarded her waitingly. All the Foot-washers waited on her at the cross-roads where dreams and hopes met ways and means.

"Well," she made answer finally, her face sanguine and purposeful, "fitty dol-lehs a heap uv money. But, thin, berry-time am a-comin'."

We understood what she meant by that. In season Henway Wood was full of luscious wild berries, and there were many ways of turning the fruit into money. In the twinkling of an eye she projected for us a putative program of "festibuls"—ice-cream festibuls, chicken festibuls, berry festibuls—that promised to be a delightful means to a praiseworthy end. When out of all this pious commerce the needed amount should be raised, I was to take it to my Uncle Norval, as the original source of my information about degrees. He was to do the rest.

The whole thing seemed as good as done. I was at a blest age; the others were of a blest people that never age. Already their faces were ecstatically straining with anticipation.

"Sing!" I shouted, noting their malleability. I loved to strike while they glowed red-hot. "Sing, 'Here I raise my Ebenezer.'" The three black figures began to rock.

"Hyeh, I raise my ebon knees, suh!"

They suited the action to the words.

They kept time with their hands, their feet, their bodies. They were all rhythm. Presently their voices keened away in a sweet, tense jubilate:

"Glory! Glory! Hallyloo! Ooh-ooh-oo!"

By now the sun was dropping behind the Twin Oaks hills; and, pointing westward, Brother Johnson rose. Still keeping time with every movement, the two black men picked up their hats, bowed and scraped, and drifted through the doorway and down the big road on the rippling wave of their own music. Miss Nigger had also risen. She stood in the doorway, "patting juba." The departing figures were silhouetted for an instant—dangling frock-coats, battered silk hats, and flopping trousers-legs—on the top of Sugar Tree Hill. Brother Johnson's magnificent voice reached us in a final crescendo:

"Glory! Glory! Hallyloo! Ooh-ooh-oo!"

It was in this wise that the bark of the Old Mount Zionites was launched on a high emprise. By the most commendable sort of lying, the haven of its quest was kept a secret from the Free-wills, the Zionites giving out that all the activity at the church that spring was for the purpose of raising money to shingle the building. When, under the hot Western suns, the berries ripened, endless chains of berry "soshbuls" were organized. I teased my reluctant father into contributing to them all. Gallons of berries—our own berries, too—were offered cheap at the kitchen door of Twin Oaks. I made my mother buy them all. Week by week the D.D. fund grew.

However, in a world of big things berry-time does not last forever. By and by I was slipping over into Henway Wood daily to wring my hands and pray over the berry-bushes. "God," I grumbled, "if you made that sun stand still, I should think you could keep these berries from wizening up."

But for all my praying, the season marched on to the song of the sun, moon, and stars. The berries hardened. The fields yellowed. The land filled with a strange, thick whirl. Even a child in the Twin Oaks country could read the signs of the times. Twin Oaks had started in upon her midsummer stint in the great

work of feeding the world. No more time for church affairs. From big day until late dusk the black men had to be in the fields with the reapers and threshers, and the black women had to be in the kitchens, cooking endlessly for the hired hands. Our wheat was ripe.

One glowing Sunday morning toward the end of harvest Miss Nigger came up to the big house in her black-calico riding-skirt. She held it up high in front, with both hands, to compensate for not holding it up at all in the back.

"This ou' las' gre't day uv strivin' fuh thet D.D. money, my prushus," she whispered to me. "I gwine ca'y yeh oveh tuh Ol' Mount Zion 'longst uv me. We gwine mek a gran' 'miration oveh thah this mawnin'."

We arranged the matter with the grown ones without delay. Then we took the footpath to the barn. When we were seated on Old Dick, the horse that carried double with least complaint, we sent him through the yard on a lope, so that the grown ones could not laugh at us. They did sometimes.

Out in the long lane we went more slowly. The morning was rosy. The dew on the meadow-grass looked like sparkling eyes. Everything earthly had a sweetness and nearness. We felt our kinship to all of it. The flashing orioles and the woodpeckers were our cousins. The kind old trees were our grandfathers. The little pink hedge-roses were our babies. I was filled with mystical desires—to get down and pat the cool yellow clay of the big road, to put my cheek to the birds' faces, to clasp my arms about the tree trunks, to nibble at the hearts of the little pink hedge-roses. At almost every step the birds, the scurrying rabbits, the Camelot "crittehs,"—sheep and cows and horses,—fetched up a "membunce" in Miss Nigger's mind, and she gave me the benefit of it as we jogged along, singing or reciting for me in her vivid way, her voice exhibiting finely varied inflections, her eyes gay.

Bowing to the Camelot sheep, she quoted:

"Sheep an' th' goat walkin' 'long to pascher;
Sheep seh tuh goat, 'Walk li' fascher.'
'Sheep,' seh th' goat, 'my toe am so'.
'Uhschuse me, goat, I dinnut know.'"

Once in a way she and the birds held sprightly converse.

"Go-link! Go-link!" came the blue jay's one good note.

"Don't yeh fret, ol' robbeh; th' debbil's got yo' chain all linked up good an' raddy," Miss Nigger flung back at him. "Mawnin', Daddy Peckehwood! 'Trus' I see yeh well. Yeh don't ketch thishyer nigger sassin' no peckehwood," she added for my edification; "they cunjer-buhds."

"How much money did you say we have now?" I asked for the seventy-second time, when she seemed likely to make no more flights into song or poetry for the nonce.

Her answer fairly rang with triumph. "Love-light, we got nineteeum dollehs an' fitty-five censes—an' we 'low tuh mek up th' ballumps th' mawnin'." That was the black people's way. Experience neither taught them nor blighted them. "I decla', chu'ch done taken up," she cried next. We could see Zion through the trees. I shook the bridle about old Dick's ears to hurry him forward, and he responded so cheerfully that we were soon in our places among the Zionites.

Our service that morning was given over wholly to the singing of songs and the soliciting of contributions. Brother Johnson craftily selected the songs from the class of church melodies known as "spirituals"—frenzied croons the definite purpose of which is the exaltation of the soul. Over and over, in his impassioned plea for money for the D.D. fund, he became so exhausted that his breath failed him. Even then, he raised both hands and, voiceless, started his people off on a spiritual.

"He gwine mek us lak dough ef he kip dis singin' up," muttered Lafayette Chouteau, a stingy daky. He kept one hand in his pocket, as if to guard his savings.

The noonday sun was streaming through the church windows when Brother Johnson rallied for his final effort. He had become so wheezy as to be almost inarticulate, and as he breathed he worked his arms like a pair of bellows.

"Chu'ch!" he cried, in the very last throes, "I goes up intuh de high mountings an' I shouts in my trabbles ob sperit, 'Gord, whut 'll yeh hab yo' peopul ob Ol' Mount Zion do feh yeh dishyer mawnin'?' An' back f'om de hilltops soun' de an-

seh, 'Walk up tuh dat cont'buttion-table an' lay down a quahteh, ur er dime, ur ebum er nickel.' Chu'ch! it ripple thoo my yehs lak a silbry brook,"—he improvised a falsetto chant,—"A quahteh, ur er dime, ur ebum er nickel." And all the people rocked their bodies and chanted with him. If the words were bizarre, the notes were sweet. A hysterical sigh went up from the people. Their heart-strings trembled to the music: "A quahteh, ur er dime, ur ebum er nickel!"

Then they intoned the air, without any words, in melodious, dramatic African fashion, giving forth a weird sound, like the whirring of unseen wings. And then, drunk with melody, the congregation flocked to the contribution-table. Through crass favoritism, Pokeberry Tate had been made the treasurer of the D.D. fund, and he had developed into an avid worker for the cause. He himself explained his zeal in his post—more honestly than was suspected—by saying that he took "so much intrust outen it." Standing there at the oilcloth-covered pine table, poising on one leg, he volubly blessed the giving people.

"Praise Gord, Sis' Hankins, dat air quahteh gwine be yo' nes'-egg fuh grow yo' hebenly wings. Br'er Mose, dat dime des so much soul salvation fuh yeh—no mo', no less. In de name ob de Lawd, thanky-ma'am, Sis' Lize."

When he and Brother Johnson at last released their grip on the Zionites, it was only because, as Poke whispered behind his dirty hand, "'T wa' n't no use tryin' tuh mek a daid hoppehgrass spit tobacco."

I was occupying a front seat beside Miss Nigger and the other mothers of Zion. Brother Johnson now signaled me out to count the money on the table and add it to the amount already collected. I had often served old Mount Zion in some such capacity. Poke, with sham alacrity, produced the amount on hand, in two shockingly small calico bags. I fell to work breathlessly and counted all the money, recounted it, counted all the quarters and dimes and nickels separately, and added them; then sat still, icy cold.

"How much dud it mek, li'l' missy?"

The hardest thing I ever did in my life was to answer up to Brother Johnson's down-bent, eager, kindly face, "Twenty-five dollars and sixteen cents."

"Oh, my Lawd! Oh, me!" It was

Miss Nigger, wailing like an aspen-tree in a blighting wind. She sat down on the pulpit step, close to me, and I put my hand on her shoulder. It was a moment of sharp suffering for us both. The word was passed from mouth to mouth, and the church quickly filled with cries of lamentation. Brother Johnson dropped down on the horsehair sofa back of the pulpit. "Sackclaws an' ashes!" I heard him moan. "Sackclaws an' ashes!" My heart bled for him. His congregation, however, had undergone one of those revulsions of feeling common to an emotional people. They had striven and given to make him more ornamental, and as he sat there before them, the sign of their failure, they were frankly irritated by him.

"Ef he 'd 'a' been a docteh ob 'vinity in de fust place, we would n't 'a' had all dishyer to-do-ance fuh nuttin'," said Lafayette Chouteau, blackly.

"I 'm tol' they 's plinty D.D.'s in the worl'. Cayn't we git one f'om *no* place?" shrilled a seditious mulatto girl.

All kinds of disloyal remarks became current. In the thick of them Hunter Ben Dale snarled, with scornful ribaldry: "Chu'ch, sim lak we gotter wait twel D.D.'s is marked down tuh 'bout harf de cos' pricet. Sim lak we been sint on a tom-fool's airant, innyway."

That was an oblique shot at me, and I knew it. I must have flinched a little, for on the instant Miss Nigger was on her feet, fire in her eyes.

But, strangely enough, Hunter Ben's words stuck in my head—half the cost price—half the cost price. They developed a sudden big significance that lifted me off my feet. I caught Miss Nigger by the arm and drew her into a corner. It was fine to watch her face as I gave her her instructions. "You my li'l' angel-pie, thet whut you is," she said, her eyes streaming. She squeezed me to her till my bones ached. Then she wiped her face and turned back to her people with a fearful arrogance of manner.

"Chu'ch," she cried, "I 'm tol' thet the Good Book seh fuh th' wimmins tuh set in silenst an' learn uv th' min; but sometimes afteh I kip a silenst, it pass thoo my breens thet I ain't gwine learn much ef I gotter wait fuh min tuh learn me." She dropped into a singsong, haranguing tone. "Chu'ch, I 'm tol' we wants fuh buy a

decree fuh mek ou' preacheh a docteh uv 'vinity. An' I 'm tol' thet th' cos' pricet uv two D.'s is fitty dollehs. An' I 'm tol' thet we rake an' we scrape an' we go 'thout minny things, an' yit we ain't raise but 'long 'bout twenty-five dollehs. An' I 'm tol' don't tek but one D. tuh mek a docteh, noway. An' I 'm tol' thet it wuck out by riddumrytick that ef th' cos' pricet uv two D.'s is fitty dollehs, we kin sen' fo'th ou' twenty-five dollehs an' git us *thess one D.* Yeh hyeh me! I 'm tork-in'!"

To a grown white one that solution might not have been adequate, but to the black people, as to me, it was not only adequate, it was admirable. The church grew noisy with demonstrations of joy and relief. Brother Johnson slowly raised his head and came to the edge of the pulpit platform. There were tears in his doglike eyes; there were tears in almost everybody's eyes. There were tears in mine, yet I expect the cherubim may feel as I felt.

When finally the glory-making was over, the D.D. fund was then and there consigned to Miss Nigger, and she was commissioned to take the final steps to secure the degree. She took just one step—to me. "Thah, sugah, now git Unc' Norve tuh sen' fo'th feh thet -decree uv one D., pleasum."

In pursuance of that object, she and I left Old Mount Zion without delay in advance of the crowd, and made old Dick gallop all the way to Camelot. We found my uncle Norval at the Camelot stiles. He was bending over, scraping mud from his riding-boots, and did not see us until I said, "Howdy." Then he looked up with interest.

"Won't you come in?" he asked, straightening to his full height. He was a big young man whose beauty and liveliness had made him the talk of the countryside.

"Yes; I 've got some business with you," I told him. We went up the cinder-path with him to his bachelor house. When we reached the porch, he brought out some cane-seated chairs, and we all sat down in an intimate conclave. "I want you to help us out of some trouble," I said, fixing my eyes on him earnestly enough to abort any levity on his part. I had found out of old that Norval was a

very present help in time of trouble. He always said that he had been in enough trouble himself to know most of the roads out of it. His mouth at once stopped twitching.

"Well?" He began to whittle a stick and watched the whittlings as they fell at his feet. "I'm listening." One of the best things about the Twin Oaks life was that it left a young man time to listen to a child.

I told him then of the long, hard season of hope and striving over at Old Mount Zion, and of its poor fruition. "You see," I concluded, lamely enough, "I put them up to it, so I've got to help them out of it. And I got the notion from you. If I had n't heard you telling my father that decrees can be bought, I should n't have known it by myself."

He stopped whittling, and looked at me out of half-shut eyes, in a way he had.

"When did I tell your father that?" he asked meekly.

"Why, when you were fussing about Uncle Joseph going off to college again," I asserted, all the more emphatically that a harrowing fear of my premises suddenly assailed me. "You said why n't he buy him a few decrees, if he had to have 'em. You said he could buy all he wanted up at Kansas City for fifty dollars apiece. You said it would do him just as much good, and save us all some money."

For answer Norval looked off toward the hills with a queer gleam in his eyes. He was apt to look like that when the talk was of his brother Joseph, the good one, Norval himself being the wild one.

"Now, le' me see," he began gingerly, after a moment; "you want to buy a D.D. for your brother Johnson, because Caspar Columbine down at Melrose is a D.D. and a nuisance. D.D.'s cost fifty dollars, to the best of your knowledge, and you have only twenty-five dollars. Well?"

I reddened and hesitated, fearful that my arithmetic might not stand the test of the white man's brain. Not so Miss Nigger, who sprang into the breach in her lively fashion.

"Marse Norve, I ain' p'ten' tuh know nuttin' 'bout riddumrytick, an' mebbe I mek a misfraction in kotin' this tuh yeh, but whut we fashion out is thet evum ef

we is n't got the cos' pricet uv two D.'s, we is got th' cos' pricet uv one—an' yeh don't need two D.'s feh mek one docteh, innnyway?" The soft rising inflection of her rich voice was probably more convincing than any sledge-hammer assertion would have been. Norval got up quickly, frowned, gave his shoulders a little shake, and leaned against the porch pillar. We did not disturb his reverie, but presently he spoke of his own accord.

"Why, I reckon it can be done. Leave your money with me, and I'll try to arrange it for you."

"Hoodah! Hoodah! Hoodah-hum!" shouted Miss Nigger. I, too, showed what it was to have an inflammable soul.

"What you two must do now," said Norval, warningly, "is to quiet down and go home and wait till Saturday. I'll have your degree by then, sure."

If we had felt our kinship to the earth as we went up to Old Mount Zion, we scorned the earth as we rode on home from Camelot. I think that the homeward journey lay through nebulous bits of heaven.

When, after many days, Saturday afternoon of that week came, it found Miss Nigger and me waiting for Norval at our old well. She and I had Twin Oaks all to ourselves. My mother was asleep, my father was in town. There was a shimmering golden veil over everything. Miss Nigger and I kept our eyes half shut, dreamers' fancy.

"Sim lak ef yeh seh innnything these kind uv days, yeh gwine crack th' worl' wide open," she snickered, shamefaced in her own conceit. She turned quickly as she heard the sound of a horse's hoofs and pretended to be swallowed up in listening. The sound became more sharply audible. Norval was in the long lane. He reined up beside us in a very few minutes and put a flat package into my hands. Then, in the goodness of his heart, he galloped off to the barn and left us to an unencumbered joy.

We untied the package with shaking hands—to be rewarded by the sight of a large and beautiful thing, embellished in all its corners with marvelous penmanship birds the tail-flourishes of which pointed to a splendidly ornate, but easily recognized D. in the exact center of the cardboard square. Besides the birds, there

was a little writing that set forth pleasantly that the common fame of our brother Johnson was such that the College of Knowhow took pride and satisfaction in conferring upon him one of its most honorary degrees, without money and without price. When we came to a more careful examination of the package, we found an envelop that contained Old Mount Zion's twenty-five dollars, and a note that had an equivocally expressed suggestion in it. "For the Lord's sake," said the note, "put this money to some good use, like shingling your church, for instance."

Presently you might have seen Miss Nigger, with the cardboard degree under one arm and the envelop clutched in one hand, scurrying like a rabbit down the big road toward Brother Johnson's cabin. And you might have seen me standing on our gate-post, crying her God-speed.

Next day the grown ones, who got obstinate sometimes, made me go to the white people's church at Shiloh Prairie. I was frantic until we were in the rockaway bound for home. Fortunately my father always drove fast, so that we reached Old Mount Zion just as the congregation was pouring through the doorway. "Wait a minute, father!" I called. Miss Nigger and Dr. Johnson themselves stood upon the steps. Swollen with modesty, the doctor bowed to the occupants of the rockaway. Miss Nigger came straight

to us. She paid small heed to my father and mother.

"Oh, my Lawd, li'l' pudden!" she cried to me, her eyes glistening with inexpressible emotions.

"How was it?" My own voice shook.

"It was thess gran', thet whut it was. We pin up th' decree behinst th' pulpit. —An' shingle th' ch'uch nuttin', baby-love! We done taken a vote feh buy a gol' frame feh thet decree with ou' twenty-five dollers. An' I wisht yeh mought 'a' hyeard Doc' Johnsing. I decla', I dinnut know they *was* sich a diff'unce twixt sermons whut 's doctehed an' them whut ain't."

"Come up to the big house and get your dinner and tell me all about it," I implored. And on the strength of her promise to do so, I let my father drive on.

As the rockaway rolled forward, I scrambled to my knees and looked back. The negroes were prancing down the big road, gay, distracted. They shook their ribbons. They pulled up their coat-sleeves so that their gilt cuff-buttons might show. They called to one another happily. Long after the rockaway had carried me beyond the pleasing vision of their happiness, their voices reached me on one swelling, recurrent note:

"Doc' Johnsing sho gin a good tork. Doc' Johnsing ain't got no s'pearers, dat he am not. Doc' Johnsing—Doc' Johnsing—Doc' Johnsing!"





From the sculpture by Andrew O'Connor. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

SCULPTURAL DECORATION OF THE LUNETTE ABOVE THE MAIN ENTRANCE

THE NEW NEW YORK CUSTOM-HOUSE

BY CHARLES DE KAY

BETWEEN Bowling Green and Bridge street, and between Whitehall street and Battery Park, lies an irregular piece of land that once belonged, like all this precious river-girdled island, to those innocents the Manhattoes. Here, after a bargain satisfactory to both parties, the West India Company of Holland erected a fort, and in it a small church, likewise a gallows, all with that practical yet childlike symbolism which was dear to our ancestors. It is fair to say that the warning of that one-branched tree which bears a single fruit was not raised against the Indians. Although in 1628 the Rev. Jonas Michaelius wrote that they were "*verduyvelde Menschen*" (bedeviled men) "who serve no one else but the

Devil, namely, the Spirit which in their language they call *Menotto*," yet it was in order to give the white man to understand that justice—the white man's justice of the seventeenth century—had come to stay that earthworks were thrown up and the lean finger with its crook was reared against the sky. It was to warn the skippers and traders of Holland and England, France and Spain, that the laws of the West India Company regarding export and trading licenses could not be broken with impunity.

And now, well-nigh three hundred years later, on this very spot, is not the Custom-house giving the same message to those who go down to the sea in ships? At their peril let them try to escape the rules and regulations, the fines and penal-



CAUCASIAN



HINDU



ITALIAN



COUREUR DE BOIS

KEYSTONES OF THE FLAT ARCHES OF THE WINDOWS OF THE MAIN STORY
BY VINCENZO ALFANO

ties, of Uncle Sam! Here, too, have other famous buildings stood, as, for example, that Government House erected in its sober, unbeautiful stateliness about 1790 for the use of General Washington, when New York had hopes of becoming the national capital. There are old colored prints in the shops which picture this example of colonial architecture. But the Government House gave way to rows of private residences what time that Joseph Rodman Drake and Fitz-Greene Halleck strolled on the Battery and felt themselves as poets strangely out of fashion. Alas! those residences were destined to become office-buildings after the wont of things in New York! For many reasons the site has reverted inevitably to some structure that belongs intimately to the special spirit of our seaport. The front of nearly two hundred feet from Whitehall on the east to the Battery Park on the west looks down on the old space before the old fort where once the citizens met for sport or angry town riots, but where now the trolleys grind along on their elliptical orbits. And an imposing front it is: walls of granite from the Penobscot, with deep embrasures for the windows and ranges of columns before three of the stories, girders and beams of steel instead of wood, floors of terra-cotta and concrete unassailable by fire; beetling cornice;

mansard roof, with copper and red slate rising behind a French Renaissance balustrade—here is an edifice that should last forever. Deep it goes, seven feet below high-water level, where the concrete flooring of the cellar is braced downward against the lifting force of the tide. Its massive form and comparatively low roof-tree contrast with the sky-scrapers that tower about the Bowling Green.

Seated in his robes of bronze on his curule chair, old Abraham de Peyster has been looking on with true Dutch phlegm while beam has been fitted into iron beam and the great hewn stones with their rough, grainy surfaces have been whisked on high and dropped gingerly and exactly into place.

The building of the Custom-house has afforded interest for more than eighteen months to thousands of busy men in that seething caldron of commerce near the Produce Exchange, and how much longer it will afford a spectacle probably the architect himself cannot tell.

During the two and three-quarter centuries that lie between the old fort and the new Custom-house the city has been pulled or burned down again and again, the new buildings rising each time with the firm belief that they would last forever. Will this edifice of mighty foundations have any longer life than the buildings swept



CELESTIAL



AFRICAN



CHINAMAN



ESKIMO

KEYSTONES OF THE FLAT ARCHES OF THE WINDOWS OF THE MAIN STORY
BY VINCENZO ALFANO

aside to make place for it? No one can say.

As yet the front that looks northward over the Bowling Green to the turn of Broadway has little to show of the sculptures which are to be concentrated there, but the illustration gives an idea how they will look. On advanced pedestals to right and left are four groups by Daniel C. French in gray Tennessee marble. In the cavernous main entrance is an escutch-

from this vantage-point there is a slightly elevated view of the edifice, and fortunately not the least favorable. The powerful basement and mighty columns bear up well the weight of the superincumbent mass, and seem to perform their function instead of being merely the decorations of a wall. The three fronts have organic structural proportions.

Elegance is not here, nor is delicacy; but power. And in such a building, sur-



From the sculpture by Karl Bitter. Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

ARMS OF THE UNITED STATES ABOVE THE ATTIC OVER THE MAIN ENTRANCE

round with supporters in relief, by O'Connor, and a rich ceiling decoration of mosaic. Along the front, not entirely free from the wall, are twelve columns built up of drums; they are repeated on the eastern and western sides. These columns support the beetling cornice and lend a variety of shadows and upright lines to three sides of the building. As you descend Broadway and turn the bend the side colonnade is seen to the rear of the façade—truly a remarkable effect which is not often met with in architecture. Indeed

rounded by towering shapes, that is not at all out of place. It is far enough along to warrant the belief that the new Custom-house will be a credit to the city. When its ruins are discovered by the descendants of Muscovite or Jap, the impression will be one of strength and adaptability. Perhaps these robust walls will suggest a fort, and the locality may well cause a confounding of the new Custom-house with the old fort—the more so, since buildings not entirely unlike may be found in a yet more ruinous state in

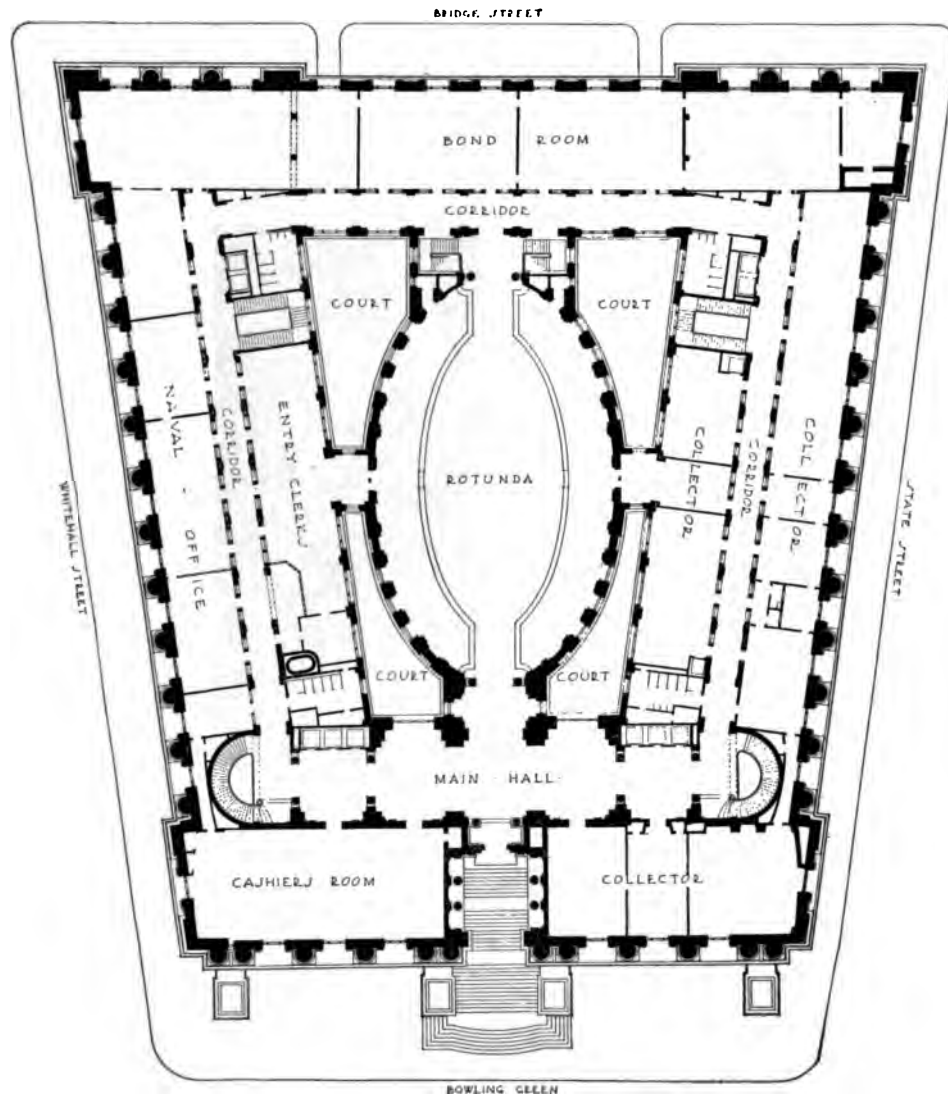


SCULPTURES ABOVE THE CORNICE OF THE MAIN FRONT

Europe. Historians of architecture will see the massive character of the remains, but the cellars will puzzle them.

A custom-house is one of the edifices of our cities which betokens the centralization that took place when, after a world

well-nigh intolerable on the ventures of merchants, and exercises tyranny over voters who dare to return from foreign ports. Here do free Americans forego their boasted birthright and submit to delays, chicanes, impertinences, costs, fines, indig-

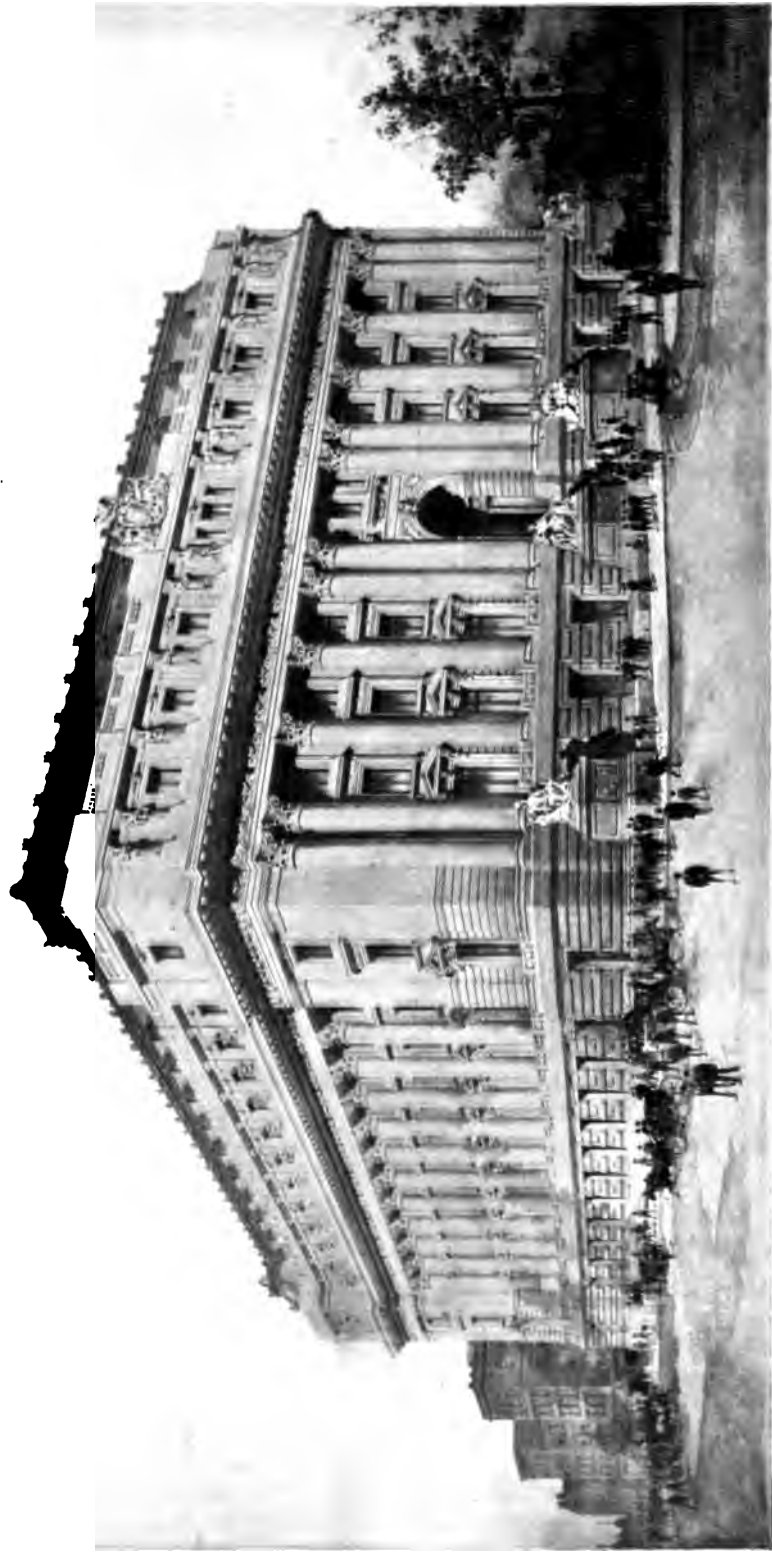


From a drawing furnished by the architect, Cass Gilbert

PLAN OF MAIN FLOOR OF THE CUSTOM-HOUSE

of bickering and provincial meanness, the several colonies agreed to surrender many of their old powers for the good of the nation at large. Uncle Sam, not the great State of New York, least of all the enormous city of New York, rules the incoming and outgoing of the ships, levies taxes

nities and exactions, the like of which, when they meet them in Russia or Turkey, they rarely fail to resent with a proper spirit of revolt. Also is the cost of the building borne by the general government and paid for out of the general fund, while the officials who dispose of



From the drawing of the architect, J. C. Green. Engraved by R. C. Collins

THE NEW YORK CUSTOM-HOUSE AS SEEN FROM THE EAST SIDE OF BOWLING GREEN

the vast business that flows in and out of the greatest seaport of the country belong to every State in the Union.

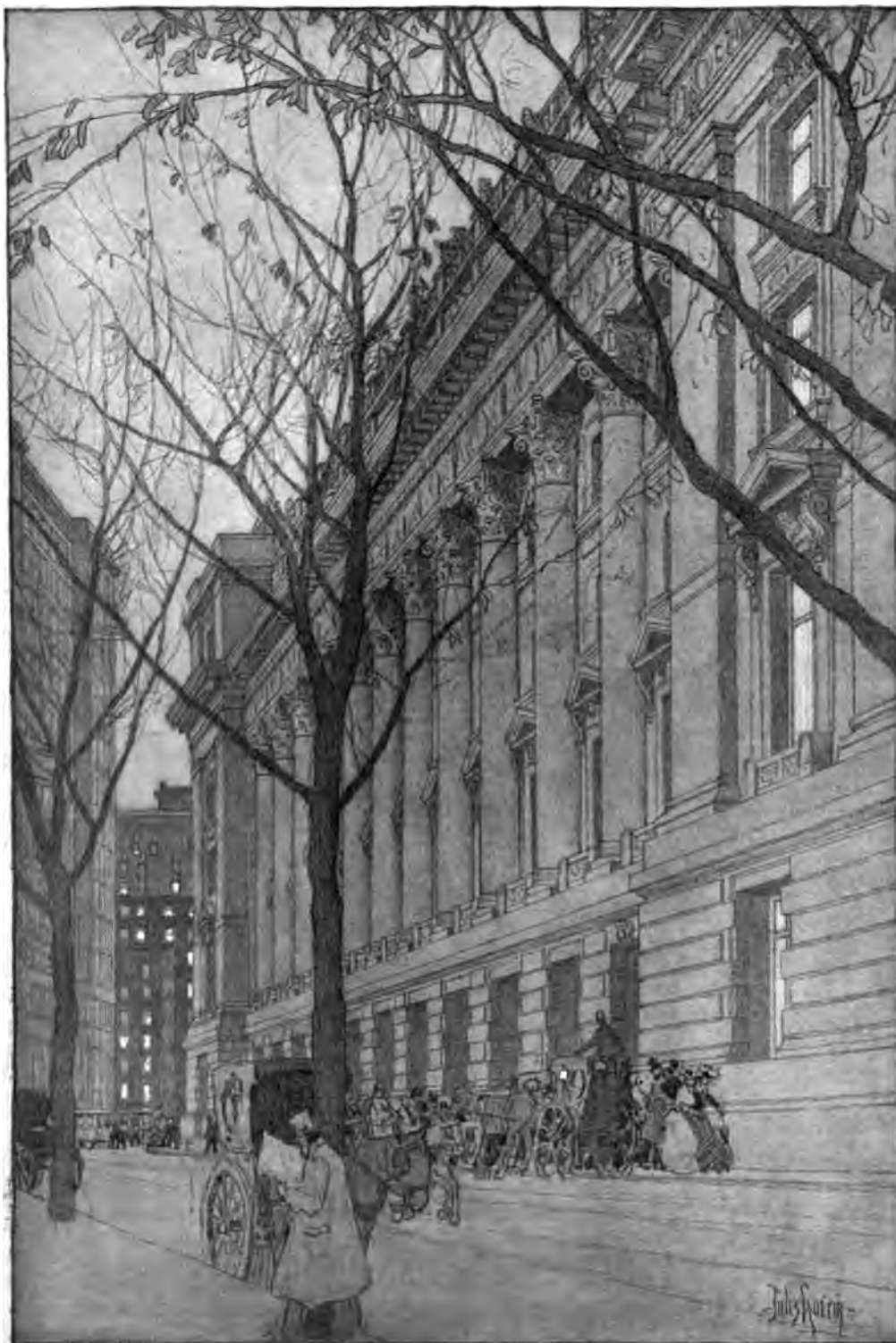
The architect, Mr. Cass Gilbert, has not seen fit to express in the sculptural decorations, even by an allegory, this peculiar situation of the free-born American who allows himself to be treated as a slave for the sake of what is called the good of the country. Perhaps there is lack of that sense of humor in politics which we find among the workmen on the old cathedrals, who made rare sport of the haughty ecclesiastics who were in control of building funds. Perhaps that particular United States inspector whose duty it is to follow with painful care each stone as it is laid in place is a Philistine. Perhaps our legislators at Washington are too full of their own importance to appreciate a joke, and so it were not wise in the architect to rouse them. But following out the scheme of sculptural decoration designed by the architect, at least something has been done to blunt the reproach that New York, a city by the sea, great through the ocean and our magnificent waterways, rarely remembers the sources of her wealth and greatness. In her public monuments she is wont to ignore the sea, the navy, the nations that have helped to make her what she is. The sculptures in Tennessee marble which bring out this idea with the greatest point have been considered in a former issue. Minor sculptures in the granite of the building claim attention now.

The granite capitals of the columns contain a head of Mercury and the winged wheel, for commerce and transportation respectively. Over the arch of the entrance presides a head of Columbia by Alfano. To right and left, over the arch, are heads of panthers, to represent the most important among the wild beasts found by the colonists. The keystones of the flat arches in the windows of the main story which light the offices of the collector of the port are carved with masks of races. There is the Caucasian, with accessories of oak branches, the Hindu with the lotus, the Latin and the Celt with grapes, the Mongol with poppy-heads, the Eskimo in his hood of fur, the coureur de bois with pine-cones. These are the work of Alfano, after the designs of the architect. Other decorations of a minor sort

are dolphin masks grotesquely treated, forms generalized from kelp, with a nautilus, the classic rudder and the trident, or the conventionalized wave—things that suggest the sea without being literal or realistic. The caduceus of Mercury also appears. Under the arch of the main entrance are the arms of the city by O'Connor, with an eagle superposed and winged figures in somewhat "Anglo-Saxon" attitudes for supporters, instead of the sailor and Indian usually seen in that position.

In general plan the Custom-house is a seven-story structure from street to roof, nearly two hundred feet on its Bowling Green front and nearly three hundred deep on its Whitehall street and Battery Park sides. These sides are not parallel, but diverge, until on Bridge street the rear or south side has a length of two hundred and ninety feet. In the center there remains a space which, if unencumbered, would have been a courtyard, eighty feet wide at the north, one hundred and twenty at the south, and about two hundred on the axis north and south. But the court is utilized, for, at the height of the main floor, which is reached from the front by the grand stair, the middle of this irregular center is occupied by an oval hall glassed over. It represents the rotunda in the old building on Wall street, where the brokers ply their vocation, lining up at the desks for signatures of deputy collectors, then flying-off for other signatures of the "naval officers" elsewhere, then scurrying about to get the cash to pay duties and fees—all in order to unravel those coils which bind the goods that enter this port in a maze of red tape.

To secure plenty of light through the elliptical glass top, the southern façade on Bridge street rises in the center no higher than the top of the dome. During the middle of the day, say from ten o'clock to three, the sun shines directly on the dome, and side lights penetrate the rotunda from windows looking on the narrow side courts. The room on the ground floor directly under the rotunda will be a place to store those papers which are most used, while one of the upper stories, specially designed for the purpose, will contain those not immediately needed. The dome is built of flat terra-cotta brick on the Guastavino system of timber arch; the



Drawn by Jules Guérin. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

THE BATTERY PARK FRONT OF THE NEW YORK CUSTOM-HOUSE

oval skylight has small, round bull's-eye glass, shaped like the lenses of spectacles.

Fortunately, and as proof of the wisdom of looking to architects of independent practice for the execution of great public edifices, the plans of the new Custom-house are not by the architect of the government, but by one chosen in a competition ordained by the Secretary of the Treasury under the provisions of the Tarsney act. In this instance credit is also due to James Knox Taylor, the Supervising Architect of the Treasury Department, whose coöperation has in every way furthered the aims and plans of the special architect. Despite the startling ignorance of the labor involved in designing and carrying out such an edifice displayed by able senators, it is not likely that Congress will ever revert to the old system when government buildings were designed at Washington by the gross and carried out without a thought of adaptability to the climate or surroundings, not to speak of beauty as objects of æsthetic pleasure.

Although from the floor of the cellar to the top of the mansard roof one counts only nine stories, there is much more floor-space here than in the Wall-street building. The cellar is like a great pan made impervious to the tides by concrete and asphalt. The basement floor is three feet above high-tide mark and is thirteen feet to the ceiling. The ground floor, flush with the street, has a height of over twenty feet, and it boasts six entrances, two on the front and two each on the Whitehall-street and Battery Park sides. From the Bowling Green rises the grand stair to the main floor, where the rotunda is. This main story has a height of twenty-three feet and contains the offices of the collector of the port, the naval officer, etc. Their bureaux are lighted by great windows fifteen feet high and nearly seven broad. As one reaches this floor by the main stair, a transverse hall two hundred feet long and thirty-five feet high in the central portion stretches to right and left, while directly in front is the rotunda. The floors above vary in height from twelve to sixteen and a half feet. Calling the main or rotunda floor the first, then there are six floors before the roof-tree is reached. Of these the fourth is meant for the storage of documents, and

is lighted only by narrow slits in the outer walls. It is the "blind story" of the attic, so rich in sculpture. Two sets of elevators near the east and west ends of the great transverse hall, and two other sets at the southern end, aid in circulating the crowd, while for service where the public does not enter there are still other elevators for employees. They start from the ground floor and run to the top of the building.

These are tiresome particulars, but the Custom-house is a great hive of men, and all who must visit it may be glad to learn that the new structure has many things the old one lacked—convenient approaches, elevators, sunlight, electricity and ventilation. It will even have a post-office, for that big branch of the United States mail now established in the Produce Exchange across Whitehall street will find a place on the Bridge-street back, where, by two entrances and two inclined planes, the mail-carts will drive in and out, unloading at offices on the ground floor. Provision is made in the basement for attaching pneumatic tubes, water-pipes, and electric conduits which may be needed hereafter. The trolleys of Broadway and Sixth, Seventh, Eighth and Ninth avenues, the elevated trains of Second, Third and Sixth avenues, the subway under Broadway, and that to Brooklyn under the East River, come directly or very close to it. Not far off are the ferries to Staten Island and South Brooklyn. So the new Custom-house will be vastly easier of access than the old, and the people of Greater New York and New Jersey will be able to reach it quickly. After the long exile in Wall street it has returned to the water's edge. Through and over the trees of Battery Park it gazes on the shipping as once its predecessor did, and the flag on the new Custom-house will again be visible from a fair segment of the horizon.

The sculptures in the round confined to the main façade consist of the four groups by French on four rectangular piers in advance of the building, rising from the street level already described in the January CENTURY; also of a row of twelve single figures in the attic above the cornice. In accordance with the disposition of the columns below, of which they form the embellishment and crown, these twelve



SCULPTURES ABOVE THE CORNICE OF THE MAIN FRONT

statues are arranged in four couples and four separate figures. These, corresponding with the two outer columns on the east, are figures of Greece and Rome by Elwell, while the two columns on the west are indicated or finished above by figures representing France and England, designed by Grafty. The two columns to the left of the main entrance have high above them figures of Venice and Spain by Tonetti, while those on the right have figures of Holland and Portugal by Louis Saint Gaudens. These four last-mentioned countries are represented by figures of remarkable richness. There remain those that crown the single columns, not brought together in pairs—Phœnicia by Ruckstuhl, Genoa by Lukeman, the Scandinavian kingdoms by Gelert, and Germany by Jaegers. Thus, while the attic above the entablature—if one can use such classical terms in a building that is far from coldly classic—is enriched by statues in the round, an attempt has been made to marshal them with the idea of having the richest, most embellished statues near the center.

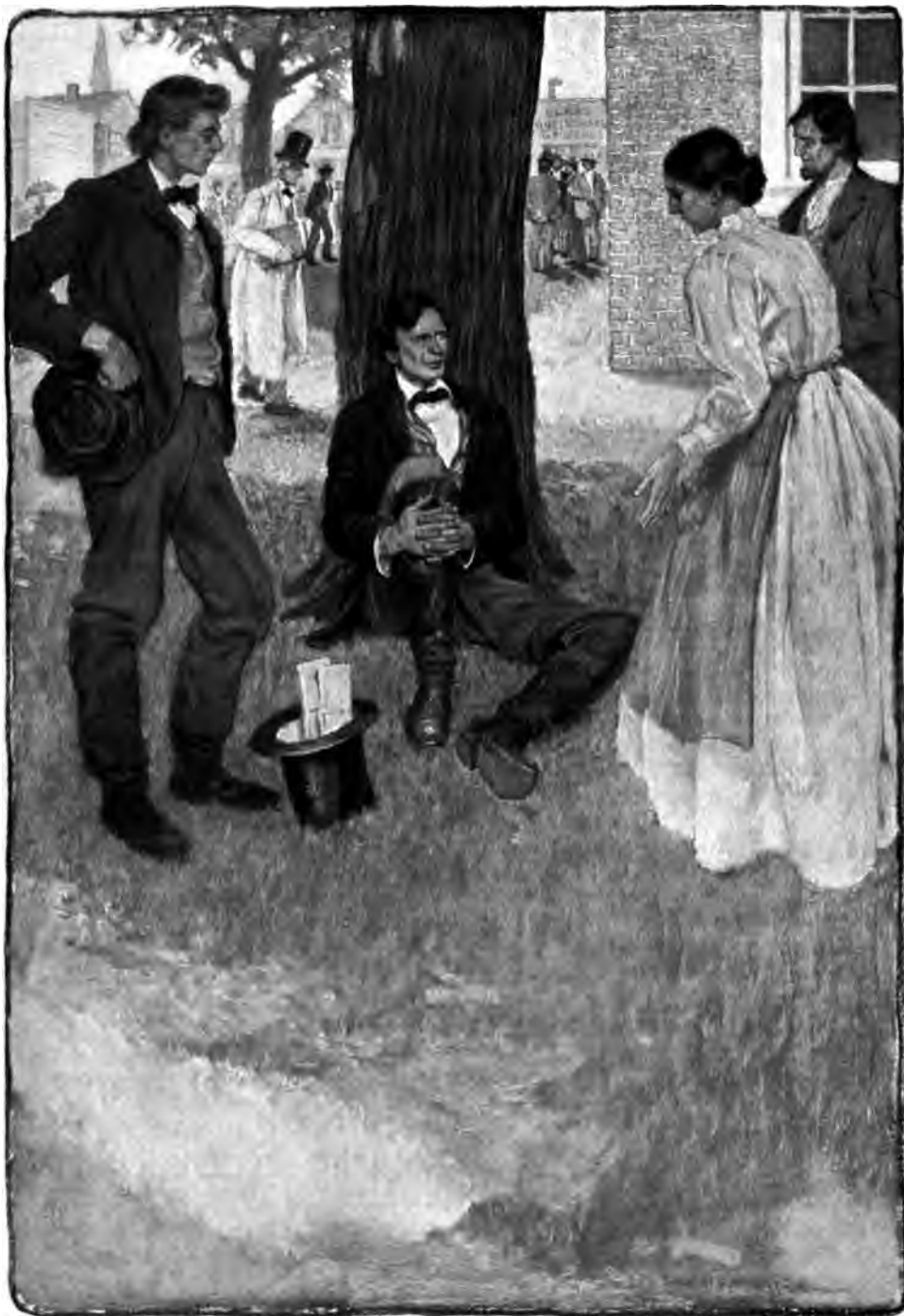
The four groups by French represent as many continents. On one side of the entrance is Europe, on the other America. Europe is in armor; behind her are prows of ships, and she holds the sphere of empire. America represents commerce; she has various products at her feet, and behind her stands an Indian. The group at the eastern end is Asia, seated like a Buddha and attended by a tiger. That at the western end is Africa, a veiled figure whose attending form is the sphinx.

The most salient statuary, that which catches the eye at first, embodies the chief divisions of the globe and the races and peoples which have done most to further a knowledge of those divisions by the enterprise of their discoverers, adventurers, and traders, from the Phœnicians in the dawn of history to the Germans, last to seek colonies and become a sea power, pouring out their treasure in the endeavor to obtain more of the earth's surface for their teeming millions, and angry with their emigrants because they prefer the security of an established country where their vote counts, to the uncertainties of a colony terrorized by soldiers and officials.

While New York is ready to be proud of her Custom-house and say "well done"

to architect and sculptors, she is anxious to know whether painting is not to have representation within the building. There are inviting spaces in the rotunda and along the walls of the great transverse hall on the same floor. The wall-painters are hard at work embellishing State capitols, as for instance those at St. Paul and Des Moines; they are also busy with great murals for the Court-house in Baltimore. Even public schools are decorated, as for instance the De Witt Clinton school in Manhattan. Is not the Custom-house to receive its complement of symbolical and historical paintings? Among them one can imagine pictures of the buildings which formerly stood on the same site, the old fort and early Custom-house, the building prepared for President Washington, and the dwellings which succeeded. Here belong such tragedies as the execution of Jacob Leisler, the raid upon friendly Indians laid to the folly of Governor Kieft, the alternate capture of the city by British and Dutch fleets, the fitting of privateers who were little different from pirates, of slave ships, of whalers, of clipper-ships and steamboats large enough to cross the ocean. Certainly there is no lack of themes for the painters, if they can win as much recognition from Congress as the sculptors have obtained.

The new Custom-house takes its place beside the rest of the modern architecture of New York as an eminently practical building. The old structure on Wall street, with its domical interior, its tremendously deep and gloomy porch, its row of twelve monolithic columns, is full of concessions to the fashions of the day in which it was erected. For that period it was a much more notable undertaking than is the present structure for this. Like many buildings in New York, it was not adapted to the narrow street on which it raises its gloomy, prison-like walls. The new building shows a better adaptation. Though sky-scrapers surround it, yet they cannot shut out the light nor interfere with the view. Mr. Gilbert has taken advantage of the site and has met the problems well. Everything points to the likelihood that the officials and the public will find the transfer from Wall street to Battery Park particularly conducive to comfort and the prompt despatch of business.



Drawn by Jay Hambidge

LINCOLN CONSULTING WITH CLIENTS ON A COURT-HOUSE GREEN. (SEE PAGE 700.)

LINCOLN THE LAWYER

BY FREDERICK TREVOR HILL

Author of "The Case and Exceptions," "The Accomplish," etc.

XV

LINCOLN THE LAWYER IN CONGRESS



LINCOLN took his new honors very simply, even a little sadly. "Being elected to Congress," he wrote, "though I am grateful to our friends for having done it, has not pleased me as much as I expected." Later he wrote of his experiences: "I find speaking here and elsewhere about the same thing. I am about as badly scared and no worse than I am when I speak in court." But, unlike the Irishman he was fond of telling about, whose heart was as valiant as any one's, but whose cowardly legs would run away with him at the approach of danger, Lincoln conquered his timidity and speedily displayed a courage of which no mere politician would have been capable.

In 1840, Texas had declared its independence, and under the terms of a treaty made with the Mexican general Santa Anna, the new republic claimed the east bank of the Rio Grande from source to mouth as its proper and legal boundary. It is true that Santa Anna had made such a treaty, but as it was signed while that not too valiant gentleman was a prisoner and in fear of his life, his acceptance of his captor's ideas as to boundaries could hardly be regarded as binding on his country, especially in view of the fact that Mexico had promptly repudiated his alleged treaty and continued the war it was supposed to have settled. Under ordinary circumstances it is doubtful if the United States would have insisted upon the very questionable title of Texas to the area in dispute; but the new republic had applied for admission to the Union and the provisions of the act admitting it

created a temptation which the politicians of the country were unable to resist. The pro-slavery party in the national legislature was beginning to need reinforcements, especially in the Senate, and the act conferring statehood upon Texas provided that several States might be carved out of the acquired territory; and as each new State meant two votes in the Senate this legislation promised to offset the admission of free States and keep the dominant party in control. Then, as a sop to the anti-slavery agitators, it was solemnly enacted that in such of the new States as lay north of $36^{\circ} 30'$ (the Missouri Compromise line) slavery should be absolutely prohibited, while in those which lay south of that boundary slavery might exist or might not, as the constitutions of the new States provided. When it is remembered that no land claimed by Texas lay north of $36^{\circ} 30'$, the farcical nature of this concession is apparent; but it won enough votes in the Presidential campaign to indorse the admission of the proposed new State, and the pro-slavery politicians had every incentive to make its dimensions as generous as possible. Under all the circumstances, President Polk interpreted his election as a popular mandate to support the Texan claims, and the moment the State was admitted to the Union he ordered the army to occupy the disputed territory, and the country accepted the war which followed in an outburst of enthusiasm over the success of our arms.

Such was the situation when Lincoln took his seat in Congress; but although some of his warmest friends were at the front and almost all his constituents approved of the war, he would not close his eyes to the facts and refused to be dazzled by military glory. There was a great



Drawn by Harry Fenn from a contemporary print

ORIGINAL OFFICES OF LINCOLN & HERNDON — INTERIOR

chance for the orator and cheap patriot in the fact that a mere handful of Americans was scattering thousands of Mexicans in every battle, and Lincoln was urged to make the most of his opportunity and distinguish himself. But although he knew what was expected of him and what alone would satisfy his friends, and was well aware that no critic of his country is tolerated while its foes are under arms, he refused to compromise with his conscience and fought the government policy with all his might and main. Then for the first time in his public life his power and training as a lawyer were called into play, and in a series of questions which no one but a skilful cross-examiner could have phrased he disposed of the casuistical explanations of the war.

President Polk, in his several messages to Congress, had repeatedly referred to "The Mexican invasion of our territory and the blood of our fellow-citizens shed on our own soil," and quoting these statements as his text, Lincoln introduced his now famous "Spot Resolutions," wherein the President was requested to answer eight questions calculated to inform the House whether the particular spot on which the blood of our citizens was shed was or was not at that time "our own soil." There was no escape for the Executive from these questions: they were pertinent, penetrating, and not without a certain grave humor,

and each was so drawn as to preclude the possibility of equivocation or evasion. Moreover, they showed an historical knowledge of the facts which could not be trifled with, and no one supporting the governmental policy could possibly have answered them all without being caught in a contradiction.

Resolved by the House of Representatives [they began], That the President of the United States be respectfully requested to inform this House—

First. Whether the spot on which the blood of our citizens was shed, as in his messages declared, was or was not within the territory of Spain, at least after the treaty of 1819 until the Mexican revolution.

Second. Whether that spot is or is not within the territory which was wrested from Spain by the revolutionary government of Mexico.

Third. Whether that spot is or is not within a settlement of people, which settlement has existed ever since long before the Texas revolution and until its inhabitants fled before the approach of the United States army.

Fourth. Whether that settlement is or is not isolated from any and all other settlements by the Gulf and the Rio Grande on the south and west, and by wide uninhabited regions on the north and east.

Fifth. Whether the people of that settlement, or a majority of them, or any of them, have ever submitted themselves to the government or laws of Texas or of the United States, by consent or by compulsion, either by accepting office, or voting at elections, or

paying tax, or serving on juries, or having process served upon them, or in any other way.

Sixth. Whether the people of that settlement did or did not flee from the approach of the United States army, leaving unprotected their homes and their growing crops, *before* the blood was shed, as in the messages stated; and whether the first blood so shed was or was not shed within the inclosure of one of the people who had thus fled from it.

Seventh. Whether our citizens whose blood was shed, as in his messages declared, were or were not at that time armed officers and soldiers, sent into that settlement by the military order of the President, through the Secretary of War.

Eighth. Whether the military force of the United States was or was not so sent into that settlement after General Taylor had more than once intimated to the War Department that in his opinion no such movement was necessary to the defense or protection of Texas.

No interpellation of a government was ever phrased in more telling questions. They were unanswerable, and the administration sought safety in silence.

Lincoln soon heard from these "Spot Resolutions," his home friends protesting vehemently that he ought not to antagonize the government in the face of a foreign war, and his political opponents seizing upon his action to fasten the charge of unpatriotic conduct, if not treason, on his party. But neither reproaches nor aspersions caused Lincoln to change his attitude. To his friends he explained that he would vote, and had always voted, for whatever was necessary for the support of the army in the field, but the policy which had sent it there was a national disgrace which could not be palliated with self-respect and honor. The claim that the war was not aggres-

sive reminded him, he declared, of the Illinois farmer who asserted: "I ain't greedy 'bout land. I only just wants what jines mine."

But Whigs and Democrats alike were carried away by the war enthusiasm. Even those who did not wholly approve of the government's attitude accepted the result with patriotic pride and satisfaction, and it was with keen delight that Lincoln saw the administration lose all political advantage from its policy by the Whig nomination of the war hero Taylor for the Presidency, which, Lincoln declared, "took the Democrats on their blind side."

But though the popularity of his party's candidate was due to achievements in the field, the Illinois congressman urged his friends not to abate their criticisms of the war or to excuse it in any way. General Taylor was a brave soldier who obeyed orders even when he did not personally approve them, he declared, but his candidacy did not demand an indorsement of the war, and any such action would imperil the position of the party. "*In law,*" he wrote to General Linder, "*it is good policy never to plead what you need not,*

lest you oblige yourself to prove what you cannot."

Never was a legal maxim more happily paraphrased or more aptly applied. Even in party politics the keen lawyer is apparent in Lincoln's every move.

The new congressman's activities were not, however, confined to combating and exposing the administrative policies, but quietly and unobtrusively he was working for a cause in which his whole heart and soul were enlisted. As early as 1837, while in the Illinois legislature, he had placed himself upon record as opposing the extension of slavery



Drawn by Harry Fenn

ORIGINAL OFFICES (ON THE SECOND FLOOR)
OF LINCOLN & HERNDON—EXTERIOR



Drawn by Jacques Reich

JUDGE DAVID DAVIS
GENERAL JOHN M. PALMER

COLONEL EDWARD D. BAKER
JAMES HAINES

and favoring its exclusion from the District of Columbia, and he had not been long in Washington before he put his theories to the test. Here again the mind and hand of a shrewd lawyer are strongly evidenced. It was his legal training which taught Lincoln the value of collateral attack. He knew as a lawyer that an unobtrusive precedent sometimes decides a mighty issue, and that it is often good legal tactics to anticipate the coming of great events by establishing the law in some minor litigation. Doubtless it was with this intent that he quietly prepared his bill for gradual compensatory emancipation of the slaves in the tiny District of Columbia, and obtained support for the measure in high quarters. How nearly he succeeded in creating this precedent is a

matter of history, but it was not fated that the far-sighted lawyer should succeed in his skilful move, and the measure never came to a vote. Had his manœuver been supported, it is more than possible that the greatest issue of our time would have been judicially decided instead of being left to the arbitrament of arms.

At the close of the congressional session Lincoln visited New England for the first time, making political addresses for Taylor at Boston, Dedham, Roxbury, Cambridge, and other places, and his speeches attracted some favorable notice; but after a short tour he returned to Springfield, resolved to retire from politics at the end of his congressional term. Undoubtedly he could have had a renomination had he so desired it, but he felt himself pledged

not to seek a second term. "I can say, as Mr. Clay said of the annexation of Texas," he wrote, "that 'personally I would not object' to a reelection, although I thought at the time, and still think, it would be quite as well to return to the law at the end of a single term. . . . If it should happen that nobody else wishes to be elected, I could not refuse the people the right of sending me again. But to enter myself as a competitor of others, or to authorize any one so to enter me, is what my word and honor forbid."

Somebody else did, however, desire to be elected, and Lincoln heartily seconded Judge Logan's ambition. But Logan did not possess his ex-associate's personal charm, and only a man of strong personal magnetism could have won for the Whigs in that year, and the judge was hopelessly defeated.

In March, 1849, Lincoln's official term expired, and then for the first and only time in his life he became an applicant for office. The post he desired was the commissionership of the General Land Office, in Illinois, but Justin Butterfield, a fellow-member of the bar from Chicago, was appointed, and Lincoln was afterward offered, and fortunately declined, the governorship of Oregon, returning to Springfield and the practice of the law, numbering among the clients whom he had acquired in Washington no less a person than Daniel Webster,¹ a somewhat authoritative recognition of Lincoln as a lawyer.

XVI

LIFE ON THE ILLINOIS CIRCUIT

It has been repeatedly asserted that Lincoln's legal reputation was entirely local, and that he was unknown as a lawyer beyond his immediate neighborhood; yet it is a fact that he had no sooner announced his intention to resume practice than he was offered a partnership by Mr. Grant Goodrich, one of the prominent attorneys of Chicago, with a wide and lucrative

clientage. Lincoln had an idea, however, that he was threatened with consumption, and fearing that city work would undermine his health, he declined the proposal and returned to his old office in Springfield.

There is no evidence, except his own, that Herndon maintained anything more than a nominal practice after he was left to his own devices; but nevertheless Lincoln offered to continue the partnership with him on the same generous terms which had governed their original alliance, and in the spring of 1849 the firm of Lincoln & Herndon again started in business, with headquarters in a little two-story building on the north side of the public square of Springfield, about where the Meyer Building now stands. The office was neither pretentious nor commodious, but it met the requirements of the times, and its equipment, though meager, would compare very favorably with that of many a country law office of the present day. Lincoln saw but little of this official work-room, however, for he left all matters of routine and local business to Herndon and devoted himself to circuit work—the most picturesque practice of the law which is recorded in the legal annals of this country.

Illinois in 1849 was divided into nine judicial districts, each presided over by a judge who traveled from one county-seat to another within his jurisdiction, hearing civil and criminal cases and acting as an appellate tribunal for minor causes decided by justices of the peace; and during the greater part of the year these judges were continually on their rounds, followed by the members of the local bar.² In early times the condition of the roads forbade the use of wheels, and the judge made his trips on horseback, accompanied by a cavalcade of lawyers who forded the streams and defied the weather in the interest of their clients, making light of many hardships in their zeal for the profession, and forming a gay if not very learned com-

¹ Mr. Benjamin Perley Poore is authority for the statement that Webster insisted that Lincoln charged him too little for his services, and that he always felt himself in his counsel's debt. The matter on which he had retained him involved clearing the title to certain real estate in an embryo city (probably Rock Island City) laid out where Rock River empties into the Mississippi.

² Prior to 1848 the circuit judges convened twice

a year at Springfield and sat as a court of appeal (called the Supreme Court) to pass on judgments of the circuit courts sent them for review, each judge withdrawing, of course, while his own decisions were under consideration. After 1848, however, three Supreme Court judges were appointed, who performed no circuit work, and the sessions of the court were held not only at Springfield, but also at Ottawa and Mount Vernon.



MAP OF ILLINOIS

The shaded portion indicates the circuit of Lincoln's law practice

The Eighth Circuit, as organized under the provisions of the Illinois Session Laws of 1847, page 31, is shown by the shaded area on the above map. Later (in 1853) it was reduced to Sangamon, Logan, McLean, Woodford, Tazewell, DeWitt, Champaign, and Vermilion counties (Illinois Session Laws, 1853, page 63); and in 1857 it was further reduced to DeWitt, Logan, McLean, Champaign, and Vermilion counties (Illinois Session Laws, 1857, page 12). Even after Sangamon county was transferred to another circuit, Lincoln still continued to travel the Eighth.

pany, warmly welcomed and honored in every county-seat.

Before his election to Congress, Lincoln had been one of the equestrian retinue of the Hon. Samuel Treat, who at that time presided over the destinies of the Eighth Judicial Circuit, and the big leather saddle-bags¹ which carried the lawyer's papers and belongings are in existence to-day; but by 1849 wheels could be used with some comfort in traveling, and when Lincoln resumed his professional duties a procession of buggies and carryalls marked the progress of the court.

It was an open and sparsely settled country through which the judge and lawyers journeyed in those days, a country almost skirting the wilderness from which it had been only recently reclaimed, a new, free, wind-swept, and in many respects beautiful country, rich with promise and possibility. Vast stretches of wonderful prairie-land rolled between the little towns which served as the centers of government for the respective counties, and so great were the distances that several days were sometimes consumed in traveling from point to point. In 1849 the Eighth Circuit included no less than fourteen counties,—Sangamon, Tazewell, Woodford, McLean, Logan, DeWitt, Piatt, Champaign, Vermilion, Edgar, Shelby, Moultrie, Macon, and Christian,—and its dimensions were at least a hundred and ten by a hundred and forty miles. To-day there are eighteen judges doing duty in the district covered by one justice in the early fifties, and it is not surprising that Lincoln's attendance on the circuit occupied him at least six months of every year. Not many lawyers devoted themselves to the work as closely as he did. Some confined their attention to a few counties, others traveled half the circuit, and others even further; but Lincoln was the only member of the bar who, year after year, accompanied the judge through the entire district.

The custom of riding the circuit was, of course, born of necessity, for in the early days there was not sufficient legal business in any one of the small communities to support a lawyer; to say nothing of a law firm. People who wanted to begin lawsuits usually sought their ad-

visers in the largest town in their vicinity, or waited the arrival of the circuit judge and the attendant bar, when they could look over the field and pick out the most available champion. Frequently, however, the local attorneys were retained to prepare the papers, with instructions to select a good man for the court work when the circuit-riding bar arrived on the scene. There was therefore an excellent chance of securing good business by constant attendance on the itinerant court, and the lawyer who visited all the counties was certain to be more widely known than any of his fellow-practitioners. At the time of Lincoln's second partnership with Herndon, however, such work was more a matter of choice than necessity. Doubtless the firm could have made a satisfactory income had the senior partner devoted himself to the courts nearest his home and maintained a branch office in the distant counties, as other lawyers did; but he liked the freedom of the road, and the happiest days of his life were those he passed on these long legal tours.

Traveling the circuit was comparatively comfortable in the fifties, but it still lacked something of the luxurious, and at times it involved hardships which could be surmounted only by the best of health and spirits.

The judge and his flock usually started out from the State capital as soon as the roads admitted of travel in the early spring, and drove to the nearest county-seat on their route. At times his Honor traveled alone, but frequently some member of the bar occupied a seat in his carriage, and the other lawyers made their way to the rendezvous as best they could, three or more often clubbing together and hiring a conveyance for the trip. Lincoln sometimes traveled with these small parties, but after the first year or so he maintained a horse and buggy of his own, both of which were pretty "wobbly" according to Judge Weldon, with whom they were left when their owner took to the iron steed.

But Illinois railroads connected only the centers of population in the early fifties, and the county-seats on the Eighth Circuit were not much more than villages. Each bore a family resemblance to the

¹ The Hon. Robert Lincoln told the writer that he distinctly remembers seeing his father start out on horseback, with his saddle-bags, to accompany the judge on the circuit.

other, and all were strongly suggestive of the typical New England hamlet. The settlement almost invariably clustered around a public square of generous dimensions, in the center of which stood the court-house, a substantial building of brick or stone. The square itself was guarded from the highroad by a series of wooden hitching-rails, and teams of all sorts nosed this fence from the opening to the closing of the term; for business and pleasure both demand the attendance of the whole county on court-days, and shelter for the horses and wagons was frequently unobtainable. Even the lawyers had difficulty in finding accommodations for their animals; and as the supply of labor was extremely limited, those who traveled in private rigs often had to be their own hostlers.

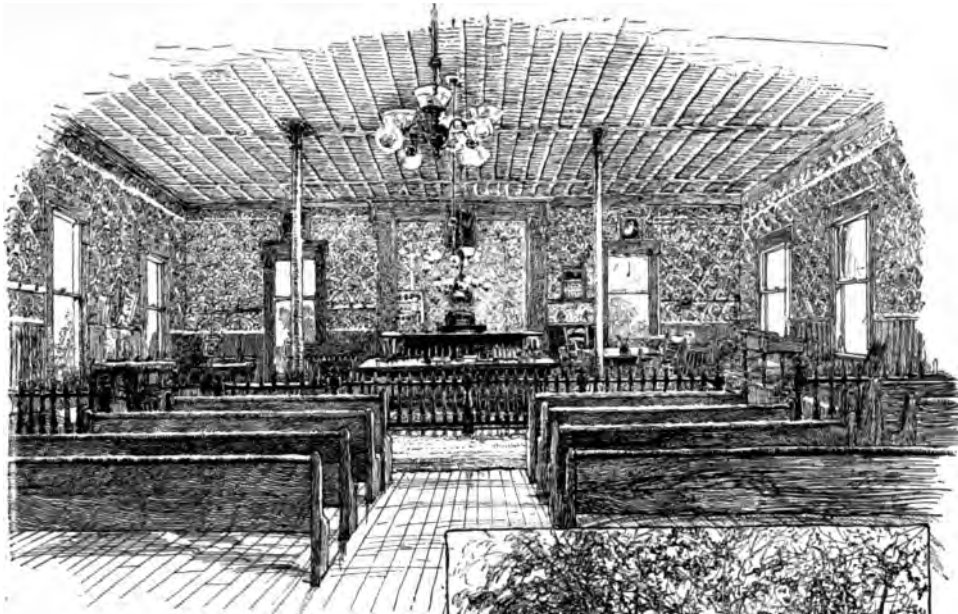
The stable facilities, however, were not infrequently superior to those of the hotels. Sometimes the tiny taverns which attempted to house the visitors boasted only one habitable room, and as this was invariably reserved for the judge, the lawyers not included in his hospitality had to sleep anywhere they could—on the sofas, the tables, the window-seats, the floor, and even in the lofts and horse-stalls. It was no uncommon thing for his Honor to invite three or four men to occupy his room, but the one who was selected to share Judge Davis's bed might about as well have slept on the floor, for he was almost as wide as the ordinary four-poster. Lincoln and he made a fair average as far as width was concerned, but as the former was six feet four and had to lie crosswise to fit in the average bed, their combination was not a pronounced success.

In the dining-room the tavern-keeper usually reserved one end of the long table for the bar, and the judge was always expected to preside at the head of the board; but the function was frequently a Barmecide feast, and, as Lincoln remarked, there was very little advantage in sitting at the head of the table unless the food improved as you moved up. Except for this distinction as to place, there was no difference made between the legal fraternity and the other guests of the hotel, and litigants, witnesses, jurors, and prisoners out on bail were accommodated at the same table and enjoyed the same fare. Indeed, Mr. Whitney recalls sev-

eral persons actually on trial who not only took their meals with his Honor and the bar, but also spent their evenings in the judge's room, without the slightest embarrassment to any one.

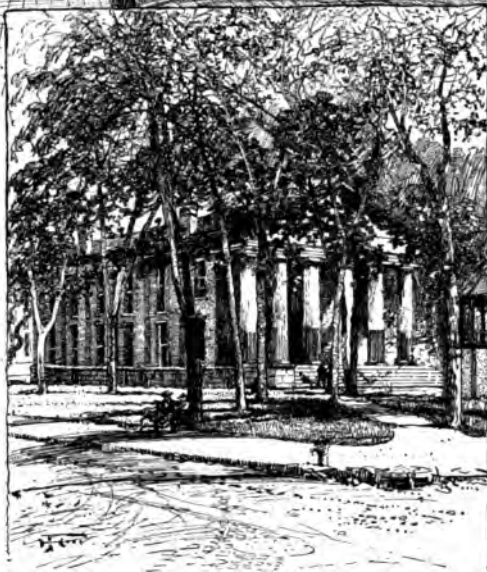
The inconvenience and discomforts of the life were at times almost unbearable, but Lincoln was never known to join in the frequent protests and complaints of his associates. Indeed, his sense of humor often saved the situation and made it tolerable, if not enjoyable, for himself and others. He saw the comic side of all that irritated men of more nervous temperament, and he disposed of annoyances with a laugh so hearty and infectious that even the disgruntled victims of petty misfortunes had to join in his mirth. In an indolent, easy manner he studied the various types of human nature encountered on the road, took a direct personal interest in the people he met, and made friends at every stopping-place. All the court clerks and county officials were glad to see him come and sorry to have him depart; he had a warm welcome at every tavern door, and all sorts and conditions of men claimed his close acquaintance. But, despite this general popularity, Lincoln was not, as he has frequently been depicted, an irresponsible hail-fellow-well-met, familiarly known as "Abe," who went about slapping people on the back and encouraging similar salutations. Nothing could be further from the truth than this. Judge Weldon informed the writer that in all his acquaintance with Lincoln on the circuit, the only person he ever heard address him by his first name was a street urchin whose impertinence astonished the future President quite as much as it amused him, and there is no reason to believe that he courted such familiarities after he reached maturity. Certainly his correspondence shows that he almost invariably addressed people by their last names—even his most intimate friends like Speed and Davis; and although Herndon relates anecdotes in which he figures as "Billie," Lincoln's letters refer to him as Herndon or William, although he was a much younger man than Lincoln and something of a protégé.

This is not at all suggestive of the arm-around-the-neck familiarity with which he is credited, and, as a matter of fact, he admitted very few friends to his confidence,



and his intimates never numbered more than two or three. He was undoubtedly easy-going, pleasant-spoken, cordial, unconventional, and entirely approachable, but he had his own distinctive barrier of dignity which no one ever surmounted.

It is easy to understand the fascination of the circuit life. The members of the bar formed a bright, congenial company who strove mightily with each other in the court-rooms, but ate and drank as friends. They were persons of credit and renown in the eyes of all the assembled country-side, oracles to the political gossips, and leaders of public opinion whose words were often law. Every man knew every other man, and the close, daily contact in the court-rooms and on the road created a spirit of comradeship which no mere professional interest could supply. There was little of dull routine in the life, less of cold formality, nothing of the anxieties and cares which characterize modern practice, and the "play-instinct," which few men ever entirely outgrow, was strongly evident at every term of court. One group of the merry company founded a mock tribunal which formulated all sorts of ridiculous charges against their fellow-practitioners and tried the offenders with burlesque pomp and severity, to the delight of



Drawn by Harry Fenn from a photograph

INTERIOR AND EXTERIOR OF THE OLD
COURT-HOUSE AT PEKIN, TAZEVELL
COUNTY, ILLINOIS

Lincoln practised in this building, which is well preserved, and the sessions of the Circuit Court are still held in it.

all beholders. Others were good at song and story, and many of the evenings passed in the judge's private room were all-night sessions of mirth and good-fellowship which made for lasting friendship and an *esprit de corps* destined to have a marked effect upon more than one career. The whole atmosphere of the profession favored individuality, self-expression, and development, and Lincoln responded to all these encouraging influ-

ences. He was distinctly a human product, and his growth of mind and character was most happily fostered by the free life of the circuit, where he was in close touch with a vigorous, independent, unartificial people drawn from every part and class of the country and all representatively American. Theirs was the force which really molded the man at the formative period of his career, and the most important individual influence on his future may be fairly ascribed to the judge before whom he practised and with whom he virtually lived for ten successive years.

XVII

JUDGE DAVIS AND LINCOLN

JUDGE DAVID DAVIS was a lawyer of marked ability and strong individuality, a shrewd business man, a loyal friend, a violent partizan of generous impulses and deep-rooted prejudices, an arbitrary and even despotic ruler of his own domain, but a fearless administrator of the law and an absolutely honest and capable judge. He and Lincoln had met as lawyers in Springfield, but there does not appear to have been any intimacy between them until Lincoln resumed practice at the close of his congressional term, when their acquaintance speedily developed into a friendship of enduring quality and historic importance.

The relations of the bench and bar were necessarily much closer in the early fifties than they are to-day, and the lawyers of the Eighth Circuit were practically a big family of which Davis was the official head, and over which he exerted a really parental influence. Not only did his Honor's ample girth and other physical proportions suggest a paterfamilias, but his mental attitude toward the bar was at once domineering and fatherly, with the domineering element always prominent. "He used to remind me of a big school-master with a lot of little boys at his heels whenever I saw him stumping toward the court-house," remarks a now distinguished lawyer, and it cannot be denied that there was a good deal of the pedagogue about the judge. Certainly he knew how to maintain order in his court, but there was always more tact than severity in his enforcement of discipline. "Mr. Sheriff, you will see that nobody except General

Linder is allowed to smoke in my court," was his method of administering a rebuke to the Attorney-General of Illinois, and hints of this kind seldom went astray. But though he insisted upon maintaining the dignity of his office upon every proper occasion, he dispensed with all unnecessary etiquette, and outside the court-room he was democratic to the last degree.

Almost every man, woman, and child in the fourteen counties of his circuit knew Judge Davis, and he undoubtedly was personally acquainted with a greater number of the residents than any other one man in the district. It naturally followed that he knew the jurors who were selected by the sheriff, and in some counties the same men composed the jury term after term. They were his friends, but the idea that they would be subservient to his wishes on this account, or that he would attempt to take advantage of their friendship to impose his authority upon them, never, apparently, entered any one's head. On the contrary, he relied on the intelligence, fairness, and integrity of the talesmen to a far greater extent than is practical in modern courts; but if there was the slightest cause for suspecting that a litigant would not receive an impartial verdict at their hands, he promptly removed the case into another circuit, and he governed himself by the same strict rules which he applied to the juries. In the minutes of the court in Tazewell County the writer discovered a significant entry, evidently in Davis's handwriting, written opposite the case of *Hall v. Woodward*, reading somewhat as follows: "Jury disagreed. Venue changed on account of the prejudice of the judge."

But though he was impartial in all his official duties, his Honor was a man of strong likes and dislikes, and he took no pains to conceal his feelings toward the different members of the bar. Lincoln, Leonard Swett, Judge Logan, and a few others continually basked in the sunshine of his approval; but Lincoln was the prime favorite of the privileged clique which made the judge's room its headquarters, and almost from the first he was distinguished at every possible opportunity in a way which would have been fatal to the average man. More than one of the judge's coterie has testified that his Honor would brook no interruption of the con-

versation when Lincoln had the floor ; and if his favorite happened to be absent, he took but little interest or enjoyment in the rest of the company which gathered at his rooms. "Where 's Lincoln?" he would inquire irritably. "Here, somebody, go and tell Lincoln to come here."

Under such circumstances it is nothing short of remarkable that the man was not loathed instead of loved by the rank and file of the profession. He was naturally

really is, give him power. That is the supreme test."

No one but an experienced lawyer can appreciate the immense power wielded by the advocate on whom the bench relies. The mere fact that he has the private ear of the court is, in itself, a temptation which has proved too much for more than one distinguished member of the bar ; and though the judge be never so honest and impartial, there are countless forms



Drawn by Harry Fenn from a photograph

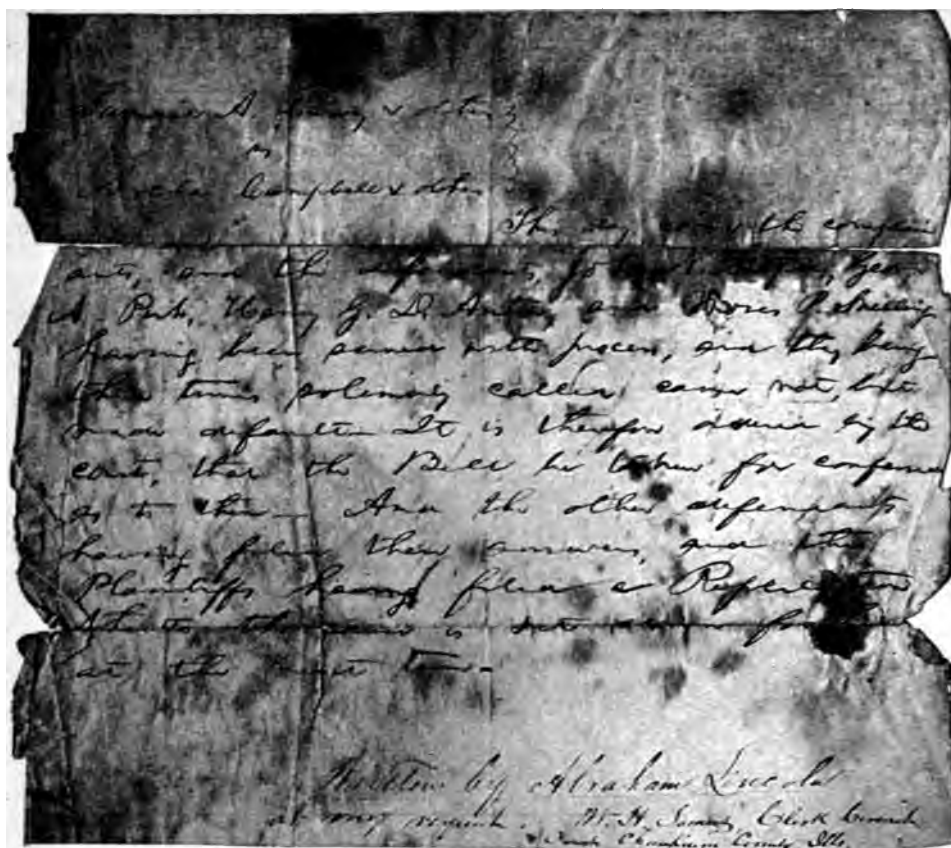
OLD COURT-HOUSE AT METAMORA, WOODFORD COUNTY, ILLINOIS

Lincoln practised in this building, which is now used as a town hall

unassuming, but until he came into contact with Judge Davis he had never been placed in a position of much power. Davis, however, recognized the masterly quality of his mind, and his views and arguments soon began to have more weight and influence with the court than those of any other member of the bar. His Honor had too much individuality and independence actually to defer to any one else's opinion, but his favorite always had the ear of the court, and this in itself gave him a commandingly important position.

"It is easy for the weak to be gentle," writes a distinguished student of human nature. "Most people can bear adversity. But if you wish to know what a man

in which the personal equation may be invoked. The average practitioner who occupies this post of vantage seldom makes any effort to guard himself against a misuse of his opportunities. He does not hesitate to arrogate to himself small licenses which he knows will not be denied ; he crowds and overbears adversaries less fortunately situated, and generally asserts himself at their expense. Every court-room in the world harbors these privileged bullies. Not all of them, of course, make a brutal display of their powers. Many are extremely subtle in bringing the necessary pressure to bear, and some are mentally so constituted that they are not conscious of exerting any of-



From the collection of Major William H. Lambert

FACSIMILE OF A JUDGMENT WRITTEN BY MR. LINCOLN WHILE ACTING IN
THE PLACE OF JUDGE DAVIS. (SEE PAGE 757)

fensive influence against their fellow-practitioners. But in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the leaders of the bar yield to temptations which Lincoln resisted, and few have ever been tested as he was. Yet he worked in an atmosphere of this sort for ten years, schooling himself against the open favor of the court; and of such training and temptations there came to the nation's guidance a master of infinite tact.

Not only did he refrain from imposing himself upon his contemporaries, but younger members of the profession received every possible consideration at his hands. It is the universal testimony of those who met him in daily practice that he never wantonly sought to exalt himself at the expense of a fellow-practitioner, and his juniors constantly retained him to

aid them in cases, without the slightest fear that he would attempt to overshadow them, take the credit for a victory, or shelve responsibility for a defeat.

"The first case I ever had in Tazewell County was the People *v.* Gideon Hawley," remarked Mr. James Haines¹ while talking with the writer. "There were thirty-two indictments against my client for obstructing a public road, and as the authorities were inclined to make an example, the case was somewhat serious. I retained Mr. Lincoln to conduct the defense, and after we had completed our preparations he said, 'Of course you will make the opening speech.' I was surprised, for I had supposed that he would want to assume full control, and I said as much, adding that I would prefer him to take the lead. 'No,' he answered; and

¹ Mr. Haines is now living in Pekin, Tazewell County, and the court-house, which is still standing in that county, and in which Mr. Lincoln practised, was erected under his supervision.

then laying a hand on my shoulder, he continued: 'I want you to open the case, and when you are doing it talk to the jury as though your client's fate depends on every word you utter. Forget that you have any one to fall back upon, and you will do justice to yourself and your client.' I have never forgotten the kind, gentle, and tactful manner in which he spoke those words," Mr. Haines continued; "and that is a fair sample of the way he treated younger members of the bar."

This, with other testimony of a similar nature, shows the man in the making; and no one who is familiar with Lincoln's subsequent conduct as Commander-in-chief of the army can fail to recognize the bearing of his professional training upon his official actions. Again and again he assumed all responsibility for the blunders of his generals, and it will be remembered that when Grant succeeded he instantly wrote him, not only disclaiming any share of the credit, but acknowledging that the executive had doubted the wisdom of his plans.

Judge Davis's confidence in Lincoln's ability was evidenced at all times, but it often took a form which must appear nothing less than amazing to the modern practitioner, for he frequently assigned Lincoln to the bench and left him to conduct the court in his absence. There has been considerable doubt expressed by some biographers as to whether or no Lincoln did actually preside in a judicial capacity, but there is not the slightest question about the matter. Judge Weldon informed the writer that he personally tried a jury case with Lincoln on the bench, and Mr. Whitney asserts that the future President once conducted an entire term of court in Champaign County. Moreover, there is in existence to-day a judgment in Lincoln's handwriting which was written by him in a case in which he presided as the trial judge. This practice was, of course, irregular, and it is said that two cases were reversed by the Supreme Court because of it; but Judge Weldon¹ told the writer that Lincoln never presided at a trial unless the attorneys for both parties consented, and that they were generally glad to do so, for in this way delays were

avoided and the clients and witnesses accommodated when Davis was unable to hold court.

The unofficial character of the position, however, made great demands upon Lincoln's tact, and he had to display rare judgment in exercising his authority. On one such occasion some young attorneys attempted to embarrass him with technical devices in a case in which there was no real defense. Lincoln heard them with the utmost good-nature and patience, and finally, when they had kept up their tactics for a whole day, he gave a decision in favor of the plaintiff, and wrote the direction for judgment in such form that there was no possible chance for an appeal. "But how are we to get this up to the Supreme Court?" asked one of the attorneys when he found himself cornered. "Well, you 've all been so smart about this case," answered Lincoln, calmly, "that you can find out for yourselves how to carry it up"; and that ended the matter.

Lincoln's earnestness and sense of responsibility deepened as he found himself relied upon as a leader of the bar; and as the years went by he grew more and more grave, meditative, and given to mental abstraction.

"He would frequently lapse into reverie and remain lost in thought long after the rest of us had retired for the night," Judge Weldon told the writer; "and more than once I remember waking up early in the morning to find him sitting before the fire, his mind apparently concentrated on some subject, and with the saddest expression I have ever seen in a human being's eyes."

No one knows with what thoughts Lincoln was struggling in those hours, but this side of his character has almost disappeared under the mass of silly stories which are coupled with his name. One would think, to read some of the biographies, that he never had a serious moment, and that most of his life on the circuit was spent in retailing dubious stories to gaping circles of country-folk at wayside taverns. Indeed, one chronicler states that he was frequently pitted against the local champion raconteurs in story-telling tournaments which continued for days, but

¹ In discussing this subject, Judge Weldon compared the custom with the modern practice of referring cases to lawyers to take and hear testimony.

which never could have lasted long enough to furnish all the pointless jests which seek to illustrate his fame as a fun-maker.

Lincoln was a wit, and, as Ingersoll said, he used any word "which wit could disinfest," but his reputation has suffered at the hands of writers who have employed stories as stop-gaps in their information. Of course, it is far easier and more amusing to attribute a lively story to Lincoln than to give a true picture of the man; but the compilations which have been evolved on this principle, and which picture his life on the circuit as a round of story-telling, are made out of whole cloth—some of which is stolen goods.

"Nothing can be more absurd than to picture Lincoln as a combination of buffoon and drummer," protested one of his surviving contemporaries while discussing this subject with the writer. "He was frequently the life of our little company, keeping us good-natured, making us see the funny side of things, and generally entertaining us; but to create the impression that the circuit was a circus of which Lincoln was the clown is ridiculous. He was a lawyer engaged in serious and dignified work, and a man who felt his responsibility keenly."

Probably there is no one living who is better entitled to speak on this subject than Mr. James Ewing, a member of the Illinois bar, whose father kept the old National Hotel in Bloomington, where all the lawyers used to stop while on the circuit, and at whose house Lincoln boarded after the hotel was closed. Mr. Ewing was about nine years old when Lincoln first stayed at the National, and for six or seven years afterward he saw and heard him in the company of his associates almost every term of the court. "In all my experience," Mr. Ewing informed the writer, "I never heard Mr. Lincoln tell a story for its own sake or simply to raise a laugh. He used stories to illustrate a point, but the idea that he sat around and matched yarns like a commercial traveler is utterly false. I never knew him to do

any such thing, and I had ample opportunity for noting him."

"Lincoln would soon have become a bore if he had traded on his story-telling gifts," remarked another authority. "He traveled with the same men day after day, week after week, and month after month. Even if his fund of anecdotes could have stood the strain, we should not have been able to endure it, for no man exhausts himself or others so quickly as your professional funny man."

But those who have depicted Lincoln on the circuit as a sort of end-man with an itinerant minstrel show, have also done a similar injustice to Davis. More than one scissors-and-paste biographer encourages the inference that it was Davis's partiality for broad stories which caused him to distinguish Lincoln, and we are expected to believe that this was the edifying origin of the friendship of these two distinguished men.¹ Undoubtedly Davis enjoyed a good story, and it may well be conceded that his laugh was as loud and infectious as tradition says it was; but to suppose that a man of his ability would select a mere jester for a friend, or that Lincoln would have consented to serve as a court fool, is preposterous.

Davis had precisely the mental qualities which were best adapted to encourage and develop a man of Lincoln's temperament. He recognized his great ability, admired his modesty, respected his integrity, esteemed his judgment, and helped to school his legal aptitude. He knew the power of the man—knew it through ten years' association with him in the court-room; and it was this knowledge, gained in this way, which formulated his unconquerable belief in the Illinois candidate for the Presidential nomination. *It was Judge Davis and a handful of men who had learned to know and appreciate Lincoln as a lawyer—a small group of his fellow-practitioners on the Eighth Circuit: Davis, the judge; Swett, the advocate; and Logan, the leader of the bar, but especially Davis—who forced Lincoln upon the Chicago Convention in 1860, and thus gave him to the nation.*

¹ Judge Davis, who was three times elected to the Illinois Circuit Bench (1848, 1855, and 1861), was appointed an associate justice of the Supreme Court of the United States in 1862, and served on that bench with distinction until 1877, when he resigned

to become a United States senator from Illinois. He became acting vice-president and president of the Senate in 1881, and resigned in 1883. He died at Bloomington, Illinois, June 26, 1886.

XVIII

LINCOLN THE LEADER OF THE BAR

LINCOLN did not return to any assured clientage at the close of his congressional term, and he had his professional reputation still to make when he began to follow Judge Davis over the circuit. He had had a fairly wide acquaintance in the community before he went to Washington, but the State was rapidly increasing in population, and to the newcomers he was, of course, an utter stranger. Even to the majority of the old inhabitants, he was better known as a stump-speaker and politician than as a lawyer; and, recognizing this, he set to work with a singleness of purpose which had not previously characterized his interest in the law. We have his own word for it that he had then definitely determined to abandon public life, and his most intimate professional associates testify to a marked change in his attitude toward his work from this time on. Thenceforward he bent all his energies upon equipping himself for his legal duties, preparing his cases with greater care, fortifying himself with reading, and generally becoming more systematic in his studies. It was probably at this time that he began entering notes of cases and authorities in a memorandum-book which he carried with him on the circuit, and which provided him with a ready reference at moments when it was not possible to procure law reports or text-books.¹ His preparation, however, did not stop at legal learning. He began the study of the German language, and was interested in anything which could develop his mind, and he did not abandon any subject once he touched upon it. "In the course of my reading," he told a friend years afterward, "I constantly came across the word 'demonstrate.' I thought at first that I understood its meaning, but soon became satisfied that I did not. I consulted Webster's dictionary. That told me of *certain proof beyond the probability of doubt*, but I could form no idea of what sort of proof that was. I consulted all the books of reference I could find, but with no better results. You might as well have defined blue to a blind man. At last I said to

myself, 'Lincoln, you can never make a lawyer if you do not know what "demonstrate" means,' and so I worked until I could give any proposition of the six books of Euclid at sight. I then found out what 'demonstrate' meant."

This study was performed at odd intervals while he was engaged in trial work on the circuit, and Herndon reports that he frequently saw Lincoln poring over his Euclid by candle-light at night in his bedroom, where three or four other men were sleeping after a hard day's work in the courts. It was discipline of this quality which developed and strengthened the man's mind at his most critical period, and his growth as a lawyer followed as a natural result, though he himself never made the slightest claim to legal eminence. "I am only a mast-fed lawyer," he once protested, meaning that his mind had not been nourished with the sort of educational provender which rounds out the ribs of aptitude, and this recognition of his deficiencies redoubled his efforts. At one time he had apparently thought that his ability as a speaker would carry him through, but doubtless his experience with Logan and other able lawyers taught him to mistrust his powers in this respect, and his advice to some law students, written in July, 1850, shows his altered attitude. "*Extemporaneous speaking should be practised and cultivated*," he remarked. "*It is the lawyer's avenue to the public. However able and faithful he may be in other respects, people are slow to bring him business if he cannot make a speech. And yet there is not a more fatal error than relying too much on speech-making. If any one, upon his rare powers of speaking, shall claim an exemption from the drudgery of the law, his case is a failure in advance.*"

But even with close application to business and the unmistakable favor of the court, Lincoln did not rise to any immediate recognition at the bar. His ability was of slow growth, and there was nothing showy or impressive about his practice in the courts. Little by little, however, it began to dawn upon the local public that he was the most uniformly effective man of all those who practised on the circuit, not only with the court, but

¹ This memorandum-book is now in the possession of Mr. Jesse W. Weik, through whose courtesy the writer was allowed to examine its copious citations and notes.

with the juries; but it was the lawyers who first evidenced the discovery by retaining him to try cases for them.

The confidence and appreciation of his competitors is the highest compliment which any lawyer can receive, and it was this professional recognition which largely determined Lincoln's subsequent career, for it enabled him to leave all the minutiae of practice and the drudgery of preparation to other lawyers and to devote himself almost exclusively to trial work. The result was that, although he had probably a wider acquaintance than any other practitioner on the circuit, he had comparatively few personal clients, most of his business coming through other attorneys, who either retained him of their own initiative or at the suggestion of the litigants. Indeed, his reputation as an advocate became such that some attorneys advertised themselves as his partners; but this merely meant that they usually retained him to try their cases, or possibly that they had some general understanding with him that he would act as counsel for them during certain terms of court or in particular counties. It thus frequently happened that Lincoln knew nothing of either his cause or his client until he arrived at the county-seat where the trial was to be held, and as a term of court seldom lasted more than a few days, he had very little opportunity to prepare himself.

If the local attorney who retained him had an office, he made that his headquarters; but if, as often happened, there was no such accommodation available, the necessary consultations took place in the tavern, usually in the judge's private room, and regardless of his Honor's presence. Frequently, however, the conference was held out of doors to avoid interruptions, and it was no uncommon thing for Lincoln to be seen seated on the ground under the shade of some convenient tree in the court-house square, consulting with his associates, their clients and witnesses. Of course important litigations were not prepared in this haphazard fashion, but very few lawsuits in those days were complicated, and both sides usually wanted a prompt trial of the matter in dispute.

This class of work naturally brought Lincoln into close touch with all sorts

of men and women, and trained him to be a quick and unerring judge of character. Each case was a distinct problem replete with human nature, and it was doubtless this constant insight into the springs and sources of human action which developed his instinctive understanding of the people and taught him to anticipate and lead popular opinion as no other public man in this country had ever done.

It is probable that Lincoln tried more cases between 1849 and 1860 than any other man on the Eighth Circuit. He was the acknowledged leader of the local bar, whose services were constantly in demand, and the one man who could be relied upon to take a case in any of the counties comprising the circuit, for he alone covered the entire route. It is misleading to belittle the value of this daily experience on the ground that most of the litigations were of no great monetary importance. Every lawyer familiar with trial work knows that small cases often raise more difficult questions of law and demand nicer knowledge of legal principles than causes on which millions depend; and it should also be remembered that many of the small suits were, in effect, test cases which settled the law for the new State.

Of course no one could have practised before the court and juries day after day and year after year in this way without learning something, and Lincoln's legal development was marked with every year of his practice. In 1853 the Illinois Central Railroad retained him as its counsel, and not long afterward he appeared for the Rock Island road and many other important representative interests, and his record of appeal cases in the Supreme Court is equaled but by few members of the Illinois bar.

It is impossible to overestimate the value of these active professional years on Lincoln's subsequent career. They brought him into close contact and collision with able lawyers of every caliber, with men of force and strong character, men whose business it was to reason, persuade, cajole, and intimidate others to their way of thinking, and who employed every device, from legitimate argument to brutal terrorizing, to accomplish their ends. The most capable layman is no match for the trained attorney in an argu-

ment, and a man who is familiar with the law can often silence and overawe an intellectual superior who is not armed with similar knowledge. Every lawyer of experience has seen business men of courage and conviction hesitate, vacillate, and practically disintegrate under legal menace and coercion; and all readers of the history of this country know that more than one occupant of the White House, armed with authority, but unskilled in the ways of the law, has been cowed into indecision by tactics familiar to all frequenters of the courts.

Lincoln's daily antagonists were such men as Logan, Stuart, Baker, Browning, Oglesby, Swett, Scott, Cullom, and Palmer—men, drawn from all parts of the country, who later distinguished themselves as judges, congressmen, senators, or governors of States; and besides these and more of equal brilliancy, he met other types and grades of the profession well qualified to prepare him for the great cause which was soon to be intrusted to his care.

Long before he was called to Washington, his daily life in the courts had familiarized him with the roarers and bulldozers of the profession, with the sly and tricky gentry who work by indirection,

with the untrustworthy, treacherous, and unscrupulous practitioner, with the broad-minded advocate and the narrow, bigoted partizan.

Years before he encountered them in his cabinet, he had met such men as Stanton and Chase and Seward; and where a man of less experience or other training would have quarreled with that difficult trio or been himself torn apart in their struggles for supremacy, he handled them with a sure touch of command and made them work together for the nation. Stanton had his day in court with Lincoln when they met in the McCormick reaper case (as will appear hereafter), but that was the only time he ever successfully lorded it over Lincoln, who, unmoved by his roaring, employed his fanatical egotism to the best advantage. Chase played for the Presidency on the cabinet board, thinking his masked moves would escape the indolent attention of the "mast-fed lawyer," and suddenly found himself checked and manœuvered into a speedy resignation; and history has disclosed the fact that Seward, one of the most distinguished members of the New York bar, unwittingly received more than one lesson in law at the hands of the tactful Executive.

(To be continued)





IN THE LEE OF THE CENTER-HOUSE

BY L. FRANK TOOKER

Author of "Kerrigan's Diplomacy," "Under Rocking Skies," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY MARTIN JUSTICE



It was near the middle of the first night watch, and a fresh breeze was blowing up out of the south, with the pleasant humming sound aloft that bespeaks auspicious weather. The moon, nearly at full, was high in the eastern sky, and the shadows of the lofty piles of canvas lay black to leeward. The bark rose and fell smoothly on the long, low swells that came racing in athwart her bow, but now and then she sank with a thud in a hollowed wave, sending the hissing foam outward for yards, and now and then a sea broke under her bow and leaped the rail, making shining runlets along the slanted deck.

Where the wind had a clean sweep under the foresail, there was a sharpness in the air; but in the lee of the center-house it was warm, and there Kerrigan, coming from his trick at the wheel, found Frithjof gazing outboard, in his eyes the brooding look that shuns the eyes of other men.

"Mither av saints!" growled Kerrigan, good-naturedly, "but a'n't there anny place aboard thot 's impthy av moon-shtruck sailormin? There 's Nicolay yon

by the poort rail, wid the face av him as lang as a hand-spike, an' sighun' like a grampus for the gyurls he 's lift behint him; an' here be yez. I tho't betther av ye nor thot, laad."

"Ay ain' tank off no gals," answered Frithjof, defensively; "but it 's no vay to lif, lak sailormans."

"Av coorse ut a'n't," retorted Kerrigan; "but what will ye do about ut? 'T is all we 're fit for now, an' we 'll niver do aught ilse, me an' ye. The laad back there—Nicolay—belikes he 'll mak' love wance too often an' sittle down ashore in a little riddy-made shop, wid a wife to kape him as near shtraight as ut 's his nature; but we—we 'll go homeliss an' impthy-hearrtud till—the ind."

He was silent a long time, but when he spoke again it was still of Nicolao.

"The laad there," he said, "he 's the kind thot 's sure to find his mate sooner or lather. He 's thot kind. Have n't ye iver notused thot there niver was a sorry little runt av a mon but there was some throe-hearrtud gyurl somewhere thot w'u'd folly him through thick an' thin, an' slave over him, an' wape for the ways av him, an' think him the worrld an' all; but tak' a big, handsome b'y, wid the soft

tongue an' bright eye, an' tin to wan iv'ry hoighty-toity, rid-cheeked lass w'u'd fall down an' worship him—an' thin desave him in the ind? Have n't ye notused ut? Well, 't is thrue. But there be icxceptions. Where 'd we be widout?

"Now I 'm no Vanus, but I was likely wance, an' I niver passed the lookun'-glass widout squarun' me shouldhers an' cockun' me eye an' thinkun' betther av meself. So, from beun' harrd to plaze, or belikes too aisy plazed, by the time I was twinty I 'd had the run av three baronies in pursuit av pleasure—an' found ut, an' grown weary av the same, as is the way av mon. An' mind, laad, thot up till thin I 'd niver sane aven a Tralee fishun'-coble nor smelt salt wather. An' now I smell nothun' ilse, barrun' the bilge-wather an' the tar. Glory be! but ut 's a shtrange worrld!"

"Eet ees," assented Nicolao, dropping heavily on the deck near them, with his back to the centerhouse. He had come upon them in time to hear Kerrigan's last words, and his heart was heavy in his breast. "Behol' the worl'! A few plank, a plenty work an' cusses, an' salt wasser an' mo' salt wasser—an' nuttin' else. Oh, I 'm seek an' tired off eet, an' I desire for to go home, to seta een the park an' hear the band play, an' watcha the gals go by, preten'in' not to see yo', but seein' efer't'ing. Buta here! Yah!"

"So 't was out av wan love an' into anither," continued Kerrigan, not heeding the interruption, "till wan night 't was a diff'rent tale. 'T was far in the ind av the year, I mind, an' the lang black nights had come, an' I 'd thramped the weary road up Barragh till Paddy Grogan's Mary's weddun'. 'T was bitther cowl'd an' the wind, wid a sting in ut, whistled across the bare hill till I was glad whin I saw the sparks av the peat from the hearth-fire flyun' shtraight out from the chimney as I came in sight av Paddy's.

"The room was full as I opened the dure, an' the fiddles was tunun' up, but I saw only wan thing an' heard only wan: 't was Kitty Gildea, wid the firelight on her hair an' face, an' the eyes av her sparklun' wid the joy av livun', an' her laugh like a bell on a Soonday marnun' comun' saft across Glengarrow wather. Mither av hiven! how ut all comes back!

"I stood like a gomerel starun' at her

till her eyes dhropped an' her face turned rid as the airy dawn over her own hill, an' some wan laughed, an' some wan ilse called to me to shut the dure, an' had I sane the banshee or the little payple?

"'I've not sane the banshee nor the little payple,' says I, 'but I've sane the beginnun' av joy or sorrow; an' thot 's a riddle I 'll kape for me own guessun', says I, an' not anither worrd c'u'd they get from me."

"But what wass the mat' weeth Kitty Gildea?" asked Nicolao, eagerly.

"Just this," answered Kerrigan: "she 'd grown to a woman overnight, laad. Have n't ye iver notused ut in gyurls—a shlip av a laas wan day an' a woman the nixt? 'T was so wid her.

"As soon as I c'u'd go wid dacency, I wint to Kitty, a swagger in me legs, but wid me knees a-trimblun' till me teeth fair chattered.

"'An' where have ye been the lang while, Miss Kitty Gildea?' I asked, givun' her the full len'th av her name, for the swate sound av ut.

"'An' where sh'u'd I be but in me mither's house?' says she. 'An' thot ye c'u'd have sane had ye gone to the top av the hill forninst yer own dure. Ye 're keen at the hill-climbun', I hear,' says she, an' giggled, m'anun' by thot thot I 'd been gown' to the very top av Skodor av late, coortun' ole McBride's Norah.

"'T was only to gain the stren'th to climb the hill forninst me dure the faster,' says I. Thin thinkun' the r'ason none too good to hould wather, I hastened to say: 'But I shall climb the hill ye min-tion, for the sun rises beyant ut, an' the moon, an' all the shtars; an' the brightust av the last shine by day likewise,' says I, lookun' shtraight into the two eyes av her.

"'An' thot 's all the time,' says she, gigglin', 'which is marv'lous for shtars.'

"The fiddles shtruck up, an' I saw her head turn to the sound like the weather-cock to the wind, an' the light fut av her tap the flure, eager to be up an' away; so I tho't I 'd shine betther wid me heels nor wid me tongue, an' I leaned to her to say:

"'Will ye dance wid me, Kitty Gildea?'

"Do I ramimber thot dance? Do I not? 'T was the firrst wan av manny thot winther, but I see her in ut this minut' as

clear to me eye as the wake av the moon on the wather yon. An' she was like thot —fut av air an' silver, an' as light on the flure as a moonbeam.

"So I wint up Skodor no more, forgettun' Norah, as I 'd forgot manny anither before her; but ut 's siventane years since the night, an' I 've not yet forgot Kitty Gildea.

"But she lid me a dance, laads. Ut began the very nixt day, whin I went over the hill to till her mither I was goun' to the markut-town the nixt marnun', an' was there annything I c'u'd do for her by way av fetchun' or carryun'? I 'd niver tho't av ut before, though she was a lone widdy, wid only her ole mither an' Kitty; but now thot ut w'u'd tak' me to the gyurl, ut samed neighborly an' a r'asonable thing to ask. A laad in love is like an ostrich, which shticks uts head in the sand an' thinks no wan parsaves ut.

"Kitty was comun' out av the dure wid a shawl on her head as I shteped up to ut, an' both av us was taken aback, an' I lost me wits. I think she ixpictud me to say thot I 'd come over the hill, l'avun' her to tak' up the talk where we 'd lift ut the night before; but me wits were gone, comun' on her so sudden-like, an' all thot I c'u'd say was to ask if her mither was at home. Niver forget, Nicolay, to till a gyurl what she ixpicts. She 'll be riddy for ye thin, an' thot will plaze her; but dapart from her thaory av the attack, an' she 'll mak' ye suffer for ut.

"She is," says Kitty, coolly, whin I asked her me question, an' she opened the dure, an' in I wint. 'T was the last thot I saw av the gyurl thot day.

"The old gran'mither was settun' by the hearth-fire, but Kitty's mither came to mate me wid a look on her face for all the worrld like thot av a house-dog thot suspects yer dasigns.

"Oh, 't is Thomas Kerrigan," says she; 'an' will ye be s'atud, Thomas?'

"Ut is, an' I will," says I; 'an' thank ye kindly, ma'am. I was thinkun' av goun' to markut the marnun', ma'am, I wint on, aisy-like; 'an' passun' the dure, I tho't I 'd shtep inside to ask ye if I c'u'd fetch or carry annything for ye, secun' ye 're so much alone here, an' few passun'.'

"'T is neighborly," says she; 'though I 'm thinkun' I 'm no more alone than I 've

been the tin years gone. But 't is neighborly; I 'm not denyun' ut.'

"I knew naught to say to thot, beun' more nor usual witless, so tho't ut best to same not to hear ut; an' lettun' me eye wandher, I notused the ole gran'mither a-peerun' at me, an' I nodded to the fire.

"'T is rare an' comfortable," says I, for the day had an edge on ut; 'ye 're rightly placed forninst the blaze the day, ma'am.'

"'T is the only place lift for ole bodies—to crawl into the chimney-corner," says she. 'I know me p'lace; 't is all thot 's lift for me.'

"Ye 're lookun' fine an' hale, ma'am," says I, 'an' younger iv'ry year. I 'm thinkun' Time 's forgot ye, ma'am. Ye 'd be l'adun' the dance yet but for yer kind hearrt: ye 'd not want to shpoil the pleasure av anny lass from invy av the pink cheeks av ye.'

"Now don't ye be afther beggun' me to marry ye," says she, chucklun'; 'for I 'd not dare to thrust ye, for all yer saft tongue. But ye 're niver Michael Kerrigan's gran'son.'

"I 'm so reputhud, ma'am," says I, 'though 't is little I know av ut meself.'

"She chuckled again at thot, an' pointun' to the sate by her, told me to dhraw near.

"Me eyes are not so keen as they were whin I was a lass an' used to watch for yer gran'faather—rest his sow!—come over yon hill a-coortun' me," she tould me whin I took the bench forninst her. 'Ye 're like him, too, big an' handsome an' bould-like. 'T was a fine laad was the ole Michael. He came near marryun' me, b'y.'

"I niver knew ut, ma'am," says I, 'though I 've heard he was niver much in luck's way. An' how did he lose ye, ma'am?'

"'T was a quarrel," says she, 'an' we parthud. Ye niver knew how near ye came to beun' me gran'son.'

"I was a bould laad wid me tongue in thim days, an' not wan to bate about the bush; so up I answered, thinkun' av Kitty, an' not carun' who knew:

"'T is niver too late to mind, ma'am," says I, 'an' Faather O'Hara can rimey thot.'

"Did ye iver see a hin wid chicks whin the hawks was flyun', laads? Thin ye 've



Drawn by Martin Justice. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"'I THRIED TO LOOK ME JOY IN THE UNDHERTAKUN'!"

sane Kitty's mither as I shpake. Up she came rufflun', an' wid her hands on her hips looked down at me scornful.

"'Ye 're a rovun' young mon wid the gyurls. I hear, 'Thomas Kerrigan,' says she. 'Ye think ye 've but to wink an' the cherry will drop in yer mouth. 'T is a poor shadow to run befure a laad, an' I 've little wish to have ut darken me dure, an' thot 's God's trut',' says she.

"'The rovun' fut makes no path, ma'am,' says I, 'so no harrm 's done; but now I wandher no more.'

"'An' what 's changed ye so sudden?' says she.

"'Yer daughter's face, ma'am, I 'm honust enough to till ye,' says I; 'an' if 't is no crime, I 'm thinkun' the path over yon hill betwane yer dure an' mine will be worn deep.'

"'I 'd far betther see yer back on ut nor yer face,' says she.

"'Do ye mane ut, ma'am?' says I, risun' to me fate. "'T is a saad tale if the wandherun' fut av a light-hearrtud laad l'aves pitch on yer flure. I 'll go if I must, an' not darken yer dure; but I spake ye fair an' honust, ma'am, an' 't is the firrst time I 've named Faather O'Hara in me—me wandherun's.'

"She looked up an' thin down, an' I c'u'd see me worrds had taken hould av her, though all thot she w'u'd say was:

"'There 'll be ithers to name him befure the banns is called, I 'm thinkun'.'

"'Thin Hiven send thot they name him airly,' says I; 'for if I don't call ye mither, I 'll go to me grave an orphan, ma'am.'

"She smiled a little winthry smile at thot, but the ole gran'mither cried out:

"'Lit be! Lit the laad be, Lizzie! 'T is no harrm in him coortun' over-manny lasses. There 's safety in manny, I 'm thinkun', but no token at all thot he 'll not marry wan come the time. I like the b'y meself, an' I was niver wan who c'u'd not see in the poke whin the shtring was untied. He 's a fine laad.'

"'I know no rale harrm in him,' said Kitty's mither; 'but whin ye hear a fut prowln' in the dark, ye must bark yer-silf, if ye have no dog.'

"So because she knew no rale harrm in me I shtayed on, though downhearrtud whin Kitty came not; for though ut 's the parrt av wisdom, 't is a poor tale

coortun' the ole payple in place av the lass.

"'T was nayther work nor play wid me thin till I 'd sane Kitty wance more, so out I shtarted the nixt day for her mither's, gown' round the road for luck, not over the hill, as I 'd gone the day befure. 'T was well, too, for as I came to the turn by the bridge, there was Kitty befure me, gown' light-fut up to her mither's. She looked round quick as I came up, an' thin looked down, an' I saw thot her eyes were shinun'.

"' 'T is a fine day,' says she.

"'As fine as God iver made,' says I, enthusiastuc.

"'Barrun' the mist,' says she, shyly.

"'Ut makes yer cheeks the ridder,' says I.

"'An' thot 's too rid,' says she.

"'Yes, for me p'ace av mind,' says I.

"'An' what do ye be doun' so far from home?' says she.

"'I 'm lookun' for thot which I lost,' I tould her.

"'An' is ut val'able?' says she.

"'I can't live widout ut, for 't is me hearrt,' says I.

"'Oh!' says she, giggln'; 'an' have n't ye l'arned to do widout ut by this?' Thin, befure I c'u'd answer the shlander, she wint on to say: 'I wantud to till ye thot we took ut kindly yer offerun' to fetch or carry to markut for me mither. To be sure, ye did not mintion ut again, an' ye did not come the marnun', though me mither had two pigs to sind, if the chance came. But 't was neighborly to think av ut at all. We said thot.'

"'T was thure: I had not tho't av me offer wance since I made ut.

"Out av the tail av me eye I looked at her; but her face was as long an' serious as a mission sermon, though well I knew 't was all pratintious.

"'Ye huzzy!' I tho't. 'I 'll bate ye yet,' an' I looked at her raproachful.

"' 'T is sorrow I have thot ye 'd think me fat in the promus but lane in the performance,' says I. 'T is to-morrow I go, not the day. I mintioned ut to yer mither to set her thinkun' av her nades, an' now I 'm gown' to learn thim,' says I.

"'I tho't ye was lookun' for thot which ye 'd lost,' says she.

"'I found ut,' says I.

"'But where?' says she.



Drawn by Martin Justice. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

“‘T IS SHAMEFUL TO DRIVE THIM SO FAST,’ SAYS SHE”

“ ‘Ye have ut,’ says I.

“ ‘Thin ye can tak’ ut again, for I ’ve no use for ut,’ says she. ‘I ’ve a betther wan av me own.’

“ ‘Ye might ixchange, Kitty Gildea,’ says I, to thry her; but she shook her head an’ laughed.

“ ‘No,’ says she; ‘for I ’m but poor in the bargainun’, beun’ too honust. I ’d gain naught but ithers’ l’avun’s.’

“ ‘Ye ’d gain an honust laad’s hearrt, Kitty Gildea,’ says I, dolorous, to thry the effict av sadness on her.

“ ‘So the rid fox said to the white goose,’ says she; an’ wid thot we came to her mither’s dure.

“I niver knew how she an’ Sathan managed ut, for I saw the mither had naught to do wid the matther, but before an hour had gone, I was shtandun’ outside the dure wid three fathom av rope in me hands, ache ind av which was tied to the right hind leg av a half-grown pig thot I was to drive to me home an’ tak’ to the markut-town the morrow. I thried to look me joy in the undhertakun’, but

me heartt was dubious. Kitty's own face was sad.

"Ye 'll find kind masthers for thim. Thomas Kerrigan," says she; "for they 're like pet lambs for ginthleniss. Ut fair breaks me heartt to have thim go."

"They 're av the same mind. I 'm thinkun'," says I; for though I gave thim the hint to be off, they were far from takun' ut, an' runnun' circles about me, wound me up in the rope like an eight-day clock, till the tin legs av us was mixed shameful.

"I unraveled mesilf at last, all but wan leg, whin they changed their minds an' stharterd off wid a rush, wid me hoppun' on wan fut, in the bight av the rope, clingun' to ut wid me two hands, an' flingun' me legs an' arms wild-like to kape me balance on me ither fut."

"An' how many legs an' hands ees that?" asked Nicolao, grinning.

"Thirrti-wan ut must have been by the looks av ut," Kerrigan answered calmly; "for I was whirlun' down the road like a spinnun'-wheel, emittun' sacred language set to jig-tunes -staccatho."

"Kitty came out to us as they shtopped in the road like haythen idols tin rods from her mither's house."

"'T is shameful to drive thim so fast,' says she; 'for 't is harrd to l'ave wan's home so young.'

"'Was ut drivun' thim I was?' says I. 'Glory be! I tho't I was an irrasponsible carrt wheel hitched to a--a nightmare. Did I show the pride av a conquerun' payple in me dam'anor?'

"'I 'll set ye a bit on the road, to kape the poor things comphany,' says she, not answerun' me question."

"I looked at her. Her face was still sad, but her eyes were dancun'."

"'Ye little Jezebel!' tho't I; thin I said aloud: 'There 's no nade,' says I. 'T will only mak' the partun' harder for thim an' for ye,' says I. 'I 'd spare ye the sorrow willun'."

"'I c'u'd not think av ut,' says she, shakun' her head, mournful. "'T is woman's lot to suffer. Why don't ye go on?'

"'Is ut shp'akun' to yer fri'nds ye are?' says I. 'If so, I 'd like to know the answer mesilf.' Thin I turned to her pet lambs. 'Get up, Sathan!' says I. 'Get up, Beelzebub!'

"'T is no language for the ginthle

cr'athures,' says she, raprovin' me. 'Call thim pet names: they 'll raspond to thim.'

"'I will, thin,' says I; 'though I 'd like ut bettther to know what their rasponsus are to be, for I 'm dizzy yet from the last wan. But here goes, an' if I see ye no more in this worrld, Kitty Gildea, ramimber thot I passed away for love av ye, takun' yer advice.' Thin I said softly to thim graven images: 'Come, darlint! Come, swateheartt! We 'll be movun' on now, wid yer l'ave.' They did not budge an inch."

"'Ye see,' says I, turnun' to Kitty, raproachful. 'Yer fri'nds—' Thin they stharterd."

"Laads, ut was a quarther av a mile to the bridge where I had met Kitty gown' up to her mither's, but wid the rothary motion av the typhoon wid which I was associatud by the bight av a rope. I made ut twinty-siven nautical miles in as manny seconds. Sometimes I samed to be gown', an' sometimes comun', an' sometimes both at wance, wid the air melojous wid me endearments. Only above all the tumult av batthle an' sudden death I heard the v'ice av Kitty fair hiccoughun' wid joyousniss."

"Through the wrack an' ruin av the worrld I saw loomun' ahead av me the bridge an' the wather rollun' underh ut. So says I to mesilf: 'Glory be! now I 'll alight from me char'ot; for if the trut' 's been tould av thim, nayther divels nor witches will cross runnun' wather.' 'T was thrue; they did not cross."

"I alightud harrd—on me circumfarence, wid the taut rope twistud about me middle, an' thim fiends in bacon gown' out av sight over the opposite sides av the bridge into shoal wather. All thot I c'u'd see av thim was the right hind fut av ache above the curb; but the hivers was melojous wid their lamentations or their pains av viethory. I c'u'd not till which, beun' ignorant av their lingo."

"Whata ye calla that 'circumf'rence?' " asked Nicolao, who was curious concernin' particulars."

"I mane," explained Kerrigan, patiently, "thot I sthruke the bridge wid iv'ry parrt av me anathomy simultaneous at wance—an' sthruke ut harrd. I c'u'd not say thot me head ached more nor me body, nor me legs more nor me arms. 'T was impartial an' widout prejudice."

Thim pigs w'u'd have made grreat jury-min.

"Thin, as I set up, not rubbun' anny parrt av me, because no parrt av me naded ut more nor anny ither parrt av me,—

" 'They can't get their hind legs down; ye 're houldun' thim,' says she.

" 'Am I?' says I. 'Thin ut 's more nor I c'u'd have ixpictud from the pra-vius performance, an' I 've little faith in



Drawn by Martin Justice. Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

"DO YE KNOW ANNYTHING AV THE WAYS OF PIGS, LAADS?"

nor liss,—I heard behint me the v'ice av Kitty sayun':

" 'The poor things was thirrsty.'

" ' 'T was thot, was ut?' says I. 'Thin why in Hiven's name don't they dhrink?' says I.

"I heard her v'ice crack, as if her f'alun's was gettun' beyont her, an' thin she said solemn:

uts lastun'. So, Kitty dear, before they change their minds an' think ut 's exercise they 're wantun', not dhrink, will ye kindly untie the rope from the leg av wan av yer pet lambs, so it can folly its wishes, whatever they are? I 'm twistud in the rope, an' so occupied wid houldun' thim thot I 've little mind for ither things.'

"I saw her shouldhers shakun' as she

I'aned over the edge av the bridge, an' thin she said:

" 'Can't ye cut ut?'

" 'I have n't anny knife,' says I.

" ' 'T is a harrd knot,' says she.

" ' 'T is a love-knot,' says I, an' wid thot I gave the rope a pull. 'T was like jerkun' the cord av a siren whistle, for the pig cursed me shameful, an' for a minut' I saw the shtump av his tail waggun' tumultuous, threatenun' calamithy. Thin he gave wan last kick an' dhropped out av sight.

" 'He 's more comfortable now,' says Kitty; 'he can shtand on his fure legs.'

" 'I 'm thinkun' I 'll be down' the same,' says I; an' conthortun' mesilf disgraceful, I untwistud the rope about me middle, an' stood eriet wance more, as God intindud iv'ry mon sh'u'd.

" 'Will ye be goun' on now—now thot ye 're resthud?' says Kitty, innocent-like.

" 'I will,' says I, 'if 't will not inconvenience yer fri'nds,' says I.

" 'Do ye know annything av the ways av pigs, laads? They 're quick—too quick—an' by nature cross-eyed, for they look wan way an' shtrike anither, which is a harrd thing to contind wid. I pulled wan av the bastes up on the bridge again, an' headed him right; but he took but wan look, thin doubled on his thrack betwane me legs, an' all thot I ramimber is av fallun' in a dhream through indlissniss, wid me head explodun' at last like a million sky-rockuts.

" 'The nixt thing I knew, me head was a boiler-foundry in full blast, by the sound av ut, an some wan was cryun' over me, an' thin I knew ut was Kitty. Firrst I thried to open me eyes, but some wan samed to be settun' on the lids, so I shtopped to think a bit, an' thot saved me; for Kitty was talkun' to a dead mon, an' unburdenun' her hearrt, which is the manner av women afther ye 're dead or gone.

" 'Oh, I 've kilt him! I 've kilt him!' says she, wild like; 'an' there niver was anny wan like him,' says she.

" 'Am I rarely dead,' says I to mesilf; 'an' all for ridun' bareback on an unregenerate pig? 'T is fair disgraceful. An' thin I saw in a flash how 't w'u'd be afther the wake was over an' payple had sittled down contintud to the loss av me. I c'u'd see the face av iv'ry laad an' lass in the barony wan wide grin whiniver they tho't

av me takun' off. Laads, I was in a cowlid sweat wid the bare tho't av ut. 'T is no joke to be a laughun'-shtock to yer fri'nds for ridun' a pig into purgathory. Thin I heard Kitty again:

" 'An' he did ut all for love av me,' she wailed; 'an' I was crool to him, though rajoicun' to think he cared for a gyurl like me.'

" 'Come,' says I to mesilf; 'thot 's better. There 'll be wan who will not make me a laughun'-shtock.' An' thin I thried again, an' me eyes came open, an' I saw the blue sky over me, an' the grane hills I knew well, an' the white road runnun' up to Kitty's mither's house. So I knew 't was not purgathory, an' I was shtill alive.

" 'So beun' more comfortable, me wits came back, an' I sittled mesilf to me grrreat opporchunity; for Kitty had not sane me eyes.

" 'Ut is n't iv'ry laad thot can win a lass by ridun' a pig to the gates of purgathory an' back,' tho't I. 'I 'll shtay dead till the propher time to come back to life,' says I to mesilf. Ut came the very nixt minut', wid Kitty keenun' over me again, disclosun' her mind.

" 'Oh, darlint, come back to me!' says she, 'an' I 'll niver cross ye or taze ye in worrd or deed till the ind av me life,' says she. 'I 'll be thrue to ye, as ye w'u'd be thrue to me, for there was niver anny wan like ye, so full av sunshine an' joy.'

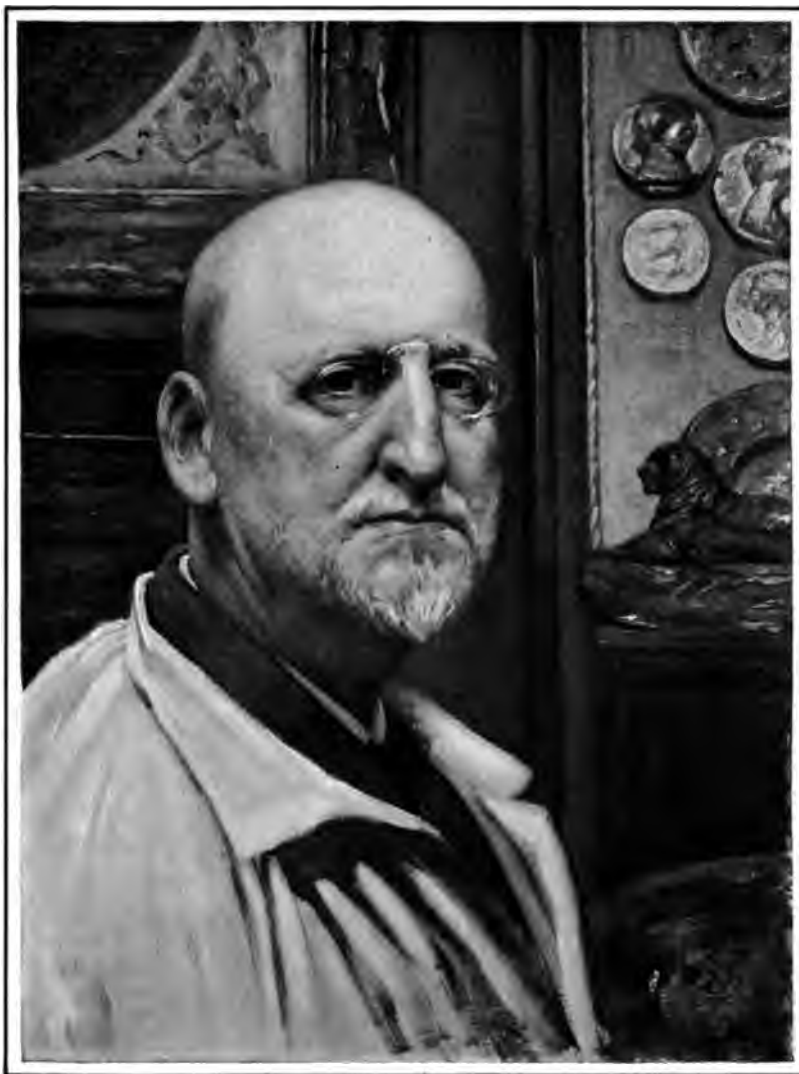
" 'Do ye mane thot, Kitty Gildea?' says I, me hearrt in me throat.

" 'An' she meant ut, laads; an' so 't was hiven I found by the bridge in Glengarow, an' not purgathory, as I tho't; for she was the wan lass in all the worrld, an' her eyes were the eyes av trut',—though full av laughter, too,—an' her face 't was the flower-face av a thrue woman, tindher an' fine."

Back on the quarter-deck the bell sounded the eight strokes of the end of he watch, and the bell at the knight-heads repeated the sound. The feet of the men began to shuffle about on the deck, and the three friends rose, stretching themselves. Kerrigan walked to the rail and looked out across the moonlit water, and there Frithjof followed him.

" 'An' Kitty Gildea,' he said—"Kitty Gildea would nefer deceive yo' lak some gals, heh? Ay tank——"

" 'She died, laad,' said Kerrigan.



Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

GEORGE W. MAYNARD
FROM THE PAINTING BY HIMSELF
EXAMPLES OF AMERICAN PORTRAITURE—XIII



A FRIENDSHIP WITH JOHN HAY

BY JOSEPH BUCKLIN BISHOP



It was my high privilege to know John Hay for more than thirty years. During all that period he honored me with his friendship and helped me, in time of trial, with genuine sympathy and wise counsel. When, in the winter of 1870-71, I entered the service of the "New-York Tribune" as a reporter, he had recently joined the staff of that journal as an editorial writer. I find myself, in writing about the beginning of this long and cherished friendship, impelled irresistibly to a description of the "Tribune" office of those days. It was a most thoroughly democratic place. There was no outside guard at the door, no reception-room for visitors, no obstacle whatever to the progress of any one who chose to enter. It was situated in the fourth story of an old ramshackle five-story building, on the site now more than covered by the later towering edifice, and consisted of the most ill-furnished and ill-kept suite of rooms imaginable. There was scarcely a desk in any one of them that had not been for many years in a state of well-nigh hopeless decrepitude, and scarcely a chair with a full complement of its original legs, the place of the missing member or two being supplied often with a piece of board nailed to the side. There were only about half enough chairs and desks to go round. Reporters, and even editors, were obliged to take turns in writing their "copy," and secured a share in a desk only after a considerable period of service. One of my earliest recollections of the editorial room is of hearing Isaac H. Bromley say to Clarence Cook, the genial, gentle, and delightful friend, but most merciless of art critics: "Cook, are

you through with that desk? If you are, scrape off the blood and feathers and let me come."

The editorial room fronted on Printing-house Square, and was entered through the reporters' room. A half-partition of wood and glass, the latter very dirty and never washed, separated the two. It was only eight feet or more in height, but, low as it was, to the minds of the reporters it was the most formidable of barriers. They regarded that front room as the very heaven of their aspirations. They looked with admiration and envy upon the men—Dr. George Ripley, Bayard Taylor, John R. G. Hassard, and John Hay among them—who walked daily through the city room into it. For, ill furnished and ill kept as was the "Tribune" office of those days, it harbored a moral and intellectual spirit that I met nowhere else during my thirty-five years of journalistic experience. Every member of the force, from reporter to editor, felt in his inmost soul that it was a great privilege to be on the "Tribune" and to write for its columns, and that there could be no higher ambition than to write for the same page as that for which Horace Greeley wrote. All the reporters who were in earnest studied that page with care daily, seeking to imbibe its spirit and to fit themselves by reading and practice to write ultimately for it. They became familiar with the styles of the different contributors to it, and discussed their relative merits with the enthusiasm and assurance of youth. However they might differ about the others, about John Hay they were in unbroken accord. They had heard that Mr. Greeley had said of Hay that he was the most brilliant man who

that; but he has a conscience that is far less troublesome, for it permits him to believe whatever he wishes to." He had an unerring insight into character, and a sure and always light touch in pointing out its salient quality. It was not till you had thought for a moment of what he had said that you realized how much there was in his half-humorous and seemingly careless utterance. The quickness of his humor was equal to its lightness. I could give many instances of this in his "Tribune" experience, but one must suffice. One night, when the whole force was on duty late, news came of the death of an illustrious personage whose obituary must be prepared in haste. Noah Brooks, who was usually called upon for such emergencies because of his readiness as a writer, went to the library for books and returned with an armful, moving in a peculiar jog-trot gait that he adopted when in a hurry. As he passed Hay's desk, the latter, without looking up or pausing in his writing, said as if merely thinking aloud, "'Books in the running Brooks.'"

I was under the impression, till I examined the files of the "Tribune," that the three best-known of the "Pike County Ballads"—"Jim Bludso," "Little Breeches," and "The Mystery of Gilgal"—were all published first in the columns of that journal, but I find that the first-named was the only one that originally saw the light there. All were published, together with the fourth, "Banty Tim," and other poems, by James R. Osgood in the spring of 1871, and were collected from various current periodicals. They had become as familiar as Bret Harte's "Heathen Chinee" by the time they appeared in book form, and were quoted almost as widely. Whether the dialect poems of Harte were the inspiration of the "Pike County Ballads" has been a more or less disputed question. The "Heathen Chinee" was first published in the "Overland Monthly" in August, 1870, under the title of "Plain Language from Truthful James. (Table Mountain, 1870.)" It was copied immediately in the "Tribune," and, in fact, in every newspaper in the land. Hay's delight in it was unbounded, as had been his enthusiastic admiration for the "Luck of Roaring Camp" and the other stories with which Harte had leaped into fame. All the world, at least that part of it that had

any connection with or interest in letters, went about talking of Harte and quoting him and reading him aloud when it assembled anywhere. The "Heathen Chinee" passed at once into the vocabulary and literary assets of every writer, from the most humble to the highest, and it was extremely rare to find a newspaper leader without a quotation from it, or to take part in a conversation in which reference to it was not made. Hay may have been influenced by his delight in it to compose his four dialect poems. They appeared, as I have shown, a few months later, and from the time of their publication were not infrequently confounded with the poems of Harte. The latter was often a visitor to the "Tribune" office in those days, and I have a vivid recollection of his description to Hay of an incident that had happened to himself at a literary reception on the previous evening, when a sentimental young woman assured him (Harte) that she had never read anything so delightful as his "Little Breeches," and that she really could not read it without laughter ending in tears.

Hay was always generous of praise for the work of others and depreciatory of his own. He was constantly saying of the poetry of the new school that arose after Harte in the West: "That is the real thing. They are doing what I would like to do and can't." He never for a moment ranked himself with Harte in speech, and I am sure he did not in thought. He spoke invariably of his "Ballads" as things of slight account, and by no means objects of pride. Many years after the time of which I am writing, an incident occurred which called forth from him an extremely interesting letter about the origin of one of them. In December, 1888, a Mississippi steamer was burned under conditions strikingly similar to those described in "Jim Bludso." She caught fire, and her pilot headed her for the shore, jumping overboard when she reached it. The steamer was burning furiously and the lives of the passengers were in peril. She drifted away from the shore as soon as the pilot left the wheel. James Givens, a deck-hand, ran to the wheel, brought the steamer's head again to the bank, and, in order to hold her there, locked the wheel in position. While he was doing this the flames com-

pletely surrounded the pilot-house. Givens, when his task was done, made a dash through the flames, jumped into the river, and struggled ashore, but died later of his injuries. He had literally "held her nozzle ag'in' the bank, till the last galoot 's ashore" in true Bludso fashion, and he saved seventy of the hundred lives on board.

When the accounts of this disaster were published here and abroad, the newspapers were quick to see the resemblance to the Bludso incident, and the ballad was reproduced far and wide. The London journals were especially interested in the coincidence, and made it the subject of a veritable renaissance of Hay literature. I made a collection of these utterances and sent them to Hay, with the result of receiving from him the following valuable and characteristic letter:

Washington, D. C., Jan. 11, '89.

MY DEAR BISHOP: I thank you very much for your kind letter and the inclosures, which I would not otherwise have seen. I thoroughly appreciate a good word for "Jim," who is a friend of mine. I shudder and hide in the cellar only when the Boy with the small knickerbockers is mentioned.

A curious thing happened during that summer when we were holding up the Republican party by the tail.

On the first appearance of "J. B.," Mark Twain wrote to me saying that I was all wrong making him an engineer—that only a pilot could have done what I represented him as doing. This troubled me somewhat—though I thought I was right. During the summer of '91, a cotton-broker of New Orleans, a son of "J. B." (whose name was Oliver Fairchild, by the way), came to see me at the "Tribune" office and absolutely confirmed my story, saying that his father *was* engineer of the *Fashion* and died in just that way. But the case was, of course, uncommon—the pilot usually does the work—and Jim Givens comes again to discredit me.

I am afraid this is ominous of my fate—to be right as a historian and wrong as an artist.

Wishing you and yours a happy New Year,
I am faithfully yours,

John Hay.

There have been few better letter-writers than John Hay. He wrote more nearly as he talked than any man I have ever known, and, as he could not talk in a dull or uninteresting way, so he could not write a dull letter. Some day, when time shall have made it not indiscreet to

publish a compilation of his letters, they should be given to the world. They will prove to be not only an intellectual delight, but an inestimable contribution to the history of the time in which he lived and in which he bore so honorable and useful a part. It would be quite out of the question to publish them now, for they relate intimately to men now living and to public affairs that are still in process of evolution. Unlike many brilliant letter-writers, he did not write with the obvious expectation that his letters would be published. He let himself go freely, as was his wont in familiar conversation, and the consequence was that he never wrote without saying something that the recipient of the letter would most unwillingly let die. I have had many such letters from him which, to my vast regret, I have destroyed.

I was talking with him one day in Washington, while he was Secretary of State, when he spoke of the extraordinary number of letters that Gladstone had preserved, and said that they should be of incalculable value to the historian, adding: "Real history is told in private letters. No man should ever destroy one that contains light on public men or public affairs." "Why," I exclaimed, "you have written me dozens which you have enjoined me to destroy as soon as read, letting no eye but mine see them, and I have obeyed you, though it took all my moral strength to do so." He waved my protest aside with a laugh, but I shall never cease to regret that I was not in possession five years earlier of his views about the value of such letters. That other correspondents of his were less resolute in destruction than I was, is a fact within my knowledge, and from them an abundant supply must and will be drawn in due season. I find, among the many that I have preserved, several that I can only quote partly from with propriety now. In the early part of 1901 I wrote to him at the State Department, asking him to tell me in strict confidence what he thought was likely to be the outcome of a threatened disturbance in a South American country. "It is difficult to say," he replied, "what will happen on the Spanish Main. It is the land of the fantastic and the unexpected." In the midst of the Presidential campaign of 1904, the curious discovery was made and published

that the chairman of the Democratic National Committee had the same name as one of the principal characters in "The Mystery of Gilgal." The scene of that ballad is laid in "Taggart's Hall—Tom Taggart's of Gilgal," and one of the stanzas is:

Tom Taggart stood behind his bar,
The time was fall, the skies was far.
The neighbors round the counter drewed,
And calmly drinked and jawed.

I sent a paper containing the reproduced ballad to Hay, and in replying he wrote: "Thanks for your letter and the paper. I thought of that coincidence the other day, and wondered whether I should escape. It was a curious case of innocent prophecy."

The sudden death of his eldest son in the summer of 1901 was a blow from which he never recovered. It deepened and made permanent that shadow of melancholy that had always, at least since I had known him, been lurking about him. I waited for some time before writing to him, in order to separate myself from the great flood of condolence that I knew would pour in upon him from all parts of the world, and received a reply really tragic in its pathos:

Newbury, N. H., Aug. 30, 1901.

MY DEAR BISHOP: I thank you for your kind letter. I have received many like it—and have answered very few. I think of little else when I am not at work, and even when I am busy his genial, powerful face, with its winning smile, is continually coming before me, his rich mellow voice and jolly laugh are sounding in my ears. To think of all that splendid vitality, that abounding force—to which almost any achievement would have been easy—extinguished at dawn, and I, like Browning's waning moon, "going dispiritedly, glad to finish."

I could not get away from my post—everybody agreed—and for a little while longer I suppose I am as well there as anywhere. I have been working all summer—to good purpose—and shall have several important bits of work to submit to the Senate, if nothing adverse happens. But after that—no one can tell. . . . I am not sanguine, though leading Senators assure me it will be all right this time. At least my course was clear; I had to try again, to save us from a threatened dishonor. If I fail again, I shall know what my duty to myself requires.

Yours faithfully,

John Hay.

I have spoken of Hay's conversation as a "joy forever." It was that and more. There was in it an intellectual exhilaration that was contagious and irresistible. He loved to talk, and his keen joy in it was so genuine and so obvious that it infected his listeners. He was as good a listener as he was a talker, never monopolizing the conversation at table or elsewhere, never "taking the floor," and never treating the company, as Queen Victoria said Mr. Gladstone treated her, like "a public meeting." He talked without the slightest sign of effort or premeditation, said his good things as if he owed their inspiration to the listener, and never exhibited a shadow of consciousness of his own brilliancy. His manner toward the conversation of others was the most winning form of compliment conceivable. Every person who spent a half-hour or more with him was sure to go away, not only charmed with Hay, but uncommonly well pleased with himself. Surely, he reflected, as he passed out of that enchanted circle—surely there must be something above the ordinary in my own thought and conversation, since Hay can find such obvious pleasure in them. Hay once said to me of Mr. Evarts, of whose gifts as a conversationalist we were speaking, that he had the rare faculty of saying at a dinner-table the best thing that was said there,—invariably something that was quoted everywhere for days and even years afterward,—and giving the impression while saying it that he had better things in reserve if he really cared to produce them. Hay possessed much the same faculty. Surely he never left upon any one the impression that he had exhausted his intellectual resources.

It was simply impossible for him to talk for any length of time without saying something that delighted you inexpressibly, and that you could carry away and tell to others for their delight. I have in mind many of his sayings of this sort, but, alas! most of them, like his letters, are too thoroughly saturated with "contemporaneous human interest" to be published now. Those that I shall venture to give must be disguised in order to strip them of this quality, and I fear such treatment may deprive them of much of their flavor.

I was talking with him on one occasion,

while he was Secretary of State, about some negotiations that he was conducting with two of the most "fantastic and unexpected" of the countries of the Spanish Main. After telling me of his efforts to reach an agreement with the special envoys who had been sent to Washington for the purpose, there came into his eye that inimitable twinkle of enjoyment which was always the herald of a coming good thing, and leaning forward in order to get into a more thoroughly confidential position with me, he said: "Talking with those fellows down there, Bishop, is like holding a squirrel in your lap and trying to keep up the conversation."

On another occasion, when several persons were present, including a member of the cabinet, the latter said: "I see that the anti-imperialists are changing their ground about the Philippines. They have been saying heretofore that we should not have stayed in the islands after the battle of Manila; that we should get out of them and leave them to their fate; and that they are doing infinite harm to us and our institutions, because in ruling them against their will we are violating the Declaration of Independence and destroying our own love of liberty. Now they say that we ought to give them away, or sell them to Germany or Japan or any nation that will take them off our hands." "That," said Hay, "reminds me of the young woman who had got religion and was telling her experience in conference meeting. Wishing to adduce proof of the thoroughness of her conversion, she said: 'When I found that my jewelry was dragging me down to hell, I gave it all to my sister.'"

Not long after Roosevelt acceded to the Presidency, an amiable but somewhat self-laudatory gentleman who found much pleasure in appointing himself to important diplomatic missions, returned to Washington from a brief trip abroad and went about saying he had been to England on a secret mission of great moment for the President and the Secretary of State. In an unlucky hour he said this in the hearing of a newspaper correspondent who published it. Our friend, whom we will call Jones for the moment, was then in an extremely embarrassing position, from which he endeavored to extricate himself without delay. I happened

to be in Washington about a week later, and in the course of a talk with Hay I said: "That was a very amusing incident about Jones and his 'secret mission.' " To this Hay replied: "I am grateful to Jones, for he gave me the opportunity of saying the one good thing I have said in my life. I usually think of them too late, but this I thought of in time. I knew, when I read about Jones's 'mission' in the morning paper, that he would call at the State Department before the day was far advanced. His card came in very soon after I reached the office, and I had him shown in at once. Stepping up to my desk in visible trepidation, he began to deliver a little speech which he had obviously prepared with care. 'Mr. Secretary,' he said, 'I sincerely trust that nothing that I have done in this matter has in any manner embarrassed you in your negotiations with Great Britain, and I think I can say with entire truth that I have done nothing for which I should blush.'"

"When he paused," said Hay, "I realized that the Lord had delivered him into my hands, and with all the suavity I could command, I said: 'Mr. Jones, I can assure you, without the slightest reservation, that nothing that you have done has in any manner embarrassed me in my negotiations with Great Britain, and I can assure you, also without reservation, that I am quite sure you have done nothing for which you could blush.' " "Did he see it?" I asked. "Certainly not," replied Hay. "He went about Washington, saying he had just come from a most satisfactory interview with the Secretary of State." "Had he any authority?" I asked. "Jones—authority? Why, Bishop, I am amazed at your ignorance. Jones is vice-gent of the Almighty in all international affairs!"

We were speaking one day about the pertinacity of office-seekers. "I will tell you," said Hay, "an incident that has never been published about Lincoln. I was sitting with him on one occasion when a man who had been calling on him almost daily for weeks in pursuit of an office was shown in. He made his usual request, when Lincoln said: 'It is of no use, my friend. You had better go home. I am not going to give you that place.' At this the man became enraged, and in a

very insolent tone exclaimed, 'Then, as I understand it, Mr. President, you refuse to do me justice.' At this, Lincoln's patience, which was as near the infinite as anything that I have ever known, gave way. He looked at the man steadily for a half-minute or more, then slowly began to lift his long figure from its slouching position in the chair. He rose without haste, went over to where the man was sitting, took him by the coat-collar, carried him bodily to the door, threw him in a heap outside, closed the door, and returned to his chair. The man picked himself up, opened the door, and cried, 'I want my papers!' Lincoln took a package of papers from the table, went to the door and threw them out, again closed it, and returned to his chair. He said not a word, then or afterward, about the incident." There have been many pictures of Lincoln, but few more graphic than that, as Hay drew it for me.

It is hard for those who knew and loved Hay—and all who knew him did love him—to reconcile themselves to the thought that he can draw no more pictures for us;

that this admirable and perfect and rarely matched artist in words can delight us no more forever. As he said of the voice of his son, his own is still sounding in our ears. It was in every fiber and tone the voice of the intellectual man, of the scholar and the gentleman, a voice that itself was music, and the music of a pure and gentle and noble soul. And the words to which the music was set! Who that has had the exquisite pleasure of listening to that incomparable speech, with its unerring and instinctive use of the only right word in every case, its clear-cut and incisive enunciation, the constant play of a humor that was next-door neighbor to melancholy, and the finer because of that close association, can ever forget it, or think of its loss without a pang? I cannot pass beneath the windows of his library in that beautiful Washington home where I experienced the highest pleasure I have ever known, without saying to myself, as a sense of supreme and irreparable loss sinks deep into my heart:

But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!



THE JEWS IN ROUMANIA

BY CARMEN SYLVA

Queen of Roumania



IFE is a hard struggle everywhere. Suffering and grief seem to be the common lot of man. In whatever direction we turn, we find the road beset with stones and brambles. On all sides we are confronted by the same universal toil and wretchedness. But preëminently do these conditions exist in Roumania. There we find more rocks and brambles, more misery and hardships, than anywhere else, because it is the poorest country in the world.

But little money is spent in Roumania. Since there are no industries or manufactures, there is hardly any commerce, and

only a limited number of mechanics. The country cannot depend upon its own resources, its revenues being derived solely from agriculture. It sometimes happens that in one year the soil yields enormously, and in the succeeding year, owing to a failure of the crops, we have famine. When this occurs, the country is threatened with ruin, as was seen after the recent two years' dearth. The absence of industrial resources makes it far more difficult for this country to recover after such periods of disaster than is the case elsewhere. This, I think, is hardly understood abroad, else other countries would surely not expect from this young nation

what she actually does not possess. They would help and encourage her in times of misfortune, instead of pursuing and overwhelming her; instead of making unjust demands, they would extend a helping hand until she could recover her strength somewhat; they would spare her for a season until good crops should once more bring plenty to the land; and they would no longer require her to harbor and support others when she herself stands in dire need of assistance.

It is difficult for any but those who have seen it for themselves to imagine what a poor harvest means in a purely agricultural state. It is horrible. Hunger in its most appalling aspect stalks everywhere—in the fields, in the villages, in the huts. Famine is a terrifying thing to behold: it has fangs and claws, but no pity. It is, moreover, the most indomitable enemy that can attack a country, for there are no arms to take up against it, and absolutely no means of fighting it. What is there to try where no remedy exists? By what means can bread be obtained when money itself cannot buy it? How set about making a cure when recovery is out of the question? Picture fields that look like empty threshing-floors; starving cattle, their bones starting through their flesh, browsing on the barren ground, and falling dead from sheer exhaustion; men, women, and children without so much as a handful of meal left to provide their meager diet of polenta, or "mamaliga," as it is called here. Unfortunates such as these are asked to assist others; to share with others when nothing is left; to harbor and protect when they are stripped of everything; to succor the poor and wretched when they are themselves at the last gasp of misery. Outsiders have not the smallest conception of all this, nor of how hard the struggle for bare existence is in our country; no one who has not seen it can possibly imagine what it is.

There are hardly any mechanics among the Roumanians, the trades in particular being all in the hands of foreigners. They are the hatters, the shoemakers, the tailors. In Moldavia even the butchers and bakers are for the most part foreigners. In some localities the peasants live off their prune crops, and even the proprietors, in seasons of dearth, depend upon their distilleries. They manufacture brandy, which they

sell to the foreigners. These retail it in their taverns, having first adulterated it to such an extent, however, that the people drink a sort of vitriol. The taverns are far too much frequented in bad seasons; it is one way of cheating an empty stomach.

Such, then, are the hardships which our people must endure—the conditions under which they are expected to encourage outsiders to seek a livelihood on soil that is not always able to support its own children. It is an economic question so serious, so vital, for us, that the suggestion of foreign immigration seems almost ironical: instead of ameliorating the situation, it would simply make it so much the worse. All building is at a standstill; the masons are out of work, and so are the glaziers and the slaters, and all the other mechanics necessary under normal conditions, and this affects all the working-classes down to the humblest artisans. The chief consumers are of course the peasants, who form the largest class; but they stop buying entirely when the crops fail. The proprietors, too, spend no money at such times, their very last obole being required to aid their starving peasantry. If they did not themselves practise the most rigid self-denial, they would be left without either men or beasts to cultivate their estates. Thus even the rich are poor in bad seasons, and are without the means to contribute toward the establishment of any national industry; so we find that everything down to the commonest article is imported.

The problem that confronts us is, whether foreigners can find a subsistence in Roumania in hard times. It is not a question of whether they should or could be harbored, but whether it is possible for the soil to support them,—a question surely of too grave moment to be dismissed with a stroke of the pen, and one, moreover, that no one who has not lived here and studied the situation for himself is capable of judging.

There is not another civilized country in the world wholly without industries of its own, importing even its most trifling articles, and confronted every year with the uncertainty as to whether a sufficient sum of money will come across the frontier to replace that which has gone out. And so the problem resolves itself into a

purely economic one. Can we honestly welcome a class that takes money out of the country, but never brings any in? For it is a fact that no money has ever been introduced into Roumania through any one in trade. Any that such a man may possess, goes abroad, first to purchase his stock and outfit, and later for supplies to carry on his business, even such articles as buttons and the commonest kinds of braids not being manufactured here except on the very smallest scale.

A Roumanian of the laboring class can subsist on almost nothing; so long as he is able to keep himself supplied with corn-meal he is satisfied. His hut is built of a sort of beaten clay, whitewashed by his wife. Life is still extremely simple among our people, luxury being found among the townsfolk only. Even then it in no wise helps the poorer classes, as everything beyond the bare necessities is imported. The thrifty proprietor who wishes to guard against seeing his possessions knocked down by the auctioneer's hammer, deprives himself even of necessities in order to save his estates.

Those who are on the verge of ruin are certainly not in a position to prevent emigration. That it is desirable to stop it there can be no doubt, as it serves only to complicate matters the more. Eighty workmen left Bucharest in a single day because there was no more work for house-painters. In the preceding year a hundred houses had been erected, and now for three years none has been built. It would be hard to give any just idea of the misery into which the dearth of these years has thrown this unfortunate little country, and at the same time it would be well worth the trouble were any one to come and make a personal study of it for himself, instead of adding to the load by cruel accusations.

Whatever happens, the peasants are taken care of, for they are necessary; but artisans can be dispensed with for a time, and hence, as these cannot subsist on nothing while waiting for better times, they go elsewhere in search of employment. It often happens, though, that they come back, finding conditions in other countries no better than in our own.

Instead of looking at the matter fairly and from a practical point of view, it has been dealt with sentimentally; and instead

of sympathy and pity being extended to us, we have been pelted with stones.

Thanks to her own heroic and unaided efforts,—efforts which represent a degree of self-sacrifice and privation unique in the history of any people,—our country is now in a fair way to overcome her difficulties; and if the state coffers are once more full, it is due quite as much to her wonderful patience as to the wisdom and careful management of the administration. Salaries and pensions were cut down, and not a single new office was created.

When the children of the land are depriving themselves of the necessities of life, how can they be expected to take strangers in? And during all this period, when our peasants were eating but one meal in two days, not a single foreign pen was taken up to call attention to their sufferings. No one told how the children could be seen going about the fields on hands and knees, searching for any stray blades of grass that might be found—a sight to make one weep. No one described how the very bones were coming through the hides of our wretched beasts, nor how thousands of them actually died of starvation.

But no sooner did the foreign population begin to emigrate than the very leaves became tongues to lash us with. No one came to investigate the wretched condition of the country; it occurred to no one to inquire into the real causes that led to the emigration; instead, they wrote touching articles about the poor emigrants. As for the natives, those who endured the scourge, no one thought of mentioning them. The Roumanians remained silent, and every one abused them. No greater act of injustice was ever committed. Those who quitted the country in the period of her distress had come there originally solely in the hope of making more money than in their native lands.

The inhabitants of a sorely afflicted country ought not to be censured for considering their own children and their necessities before all else; and under the circumstances it is hardly to be wondered at if they welcome the departure of those who have no possible interest in sharing the period of suffering and the crisis through which the land is passing. At least one should hesitate before pro-

nouncing judgment on those whom he has never helped, nor so much as thought of helping, and who have made almost superhuman sacrifices in order that their country might fulfill its foreign obligations.

That the people of Roumania, in spite of all, have been unable to care for those foreigners who were living off their soil should hardly be a matter for surprise; on the contrary, the world ought to regard with real admiration this young country

which has struggled so valiantly to keep her pledges, and which has recovered her financial footing when even Nature herself seemed unwilling to aid her. All confidence and honor should be accorded a people who have voluntarily denied themselves for love of their country. Such abnegation could not have been required of foreigners; only those who have been bred on the soil of the fatherland can rise to such heights of self-sacrifice.



HOW THE ANTELOPE PROTECTS ITS YOUNG

BY H. H. CROSS



HERE is a general impression that the antelope is about extinct, but this is not the fact. They do not congregate in such large bands as they did thirty years ago, and range over a much larger extent of territory, generally seeking places remote from railroads and settled country.

The time has passed when a hunter can put a white rag or handkerchief on a ramrod and stick it up behind a bush or rock and flag the curious little creatures, waiting their certain approach. The flag now causes only fear. There has been bred in them an increasing wildness and dread of men. They have become so timid as to seem almost to fear their own shadows, and they scrutinize every object with fear.

In early times the writer has observed great droves of them at some favorite watering-place, but now they venture near such spots mostly at night, congregating at some high place near by, where their sharp black eyes can see all about, and only two or three going down at a time to drink. But if the night is very dark, the whole band will go down together.

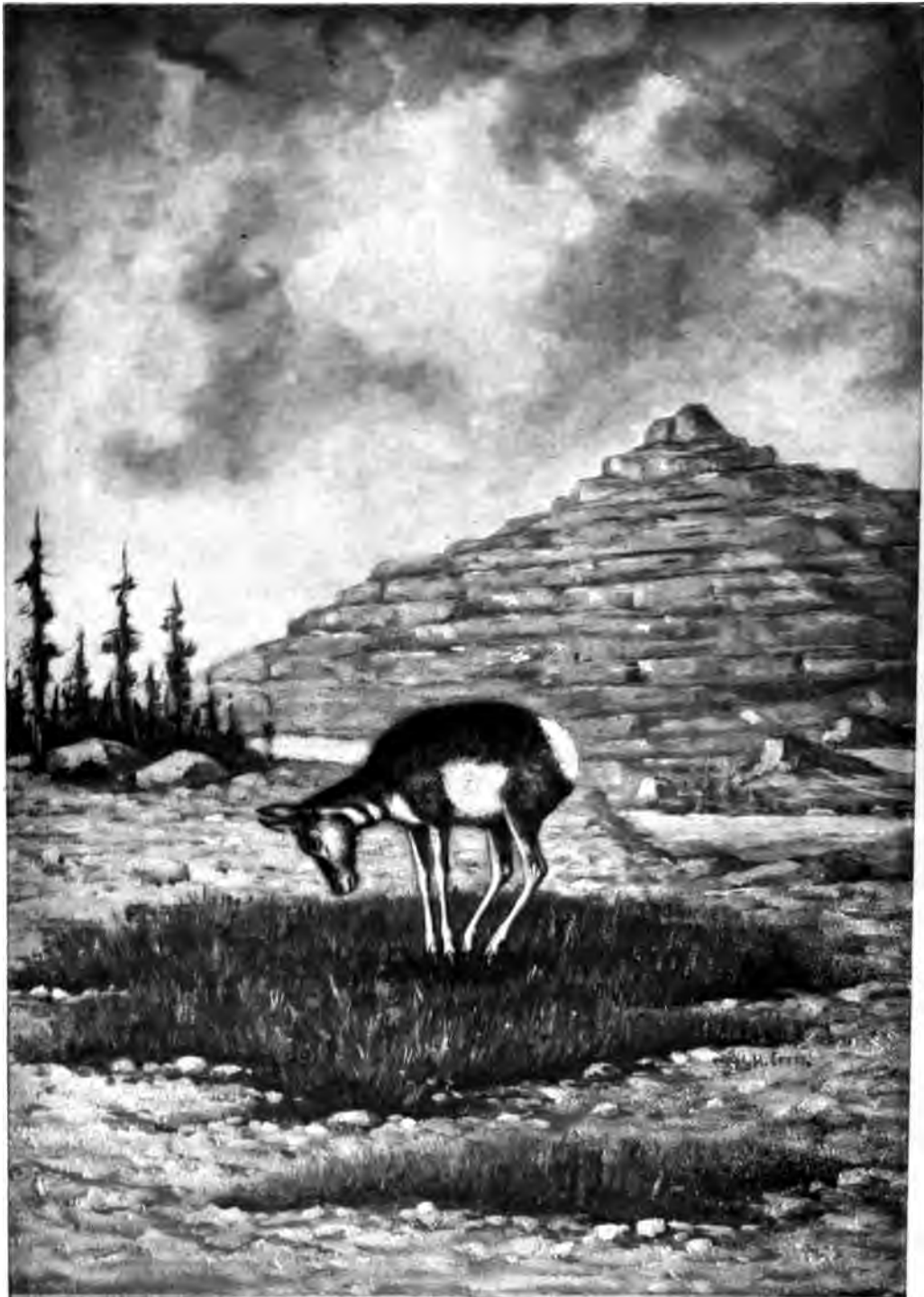
I once saw a band of frightened antelopes that had been started up by cowboys out on a round-up. Indians follow the chase only to kill for food, and not for sport; but these men, firing their guns and yelling furiously, had started this band in the early morning and frightened them so

that they had run all day, first in one direction and then in another, until, without water or food, they had become so completely exhausted that they could hardly stand. Two men who were accompanying me dismounted and on foot captured a fine buck and a doe.

It is most interesting to watch a band of antelopes moving over a country with which they are unfamiliar, and note how cautious and suspicious they are, advancing slowly as though feeling their way, looking at every object to detect danger, and sometimes flying in the wildest terror from imaginary enemies.

The antelope lives always in open country, unlike members of the deer family, which invariably prefer a thick, dense forest. They cannot be driven into timber cover or thickets of brush, but will literally turn about and run over a pursuer, if necessary, rather than be forced into cover. If they are ever obliged to pass by or through such places for food and water, they take a great deal of time to do so, as if they were determined to see everything that could be seen en route.

Nature has given them three very essential and advantageous faculties as a protection against danger—a sharp eye, keen ear, and sensitive nose. The eye stands out like that of the horse, thus enabling them to see to the rear as well as ahead.



By W. H. H. C. - Pronghorn antelope, raising its young in a nest.

THE ANTELOPE PREPARING A PLACE FOR ITS YOUNG IN A CACTUS PATCH



Drawn by H. H. Cross. Half-tone plate engraved by C. Schaeferbauer.

WOLVES WATCHING THE YOUNG OF THE ANTELOPE PROTECTED BY A CACTUS PATCH



Painted by H. H. Crook. Illustration by J. H. Wootton.

AN ANTELOPE DEFENDING ITS YOUNG AGAINST AN EAGLE

In June, July, and August they become very bold. They will stand and look at a person approaching, defiantly stamping their feet, snorting, and whistling; and a wayfarer may often approach within a few rods of them, especially if on horseback or in a wagon, before they will retreat. But as soon as the weather grows cold they become very wild again, and can rarely be approached within gunshot. It is not uncommon to find them at dawn feeding in the midst of a band of horses, which seem to like their society, while horned cattle will drive them away. If attacked by timber wolves, and there are horses in sight, the antelope will hasten to join them for safety, as the wolf has a slim chance against a herd of horses.

Some curious traits and affinities come to the notice of observers of the life of these animals.

The Scotch staghounds are fierce hunters and the only dogs able to catch and kill wolves. Yet, when out wolf-hunting with five or six of these, I have frequently seen them start up a band of antelopes, and, giving chase, overtake them, but only to play around and among them, and have never in a single instance seen the dogs do one of these antelopes any harm. Yet if these dogs should catch a deer or a female elk, they would literally tear it to pieces, if not driven off by their master. I know no theory to account for their not harming the antelope save that at certain seasons this animal has a very peculiar odor which is thrown off from a gland near the tail, and which permeates the whole animal; and the dogs will not touch the skin of the antelope at these times, though they will always eagerly devour a fresh deer-hide.

The manner in which the mother antelope protects her young until they are old and strong enough to join the full-grown bands in their wanderings, is an interesting and wonderful instance of Nature's providence. These beautiful creatures live in an open country infested by all kinds of enemies, and especially prowled over by the coyote, the gray wolf, and the timber wolf, which subsist upon the young of all kinds of animals; yet the mother can easily protect her babies from the fiercest of these marauders. The enemy most dreaded is the soaring eagle.

There is a variety of cactus, a prickly plant which grows in great abundance all

over the Western plains, which furnishes her the means for this protection. Horses, cattle, buffalo, and, in fact, all animals know the danger of treading on this plant. It grows in large patches, some four or six inches in height above the ground, and forms a thick mat varying in breadth from the size of the top of a man's hat to many feet. It is in the center of one of these patches that the female antelope prepares a place of safety for her young. The thorns of this cactus, while very poisonous and terribly painful to every other animal, for some reason are almost harmless to the antelope. The cactus may lacerate her legs, making them bleed freely, but neither the stickers nor their poison remain; while other animals seldom bleed, but retain the poisonous stickers in the wounds until they become malignant sores, causing excessive swelling of the limbs and very great and long-continued suffering.

When the antelope has selected her patch of cactus, backing away a few feet, she will make a running jump, bounding high in the air and alighting in the middle of the patch, with all four feet close together, the hoofs pointing downward. Then, springing out again and repeating this operation until she has chopped the roots of the cactus-plant to pieces, she loosens and clears a space large enough for standing-room. She will then enlarge it by pawing and digging with her sharp hoofs. Here she gives birth to her young in undisturbed security, knowing that she can leave them in comparative safety during the day and return to them at night to give them suck. Should it be in a locality where eagles abound, however, the mother does not venture far away, as the soaring eagle often swoops down on the young, taking them away if she is not there to do battle for their lives.

The young do not remain long in their intrenchment, for they mature very fast, and soon become strong and fleet enough to run with the herd. They are very swift of foot, and can be overtaken only by one riding a fast horse, and then only after a long chase. When the little things get tired, they run to a thick clump of sage-brush, and, hiding their heads in it, think they are entirely hid; but to catch them they must never be approached from the rear, for they are more frightened by a noise that they cannot see than by the sight of

man. By dismounting and coming upon them from the front, one can easily capture them, and can take them up in the hands.

Wild antelopes are fierce fighters, and when excited with rage make a very savage appearance, with their long, bristly hair standing on end. In captivity they are more amiable in disposition, and are safer pets than deer, which are apt to be vicious and turn upon one in a dangerous way when provoked. The battles between the males take place during the breeding-season. Their horns are shaped differently from those of all other horned animals, and project straight out of the head directly over the eyes, are oval in form, and spread apart at the top, the points curving backward toward the shoulders, forming sharp hooks exceedingly dangerous to an adversary.

In battle they lower their heads, thrusting forward underneath and catching their opponent's legs between their horns, then lifting the head and thrusting upward against the under side of the body, with a sort of twisting jerk that hooks the sharp points into the flesh and often disembowels and kills the enemy.

Many writers claim that the antelope sheds its horns as do different members of the deer family, but this is not the case. It would be impossible for the antelope to shed its horns, for the horn has a core with a grain like a growth of wood or whalebone. While it may to a certain extent be said to shed its horns, it is only as a tree may shed its bark, which cracks and splits and peels away in flakes. Before the horn has matured in the first year's growth of a young buck, the outer shell loosens and slips off the core as a glove slips off the finger. The inner or new horn is then very soft and tender, but soon hardens upon exposure to the air.

It is generally supposed that the female antelope does not have horns, but there

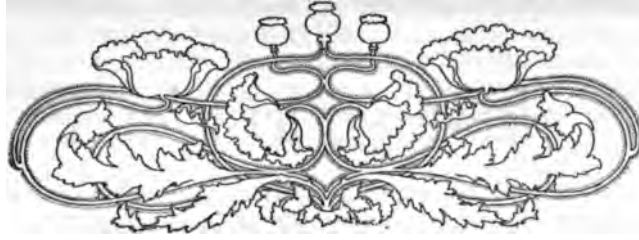
are very frequent exceptions. The writer has seen as large horns on the female as on the buck, and in one instance a phenomenal growth, and these were covered with long, thick hair extending as far up the horns as the prongs near their tips. In another instance I saw a mother fiercely resisting with her horns the furious attack of a gigantic eagle, and successfully driving him away from her offspring, much worse damaged than she herself was from the encounter.

In fact, among their species nature not infrequently shows variations, all perhaps traceable to some circumstance of environment. Some hunters do not find antelope meat palatable at all, yet there are seasons and regions where, with proper treatment, it will be found very juicy and sweet. Not all are of the same color, nor have they the same markings. In color antelope are usually of a reddish brown on the back and sides, and their legs are light and tawny; yet I have seen a jet-black buck and a white female with a black head and black eyes, the latter showing her to be true bred and not an albino.

In the feathered world of the West there is an analogous case of the utilization of the cactus-plant for protection of progeny. Singularly enough, though in a dry country, it is a wading bird, one of the varieties of the curlew, with a long bill and long, slender legs, which, like the antelope, uses the cactus as a home and defense for her nest and young.

She will carry sticks in her long bill and drop them in position as nearly as possible in the center of a cactus-patch while hovering over it. When she has accumulated enough, alighting on the heap, she arranges her nest, wherein she lays four beautiful turquoise-colored eggs about as large as those of a domestic hen, and then comes and goes from her nest at will, knowing that it cannot be molested.





THE FIRST THOUGHT

BY CLINTON DANGERFIELD

NOT the birth-throes of the primeval world
Touched the bright, watchful angels. All God made
That found they good, and smiled, indeed, to see
Earth's varied ways, wherein moved, unafraid,
Brute life that throbbed o'er plains in beauteous flower—
All this wide wealth Man's coming self to dower.

The spirits smiled at these, but were not moved.
Ever they watched creation's work ascend
Through myriad million years of Him to Whom
Time counts as naught, Who thinks but of the end.
At last, beneath the glory of the sun,
The final triumph of His work seemed done.

Foreshadowed in a thousand wondrous types,
Forecast to finish what God's self began,
Shaped to encounter Doubt, Despair, and Dread,
There rose upon the grassy plains—a Man;
Upright and goodly, but through Instinct still
Subservient to Nature's mighty will.

Too newly born for reason now he moved,
Seized all he needed with impulsive grasp;
But those far Watchers saw, like nebulae,
The conscious Thought slow forming (while the clasp
Of Instinct loosened) till, one glorious morn,
They, in the Child-Man's eyes, beheld it dawn.

So crude that Thought that only Those Above
Could know its value, recognize the seed
Of godlike intellect; and they arose
Crying: "He lives! This is the Man indeed!
This little Thought is worth all yet unfurled
Of opulence in the material world."

From this shall Love-Courageous generate,
And Love's high sister, Infinite Desire.
Lo, through these two he shall so grow, so change,
That to the utmost star he shall aspire.
Oh, little, first-born Thought, thy fleeting span
Is sire of all! Thou art indeed the Man.

NEARING THE CITY

BY MARGARET RIDGELY SCHOTT

THE quiet hills stretched far behind,
The swift train cut the broad green plain,
Like some mad stream of impulse blind
That rushes headlong toward the main.
The peace of apple-trees in bloom
No longer wooed the soul to dream,
While songs of hillside brooks made room
For harsher sounds of brass and steam.
The keen, electric thrill of life
Rose vibrant through the sunless air,
Already traffic's noisy strife
Foreboded the unrest of care.
Not ev'n the memory of the thrush,
Outpouring lyrics o'er the fold,
Could drown the cries or still the rush
Of those who gave their souls for gold.

Yet in this net of complex ways,
Where time is all too brief for dreams,
With heart still stirred perchance by days
Passed long ago near willowed streams,
The child named Thought—who hither came
From guardian hill, from cradling mead,
Who learned through God or lure of fame
To master life—became a Deed.



THE NERVE OF BARNEY THE NAUTICAL

BY ELIZABETH HYER NEFF

WITH PICTURES BY GEORGE WRIGHT



IT does look to me like you 're givin' Delight a wonderful settin' out fer a girl that 's run off and married a family enemy," remarked Dave Johnson as he backed the green wagon up to Miss Cynthia's side porch and saw the collection of

household goods that he was to take to the new home of the elopers over the Ridge.

Miss Cynthia carefully set down the basket of canned fruit that she was bringing out. "I 'm mighty sure I don't want none of the ongrateful critter's plunder

round hyur," she retorted. "Her clo'es is no good to me only fer carpet rags. I can't wear 'em."

"But that yallow plush rockin'-cheer from the parlor, and the red album with the silver corners—you had them before

"My land!"—Dave shouldered the bundle,—“you don't mean to say that girl made all them pillers and quilts and blankets, do you?”

"If she did n't, she 's slep' in 'em all one time or 'nother. Handle them p'serves



Drawn by George Wright. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

"'IT DOES LOOK TO ME LIKE YOU 'RE GIVIN' DELIGHT
A WONDERFUL SETTIN' OUT'"

she was born, I reckon," persisted Dave, with a droll smile that Miss Cynthia did not see.

"No, she did n't just own that cheer, but she set in it so much that—that—I hate to see the thing." There was a queer break in her tone, and she suddenly stooped to pick up a big bundle. "I reckon you better put these bed-clo'es in to set them baskets of dishes on," she added.

mighty careful. She made 'em herself, and she 's a powerful hand fer p'serves, specially peach, and I don't hardly eat 'em at all. Look out fer that crock of butter! That crate of chickens has got to go on, too; she raised 'em herself. Hev you got the furniture on tight? The mooly cow is goin' to be tied on behind the wagon. I give that to her when it was a calf. I won't hev a thing of hern left on the place."

"No; nor ye won't hev many of yore own left, nuther, I see," chuckled Dave, who was fast learning the inconsistencies of his fierce cousin-in-law.

"If this weather don't change, we 're goin' to hev frost," she replied pointedly, and he promptly agreed with her.

After his return from Delight's new home, he kept cruel silence. Miss Cynthia was also silent for three days, and then the best farmer in Claypool township revealed herself a woman.

"I reckon that ongrateful hussy is sorry by this time she run off with that Ransome feller," she burst forth at dinner on the third day—a very poor dinner, for her talents did not include culinary art.

Dave most deliberately finished a chunk of underdone corn-bread before he answered: "Well, no; I did n't see no signs of sorrow. Fer 's I see, they was wonderful pleased with one 'nother. And she give me a mighty good dinner."

"Did she? What 'd she hev?" Miss Cynthia laid down her unpeeled potato with the liveliest interest.

"Oh-h, fried chicken, cream gravy, mashed potaters, sweet potaters with that honey stuff over 'em like she used to fix 'em hyur, cabbage-slaw with cream dip on it, and hot biscuits like snowballs, and jelly and p'serves and cake and coffee, and the best apple-pie I ever set my teeth into. Um-m-m! That was a dinner!"

"Where 'd she git p'serves, I wonder?"

"Likely the old man give it to 'em—Hen Ransome. You know he 's a wonderful cook. Queer about that, ain't it? A man was tellin' me how he come to be, the other day when I was in town. He said Hen Ransome was one of the likeliest young farmers round hyur in his time, but he was awful tender-hearted, and when he got disapp'inted in love it nigh about broke him up. Seems he just thought the world and all of some girl, and she went back on him. It like to killed him, he was so tender-hearted, and after a while he got roped in by a vixen of a woman. Yes, she was a first-class terror; but he had the patience of Job, and he tried to conquer her with kindness till she up and run away with the hired hand and left him with three little boys. Shame, was n't it?"

"He did n't need to marry her. There was—others," snapped Miss Cynthia,

with a curious softness in her eyes which Dave would not see.

"So he just took and made the best of it," he proceeded indifferently, "Hen did. He was mortal 'fraid of women, missin' it twicet that way, and him so tender-hearted, too; and he 's never looked at a woman sence, if he could help it. He never would have one in the house to do the work, and that 's the way he come to be such a housekeeper himself. He hired help on the farm and done the scrubbin' and washin' and knittin' and sewin' himself till he got the name of bein' the best housekeeper in the county. They say he made such a sweep of all the premiums at the fair for rugs and quilts and pies and sich that the women stopped makin' entries. He said he had to be mother and father, too, to his little boys; and I tell you what, if Delight's young feller is a sample of his raisin', he 's done a mighty fine job, enemy or none. It 's sort of pitiful and sort of funny, too, that, for all there ain't a woman's foot touched his floor sence his wife vamosed, them boys all run off and got married soon 's they was twenty-one. John was the last one to go, and now his father 's left over there all alone with one hired man. Seems kind of pitiful, don't it, without even a sister?"

"I reckon it ain't no wuss fer him than what it is fer other folks that hev to go it alone," commented his hearer, with relentless grimness.

When Dave went out to the barn, she took her carpet-rags up to the window that overlooked the two farms and the disputed boundary and sat there all the afternoon, looking at a long, low white house over on the river road the shining windows and snowy, ruffled curtains of which seemed an attractive sight to her eyes. At any rate, when evening came there was not even a little ball of rags to show for the time she had spent.

The winter had been a long one without the sunny young presence that had gone out of the house, but the furry white blanket was lifted from the fields at last; the streams were unlocked, and rushed to the river in turbulent fullness, while the hills, which had looked like great hairy animals crouched with their feet under them for the winter, with their round backs bristling against the sky, now

seemed to stretch and swell in the thrilling joy of rehabilitation.

"Something 's got to be done with them boundary fences," remarked Dave Johnson as he walked through the fields one bright morning with his employer to plan the spring work. He shook the bleached top rail critically. "Fust thing you know, them cattle of Ransome's 'll break into our wheat."

"Like 's not," Miss Cynthia caught him up eagerly. "An' if they do, won't I hev the law on him!"

"Aw—better not. When the fences rot down it 's time to forgit the quarrel. That pore Miss Nancy can't fix fences; he 's too busy knittin'."

From her window Miss Cynthia kept watch of the old boundary fence as well as of the trim white house by the river. On Monday mornings she always took her carpet-rag basket up there, whatever else demanded her attention; but if she sewed, it was only when a tall figure with a blue apron was not hanging up the snowiest of clothes across his yard. When he was, the work lay idle. One afternoon, when the washing had all been taken down from her neighbor's line, she hitched Barney to the buggy and drove briskly to town; for Barney balked no more, and went shopping with a funny, apologetic little air, as if gay clothes were a great weakness for one who had a reputation as a farmer. She bought a green dress, an astounding hat, and a spangled wrap, and when the cross-roads dressmaker had done her worst upon the goods, neither the badness of its fit nor the worst angle of the hat could disguise Miss Cynthia's striking good looks.

The boundary fences had not yet been mended, something of greater importance always being ready when Dave Johnson suggested that he could attend to them. They had fallen down completely in more than one place, but the meek and ladylike cows that grazed in the pasture adjoining Miss Cynthia's tempting wheat-field kept virtuously on their own preserves. If one of them had stepped across the line she would have been discovered, so close was the watch from the upper window of the brick house. One moonlight night a stealthy figure came down the lane with a basket, laid down the fence in a wide gap, and scattered a line

of corn into the wheat-field. The next morning the owner of the farm remarked in deep satisfaction at her breakfast-table: "I see them cattle has broke into my field, like you said. He 'll hev to pay fer that."

"I don't reckon they 've had time to do much damage. I 'll go right out and fix the fence."

"You jest 'tend to yore plowin', Dave Johnson, and I 'll fix that fence, if it 's goin' to be fixed," and the champion farmer laid down a remarkably solid biscuit and rose to get her straw hat. When she reached the gap, the meek and ladylike cow which had ventured so far over the line was eating the last ear of decoy corn, after which she went quietly home, heedless of the temptress who softly called: "Come, Bossy! Sook! Sook! Sook!"

Dave Johnson hurried down the lane, and the champion farmer turned to meet him with a look of annoyance.

"Barney 's gone!" he said.

"Barney?"

"Yes; it must have been him that broke down the fence. How nice and regular he laid down the rails! Yes; here 's his tracks right through into Ransome's pasture. No tellin' what damage he 's done. Them cows did n't take a bite of our wheat, after all, did they?"

"No-o; nothin' much," snapped Miss Cynthia, crossly.

"I 'll go right over and find Barney and see what mischief he 's up to," said Dave, replacing the fence rails.

"No, you put Ginerel Grant or Pocahontas in the plow and go to work. I 'low I hev more time to hunt up a stray than what you hev."

"All right, if you want the job," agreed Dave, and went back home, closely followed by his employer, who did not go after her horse at once. It was quite half an hour before she did go back down the lane, arrayed in such splendor in the green dress and unspeakable hat that the invulnerable cows lifted their heads in mild admiration.

Barney was not in the pasture nor in her neighbor's wheat nor yet in the barn lot—the trim, grassy barn lot which she admired as she crossed it. Some one was scrubbing the kitchen floor as she passed on her way to the front door. She

rounded the corner so fiercely that she almost bumped into a large speckled gray bulk that seemed to be an appendage of the house. It was the trunk and legs of Barney—but he seemed to be a headless horse.

"You, Barney!" gasped his mistress.

Then Barney's head appeared as far inside the pantry window as his long neck would carry it, turning to look backward at the familiar voice, but not withdrawing an inch. For Barney knew a good thing when he had it. The rim of a luscious frosted lemon-pie flapped from his mouth, and he turned back to make one bite of a mince and then to crush half of a three-storied jelly-cake in greedy enjoyment. His mistress took up a broom from the porch and thumped him soundly, but Barney was willing to stand some pretty hard whacks till he finished the jelly-cake and the last loaf of fresh bread. Then the rest of him became visible. By the time she had got him out, with her hat on one side over a red face, the kitchen door was opened by a tall, good-looking man with a kind face and mild blue eyes. Taken unawares, Miss Cynthia's fierceness melted into an inarticulate "Oh—ugh!"

A look of glad recognition flashed into the man's face, but he only said: "Good-morning, ma'am. Won't you step in?"

"No, sir," snapped Cynthia, quite recovered. "I jest come over to inform you that yore fence is down—rotted down,—and one of yore cows was in my wheat-field this mornin', and that my horse has likely foundered himself on yore bakin'. I 'd hate to lose him the wust kind, I would. And it 's yore fence that 's down."

The man was looking at her intently, and only half heard what she said.

"What did you say was the matter with yore horse, Cyn—er—Miss Claypool? I am very sorry if anything has damaged him."

"Well, I don't know how much he got, but he was as fer into yore pantry winder as he could git, and he acted like he was helpin' himself pretty generous to whatever he found there."

"My Saturday's baking! Could he get anything, I wonder?"

"I don't reckon he left anything. And it ain't goin' to do him no good—all them

fresh pies and cakes. And he 's a fine horse, if he is a leetle old."

The gentle face was troubled. "That 's too bad—er—Miss Claypool, and I 'm jest awful sorry. I 'll go for old Mosey Ricketts, the hoss-doctor, right off. I wonder how much—yes, he made a clean sweep—all but one pie! I don't mind it, if only it don't hurt yore hoss. I can make out with pancakes over Sunday, and one pie 'll do fer supper and breakfast, and I can make apple-dumplin's fer dinner. Won't you come in—Miss Claypool?"

"No, I 'm 'bleeged to ye. I jest come to notify ye about the fence and git my horse," responded Cynthia, rigidly. Being a champion farmer does not destroy maidenly coyness, and Cynthia Claypool respected the proprieties.

"I wish you 'd come in and let me make you a cup of coffee. I hope you 're feelin' right well, Miss Claypool. I 'll git round to that fence right off, and I 'll go fer the hoss-doctor as quick as I can saddle my mare."

"I 'm as well as common, I reckon, and I must be goin'. Good day."

"Good day—Cynthy. You look—right natural."

Not more than a week after the depredations of the gluttonous Barney, his mistress again crossed the farms to her neighbor's house. He was hanging up a line of spotless washing across the yard.

"Why, Cyn—Miss Claypool! How d' y' do? Won't ye come in a minute and rest you?"

"No, I ain't got time. I jest come to notify you that yore hogs is havin' a rootin'-bee in my wheat, an' I 'd jest 's lief you 'd keep 'em home."

"My hogs!" He wound his hands up in his blue apron like an embarrassed woman. "Why, how in the world did they ever get away over there and break through two other fences? Somebody surely turned them in—unless old Bettie broke through. She is a terror. I 'll have her butchered in the fall. I hope they ain't done much damage?"

"There 's no tellin' till I git back. I dares n't hardly go to town. What with cows breakin' in and hogs rootin' up what they left, and Barney nigh about bustin' himself on yore bakin', I 'm so tormented



Drawn by George Wright. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"ONE MOONLIGHT NIGHT A STEALTHY FIGURE CAME DOWN THE LANE WITH A BASKET"

I don't know what to do. I hev to fight fer myself. I have n't got anybody to look after things."

"I know it, and I 'm jest awful sorry. I can't get a man for love or money to build that fence now, everybody 's so busy gettin' in crops. But I 'll do it as quick as I can, for I don't want no more trouble about it. It has made enough in days that 's past and gone," he said, with gentle memories in his fine eyes.

A tender light came into his caller's face.

"There 's no need of trouble now," she said softly.

"Well, then, we won't have it—Cynthy. We 'll jest settle it now, if you 're agreed—"

"Yes," and the fierce black eyes grew tenderer.

"I 've been thinkin'—you 're alone over there, and I 'm alone over here, and—it never was our quarrel—and for the sake of the old times—when we was young—don't you think, Cynthy—?"

"Well?"

"You won't mind my proposin' it—will you? I have thought it over a heap—"

"Yes?"

"I think we—that is, you and me—might jine together—ah—might jine together and build one line fence instid of two."

"Oh, might we, though?" Miss Cynthia's eyes were dangerously inflammable.

"No, sirce! Them two line fences is goin' to be built over. You build yourn and I 'll build mine—and there won't be no quarrel then." Her angry eyes dropped before the grieved surprise in his.

"Just as you want it, Miss Claypool. Just exactly as you say. And I 'll do my side this week."

Miss Cynthia went drearily home, and the gorgeous apparel was in ruins from a shower before she reached her door. It rained all that day sullenly and steadily, and she went up to her window and looked over at the low white house. Once she went to the bureau and took out a small package that held a gaudy valentine, a crumbling candy heart, and the picture of a mild-faced youth, while a new wistfulness softened the stern lines of her face. Then she watched the river rise till its yellow flood was flush with its banks. It rose fast, for the freshets were rushing down from the hills and the heavy rain drummed rhythmically on the porch roof.

It was still raining when she went to sleep that night, and raining when she awoke in the morning.

"The doctor come by while I was feedin' an' he says the river 's over the road down by the mill an' risin an inch an hour. Dr. Billy it was," said Dave Johnson at breakfast.

"An' I reckon it 's goin' to be wuss before it 's better," assented Cynthia. "I

hope it ain't goin' to be like the flood was seven years ago."

She went up to her window and looked at the river. It was over the road now, a swift current that already carried wreckage from little homes it had despoiled. The long, low house was barely above the water-line. All day and all night the rain drummed its funeral march, and in the morning a cloudburst added its flood. With the first gray gleam Miss Cynthia was at her window. The valley was a sea that reached to her barn-yard. Far out in its yellow expanse lay a long white house like a stranded boat. She hurried downstairs. Dave Johnson was lighting the kitchen fire.

"I reckon the folks over on the river road is near about drowned," she said; "and bein' 's we 're the nearest neighbors, I 'low we ought to get 'em out."

"That 's easy fer folks that ain't got a boat—nor a balloon! What you goin' to git 'em out in?"

"All the same, they 've got to be helped out." She locked her capable hands and thought hard. Then she spoke: "You go out and drive two staples into the water—in-troft and hitch Barney on to it."

Dave went out, roaring with laughter.

"Who 's goin' to be captain of this craft? Who 'll navigate Barney?" he asked, leading him up to the porch, where his mistress was ready for a voyage in a very short skirt and a huge pair of rubber boots.

"I 'll navigate Barney and the troft, too, if I don't upset," she retorted as she *squashed* after Barney and his singular float. The water was shallow enough for the rubber boots until she was within shouting-distance of the long white house. There Barney planted his feet and refused to plunge and swim.

"Hello-o! Hel—lo-o!" called the rescuer.

A window in the house opened. "Hello! Why, is it you? How did you get here?"

"I can't get Barney to swim. I 've come to git you out. Can't you call him?"

It was no use. Barney's ears lay back, and his "captain" sat in her low gondola, helpless. Suddenly Barney plunged into the deep water and only the long tow-line kept his crew from being drawn under. His eyes were fixed upon a frosted lemon-



Drawn by George Wright. Half-tone plate engraved by W. Aikman

"BARNEY WAS WILLING TO STAND SOME PRETTY HARD WHACKS
TILL HE FINISHED THE JELLY-CAKE"



Drawn by George Wright. Half-tone plate engraved by S. Davis

"HIS EYES WERE FIXED UPON A FROSTED LEMON-PIE THAT WAS ENTICINGLY
WAVED AT HIM FROM THE PANTRY WINDOW"

pie that was enticingly waved at him from the pantry window.

"The nerve of that Barney!" cried Miss Cynthia as he mounted his fore feet on the porch steps and ate the pie. "And he like to busted before!" Git yore baggage,—you kin carry a leetle,—an' git on hyur—quick! If you 've got any more of them pies, you might fetch 'em along. Pity to leave 'em to spile."

Two weeks afterward Miss Cynthia stood in her porch in the rich glory of the May morning. She started as a gentle voice spoke behind her.

"I 'low the mud is dried up enough fer me to be goin' home ag'in," it said. "I reckon I hev bothered you about long enough."

"Yore house will be turrible damp, though. An' you surely air workin' fer yore board. I ain't had no such livin' sence them young folks run off."

"I wish I could do more than a little cleanin' and cookin' fer all you done fer me, Cynthia. I 've done up a good big bakin' of the things you like, fer you 'll hev a heap to do when you git to plowin' ag'in. And—there 's—there 's somethin' else—I want to say."

"Is there?"

"Yes. You know—the boundary fences was both washed away."

"I know it."

"Well—we was young together—Cyn-

thy—and I never forgot—those days. Maybe—you have n't forgot them, either."

"Maybe not."

"And don't you think we could—you and me—now that we are both alone, and there 's no one to object—don't you think we could make up our minds to—build one fence?"

"No!" bristled the woman. "We 'll build two new fences."

The man was silent behind her, and she turned to him after a little. The pain in his mild face turned her away again.

"I did n't mean no offense. I just thought—but, of course, it shall be just as you want it—just as you want it," he said quietly.

She went to his side as he stood in the lacy shadow of the honeysuckles, and the stern face was gentle. "I don't want two fences, Henry, and I never said so. I don't want one, nuther, if you 're tryin' to find that out—"

"Oh, Cynthia! You don't say—you would n't hev me, now? You would n't, dear, would you?"

"Why not?" said the practical voice in a new tone.

He bent shyly to glance into her face. The look in it swept away twenty-five years as an hour. There was a moment of eloquent silence, and then a soft little sound, which the redbird in the balm-of-Gilead tree answered with a clear carol of jubilant congratulation.

FENWICK'S CAREER¹

BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

Author of "The Marriage of William Ashe," "Lady Rose's Daughter," "Eleanor," etc.

VIII



HEN Fenwick was alone, he walked to a chest of drawers in which he kept a disorderly multitude of possessions, and took out a mingled handful of letters, photographs, and sketches. Throwing them on a table, he looked for and found a photograph of Phœbe with Carrie on her knee, and a little sketch of Phœbe—one of the first ideas for the "Genius Loci." He propped them up against some books, and looked at them in a passion of triumph.

"It's all right, old woman—it's all right!" he murmured, smiling. Then he spread out Lord Findon's check before the photograph, as though he offered it at Phœbe's shrine.

Five hundred pounds! Well, it was only what his work was worth—what he had every right to expect. None the less, the actual possession of the money seemed to change his whole being. What would his old father say? He gave a laugh, half scornful, half good-humored, as he admitted to himself that not even now, probably, would the old man relent.

And Phœbe!—he imagined the happy wonder in her eyes, the rolling away of all clouds between them. For six weeks now he had been a veritable brute about letters! First, the strain of his work (and the final wrestle with the "Genius Loci," including the misfortune of the paints, had really been a terrible affair!); then—he confessed it—the intellectual excitement of the correspondence with Madame de Pastourelles: between these two obsessions, or emotions, poor Phœbe had fared ill.

"But you'll forgive me now, old girl—won't you?" he said, kissing her photo-

graph in an effusion that brought the moisture to his eyes. Then he replaced it, with the sketches, in the drawer, forgetting in his excitement the letters which lay scattered on the table.

What should he do now? Impossible to settle down to any work! The north post had gone, but he might telegraph to Phœbe and write later. Meanwhile he would go over to Chelsea and see Cunningham and Watson,—repay Watson his debt!—or promise it at least for the morrow, when he should have time to cash the check,—perhaps even—pompous thought!—to open a banking account.

Suddenly a remembrance of Morrison crossed his mind; and he stood a moment with bent head, sobered, as though a ghost passed through the room. Must he send 100*l.* to Mrs. Morrison? He envisaged it unwillingly. Already his treasure seemed to be melting away. Time enough, surely, for that. He and Phœbe had so much to do,—to get a house and furnish it, to pay pressing bills, to provide models for the new picture! Why, it would be all gone directly!

He locked up the check safely, took his hat, and was just running out when his eye fell on the three hours' sketch of Madame de Pastourelles which had been the foundation of the portrait. He had recently framed it, but had not yet found a place for it. It stood on the floor, against the wall. He took it up, looked at it with delight—by Jove! it was a brilliant thing!—and placing it on a small easel, he arranged two lamps with movable shades, which he often used for drawing in the evening, so as to show it off. There was in him more than a touch of theatricality, and as he stood back from this little arrangement to study its effect, he was charmed with his own

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fancy. There she queened it, in the center of the room,—his patron saint, and Phœbe's. He knew well what he owed her,—and Phœbe should soon know. He was in a hurry to be off; but he could not make up his mind—superstitiously—to put out the lights. So, after lingering a few moments before her, in this tremor of imagination and of pleasure, he left her thus, radiant and haloed!—the patron saint in charge.

On his way out he found an anxious landlady upon his path. Mrs. Gibbs was soon made happy, so far as promises could do it, and in another minute he was in a hansom speeding westward. It was nearly seven o'clock on a mild April evening. The streets were full, the shops still open. As he passed along Oxford street, monarch it seemed of all he beheld, his eyes fell on Peter Robinson's windows, full of dainty spring stuffs, and gay with ribbons, laces, and bright silks. An idea rushed into his mind. Only the week before, on his first visit to the new Chelsea quarters whither Cuninghame and Watson had betaken themselves, he had stumbled upon an odd little scene in the still bare, ungarnished studio. Cuninghame, who had been making money with some rapidity of late, was displaying before the half-sympathetic, half-sarcastic eyes of Watson some presents that he was just sending off to his mother and sisters in Scotland. A white dress, a lace shawl, some pretty handkerchiefs, a sash, a fan,—there they lay ranged on brown paper on the studio floor, a medley of bright color. Cuninghame was immensely proud of them, and had been quite ready to show them to Fenwick also, fingering their fresh folds, enlarging on their beauties. And Fenwick had thought sorely of Phœbe as he watched Cuninghame turn the pretty things over. When had he ever been able to give her any feminine gauds? Always this damned poverty, pressing them down!

But now—by Jove!—

He made the hansom stop, rushed into Peter Robinson's, bought a dress-length of pink-and-white cotton, a blue sash for Carrie, and a fichu of Indian muslin and lace. Thrusting his hand into his pocket for money, he found only a sovereign—pretty nearly his last!—and some silver.

"That 's on account," he said loftily, giving the sovereign to the shopman;

"send the things home to-morrow afternoon,—to-morrow *afternoon*, mind,—and I 'll pay for them on delivery."

"Very well, sir. But you can pay for them all on delivery, if you prefer it," said the shopman, politely, tendering the sovereign.

"Oh, that 'll be all right—that 'll be all right," said Fenwick, impatiently, hurrying away. "Mind you send them—to-morrow afternoon—sharp!"

He jumped into his hansom again, and for sheer excitement told the man to hurry and he should have an extra shilling. On they sped, and as they bowled down Park Lane, Fenwick, looking now at the walkers and carriages in the Park, and now at the gaily appointed houses on his left, saw himself already rich and famous, and plunged headlong into the exultation of his first success.

MEANWHILE, at the very moment, probably, that Fenwick was in Peter Robinson's shop, an omnibus coming from Euston passed through Russell Square, and a woman, volubly advised by the conductor, alighted from it at the corner of Bernard street. She was very tall and slender; her dress was dusty and travel-stained, and as she left the omnibus she drew down a thickly spotted veil over a weary face. She walked quickly down Bernard street, looking at the numbers, and stopped before the door of Fenwick's lodgings.

The door was opened by Mrs. Gibbs, the landlady.

"Is Mr. Fenwick at home?"

"No; he 's just this minute gone out. Did you want to see him, miss?"

The young woman hung back a moment in hesitation. Then she advanced into the hall.

"I 've got a parcel for him"—she showed it under her arm. "If you 'll allow me, I 'll go up and leave it in his room. It 's important."

"And what name, miss—if I may ask?"

The visitor hesitated again, then she said quietly:

"I am Mrs. Fenwick—Mr. Fenwick's wife."

"His wife!" cried the other, startled. "Oh, no; there is some mistake—he has n't got no wife!"

Phœbe drew herself up fiercely.

"You must n't say such things to me, please! I *am* Mr. Fenwick's wife, and you must please show me his rooms."

The emphasis and the passion with which these words were said left Mrs. Gibbs gaping. She was a worthy woman, for whom the world—so far as it could be studied from a Bernard-street lodging-house—had few surprises; and a number of alternative conjectures ran through her mind as she studied Phœbe's appearance.

"I 'm sure, ma'am, I meant no offense," she said hurriedly; "but, you see, Mr. Fenwick has never—as you might say—"

"No," said Phœbe, proudly, interrupting her; "there was no reason why he should speak of his private affairs. I have been in the country, waiting till he could make a home for me. Now will you show me his room?"

But Mrs. Gibbs did not move. She stood staring at Phœbe, irresolute,—thinking, no doubt, of the penny novellettes on which she fed her leisure moments,—till Phœbe impatiently drew a letter from her pocket.

"I see you doubt what I say. Of course it is quite right that you should be careful about admitting anybody to my husband's rooms in his absence. But here is the last letter I received from him, a week or two ago."

And, drawing it from its envelop, Phœbe showed first the signature, "John Fenwick," and then pointed to the address on the envelop—"Mrs. John Fenwick, Green Nab Cottage, Great Langdale."

"Well, I never!" said Mrs. Gibbs, staring still more widely, and slowly retreating. "And he never lettin' me post a letter since he came here—not once—no confidence nowhere—and I 'm sure I have been his good friend!"

Phœbe moved towards the staircase.

"Is Mr. Fenwick's room on the first floor or the second?"

Lost in protesting wonder, Mrs. Gibbs wheezily mounted the stairs far enough to point to the door of Fenwick's room.

"Here 's matches"—she fumbled in her apron pocket. "There 's a candle on the mantelpiece—though I dare say he 's left his lamp going. He generally does—he don't take no account of what I says to him about it."

Phœbe passed on. Mrs. Gibbs called after her:

"So I 'm to say, 'Mrs. Fenwick,' am I, madam, when Mr. Fenwick gets back?"

She stood leaning against the banisters, one hand behind her, looking her visitor up and down with impertinent eyes.

"Certainly," said Phœbe. Then she put her hand to her head, and said in a low, bewildered voice, "At least if I 'm here—if he comes back soon—but I can't stay."

Mrs. Gibbs went down-stairs again, consumed with conjecture and excitement.

"Wife, indeed!—that 's 'what they all say—bound to. But of all the cool young women! I hope I have n't done no harm lettin' her into the studio. But that letter and all—it was enough to make a jelly of you—things a-turnin' out like this. And me all a-tremblin' and givin' in!"

PHŒBE opened the studio door, noticed the bright light with amazement, and shut the door behind her. She stood there, with her back to it, sharply arrested, her eyes held by the spectacle before her.

Close to her, in the center of the freest portion of the floor, rose the sketch of Eugénie de Pastourelles, lit by the two lamps, which threw a concentrated glow upon the picture, and left all the rest of the room shadowy. Nothing could have been more strange than the aspect of the drawing, thus solitary and brightly illuminated. Phœbe looked at it in bewilderment, then round the littered studio. Beyond the lamps, she saw the large new canvas, showing dimly the first "rubbing-in" of an important subject. On the floor, and running round the walls, was a thin line of sketches and canvases. The shallow, semi-circular window at the further end of the room was not yet curtained, and the branches of the still leafless plane-tree outside showed darkly in the gathering dusk. The room, apart from its one spot of light, struck bare and chill. Except for the "throne" and a few chairs, it contained scarcely any furniture. But, for Phœbe, it was held by two presences. Everything around her spoke of John. Here were his familiar belongings—his clothes that she had mended, his books, his painting-things.

And over John's room—her husband's room—the woman in the picture held sway.

She slowly approached the drawing, while a sob mounted in her throat. She was still in the grip of that violent, half-hysterical impulse which had possessed her since the evening of Bella Morrison's visit. Nights almost sleepless, arrangements made and carried out in a tumult of excitement, a sense of impending tragedy, accepted, and almost welcomed, as the end of long weeks of doubt and self-torment, which had become at last unbearable,—into this fatal coil of actions and impressions the young wife had been sinking deeper and deeper with each successive hour. She had neither friend nor adviser. Her father, a weak, inarticulate man, was dying; her stepmother hated her; and she had long ceased to write to Miss Anna, because it was she who had urged John to go to London! All sane inference and normal reasoning were now, indeed, and had been for some time, impossible to her. Fenwick, possessed by the imaginations of his art, had had no imagination—alack!—to spend upon his wife's case, and those morbid processes of brain developed in her by solitude and wounded love and mortified vanity. One hour with him!—one hour of love, scolding, tears—would have saved them both. Alone, she was incapable of the merest common sense. She came prepared to discover the worst, to find evidence for all her fears. And for the worst she had elaborately laid her plans. Only if it should turn out that she had been an unkind, unreasonable wife, wrongly suspicious of her husband, was she uncertain what she would do.

With dry, reddened eyes, she stared at the portrait of the woman who must have stolen John from her. The mere arrangement of the room seemed to her excited nerves a second outrage;—Mrs. Gibbs's reception of her, and all that it had implied, had been the first. What could this strange illumination mean, but that John's thoughts were taken up with his sitter in an unusual and unlawful way? For weeks he could leave his wife without a letter, a word of affection. But before going out for an hour, he must needs light these lamps and place them so, in order that this finicking lady should not feel

herself deserted, that he should still seem to be admiring and adoring her!

And, after all, was she so pretty? Phœbe looked at the pale and subtle face, at the hair and eyes so much less brilliant than her own, at the thin figure, and the repose of the hands. Not pretty at all! she said to herself, violently, but selfish and artful, and full, of course, of all the tricks and wiles of "society people." *Did n't* she know that John was married? Phœbe scornfully refused to believe it. Such women simply did n't care what stood in their way. If they took a fancy to a man, what did it matter whether he were married or no? The poor girl stood there, seething with passion, pluming herself on a knowledge of the world which enabled her to "see through" these abominable great ladies.

But if she did n't know, if Bella Morrison's tale were true, then it was John on whom Phœbe's rage returned to fling itself with fresh and maddened bitterness. That he should have thus utterly ignored her in his new surroundings,—have never said a word about her to the landlady with whom he had lodged for nearly a year, or to any of his new acquaintances and friends,—should have deliberately hidden the very fact of his marriage—could a husband give a wife any more humiliating proof of his indifference, or of her insignificance in his life?

Meanwhile the picture possessed her more and more. Closer and closer she came, her chest heaving. Was it not as though John had foreseen her coming, her complaints, and had prepared for her this silent, this cruel answer! The big picture, of course, was gone in to the Academy; but his wife, if she came, was to see that he could not do without Madame de Pastourelles. So the sketch, with which he had finished, really, months ago, was dragged out, and made queen of all it surveyed, because, no doubt, he was miserable at parting with the picture. Ingenuity and self-torment grew with what they fed on. The burning lamps, the solitude, the graceful woman, with her slim fine-lady hands,—with every moment they became in Phœbe's eyes a more bitter, a more significant offense. Presently, in her foolish agony, she did actually believe that he had thought she might descend upon him, provoked be-

yond bearing by his silence and neglect, and had carefully planned this infamous way of telling her—what he wanted her to know!

Waves of unreasoning passion swept across her. The gentleness and docility of her youth had been perhaps mechanical, half-conscious; she came, in truth, of a hard stock, capable of violence. She put her hands to her face, trembled, and turned away. She began to be afraid of herself.

With a restless hand, as though she caught hold of anything that might distract her from the picture, she began to rummage among the papers on the table. Suddenly her attention pounced upon them; she bent her head, took up some, and carried them to the lamp. Five or six large envelopes, bearing a crest and monogram, addressed in a clear hand, and containing each a long letter,—she found a packet of these, tied round with string. Throwing off her hat and veil, she sat down under the lamp, and, without an instant's demur, began to read.

First, indeed, she turned to the signature—"Eugénie de Pastourelles." Why, pray, should Madame de Pastourelles write these long letters to another woman's husband? The hands which held them shook with anger and misery. These pages filled with discussion of art and books, which had seemed to the woman of European culture and French associations so natural to write,—which had been written as the harmless and kindly occupation of an idle hour, with the shades of Madame de Sévigné and Madame du Deffand standing by,—were messengers of terror and despair to this ignorant and yet sentimental Westmoreland girl. Why should they be written at all to *her* John, her own husband? No nice woman that she had ever known wrote long letters to married men. What could have been the object of writing these pages and pages about John's pictures and John's prospects?—affected stuff!—and what was the meaning of these appointments to see pictures, these invitations to St. James's Square, these thanks "for the kind and charming things you say"—above all, of the constant and crying omission, throughout these delicately written sheets, of any mention whatever of Fenwick's wife and child. But, of course, for the two corre-

spondents whom these letters implied, such dull, stupid creatures did not exist.

Ah! but wait a moment. Her eye caught a sentence, then fastened greedily on the following passage:

"I hardly like to repeat what I said the other day—you will think me a very intrusive person!—but when you talk of melancholy and loneliness, of feeling the strain of competition, and the nervous burden of work, so that you are sometimes tempted to give it up altogether, I can't help repeating that some day a wife will save you from all this. I have seen so much of artists!—they of all men should marry. It is quite a delusion to suppose that art—whatever art means—is enough for them, or for anybody. Imagination is the most exhausting of all professions!—and if we women are good for nothing else, we *can* be cushions—we can 'stop a chink and keep the wind away.' So pay no attention, please, to my father's diatribes. You will very soon be prosperous—sooner perhaps than you think. A *home* is what you want."

Kind and simple sentences!—written so innocently, and interpreted so perversely! And yet, the fierce and blind bewilderment with which Phœbe read or misread them was natural enough. She never doubted for a moment but that the bad woman who wrote them meant to offer herself to John. She was separated from her husband, John had said,—declaring, of course, that it was not her fault. As if any one could be sure of that! But, at any rate, if she were separated, she might be divorced—sometime. And then—*then!*—*she* would be so obliging as to make a "cushion" and a home for Phœbe Fenwick's husband! As to his not being grand enough for her, that was all nonsense. When a man was as clever as John, he was anybody's equal,—one saw that, every day. No, this creature would make people buy his pictures, she would push him on, and after a while—

With a morbid and devastating rapidity, a whole scheme by which the woman before her might possess herself of John unfolded itself in Phœbe's furious mind.

Yet, surely, it would only want one word from her,—from her, his wife?—

She felt herself trembling. Her limbs began to sink under her. She dropped upon a chair, sobbing. What was the use

of fighting, of protesting? John had forgotten her, John's heart had grown cold to her. She might dismay and trample on her rival,—how would that give her back her husband?

Oh, how could he—how *could* he have treated her so! "I know I was ill-tempered and cross, John,—I could n't write letters like that—but I did, *did* love you,—you know—you know I did!"

It seemed as though she twined her arms round him, and he sat rigid as a stone, with a hard, contemptuous mouth. A lonely agony, a blackness of despair, seized on Phoebe, as she crouched there, the letters on her lap, her hands hanging, her beautiful eyes, blurred with tears and sleeplessness, fixed on the picture. What she felt was absurd; but how many tragedies—ay, the deepest—are at bottom ridiculous! She had lost him; he cared no more for her; he had passed into another world out of her ken; and what was to become of her?

She started up, goaded by a blind instinct of revenge, seizing she scarcely knew what. On the table lay a palette, laden with some dark pigment with which Fenwick had just been sketching in part of his new picture. In a pot beside it were brushes.

She caught up a large brush, dipped it in the paint, and going to the picture—panting and crimson—she daubed it from top to bottom, blotting out the eyes, the mouth, the beautiful outline of the head,—above all, the hands, whose delicate whiteness specially enraged her.

When the work of wreck was done, she stood a moment gazing at it. Then, violently, she looked for writing-paper. She could see none; but there was an unused half-sheet at the back of one of Madame de Pastourelles's letters, and she roughly tore it off. Making use of a book held on her knee, and finding the pen and ink with which, only half an hour before, Lord Findon had written his check, she began to write:

"Good-by, John,—I have found out all I want to know, and you will never see me again. I will never be a burden on a man who is ashamed of me, and has behaved as though I were dead. It is no good wasting words,—you know it's true. Perhaps you may think I have no right to take Carrie. But I can't be alone,—and, after all, she is more mine than yours. Don't trouble about me. I

have some money, and I mean to support myself and Carrie. It was only last night this idea came to me, though it was the night before that— Never mind,—I can't write about it, it would take too long, and it does n't really matter to either of us. I don't want you to find me here; you might persuade me to come back to you, and I know it would be for the misery of both of us.—What was I saying?—oh, the money— Well, last night, a cousin of mine from Keswick—perhaps you remember him—Freddie Tolson—came to see me. Father sent him. You did n't believe what I told you about father,—you thought I was making up. You 'll be sorry, I think, when you read this; for by now, most likely, father has passed away. Freddie told me the doctor had given him up, and he was very near going. But he sent Freddie to me, with some money he had really left me in his will,—only he was afraid Mrs. Gibson would get hold of it, and never let me have it. So he sent it by hand, with his love and blessing,—and Freddie was to say he was sorry you had left me so long, and he did n't think it was a right thing for a man to do. Never mind how much it was. It's my very own, and I'm glad it comes from my father, and not from you. I have my embroidery money too, and I shall be all right—though very, very miserable. The idea of what I would do came into my head while I was talking with Freddie, and since I came into this room I have made up my mind. I'm sorry I can't set you free altogether. There's Carrie to think of, and I must live for her sake. But, at any rate, you won't have to look after me, or to feel that I'm disgracing you with the smart people who have taken you up—

"Don't look for us, for you will never, never find us.

"Good-by, John. Do you remember that night in the ghyll, and all the things we said?

"I've spoilt your sketch,—I could n't help it,—and I'm not sorry—not yet, anyway. She has everything in the world, and I had nothing—but you. Why did you leave the lamps—just to mock at me?

"Good-by. I have left my wedding-ring on this paper. You 'll know I could n't do that if I ever meant to come back!"

She rose, and moved a small table in

front of the ruined picture. On it she placed, first, the parcel she had brought with her, which contained papers and small personal possessions belonging to her husband; in front of the packet, she laid the five letters of Madame de Pastourelles, her own letter in an envelop addressed to him, and upon it her ring.

Then she put on her hat and veil, tying the veil closely round her face, and, with

one last look round the room, she crept to the door and unlocked it. So quietly did she descend the stairs that Mrs. Gibbs, who was listening sharply, with the kitchen door open, for any sound of her departure, heard nothing. The outer door opened and shut without the smallest noise, and the slender, veiled figure was quickly lost in the darkness and the traffic of the street.

PART II. AFTER TWELVE YEARS

IX

"QUAND vous arriverez au troisième, monsieur, montez, montez toujours! Vous trouverez un petit escalier tournant, en bois. Ça vous conduira à l'atelier."

Thus advised by the wife of the concierge, Fenwick crossed the courtyard of an old house in the Rue du Bac, looked up a moment at the sober and distinguished charm of its architecture, at the corniced, many-paned windows, so solidly framed and plentifully lined in white, upon the stone walls, and the high roof, with its lucarne windows just touched with classical decoration; each line and tint contributing to a seemly, restrained whole, as of something much worn by time, yet merely enhanced thereby, something deliberately built, moreover, to stand the years and abide the judgment of posterity. The house in Saint-Simon's day had belonged to one of those newly ennobled dukes, his contemporaries and would-be brethren, whose monstrous claims to rank with himself and the other real magnificence among the "ducs et pairs de France" drove him to distraction. It was now let out to a multitude of families, who began downstairs in affluence and ended in the genteel or artistic penury of the garrets. The first floor was occupied by a deputy and ex-minister, one of the leaders of the Centre Gauche,—in the garrets it was possible for a *rapin* to find a bedroom at sixteen francs a month. But it was needful that he should be a seemly *rapin*, orderly and quietly ambitious, like the house, otherwise he would not have been long suffered within its tranquil and self-respecting walls.

Fenwick climbed and climbed, discovered the little wooden staircase, and still climbed. At the very top he found a long

and narrow corridor, along which he groped in darkness. Suddenly, at the end, a door opened, and a figure appeared on the threshold.

"Fenwick!—that you? All right!—No steps! The floor was left *au naturel* about 1680—but you won't come to grief."

Fenwick arrived at the open door, and Dick Watson drew him into the large studio beyond. Fenwick looked round him in astonishment. The room was a huge *grenier* in the roof of the old house, roughly adapted to the purposes of a studio. A large window to the north had been put in, and the walls had been rudely plastered. But all the blasts of heaven seemed still to blow through them, and through the chinks or under the eaves of the roof; while in the middle of the floor a pool of water, the remains of a recent heavy shower, testified to the ease with which the weather could enter if it chose.

"I say," said Fenwick, pointing to the water, "can you stand this kind of thing?"

Watson shivered.

"Not in this weather. I'm off next week. In the summer it's pleasant enough. Well, it's deuced lucky I caught sight of you at that show yesterday! How are you? I believe it's nearly two years since we met last."

"I'm all right," said Fenwick, accepting a shaky seat and a cigarette.

Watson lighted a fresh one for himself, and then with arms akimbo surveyed his visitor.

"I've seen you look better. What's the matter? Have you been working through the summer in London?"

"I'm all right," Fenwick repeated; then, with a little grimace—"or I should be, if I could pay my way, and paint the things I want to paint." He looked up.

"Well, why don't you?"

"Because—somehow—one has to live."

Watson climbed on to his high stool, still observing his visitor. For a good many years now, Fenwick had been always well and carefully dressed,—an evident Londoner, accustomed to drawing-rooms and frequenting expensive tailors. But to-day there was something in his tired, disheveled look and comparatively shabby coat which reminded Watson of years long gone by,—of a studio in Bernard street, and a broad-browed, handsome fellow, with queer manners and a North-country accent. As to good looks, Fenwick's face and head were now far finer than they had been in first youth; Watson's critical eye took note of it. The hair, touched lightly with gray, had receded slightly on the temples, and the more ample brow, heavily lined, gave a nobler shelter than of old to the still astonishing vivacity of the eyes. The carriage of the head, too, was prouder and more assured. Fenwick, indeed, as far as years went, was, as Watson knew, in the very prime of life. Nevertheless, there was in his aspect as he sat there a prophetic note of discouragement, of ebbing vitality, which startled his friend.

"I say"—said Watson, abruptly,— "you've been overdoing it. Have you made it up with the Academy?"

Fenwick laughed.

"Goodness, no!"

"Where have you been exhibiting this year?"

"At the gallery I always take. And I sent some things to the Grosvenor."

Watson shook his head.

"It's an awful pity. You'd got in—you should have stayed in—and made yourself a power."

Fenwick's attitude stiffened.

"I have never regretted it for a single hour,—except that the scene itself was ridiculous."

Watson knew very well to what he referred. Some two years before, it had been the nine days' wonder of artistic London. Fenwick, then a newly elected Associate of the Academy, and at what seemed to be the height of his first success as an artist, had sent in a picture to the spring exhibition which appeared to the hanging committee of the moment a poor thing. They gave it a bad place, and an

academician told Fenwick what had happened. He rushed to Burlington House, tore down his picture from the wall, stormed at the astonished members of the hanging committee, carried off his property, and vowed that he would resign his associateship. He was indeed called upon to do so; and he signalized his withdrawal by a furious letter to the "Times" in which the rancors, grievances, and contempts of ten checkered and ambitious years found full and rhetorical expression. The letter naturally made a breach between the writer and England's official art. Watson, who was abroad when the whole thing happened, had heard of it with mingled feelings. "It will either make him—or finish him!" was his own judgment, founded on a fairly exhaustive knowledge of John Fenwick; and he had waited anxiously for results. So far no details had reached him since. Fenwick seemed to be still exhibiting, still writing to the papers, and, as far as he knew, still selling. But the aspect of the man before him was not an aspect of prosperity.

Watson, however, having started a subject which he well knew to be interminable, would instantly have liked to escape from it. He was himself nervous, critical, and easily bored. He did not know what he should do with Fenwick's outpourings when he had listened to them.

But Fenwick had come over, charged, and Watson had touched the spring. He sat there, smoking and declaiming, his eyes blazing, one hand playing with Watson's favorite dog, an Aberdeen terrier who was softly smelling and pushing against him. All that litany of mockery and bitterness, which the Comic Spirit kindles afresh on the lips of each rising generation, only to quench it again on the lips of those who "arrive," flowed from him copiously. He was the age indeed for "arrival," when, as so often happens, the man of middle life, appeased by success, dismisses the revolts of his youth. But this was still the language—and the fierce language—of revolt! The decadence of English art and artists, the miserable commercialism of the Academy, the absence of any first-rate teaching, of any commanding traditions, of any "school" worth the name,—the vulgarity of the public, from royalty downwards, the snobbery of the rich world in its dealings with art:

all these jeremiads which he recited were much the same, *mutatis mutandis*, as those with which, half a century before, poor Benjamin Haydon had filled the "autobiography" which is one of the capital "documents" of the artistic life. This very resemblance indeed occurred to Watson.

"Upon my word," he said, with a queer smile, "you remind me of Haydon."

Fenwick started; with an impatient movement he pushed away the dog, who whimpered.

"Oh, come—I hope it's not as bad as that," he said roughly.

Watson sharply regretted his remark. Through the minds of both there passed the same image of Haydon lying dead by his own hand beneath the vast pictures that no one would buy.

"Why you talk like this, I'm sure I don't know," Watson said, with an impatient laugh. "I'm always seeing your name in the papers. You have a great reputation, and I don't expect the Academy matters to your clientèle."

Fenwick shook his head.

"I have n't sold a picture for more than a year,—except a beastly portrait—one of the worst things I ever did."

"That's bad," said Watson. "Of course that's my state—perennially! But you're not used to it."

Fenwick said nothing; and the delicate sensibility of the other instantly divined that, friends as they were, the comparison with himself had not been at all welcome to his companion. And indeed at the time when Watson left England to begin the wandering life he had been leading for some three years, it would have been nothing less than grotesque. Fenwick was then triumphant, in what, it was supposed, would be his "first period,"—that "young man's success," brilliant, contested, noisy, from which indeed many roads lead, to many goals; but with him, at that time, the omens were of the best. On the threshold of the Academy, credited with "ideas," laden with commissions, and generally welcome in society, which had first admitted him as the protégé of Lord Findon and the friend of Madame de Pastourelles, and was now ready—on conditions—to amuse itself with him, independently, as a genius and an "eccentric,"—Fenwick was apparently mounting fast to an assured and permanent position. He had many

enemies; but so have all "fighters." The critics spoke severely of certain radical defects in his work, due probably to insufficiency of early training; defects which time might correct—or stereotype. But the critics "must be talking"; and the public, under the spell of a new and daring talent, appeared to take no notice.

As these recollections passed through Watson's mind, another expression showed itself in the hollow-cheeked, massive face. It was the look of the visionary who sees in events the strange verification of obscure instincts and divinations in which he himself perhaps has only half believed. He and Fenwick had been friends now—in some respects, close friends—for a good many years. Of late they had met rarely, and neither of the men was a good correspondent. But the friendship, the strong sense of congruity and liking, persisted. It had sprung originally—unexpectedly enough—from that loan made to Fenwick in his days of stress and poverty; and there were many who prophesied that it would come to an end with Fenwick's success. Watson had no interest in and small tolerance for the prosperous. His connection with Cuninghame, in spite of occasional letters, had dropped long ago, ever since that clever Scotch painter had shown himself finally possessed of the usual Scotch power to capture London and a competence. But his liking for Fenwick had never wavered through all the blare of Fenwick's success.

Was it that the older man, with his melancholy Celtic instinct, had divined from the first that he and Fenwick were in truth of the same race—the race of the *δυσάμμοροι*—the ill-fated—those for whom happiness is not written in the stars?

He sat staring at his companion, his eyes dreamily intent, taking note of the restless depression of the man before him, and of the disagreeable facts which emerged from his talk,—declining reputation, money difficulties, and—last and most serious—a new doubt of himself and his powers, which Watson never remembered to have noticed in him before.

"But you must have made a great deal of money," he said to him once, interrupting him.

Fenwick turned away uneasily.

"So I did. But there was the new house and studio. I have been trying to sell the house. But it's a white elephant."

"Building 's the deuce," said Watson, gloomily. "It ruins everybody, from Louis Quatorze and Walter Scott downwards. Have no barns—that 's my principle—and then you can't pull 'em down and build greater! But, you know, it 's all great nonsense, your talking like this! You 're as clever as ever—cleverer. You 've only got to *paint*, and it 'll be all right. But of course, if you will spend all your time in writing letters to the papers, and pamphlets, and that kind of thing—well!"

He shrugged his shoulders.

Fenwick took the remark good-temperedly. "I 've finished three large pictures in eight months—if only somebody would buy 'em. And I 'm in Paris now"—he hesitated a moment—"on a painting job. I 've promised C—— (he named a well-known actor-manager in London) to help him with the production of a new play! I never did such a thing before—but—"

He looked up uncertainly, his color rising.

"What?—scenery for 'The Queen's Necklace'? I 've seen the puffs in the papers. Why not? Hope he pays well. Then you 're going to Versailles, of course?"

Fenwick replied that he had taken some rooms at the Hôtel des Réservoirs and must make some sketches in the palace; also in the park, and the Trianon garden. Then he rose abruptly.

"Well, and what have you been after?"

"The same old *machines*," said Watson, tranquilly, pointing to a couple of large canvases. "My subjects are no gayer than they used to be. Except that—ah, yes! I forgot—I had a return upon myself this spring,—and set to work on some 'Bacchantes.'" He stopped, and picked up a canvas which was standing with its face to the wall.

It represented a dance of bacchantes. Fenwick looked at it in silence. Watson replaced it with a patient sigh. "Théophile Gautier said of some other fellow's bacchantes that they had got drunk on 'philosophical' wine. He might, I fear, have said it of mine. Anyway, I felt I was not made for bacchantes, so I fell back on the usual thing."

And he showed an "Execution of a Witch," filled with gruesome and poignant detail, excellent in some of its ideas

and single figures, but as a whole crude, horrible, and weak.

"I don't improve," he said abruptly, turning away. "But it keeps me contented,—that and my animals. Anatole!—*vaurien!—où es-tu?*"

A small monkey, in a red jacket, who had been sitting unnoticed on the top of a cabinet since Fenwick's entrance, clattered down to the floor, and, running to his master, was soon sitting on his shoulder, staring at Fenwick with a pair of grave, soft eyes. Watson caressed him, and then pointed to a wicker cage outside the window in which a pigeon was pecking at some Indian corn. The cage door was wide open. "She comes to feed here by day. In the morning I wake up and hear her there—the darling! In the evening she spreads her wings, and I watch her fly towards Saint Cloud. No doubt the jade keeps a family there. Oh! some day she 'll go—like the rest of them—and I shall miss her abominably."

"You seem also to be favored by mice?" said Fenwick, idly looking at two traps on the floor beside him.

Watson smiled.

"My *femme de service* sets those traps every night. She says we are overrun—the greatest nonsense! As if there was n't enough for all of us! Then in the night—I sleep there, you see, behind that screen—I wake, and hear some little fool squeaking. So I get up, and take the trap down—stairs in the dark,—right away down—to the first floor. And there I let the mouse go—those folk down there are rich enough to keep him. The only drawback is that my old woman is so cross in the morning, and she spends her life thinking of new traps. *Ah, b'eu!—Je la laisse faire!*"

"And this place suits you?"

"Admirably—till the cold comes. Then I march. I must have the sun."

He shivered again. Fenwick, struck by something in his tone, looked at him more closely.

"How are you, by the way?" he asked repentantly. "I ought to have inquired before. You mentioned consulting some big man here. What did he say to you?"

"Oh! that I am phthisical, and must take care," said Watson, carelessly; "that 's no news. Ah! by the way,"—he hurried the change of subject,—“you

know, of course, that Lord Findon and madame are to be at Versailles?"

"They will be there to-night," said Fenwick, after a moment.

"Ah! to-night. Then you meet them?"

"I shall see them, of course."

"What a blessed thing to be rid of that fellow! What's she been doing since?"

Fenwick replied that since the death of her husband, about a year before this date, Madame de Pastourelles, worn out with nursing, had been pursuing health—in Egypt and elsewhere. Her father, stepmother, and sister had been traveling with her. The sister and she were to stay at Versailles till Christmas. It was a place for which Madame de Pastourelles had an old affection.

"And I suppose you know that you will find the Welbys there too?"

Fenwick made a startled movement. "The Welbys? How did you hear that?"

"I had my usual half-yearly letter from Cuninghame yesterday. He's the fellow for telling you the news. Welby has begun a big picture of Marie Antoinette, at Trianon, and has taken a studio in Versailles for the winter."

Fenwick turned away and began to pace the bare floor of the studio.

"I did n't know," he said, evidently discomposd.

"By the way, I have often meant to ask you. I trust he was n't mixed up in the 'hanging' affair?" said Watson, with a quick look at his companion.

"He was ill the day it was done, but in my opinion he behaved in an extremely mean and ungenerous manner afterwards!" exclaimed Fenwick, suddenly flushing from brow to chin.

"You mean he did n't support you?"

"He shilly-shallied. He thought—I have very good reason to believe—that I had been badly treated, that there was personal feeling in the matter—resentment of things that I had written, and so on; but he would never come out into the open and say so."

The excitement with which Fenwick spoke made it evident that Watson had touched an extremely sore point.

Watson was silent a little, lit another cigarette, and then said with a smile:

"Poor Madame de Pastourelles!"

Fenwick looked up with irritation.

"What on earth do you mean?"

"I am wondering how she kept the peace between you, her two great friends."

"She sees very little of Welby."

"Ah! Since when?"

"Oh! for a long time. Of course they meet occasionally—"

A big, kindly smile flickered over Watson's face.

"What—was little Madame Welby jealous?"

"She would be a great goose if she were," said Fenwick, turning aside to look through some sketches that lay on a chair beside him.

Watson shook his head, still smiling; then remarked:

"By the way, I understand she has become quite an invalid."

"Has she?" said Fenwick. "I know nothing of them."

Watson began to talk of other things. But as he and Fenwick discussed the pictures on the easels, or Fenwick's own projects, as they talked of Manet, and Zola's "L'Œuvre," and the Goncourts, as they compared the state of painting in London and Paris, employing all the latest phrases, both of them astonishingly well informed as to men and tendencies, —Watson as an outsider, Fenwick as a passionate partizan, loathing the Impressionists, denouncing a show of Manet and Renoir recently opened at a Paris dealer's,—Watson's inner mind was really full of Madame de Pastourelles, and that salon of hers in the old Westminster house in Dean's Yard, of which during so many years Fenwick had made one of the principal figures. It should perhaps be explained that some two years after Fenwick's arrival in London, Madame de Pastourelles had thought it best to establish a little *ménage* of her own, distinct from the household in St. James's Square. Her friends and her stepmother's were not always congenial to each other, and in many ways both Lord Findon and she were the happier for the change. Her small paneled rooms had quickly become the meeting-place of a remarkable and attractive society. Watson himself, indeed, had never been an habitué of that or any other drawing-room. As he had told Lord Findon long ago, he was not for the world, nor the world for him. But whereas his volatile lordship could never draw him from his cell, Lord Findon's daughter was

sometimes irresistible, and Watson's great shaggy head and ungainly person had occasionally been seen beside her fire, in the years before he left London. He had therefore been a spectator of Fenwick's gradual transformation at the hands of a charming woman; he had marked the stages of the process; and he knew well that it had never excited a shadow of scandal in the minds of any reasonable being. All the same, the deep store of hidden sentiment which this queer idealist possessed had been touched by the position. The young woman, isolated and childless, so charming, so nobly sincere, so full of heart,—was she to be always Ariadne, and forsaken? The man, excitable, nervous, selfish, yet, in truth, affectionate and dependent, what folly, or what chivalry, kept him unmarried? Ever since the death of M. le Comte de Pastourelles, dreams concerning these two people had been stirring in the brain of Watson, and these dreams spoke now in the dark eyes he bent on Fenwick.

Presently, Fenwick began to talk gloomily of the death of his old Bernard-street landlady, who had become his house-keeper and factotum in the new Chelsea house and studio which he had built for himself.

"I don't know what I shall do without her. For eleven years I've never paid a bill or engaged a servant for myself. She's done everything. Every morning she used to give me my pocket-money for the day."

"This remedy, after all, is simple," said Watson, with a sudden turn of the head.

Fenwick raised his eyebrows interrogatively.

"I imagine that what Mrs. Gibbs did well, 'Mrs. Fenwick' might do even better—*n'est-ce pas?*"

Fenwick sprang up.

"Mrs. —?" he repeated vaguely.

He stood a moment bending over Watson, his eyes staring, his mouth open. Then he controlled himself.

"You talk as though she were round the corner," he said, turning away and buttoning his coat afresh. "But please understand, my dear fellow, that she is not round the corner, nor likely to be."

He spoke with a hard emphasis, smiling, and slapping the breast of his coat.

Watson looked at him and said no more.

Fenwick walked rapidly along the Quai Voltaire, crossed the Pont Neuf, and found himself inside the inclosure of the Louvre. Twenty minutes to four. Some impulse, born of the seething thoughts within, took him to the door of the Musée. He mounted rapidly, and found himself in the large room devoted to the modern French school.

He went straight to two pictures by Hippolyte Flandrin—"Madame Vinet" and "Portrait de Jeune Fille." When, in the first year of his London life, he had made his hurried visits to Paris, these pictures, then in the Luxembourg, had been among those which had most vitally affected him. The beautiful surface and keeping which connected them with the old tradition, together with the modern spirit, the trenchant simplicity of their portraiture, had sent him back, eager and palpitating, to his own work on the picture of Madame de Pastourelles, or on the last stages of the "Genius Loci."

He looked into them now, sharply, intently, his heart beating to suffocation under the stress of that startling phrase of Watson's. How many years since those two little words "Mrs. Fenwick" had passed the lips of any living being! Still tremulous, as one in flight, he made himself recognize certain details of drawing and modeling in "Madame Vinet" which had given him hints for the improvement of the portrait of Phœbe; and, again, the ease with which the head moved on its shoulders, its relief, its refinement,—how he had toiled to rival them in his picture of Madame Eugénie!—translating as he best could the cold and disagreeable color of the Ingres school into the richer and more romantic handling of an art influenced by Watts and Burne-Jones!

Then he passed on to the young girl's portrait.—the girl in white muslin, turning away her graceful head from the spectator, and showing thereby the delicacy of her profile, the wealth of her brown hair, the beauty of her young and virginal form. Suddenly his eyes clouded; he turned abruptly away, left the room without looking at another picture, and was soon hurrying through the crowded streets northwards toward the Gare St. Lazare.

Carrie!—his child!—his own flesh and

blood. His heart cried out for her. Watson's brusquerie, the young girl of the picture, and his own bitter and disappointed temper—they had all their share in the emotion which possessed him.

The child whom he remembered, with her mother's eyes, and that light, mischievous charm, which was not Phœbe's,—why, she was now seventeen!—a little younger, only a little younger, than the girl of the portrait. His longing fancy pursued her, saw her a wild, pretty, laughing thing, nearly a woman, and then fell back passionately on a more familiar image—of the baby at his knee, open-mouthed, her pink lips rounded for the titbit just about to descend upon them, her sweet and sparkling eyes fixed upon her father.

"My God! where are they?—are they alive or dead? How cruel—*cruel!*" And he ground his teeth in one of those paroxysms which every now and then, at long intervals, represented the return upon him of the indestructible past. Often for months together it meant little or nothing to him but the dull weight of his secret; twelve years had inevitably deadened feeling, and filled the mind with fresh interests, while of late the tumult of his Academy and press campaign had silenced the stealing, distant voices. Yet there were moments when all was as fresh and poignant as it had been in the first hours, when Phœbe, with her golden head and her light, springing step, seemed to move beside him, and he felt the drag of a small hand in his.

He stiffened himself, like one attacked. The ghosts of dead hours came trooping and eddying round him, like the autumn leaves that had begun to strew the Paris streets,—all the scenes of that first ghastly week when he had hunted in desperation for his lost wife and child. His joyous return from Chelsea, on the evening of his good fortune; Mrs. Gibbs's half-sulky message on the door-step that "Mrs. Fenwick" was in the studio; his wild rush upstairs, the empty room, the letter, the ring; his hurried journey north, the arrival at the Langdale cottage, only to find on the table of the deserted parlor another letter from Phœbe, written before she left Westmoreland, in the provision that he would come there in search of a clue, and urging him for both their sakes to make no scan-

dal, no hue and cry, to accept the inevitable, and let her go in peace; his interview with the servant Daisy, who had waited with the child in a hotel close to Euston while Phœbe went to Bernard street, and had been sent back to the North immediately after Phœbe's return, without the smallest indication of what her mistress meant to do; his fruitless consultations with Anna Mason: the whole dismal story rose before him, as it was wont to do periodically, filling him with the same rage, the same grief, the same fierce and inextinguishable resentment.

Phœbe had destroyed his life. She had not only robbed him of herself and of their child, she had forced him into an acted lie which had poisoned his whole existence, and, first and foremost, that gracious and beautiful friendship which was all, save his art, that she had left him. For in the first moments of his despair and horror, he had remembered what it would mean to Madame de Pastourelles, did she ever know that his mad wife had left him out of jealousy of her. He was not slow to imagine the effect of Phœbe's action on that proud, pure nature and sensitive conscience; and he knew what she and her father must feel towards the deception which had led her into such a position and made such a tragedy possible. He foresaw her recoil, her bitter condemnation, the final ruin of the relation between himself and her; and yet more than these did he dread her pain, her causeless, innocent pain. To stab the hand which had helped him, the heart which had already suffered so much,—in the very first hours of his own shock and misery, he had shrunk from this, he had tried his best to protect Madame de Pastourelles.

Hence the compact with his landlady, by which he had in fact bribed her to silence, and transformed her into a devoted servant always under his eye; hence the various means by which he had found it possible to quiet the members of his own family and of Phœbe's,—needy folk, most of them, cannily unwilling to make an enemy of a man who was likely, so they understood, to be rich, and who already showed a helpful disposition. When once he had convinced himself that he had no clue, and that Phœbe had disappeared, it had not been difficult indeed to keep his secret and to hide the traces of his own

wrongdoing, his own share in the catastrophe. Between Phœbe's world and the world in which he was now to live there were few or no links. Bella Morrison might have supplied one. But she and her mother had moved to Guernsey, and a year after Phœbe's flight Fenwick ascertained that old Mrs. Morrison was dead, and that Bella had gone to South America as companion to a lady.

So in an incredibly short time the crisis was over. The last phase was connected with the cousin—Freddy Tolson—who had visited Phœbe the night before her journey to London, and was now in New South Wales. A letter from Fenwick to this young man, containing a number of questions as to his conversation with Phœbe, and written immediately after Phœbe's flight, obtained an answer after some three or four months, but Tolson's reply was wholly unprofitable. He merely vowed that he had discovered nothing at all of Phœbe's intention, and could throw no light whatever upon her disappearance. The letter was laboriously written by a man of imperfect education, and barely covered three loosely written sides of ordinary note-paper. It arrived when Fenwick's own researches were already at a standstill, and seemed to leave nothing more to hope for. The police inquiries which had been initiated went on intermittently for a while, then ceased; the waters of life closed over Phœbe Fenwick and her child.

What was Fenwick's present feeling towards his wife? If amid this crowded Paris he had at last beheld her coming to him, had seen the tall figure, and the childish look, and the lovely, pleading eyes, would his heart have leapt within him?—would his hands have been outstretched to infold and pardon her?—or would he have looked at her somberly, unable to pass the gulf between them, to forget what she had done?

In truth, he could not have answered the question; he was uncertain of himself. Her act, by its independence, its force of will, and the ability she had shown in planning and carrying it out, had transformed his whole conception of her. In a sense, he knew her no longer. That she could do a thing at once so violent and so final was so wholly out of keeping with all his memories of her, that he could only

think of the woman who had come in his absence to the Bernard-street studio and defaced the sketch of Madame de Pastourelles as in some sort a stranger, one whom, were she to step back into his life, he would have had to learn afresh. Sometimes, when anything reminded him of her suddenly,—as, for instance, the vision in a shop-window of the very popular mezzotint which had been made from the "Genius Loci" the year after its success in the Academy,—the pang from which he suffered would seem to show that he still loved her, as indeed he had always loved her, through all the careless selfishness of his behavior. But, again, there were many months when she dropped altogether, or seemed to drop, out of his mind and memory, when he was entirely absorbed in the only interests she had left him—his art, his quarrels, and his relation to Eugénie de Pastourelles.

There was a time indeed, some two or three years after the catastrophe, when he passed through a stage of mental and moral tumult natural to a man of strong passions and physique. Even in their first married life, Phœbe had been sometimes jealous, and with reason. It was her memory of these occasions that had predisposed her to the mad suspicion which wrecked her. And when she had deserted him, he came violently near, on one or two occasions, to things base and irreparable. But he was saved,—first by the unconscious influence, the mere trust, of a good woman, and secondly, by his keen and advancing intelligence. Dread lest he should cast himself out of Eugénie's delightful presence, and the fighting life of the mind,—it was by these he was rescued, by these he ultimately conquered.

And yet, was it, perhaps, his bitterest grievance against his wife that she had, in truth, left him *nothing*?—not even friendship, not even art. In so wrenching herself from him, she had perpetuated in him that excitable and unstable temper it should have been her first object to allay, and had thus injured and maimed his artistic power; while at the same time she had so troubled, so falsified, his whole attitude towards the woman who on his wife's disappearance from his life had become naturally and insensibly his dearest friend, that not even the charm of Madame de Pastourelles's society, of her true, delicate,

and faithful affection, could give him any lasting happiness. He himself had begun the falsification, but it was Phœbe's act which had prolonged and compelled it through twelve years.

For a long time, indeed, his success as an artist steadily developed. The very energy of his resentment—his inner denunciation—of his wife's flight, the very force of his fierce refusal to admit that he had given her the smallest real justification for such a step, had quickened in him for a time all the springs of life. Through his painting, as we have seen, he wrestled out his first battles with fate and with temptation; and those early years were the years of his artistic triumph, as they were also the years of Madame de Pastourelles's strongest influence upon him. But the concealment on which his life was based, the tragedy at the heart of it, worked like "a worm i' the bud." The first check to his artistic career—the "hanging" incident and its sequel—produced an effect of shock and disintegration out of all proportion to its apparent cause,—inexplicable indeed to the spectators.

Madame de Pastourelles wondered, and sorrowed. But she could do nothing to arrest the explosion of egotism, arrogance, and passion which Fenwick allowed himself after his breach with the Academy. The obscure causes of it were hidden from her; she could only pity and grieve; and Fenwick, unable to satisfy her, unable to reestablish his own equilibrium, full of remorse towards her and of despair about his art, whereof the best forces and inspirations seemed to have withered within him like a gourd in the night, went from one folly to another, while his pictures steadily deteriorated, his affairs became involved, and a shrewd observer like Lord Findon wondered who or what the deuce had got hold of him,—whether he had begun to take morphia, or had fallen into the clutches of a woman.

In the midst of these developments, so astonishing and disappointing to Fenwick's best friends, Eugénie de Pastourelles was suddenly summoned to the death-bed of the husband from whom she had been separated for nearly fifteen years. It was now nearly twelve months since Fenwick had seen her; and it was his eagerness to meet her again, much more than the necessities of his new commission,

which had brought him out post-haste to Paris and Versailles, where indeed Lord Findon, in a kind letter, had suggested that he should join them.

Amid these memories and agitations, he found himself presently at the Gare St. Lazare, taking his ticket at the *guichet*. It was characteristic of him that he bought a first-class return without thinking of it, and then, when he found himself pompously alone in his compartment, while crowds were hurrying into the second-class, he reproached himself for extravagance, and passed the whole journey in a fume of discomfort. For eight or nine years he had been rich, and he loathed the small ways of poverty.

Versailles was in the glow of an autumn sunset as he walked from the station to the famous Hôtel des Réservoirs on the edge of the park. The white houses, the wide avenues, the château on its hill, were steeped in light,—a light golden, lavish, and yet melancholy, as though the autumn day still remembered the October afternoon when Marie Antoinette turned to look for the last time at the lake and the woods of Trianon.

As Fenwick crossed the Rue de la Pa- roisse, a lady on the other side of the road, who was hurrying in the opposite direction, stopped suddenly at sight of him, and stared excitedly. She was a woman no longer young, much sunburnt, with high cheek-bones and a florid complexion. He did not notice her, and after a moment's hesitation she resumed her walk.

He went into the park, where the statues shone flame-like amid the bronze and orange of the trees, where the water of the fountains was dyed in blue and rose, and all the faded magnificence and decaying grace of the vast, incomparable scene were kindling into an hour's rich life under the last attack of the sun. He wandered awhile, restless and unhappy, yet always counting the hours till he should see the slight, worn figure which for a year had been hidden from him.

He dined in the well-known restaurant, wandered again in the mild dusk, then mounted to his room and worked awhile at some of the sketches he was making for his new commission. While he was so engaged, a carriage drew up below, and two persons descended. He recognized

Lord Findon, much aged and whitened in these last years. The lady in deep mourning behind him paused a moment on the broad pathway, and looked round her, at the hill of the château, at the bright lights in the restaurant. She threw back her veil, and Fenwick's heart leapt as he recognized the spiritual beauty, the patient

sweetness, of a face which through twelve troubled years had kept him from evil and held him to good,—had been, indeed, "the master light" of all his seeing.

And to his best and only friend he had lied, persistently and unforgivably, for twelve years. There was the sting, and there the pity of it.

(To be continued)

TOPICS OF THE TIME

ETHICS IN THE HEART

SOMETHING has been said here about "Ethics in the Air" and "Ethics in the Ballot-box." Something more may be said about the way that current exposures, political and commercial, and political and commercial overturnings, have caused inquiries into private and public records, and a general searching of hearts, throughout the length and breadth of the United States.

Honest insurance men say that it is not fair to load all the business wrong-doing of our day upon the insurance world, simply because that particular wrong-doing has been exposed. And manifestly it is not. In fact, the knowledge that many had—that Mr. Wheeler H. Peckham and Mr. J. B. Bishop had, for instance (as was shown in the December CENTURY)—about the infamies of the Price of Peace in the concerns of great New York corporations,—such inside knowledge is possessed by many to-day of the semi-fraudulencies, or actual frauds, in other businesses, and much of this private and special knowledge is being made, just now, conspicuously public. This is true, even if the fact is not reassuring to those who wish to think well of their fellow-countrymen.

For example, some sorts of corrupt use of congressional opportunities have long been suspected. But, of late, verdicts in criminal cases have proved and exhibited to the whole nation the wrong-doing of members of our highest lawmaking body; and other members of that august chamber have, as a mere incident of the insurance investigations, been lamentably com-

promised. As close an inquiry as that into insurance matters conducted along the whole line of senatorial elections, senatorial business alliances, and the like, would only make thoroughly evident to the entire public certain questionable details which now are surely known to only a limited circle. Some good new blood has come of late into the Senate, and the wave of indignation which has lately beat about the seats of the mighty, in the high financial and high political world, may not spend its force till the effect is seen in a Senate which shall be as honorable in all its parts as it is now in many of its parts.

A remarkable speech made last November on the local judiciary by the newly elected district attorney of New York was, after all, in its essentials, with all its well-nigh reckless audacity, merely a putting into defiant and public form of a knowledge of things hidden from the multitude, but, much of it at least, well known to the knowing. In times like these,—times of the unsettling of parties both as to national and State and city affairs, a thorough unsettling so far as city affairs extend,—in times like these, we say, an utterance from such a source, on such a question, is sure to bear fruit in the near or distant future.

Then there are also the patent-medicine and the pure-food disclosures, and the blackmailing disclosures, and the railroad rebate disclosures, and the election-fraud disclosures, and the like. But the significant thing is that, aside from all questions of public exposure, if one talks to any expert in almost any line of business, facts as to irregular and unethical, sometimes

downright fraudulent, practices are apt to come out, which may never reach the public, but which are calculated to depress the citizen who hates to think that the business standards of his countrymen have suffered a depression.

The good citizen and square dealer falls back, however, upon two points of comfort: first, that there was a prodigal amount of rascality in the days when there was vastly less publicity; and, second,—and here is his best consolation,—that the standards of public opinion are as high as ever, and that, contemporary with this hideous exposure of wrong-doing, the signs are numerous of a revival of the ethics of business, as well as of the ethics of politics.

In a private discussion, not long ago, of one of the most pathetic cases of ruined reputation that recent events have illustrated, the fact came out that this man—so widely honored and beloved, and still so sympathetically regarded—had long realized the misfortune of his situation, deeply deprecating the supposed necessity of continuing certain corrupt and demoralizing practices. It is evident that if such ethical questions as he, for many unhappy years, decided according to unfortunate custom, could reach his authority again, after a period of exposure and retribution such as has just taken place, he would not hesitate to declare to his associates that, obviously, "honesty is the best

policy," as well as the most agreeable part that honorable men can play. So it is now everywhere easier for honest impulses and suggestions to prevail in all matters relating to the conduct of business.

The most conspicuous exposure that has taken place is, of course, that which was precipitated by certain insurance imbroglios; and there was good fortune in the fact that these exposures, almost more than any other possible ones, touched individual interests well-nigh infinite in extent. The lesson of common honesty has therefore been carried into every family in the entire country where exist responsibility and thrift. Every man in the business world is now watching his neighbor; better than that, he is watching himself—taking to himself all sorts of warnings; making to himself all kinds of good resolutions; witnessing and taking part in a revival of applied ethics, not only in the community but in his own heart.

There is, indeed, nowadays such a searching of souls, and such a stern application of higher standards, that there is almost danger that judges themselves will "stand up so straight" that they may fall backward into the pool of judicial demagoguery. But the searching will go on; and, on the whole, its dangers are few, while its benefits will be many and immense.



A Preacher and Patriot

THE special functions which a Christian or Jewish-American preacher of religion has had to perform during the last generation have been such as to call for a very unusual facility in assimilation of new knowledge and adjustment to new social phenomena and theories of society, if the man was to succeed. On the one side—that of new knowledge about the universe, its Maker, and his methods—there has been a prodigious extension of the horizon and a revolution in man's thought as to the processes by which all that is has come into being. Along with this there has

been shed a wealth of new light on the sacred literatures of Semitic peoples and the early Christian church, knowledge which has been first appropriated by the clergy and then mediated by them to the laity. Then, also, man has set science serving him in ways bringing much increase of comfort, luxury, and wealth. Both capital and labor have found the strength there is in combination, and the consequent increase of class spirit has made more acute the social problem; while other reconstructions in industry, commerce, family life, and political government have joined in making it more difficult each decade for the clergyman to speak authoritatively as

a social guide and ethical teacher, unless competent.

The special distinction of the Rev. Dr. Washington Gladden, who celebrated his seventieth birthday February 11, is that preëminently among American clergymen, during this period of disintegration of old beliefs and reconstruction of new, he has kept his eyes open to the new knowledge of scientists, Biblical scholars, and sociologists, and has interpreted this new truth for the spiritual, ethical, and political guidance of his fellow-men, not only in this country, but to some degree throughout the English-speaking world.

The hypothesis of evolution as a method of cosmic and human development, the use of the scientific or inductive method in higher criticism of the Bible, the program of federation among religionists for common spiritual and ethical aims, and the demand for application of the Golden Rule in settlement of all industrial disputes and for the judgment of all commercial practices and ideals—each of these has had in him a prompt, persistent, and prudent champion. By word of mouth and in his many books, as well as in many anonymous contributions to the editorial columns of some of our leading monthlies and weeklies, he has shaped the opinion of his time to a degree that few appreciate.

Civil-service reform, municipal good government, restriction of monopolies, the moralization of wealth, church federation, and unity, owe much of their present hold on our people to him. The honors that have come to him

in his career have been deserved, and his fame will increase as the history of the epoch in which he has wrought is written by men of the future.

Just as the fame of F. D. Maurice and other of the Broad-church leaders in the Church of England during the last century increases as men who were possessed of clear vision of the social import of Jesus' gospel of love and good-will among men, so the fame of Dr. Gladden among American preachers and teachers will increase. For he was one of the first among our clergy to pass from the individualistic to the social conception of the gospel, and to differentiate clearly between the church as an end in itself and as a means of ushering in the kingdom of God.

He has written hymns of faith which will live long and are now sung the world over. To the common people he has mediated new truth which greater scholars than he discovered. He has warned society against practical materialism and mammonism. He has taught both capital and labor truths which each needs to heed. He has challenged and rebuked sinners in high places, and called a halt to ecclesiasticism grown servile to predatory wealth.

In the list of American preachers, from Jonathan Edwards to Henry Ward Beecher, who have been ethical censors of society as well as spiritual guides to men, he has been a noble successor of a royal line.

George Perry Morris.



Gentle Spring in Boston

ONE of those days in which It does n't know

Whether to rain or snow:
So, to disturb humanity nothing loath,
Does both.

Henry Austin.

A Providential Discovery

WHEN the Circle's fair was ended we had
forty dollars net,
An' the members of the Circle had been duly
called an' met
To agree on how to spend it for the glory of
the cause,
An' agreeable to custom an' the Circle's rules
an' laws.

Sister Sarah Newton Tarbox thought it orto
go to pay
On the minister's back salary, an' Sarah had
her say
Until Sister Marthy Colby p'inted out it
would n't do
Under subdivision sixty-six of chapter twenty-
two.

Sister Sarah, squelched, set silent an' she
would n't say a word,
Save thet now an' then, sarcastic, to the Circle
she referred
To the heathen, fat an' lazy, in a far-off, furrin
clime,
An' the preacher outen flour more 'n half the
mortal time.

Sister Prudence Wilson Connors humbly ventured to suggest
Thet the minister was needin' of a Sunday coat an' vest,
An' we argyed on it, prayerfull, till the whole plan was knocked out
By a leetle p'int of order raised by Sister Susan Stout.

Sister Prudence set there thoughtful through the follerin' debate,
With her Christian sperrit ruffled, an' allowed she orto state
Fer the clearin' of her conscience thet she would n't oncet demur
If we threw it in the river, it was all the same to her.

Sister Amy Ellen Droppers thought the money sh'u'd be lent
To some needy soul an' honest at a moderate per cent.,
But the by-laws of the Circle, so said Sister Sophy Squeer,
On the plan of lendin' money wa'n't exactly plain an' clear.

Sister Amy Ellen hinted she had nothin' more t' say
On the plan thet she suggested ef the law stood in the way,
But she said it was a pity the committee on expense
Had n't framed the Circle's by-laws in accord with common sense.

Sister Evalina Spriggins said she thought it plain to see
What a Furrin Mission Circle's bounden duty orto be,
An' she could n't see how preachers of the Sperrit was to roam
With the Furrin Mission Circles spendin' money here at home.

At which Sister Phœbe Lucy Brown arose, an', summat het,
Said she guessed she knew her duty, an' she did n't choose to set
An' to hear a sister hintin' in a most onchristian way
Thet the Furrin Mission Circle was a-goin' fur astray!

An' then Sister Spriggins told her thet she had n't meant no slur
On the Furrin Mission Circle an', leastwise of all, at her,
Said she knew thet Sister Phœbe knew her business, it was true,
An' she 'd heerd she knew most everybody else's business, too.

Then good Sister Patience Hitchcock said the Circle better burn

Every cent of it than quarrel, an' she motioned to adjourn
At which Sister Ellen Jackson riz up slowly on her feet
An' declared there was an error in the Circle's balance-sheet.

'Stid o' havin' forty dollars over all the fair's expense
She had found we had a deficit of sixty-seven cents,
She had got her figgers crosswise when she added up her sheets
An' had put expended items in the column o' receipts!

So with harmony pervailin' Sister Spriggins led in prayer,
An' Sister Phœbe Lucy Brown observed to Sister Blair
Thet we 're all poor, mortal creeters, who don't seem to understand
How the good Lord holds us, helpless, in the holler of his hand!

J. W. Foley.

Epigrams

SOCIETY. — An assemblage of well-dressed persons who would rather be bored together than alone.

HAPPINESS. — An exception to the rule that the demand always creates a supply.

POVERTY. — By common consent an admirable training for mental and moral perfection — in others.

J. F. Finley.

Mrs. Howe to Mark Twain

The following lines were read by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe at the meeting of the Authors Club of Boston, October 25, 1905, which took the form of a reception to Mr. Samuel L. Clemens:

MARK the gracious, welcome guest,
Master of heroic jest;
He who cheers men's dull abodes
With the laughter of the gods;
For the joyless ones of earth
Sounds the reveille of mirth.
Well we meet, to part with pain,
But he and we shall ne'er be TWAIN.

Big Jean Duval

BY FRANCIS STERNE PALMER

With drawings by A. B. Frost

JEAN DUVAL crossed the Canada line
And smuggled back a jug of high wine.

Jean Duval threw his wife from the door,
Flung the children about the floor;
Ran to the wood and cried he would fight
And whip any beast in spruce-wood white,
Lynx or panther, moose-bull or bear;
But none came forth to take up his dare.



He pulled a young spruce from the ground,
Cleared high brush-heaps at a bound.
A deer heard him shout and dashed away,
But the old bear grumbled where he lay;
For the old bear dreamt of leafy trees,
Of sweet blueberries and honey-bees,
And it made him angry, wakened so
To a dreary world of frost and snow;
He started out to find what thing
Dared to disturb his dream of spring.

Jean Duval saw him crawl from his lair;
"Oh, ho!" he cried, "is it you, old bear!

Come on, O black one, and I 'll throw you
As out of the shanty my woman I threw!"

The grouse flew nearer to watch the fight,
The white hare paused at so odd a sight;
The squirrel mocked, as a squirrel can,
To see such a tumbling given a man,
To see big Jean a-rolling go —
Worse than the wife he tossed in the snow!



At last the bear was through with him,
And Jean was sober, and sore of limb;
Sadly he took the homeward track,
Crept to his wife and besought her back.
"No more," thought Jean, "will I cross the
line;
There's trouble for me in a jug of high
wine!"





Engraved on steel by R. G. Taylor after the engraving by Samuel Cousins. By permission of Paul and Dominic Colnaghi, London.

FIELD-MARSHAL THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON

FROM THE PAINTING BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LXXI

APRIL, 1906

No. 6

A WEEK AT WATERLOO:

SCENES DURING AND AFTER THE BATTLE

THE REMARKABLE NARRATIVE OF LADY DE LANCEY, WIFE OF
COLONEL DE LANCEY OF WELLINGTON'S STAFF,
NOW BROUGHT TO LIGHT

WITH UNPUBLISHED LETTERS FROM SIR WALTER SCOTT AND CHARLES DICKENS
WRITTEN IN ADMIRATION OF THE NARRATIVE

THIS manuscript account by Lady De Lancey of her tragic experiences during and immediately after the battle of Waterloo, revealing her devotion as a nurse to her wounded husband, Colonel Sir William Howe De Lancey, was written by her for the information of her brother, Captain Basil Hall, R. N., the well-known author, and is here printed from the copy in possession of his granddaughter, Lady Parsons.

It is a matter of interest to Americans that Colonel De Lancey was born in New York, about 1781, of the well-known family of that name, being a son of Stephen and a grandson of Oliver De Lancey, the latter a loyalist and brigadier-general in his Majesty's service during the Revolutionary War. Not the least interesting feature of this account is the light it throws upon the primitive condition of Wellington's surgical service.

Among the friends to whom Captain Hall submitted the manuscript privately were Sir Walter Scott and Charles Dickens, whose letters here printed are in the possession of Lady Parsons.—THE EDITOR.

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SCOTT'S COMMENT ON THE NARRATIVE

UNDER date Abbotsford, October 13, 1825, Sir Walter Scott writes:

"MY DEAR CAPTAIN HALL: I received with great pleasure your kind proposal to visit Tweedside. It arrived later than it should have done. I lose no time in saying that you and Mrs. Hall cannot come but as welcome guests any day next week which may best suit you. If you have time to drop a line we will make our dinner hour suit your arrival, but you cannot come amiss to us.

"I am infinitely obliged to you for Captain Maitland's plain, manly, and interesting narrative. It is very interesting and clears Bonaparte of much egotism imputed to him. I am making a copy which, however, I will make no use of except as ex-

tracts, and am very much indebted to Captain Maitland for the privilege.

"Constable proposed a thing to me which seems of so much delicacy that I scarce know how about it—and thought of reserving it till you and I met. It relates to that most interesting and affecting journal kept by my regretted and amiable friend, Mrs. Harvey, during poor De Lancey's illness. He thought, with great truth, that it would add very great interest as an addition to the letters which I wrote from Paris soon after Waterloo, and certainly I would consider it one of the most valuable and important documents which could be published as illustrative of the woes of war. But whether this could be done without injury to the



FACSIMILE OF A PART OF SIR WALTER SCOTT'S LETTER



After the painting by Sir Edwin Landseer in the National Portrait Gallery, London
Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

SIR WALTER SCOTT

feelings of survivors is a question not for me to decide, and indeed I feel unaffected pain in even submitting it to your friendly ear, who I know will put no harsh construction upon my motive, which can be no other than such as would do honour to the amiable and lamented authoress. I never read anything which affected my own feelings more strongly, or which, I am sure, would have a deeper interest on those of the public. Still the work is of a domestic nature, and its publication, however honourable to all to all [*sic*] concerned, might perhaps give pain where God knows I should be sorry any proposal of mine should awaken the distresses which time may have in some degree abated. You are the only person who can judge of this with any certainty, or at least who can

easily gain the means of ascertaining it; and as Constable seemed to think there was a possibility that after the lapse of so much time it might be regarded as matter of history and as a record of the amiable character of your accomplished sister, and seemed to suppose there was some possibility of such a favour being granted, you will consider me as putting the question on his suggestion. It could be printed as the Journal of a lady during the last illness of a General Officer of distinction during her attendance upon his last illness—or something to that purpose. Perhaps it may be my own high admiration of the contents of this heartrending diary which makes me suppose a possibility that after such a lapse of years the publication may possibly (as that which could but do the

highest honour to the memory of the amiable authoress), may [*sic*] not be judged altogether inadmissible. You may and will, of course, act in this matter with your natural feelings of [*sic*] consider or ascertain whether that which cannot but do honour to the memory of those who are gone can be made public with the sacred regard due to the feelings of survivors.

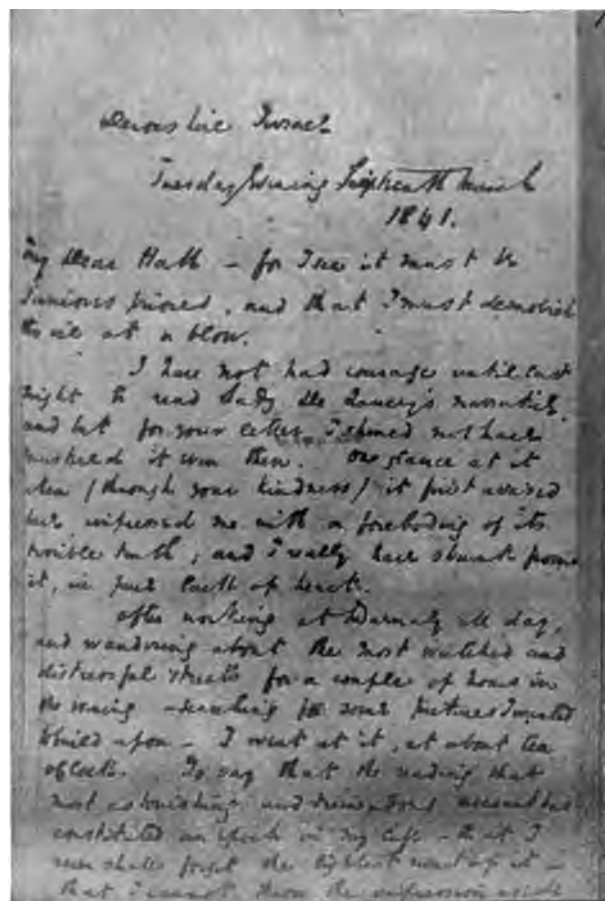
"Lady Scott begs to add the pleasure she must have in seeing Mrs. Hall and you at Abbotsford; and in speedy expectation of that honour, I am always, Dear Sir,

"Most truly yours,

"Walter Scott.

"Abbotsford, 13 October, 1825."

[Postscript omitted.]



FACSIMILE OF THE BEGINNING OF CHARLES DICKENS'S LETTER

DICKENS'S COMMENT

THE following is a transcript of Dickens's letter:

"Devonshire Terrace,

"Tuesday evening, 16th March, 1841.

"MY DEAR HALL.—for I see it must be juniores priores, and that I must demolish the ice at a blow.

"I have not had courage until last night to read Lady De Lancey's narrative, and,

but for your letter, I should not have mustered it even then. One glance at it, when, through your kindness, it first arrived, had impressed me with a foreboding of its terrible truth, and I really have shrunk from it in pure lack of heart.

"After working at Barnaby all day, and wandering about the most wretched and distressful streets for a couple of

ing came—the finding out by her wild spirits when she heard he was safe, how much she had feared when in doubt and anxiety—the desperate desire to move towards him—the whole description of the cottage, and its condition; and their daily shifts and contrivances, and the lying down beside him in the bed and both *falling asleep*; and his resolving not to serve any more, but to live quietly thenceforth; and her sorrow when she saw him eating with an appetite, so soon before his death; and his death itself—all these are matters of truth, which only that astonishing creature, as I think, could have told in fiction.

“(Of all the beautiful and tender passages—the thinking every day how happy and blest she was—the decorating him for the dinner—the standing in the balcony at night, and seeing the troops melt away through the gate—and the rejoining him on his sick-bed—I say not a word. They are God’s own, and should be sacred. But let me say again, with an earnestness which pen and ink can no more convey than toast and water, in thanking you heartily for the perusal of this paper, that its impression on me never can be told; and that the ground she travelled (which I know well) is holy ground to me from this day; and that, please Heaven, I will tread it every foot, this very next summer, to have the softened recollection of this sad story on the very earth where it was acted. You won’t smile at this, I know. When my enthusiasms are awakened by such things, they don’t wear out.

“Have you ever thought within yourself of that part where, having suffered so much by the news of his death, she *will not* believe he is alive? I should have supposed that unnatural if I had seen it in fiction.

“I shall never dismiss the subject from my mind, but with these hasty and very imperfect words, I shall dismiss it from my paper with two additional remarks—firstly, that Kate has been grievously putting me out by sobbing over it while I have been writing this, and has just retired in an agony of grief, and, secondly, that *if* a time *should* ever come when you would not object to letting a friend copy it for himself, I hope you will bear me in your thoughts.

“It seems the poorest nonsense in the world to turn to anything else—that is,

seems to me, being fresher in respect of Lady De Lancey than you—but my raven’s dead. He had been ailing for a few days, but not seriously, as we thought, and was apparently recovering, when symptoms of relapse occasioned me to send for an eminent medical gentleman (one Herring, a bird-fancier in the New Road), who promptly attended, and administered a powerful dose of castor-oil. This was on Tuesday last. On Wednesday morning he had another dose of castor-oil, and a teacup-full of warm gruel, which he took with great relish, and under the influence of which he so far recovered his spirits as to be enabled to bite the groom severely. At 12 o’clock at noon he took several turns up and down the stable with a grave, sedate air—and suddenly reeled. This made him thoughtful. He stopped directly, shook his head, moved on again, stopped once more, cried in a tone of remonstrance and considerable surprise, ‘Halloa, old girl!’—and immediately died.

“He has left a rather large property (in cheese and halfpence) buried, for security’s sake, in various parts of the garden. I am not without suspicions of poison. A butcher was heard to threaten him some weeks since—and he stole a clasp-knife belonging to a vindictive carpenter, which was never found. For these reasons I directed a post-mortem examination, preparatory to the body being stuffed; the result of it has not yet reached me. The medical gentleman broke out the fact of his decease to me with great delicacy, observing that ‘the jolliest queer start had taken place with that ‘ere knowing card of a bird as ever he see’d—’ but the shock was naturally very great. With reference to the jollity of the start, it appears that a raven dying at two hundred and fifty or thereabouts is looked upon as an infant. This one would hardly, as I may say, have been born for a century or so to come, being only two or three years old.

“I want to know more about the promised ‘tickler’—when it’s to come, what it’s to be, and, in short, all about it, that I may give it the better welcome. I don’t know how it is, but I am celebrated either for writing no letters at all or for the briefest specimens of epistolary correspondence in existence. And here I am—in writing to you—on the sixth side. I



After the painting by David Maclise, R. A., in the National Portrait Gallery, London •
Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

CHARLES DICKENS

won't make it a seventh, any way ; so with love to all your home circle, and from all mine, I am now and always,

"Faithfully Yours,

"Charles Dickens.

"I am very glad you like Barnaby. I have great designs in store, but am sadly cramped at first for room."

LADY DE LANCEY'S NARRATIVE

I ARRIVED at Brussels on Thursday, 8th June, 1815, and was much surprised at the peaceful appearance of that town, and the whole country from Ostend. We were billeted in the house of the Count de Lannoy, in the Park, which is a square of very

beautiful houses with fine large trees in the centre. The Count de Lannoy was very attentive, and we had a suite of very excellent rooms, up four stories, which is the fashion in that country, I believe. It was amusing enough, sometimes, to see

from our windows the people parading in the Park. I saw very little of the town, and still less of the inhabitants: for notwithstanding Sir William's belief that we should remain quietly there for a month at least, I have the comfort of remembering that, as there was a chance we might separate in a few days, I wasted no time in visiting or going to balls, which I did not care for, and therefore I never went out, except for an hour or two every afternoon, to walk with Sir William.

The people in general dined between three and four, we dined at six; we walked while others were at dinner, so that literally I never saw anybody, except some gentlemen, two or three of whom dined with us every day—Sir William's friends, whom he brought to introduce to me.

I never passed such a delightful time, for there was enough of very pleasant society to keep us gay and merry, and the best of the day was spent in peaceful happiness.

Fortunately my husband had scarcely any business to do, and he only went to the office for about an hour every day. I then used to sit and think with astonishment of my being transported into such a scene of happiness, so perfect, so unalloyed!—feeling that I was entirely enjoying life—not a moment wasted. How active and how well I was! I scarcely knew what to do with all my health and spirits. Now and then a pang would cross my mind at the prospect of the approaching campaign, but I chased away the thought, resolved not to lose the present bliss by dwelling on the chance of future pain. Sir William promised to let me know as soon as he knew himself, everything concerning the movement of the army; and accordingly he gave me every paper to read, to keep my mind easy. After some consideration, he decided that upon the commencement of hostilities I should go to Antwerp, and there remain till the end of the campaign, which might last months. He wished me not to think of going along with him, because the rear of a great army was always dangerous, and an unfit situation for a woman; and he wished not to draw me into any scenes, or near any danger, more than if I had remained in England. He little thought I should be in the midst of horrors I would not pass again for any being *now* living;

and alas, the cautious anxiety he expressed that I should avoid being shocked, only made me feel more desolate and miserable when I found myself in the midst of most terrible scenes.

Several other officers, on hearing that he designed to send me to Antwerp, fixed that their wives should go there too. It is a very strongly fortified town, and likewise having the sea to escape by, if necessary, it was by far the safest place; and being only twenty-five miles from Brussels, it added so little to the time of hearing from him, if separated, that I acquiesced cheerfully. After this was arranged, we never thought more about it, and enjoyed each hour as it passed with no more anxiety than was sufficient to render time precious.

On Wednesday the 14th, I had a little alarm in the evening with some public papers, and Sir William went out with them, but returned in a short time; and it passed by so completely, that Thursday forenoon was the happiest day of my life; but I cannot recollect a day of my short married life that was not perfect. I shall never get on if I begin to talk of what my happiness was; but I dread to enter on the gloomy past, which I shudder to look back upon, and I often wonder I survived it. We little dreamt that Thursday was the last we were to pass together, and that the storm would burst so soon. Sir William had to dine at the Spanish Ambassador's, the first invitation he had accepted from the time I went; he was unwilling to go, and delayed and still delayed, till at last when near six, I fastened all his medals and crosses on his coat, helped him to put it on, and he went. I watched at the window till he was out of sight, and then I continued musing on my happy fate; I thought over all that had passed, and how grateful I felt! I had no wish but that this might continue; I saw my husband loved and respected by everyone, my life gliding on, like a gay dream, in his care.

When I had remained at the window nearly an hour, I saw an aide-de-camp ride under the gateway of our house. He sent to enquire where Sir William was dining. I wrote down the name; and soon after I saw him gallop off in that direction. I did not like this appearance, but I tried not to be afraid. A few minutes after, I saw Sir William on the same horse gallop past to the Duke's, which



From a miniature owned by W. H. De Lancey. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

COLONEL SIR WILLIAM HOWE DE LANCEY

was a few doors beyond ours. He dismounted and ran into the house—left the horse in the middle of the street. I must confess my courage failed me now, and the succeeding two hours formed a contrast to the happy forenoon.

About nine, Sir William came in; seeing my wretched face, he bid me not be foolish, for it would soon be all over now; they expected a great battle on the morrow; he would send me to Antwerp, and desired me to be ready at six. He said that though he expected it would be a decisive battle, and a conclusion of the whole business, he thought it best I should keep the plan of going to Antwerp, to avoid the alarms that he knew would seize everyone the moment the troops were gone; and he said he would probably join me there, or send for me to return the same evening. He said he should be writing all night, perhaps: he desired me to prepare some strong green tea in case he came in, as the violent exertion requisite to setting the whole army in motion quite stupefied him sometimes. He used sometimes to tell me that whenever the operations began, if he thought for five minutes on any other subject, he was neglecting his duty. I therefore scrupulously avoided asking him any questions, or indeed speaking at all. I moved up and down like one stupefied myself.

He went to the office, and returned near twelve, much fatigued, but he did not attempt to sleep; he went twice to the Duke's; the first time he found him standing looking over a map with a Prussian general, who was in full-dress uniform—with orders and crosses, etc.—the Duke was in his chemise and slippers, preparing to dress for the Duchess of Richmond's ball; the two figures were quite admirable. The ball took place notwithstanding the reveille played through the streets the whole night. Many of the officers danced, and then marched in the morning.

About two, Sir William went again to the Duke, and he was sleeping sound! At three the troops were all assembled in the Park, and Sir William and I leant over the window, seeing them march off—so few to return. It was a clear refreshing morning, and the scene was very solemn and melancholy. The fifes played alone, and the regiments one after an-

other marched past, and I saw them melt away through the great gate at the end of the Square. Shall I ever forget the tunes played by the shrill fifes and the bugle-horns which disturbed that night!

At six in the morning, Friday the 16th, I went to Antwerp: Sir William gave me a letter to Captain Mitchell, in the Q.M.-General's department, requesting him to take charge of me. Accordingly, soon after we arrived I was settled in very comfortable apartments. I was at first for an hour in the inn, and I lay down in a small back room. In the evening I sent my maid from the lodgings to get some wine at the inn; when wandering in the passage to find some English person, she opened the door of the room I had been in, and saw the body of the Duke of Brunswick on the very bed.

I was fortunate enough to have a room to the back, so shut in with buildings that I could not hear any noise in the streets. Sir William had made me promise to believe no reports, and not upon any account to move without his written order for it. I thought it was best not to listen to any stories, so I told my maid Emma not to tell me any, and to do her best to get no alarms herself. Captain Mitchell I found of great service; he is a very sensible and seemingly good-natured man. There was a calmness in his manner which was of infinite use to me when I could not entirely get the better of fears but too well founded. Though he was afterwards oppressed with business, night and day, he never failed to come to me when he had heard any accounts he could depend upon. But I may say I never saw so much kindness, and softness indeed, as during that miserable time.

The general and individual distress that rapidly followed the battles then fought, seemed quite to unman them; and I grew accustomed to see men weep, without their attempting to conceal it. The same evening the Town Major, Machel, called. He knew Sir William, and he brought a Mrs. — to call. She very kindly asked me to go and visit her in the country about a mile. I was much obliged to her, but said I hoped to return to Brussels so soon that I should not have time. She apologised for Mr. —; he would have called on me, but the report I had brought of the marching of the troops had given him a

great deal of business. The town was now very bustling, though when I arrived there was nothing but quiet. Captain Mitchell told me in the evening that the battle had taken place; that the English had gained a victory, but he believed there was to be more fighting. He promised to send to me any letter, or if he heard of Sir William. I sat up late, but none came.

On Saturday the 17th, Antwerp was truly a scene of confusion—by the servant's account, for I would not stir out of my room. Not one of the ladies who had intended to come to Antwerp at first, kept their resolution; and in consequence they got a great alarm, which was what my husband wished me to escape. There was a battle fought on Friday the 16th, near Brussels, and I was told the noise of the cannon was tremendous—the houses shook with it. It was distinctly heard at Antwerp; but I kept the windows shut, and tried not to hear. I only heard a rolling like the sea at a distance. Poor Emma, urged by curiosity, stood in the street listening to terrible stories, seeing wounded men brought in, carriages full of women and children flying from Brussels, till she was completely frightened. She came and told me that all the ladies were hastening to England by sea, for the French had taken Brussels. I saw I must take my time to alarm her, and I said, "Well, Emma, you know that if the French were firing at this house, I would not move till I was ordered; but you have no such duty, therefore go if you like. I dare say any of the families will let you join them."

Emma was shocked at my supposing she would be so base as to desert me, and declared that if she was sure she had to remain in a French prison for five years, she would not leave me. My reproof had all the effect I intended; for she brought me no more stories, and I am certain she never was frightened after, even when we were in far greater danger.

Though I had little reason to expect a letter from my husband, I sat up late in hopes. At midnight, what was my joy to get a little note from him, written at Genappe, after the battle of the 16th. He said he was safe, and in great spirits; they had given the French a tremendous beating. I wrote to him every day, and Captain Mitchell sent my letters, but they never reached him.

On Sunday, Captain Mitchell told me he had heard the last effort was to be made. I cannot attempt to describe the restless unhappy state I was in; for it had continued so much longer than I had expected already, that I began to find it difficult to keep up my spirits, though I was infatuated enough to think it quite impossible that he could be hurt. I believe mine was not an uncommon case, but so it was. I might be uneasy at the length of the separation, or anxious to hear from him; but the possibility of his being wounded never glanced into my mind, till I was told he was killed.

On Sunday the 18th June, there was to be a great battle. It began about eleven; near three, when Sir William was riding beside the Duke, a cannon ball struck him on the back, at the right shoulder, and knocked him off his horse to several yards distance. The Duke at first imagined he was killed; for he said afterwards, he had never in all the fighting he had been in seen a man rise again after such a wound. Seeing he was alive (for he bounded up again and then sank down), he ran to him, and stooping down, took him by the hand.

Sir William begged the Duke, as the last favour he could have it in his power to do him, to exert his authority to take away the crowd that gathered round him, and to let him have his last moments in peace to himself. The Duke bade him farewell, and endeavoured to draw away the Staff, who oppressed him; they wanted to take leave of him, and wondered at his calmness. He was left, as they imagined, to die; but his cousin, Delancey Barclay, who had seen him fall, went to him instantly, and tried to prevail upon him to be removed to the rear, as he was in imminent danger of being crushed by the artillery, which was fast approaching the spot; and also there was danger of his falling into the hands of the enemy. He entreated to be left on the ground, and said it was impossible he could live; that they might be of more use to others, and he only begged to remain on the field. But as he spoke with ease, and Colonel Barclay saw that the ball had not entered, he insisted on moving him, and took the opinion of a surgeon, who thought he might live, and got some soldiers to carry him in a blanket to a barn at the side of the road, a little to the rear. The wound

was dressed, and then Colonel Barclay had to return to the Division; but first he gave orders to have Sir William moved to the village; for that barn was in danger of being taken possession of by the enemy. Before Colonel Barclay went, Sir William begged him to come quite close to him, and continued to give him messages for me. Nothing else seemed to occupy his mind. He desired him to write to me at Antwerp; to say everything kind, and to endeavour to soften this business, and to break it to me as quietly as he could. He then said he might move him, as if he fancied it was to be his last effort. He was carried to the village of Waterloo, and left in a cottage, where he lay unheeded all night, and part of next day. Many of his friends were in the village, and no one knew where he was, or that he was alive even. It was by chance that an officer of the Staff Corps found him next morning, and sent to inform Sir George Scovell. The evening before, the Duke had written the despatches, and had inserted De Lancey as killed. Interest was made that he should alter them, when he was told that he had been carried off the field alive. Some kindly thought this might benefit me; but I was not so fortunate. Sad scenes were passing at Antwerp in the meantime.

On Monday morning, Captain Mitchell, at nine o'clock, came to tell me that the last battle was over, and the French entirely defeated, and that Sir William was safe. I asked him repeatedly if he was sure, and if he had seen any of his writing, or if he had heard from him. He had not; but had read a list of the killed and wounded, and could assure me his name was not in it. Captain Mitchell was quite sincere; and was afterwards much grieved that he had added to the accumulation of misery, for this only made the dash down more severe. I now found how much I had really feared by the wild spirits I got into. I walked up and down, for I could not rest, and was almost in a fever with happiness, and for two hours this went on.

At eleven a message came that Lady Hamilton wished to see me. I went down to the parlour, and found her and Mr. James. I did not remark anything in her countenance, but I think I never saw feeling and compassion more strongly marked

than in his expression. I then said I hoped Lady Emily was well. He answered that she was so, with a tone of such misery that I was afraid something had happened, I knew not what, to somebody. I looked at Lady Hamilton for an explanation. She seemed a little agitated too, and I said, "One is so selfish: I can attend to nothing, I am so rejoiced to find that Sir William is safe."

Mr. James walked to the other end of the room. I did not know what to do. I feared that my gay voice grieved them, for I saw something had made them unhappy. Little did I think the blow was falling on my own unfortunate head.

Lady Hamilton said, "Poor Mr. James! He has lost a brother and a nephew. It was a dreadful battle!—so many killed."

I thought it cruel of them to come to me to tell all this to, when I was so merry; but I tried to be polite, and again apologised for appearing glad, on account of my own good fortune.

Lady Hamilton said, "Did you hear from him?"

"No, but Captain Mitchell saw the list, and his name was not in it."

Mr. James went out of the room. Lady Hamilton said, "He is gone to see it, I suppose," and then began to talk about the list, and what were the first names, and a great deal about whether I had any friends in that country, etc. She then asked what I intended to do if the fighting still continued, and if I should go to England? I was a little surprised at these enquiries, but assured her I would not move until Sir William came or sent for me. She found me so obstinately confident that she began—and after a short time a suspicion darted into my mind. What a deathlike feeling was that!

Lady Hamilton confessed she had written the list, and with a most mistaken kindness had omitted several of the names, Sir William's among the rest. A general had come from the field and named them; and she, knowing I was in the country, had left his out, fearing that I should be suddenly informed. But such information would not be otherwise than a shock whatever way it was told, and the previous account of his safety only tortured me the more. But it is needless to dwell upon it now; and though I believe she thinks I

never forgave her, I now recollect only the motive, which was kind.

My difficulty then was to find out, or rather to believe the truth. She assured me he was only wounded. I looked at her keenly, and said, "Lady Hamilton, I can bear anything but suspense. Let me know the very worst. Tell me, is he killed?"

She then solemnly assured me he was only desperately wounded.

I shook my head and said, "Ah, it is very well to say so. Yes, he must be wounded first, you know." And I walked round the room fast. "Yes, yes, you say so, but I cannot believe what you say now."

She was terrified, for I could not shed a tear. She declared upon her word of honour that when General Alava left the field he was alive, but was not expected to live.

This I felt sounded like truth, and I stood before her and said, "Well, Lady Hamilton, if it is so, and you really wish to serve me, help me to go to him instantly. I am sure Mr. James will be so good as to hurry the servant. Oh, how much time has been lost already! If Captain Mitchell had known, I should have gone at nine. Every minute may make me too late to see him alive."

She was glad to try to do anything for me, and was going. I stopped her at the door, and said, "Now, if you are deceiving me, you may perhaps have my senses to answer for."

She repeated her assurances, and I told her I would send my servant for the carriage, which was at the Town Major's, if she could see anybody to get horses, and I was ready. She said she would offer to go with me, but she knew it would oppress me.

I said, "Oh no, let me be alone," and I ran upstairs.

No power could describe my sufferings for two hours before I could set out. Captain Mitchell requested a friend of his to ride forward to Brussels, and to gallop back with information of where Sir William was, and whether it was still of any avail for me to proceed: he was expected to meet us at Malines, half-way. We at last left Antwerp; but bribing the driver was in vain. It was not in his power to proceed; for the moment we passed the

gates, we were entangled in a crowd of wagons, carts, horses, wounded men, deserters or runaways, and all the rabble and confusion, the consequence of several battles. Every now and then we went several miles at a walk; and the temper of the people was so irritable that we feared to speak to them; and I had to caution my servant to be very guarded, because they were ready to draw their swords in a moment. Two men got on the back of the carriage, and we dared not desire them to get off; and this was no imaginary terror, as I afterwards experienced.

When we were within a mile or two of Malines, the carriage stopped, and my servant said, "It is the Captain." I had drawn the blinds to avoid seeing the wretched objects we were passing. I hastily looked out, and saw Mr. Hay. When he saw me he turned his head away.

I called out, "Mr. Hay, do you know anything?"

He hesitated, and then said, "I fear I have very bad news for you."

I said, "Tell me at once. Is he dead?"

"It is all over."

I sank into the carriage again, and they took me back to Antwerp. When I had been a short time there, Mr. Hay sent to know if I had any commands to Brussels, as he was going to return, and would do anything for me there. At first I said I had none, and then I sent for him, and asked repeatedly if he were sure of what he said; if he had seen him fall. He had not been in the action, and of course was not near Sir William, "who was surrounded by Lord Wellington's staff; and in the middle of the action he was struck in the breast by a cannon ball, and instantly fell. The Duke went and leant over him, and he died like a soldier."

I then begged Mr. Hay to make a point of seeing someone who had been near him; and if possible to learn if he had spoken, and if he named me. Mr. Hay promised this, and then asked if I would choose to go to England immediately. He then said if he had twelve hours to search the field once more—for his brother was missing—he would be ready to take a passage for me, or to accompany me if I choose. He said Lady Hamilton and Mrs. — were below, anxious to be of service.

I asked him to tell them I greatly pre-

ferred being alone, and I was always much better alone. About half an hour after Mrs. ———— attempted to get into the room. I was terrified, and called out, "Go away, go away, leave me to myself." She prayed and entreated me to hear her, and then said if I was ill would I send for her. I said, "Yes, yes; but the only thing anybody can do for me is to let me alone." She was alarmed at my violent agitation and went away. I locked the outer door, and shut the inner one, so that no one could again intrude. They sent Emma to enquire I would be bled; but I was not reasonable enough for that, and would not comply. I wandered about the room incessantly, beseeching for mercy, though I felt that now, even Heaven could not be merciful. One is apt to fix on a situation just a little less wretched than one's own, and to dwell upon the idea that one could bear that better. I repeated over and over that if I had seen him alive for five minutes, I would not repine. At night Emma brought her bed into my room, as she feared I should be ill. Towards morning I fancied I heard a sound as of someone trying to get into the room. I heard it a long while, but thinking it was somebody coming to visit me, I made no answer.

About two hours after, the attempt was repeated. I said to Emma, "There is a noise at the door. Don't let Mrs. ———— in, or Lady Hamilton."

She went away, and returned in a few minutes and said, "I am desired to tell you cautiously—"

I said, "O Emma! go away. Don't tell me anything, anyway."

"Nay, but I must tell you. I have good news for you."

"How can you be so inhuman! What is good for me now?"

"But Sir William is not dead."

I started up, and asked what she was saying, for she would make me mad. She told me that General M'Kenzie was below, and had a message from Brussels, requesting him to inform me that Sir William was alive, and there were hopes of his recovery.

I ran down to General M'Kenzie, and began earnestly to try to persuade him it must be impossible. I had suffered so much the day before, I durst not hope anything now. His voice faltered, and his eyes filled with tears.

He said, "Can you believe any man would bring such intelligence unless it were well founded?" He then gave me a letter from Sir G. Scovell, which said that he had seen an officer of the Staff Corps who had seen Sir William alive that morning, who was anxious to see me. He was attended by a skillful surgeon, and had been twice bled. This was dated Monday, seven o'clock evening.

I immediately regretted the deal of time that had been lost, and said that yesterday morning was a long time ago; and was no argument for his being alive now; for it was often repeated in the letter not to raise my hopes. I then asked General M'Kenzie to assist me to get away. Unfortunately I did not say I had a carriage. He said he was going to Brussels, and would take me. I consented, and he went to get ready. I would not, if I could, describe the state I was in for two hours more; then I lost all self-command. I would not allow Emma to put up my clothes for fear of being detained. My agitation and anxiety increased. I had the dreadful idea haunting me that I should arrive perhaps half an hour too late. This got the better of me, and I paced backward and forward in the parlour very fast, and my breathing was like screaming. I went into the passage, and sent Emma to see if the carriage were coming; and then sat down on the stair, which was steep and dark. There General M'Kenzie found me. Whenever he learnt I had a carriage, he sent the horses he had; for his was not ready, and would not be for some time. When he saw what a state I was in, he roused me in a most sensible manner.

He said, "Lady De Lancey, consider what you are doing. You are exhausting your strength and spirits to no purpose, for your friends are endeavouring to forward your departure as soon as possible."

I exclaimed, "Oh, I shall never be there. He may be dying at this moment."

He took my hand, and said calmly and firmly, "My dear madam, why fancy evil? You know what dreadful scenes you may have to go through when you reach Waterloo. You will probably require all your courage, and must command yourself for his sake."

I said no more, but quietly went to the parlour and remained waiting—such an

immediate effect had his steady good sense on my fevered mind. I overheard him say, "No, do not at present; she is not fit for it." I was alarmed, and ran out; but I saw a lady retreating, and I was grateful to him.

We left Antwerp between eight and nine, and had the same difficulties to encounter; but the road was not quite so much blocked up. General M'Kenzie said he would ride after us in an hour, in case we should be detained; he also sent a dragoon before, to order horses. When we were near Vilvorde, the driver attempted to pass a wagon, but the soldier who rode beside it would not move one inch to let us pass. The wagons kept possession of the *chaussée* the whole way, and we had to drive on the heavy road at the side. My servant got off the seat to endeavour to lead the horses past. This provoked the soldier, and a little dispute began. I was alarmed, and desired the servant to get up on the carriage again, which he did. A Prussian officer, enraged at our attempt to pass the wagon he had been guarding, drew his sword, and made several cuts at the servant's leg, but did not reach him. He was preparing to get down again, but I looked from the opposite window and commanded him to sit still, and not to answer a word; or else to quit the carriage altogether. The driver now made a dash past the wagon, and this brave officer came after us and attempted to wound the horses. This made me desperate, and I ventured on a most imprudent action. I drew up the blind, and held up my hands, and petitioned him to let us pass. I exclaimed that my husband, a British officer, was dying, and if he detained me I might not see him. It had the desired effect, for without seeming to have heard me, he slackened his pace and was soon far behind.

When within ten miles of Brussels, the smell of gunpowder was very perceptible. The heat was oppressive. As we came within a mile of Brussels, the multitude of wretched-looking people was great, as Emma told me, for I was both unwilling and unable to look out. I was so much worn with anxiety that I could scarcely sit up. As we entered Brussels the carriage stopped, and I saw Mr. Hay. I durst not speak, but he instantly said, "He is alive. I sent my servant to Water-

loo this morning; he is just returned, and Sir William is better than they expected. I have horses standing harnessed, and you will soon be there if the road is passable: it was not yesterday, for a horse."

We were soon out of Brussels again, and on the road to Waterloo. It is nine miles, and we took three hours and a half. Mr. Hay rode before with his sword drawn, and obliged them to let us pass. We often stood still for ten minutes. The horses screamed at the smell of corruption, which in many places was offensive. At last, when near the village, Mr. Hay said he would ride forward and find the house, and learn whether I should still proceed or not. I hope no one will ever be able to say they understood what my feelings must have been during the half-hour that passed till he returned. How fervently and sincerely I resolved that if I saw him alive for one hour I never would repine! I had almost lost my recollection, with the excess of anxiety and suspense, when Mr. Hay called out, "All's well; I have seen him. He expects you."

When we got to the village, Sir G. Scovell met the carriage, and opening the door, said, "Stop one moment."

I said, "Is he alive?"

He answered, "Alive—yes; and the surgeons are of opinion that he may recover. We are so grieved for what you have suffered."

"Oh! never mind what I have suffered. Let me go to him now."

He said I must wait one moment. I assured him I was composed indeed.

He said, "I see you are," with a smile, "but wish to warn you of one thing. You must be aware that his life hangs on a very slender hold; and therefore any agitation would be injurious. Now, we have not told him you had heard of his death; we thought it would afflict him; therefore do not appear to have heard it."

I promised, and he said, "Now come along." I sat down an instant in the outer room, and he went in; and when I heard my husband say, "Let her come in, then," I was overpaid for all the misery.

I was surprised at the strength of his voice, for I had expected to find him weak and dying. When I went into the room where he lay, he held out his hand and said, "Come, Magdalene, this is a sad business, is it not?" I could not speak,



Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson. See "A Week at Waterloo," page 832

LADY HAMILTON AS A BACCHANTE

FROM THE PAINTING BY ROMNEY

but sat down by him and took his hand. This was my occupation for six days.

Though I found him far better than I expected, I can scarcely say whether I hoped or feared most at first; because I was so much occupied with gathering comforts about him, and helping him, that I had not time to think about the future. It was a dreadful but sufficient preparation, being told of his death; and then finding him alive, I was ready to bear whatever might ensue without a murmur. I was so grateful for seeing him once more, that I valued each hour as it passed, and as I had too much reason to fear that I should very soon have nothing left of happiness but what my reflections would afford me, I endeavoured, by suppressing feelings that would have made him miserable, and myself unfit to serve him, to lay up no store of regret. He asked me if I was a good nurse. I told him that I had not been much tried. He said he was sure he should be a good patient, for he would do whatever I bade him till he was convalescent; and then he knew he should grow very cross. I watched in vain for a cross word. All his endeavour seemed to be to leave none but pleasing impressions on my mind; and as he grew worse and suffered more, his smile was more sweet, and his thanks more fervent, for everything that was done for him.

I endeavoured to find out the surgeon's opinion of the danger. He said that at present there were no bad symptoms, and after seeing him alive at all after such a wound they would not despair: and if the fever could be kept off, there was a great chance of his recovering. With this view they wished to bleed him constantly; wishing also thereby to make the recovery more complete. I knew they had no interest in me, and therefore would probably tell me the same as other people, so I continued to ask them after every visit what they thought; but when by watching the symptoms myself and also observing the surgeon's expression, I saw what I must soon prepare for, I did not tease them any more with questions, but tried not to give way, and endeavoured to keep up as long as it would be of consequence to him; for even after all hope was gone and the disorder increased rapidly, I felt that if by agitating him I could afterwards imagine I had shortened his life by

one hour, the reflection would have embittered my life. I have the satisfaction of knowing that I succeeded even better than I could have hoped; for toward the end of the week, when every symptom was bad, the surgeon (probably because I desisted from enquiring and did not appear agitated) doubted what I thought; yet, judging it right to tell me, asked Emma if she knew whether I was aware of the danger or not. She assured him I had entirely lost hopes for some time.

I found Emma of great service. Her good will carried her through excessive fatigue while at Waterloo; and afterwards her excellent heart and superior judgment were quite a blessing to me. She told me she was thankful she had been at Waterloo, for it would do her good to see a little of what other people endured. She never before knew half the value of her peaceful, comfortable home in London, where the absence of miserable objects might alone be considered as a benefit. I can hardly express what I felt on returning to England, to see people surrounded with every luxury unhappy at the want of the smallest comfort. I can fancy no better cure for all imaginary evils than a week's residence at Waterloo.

Noise did not disturb Sir William, fortunately, for the cottage was surrounded with roads. One in front led to Nivelles, and every wagon going to and from the army, all the wounded and prisoners, passed along that road. It was paved, and there was an unceasing noise for four days and nights. We were obliged to keep the windows open, and people used to pass close to that in his room, talking loud, and sometimes looking in and speaking; but he never took any notice. I never saw any person so patient. The people to whom the cottage belonged were, luckily, favourable to our cause, or they would have tormented us a good deal; instead of which, I never met with such good nature; and though they never rested one moment helping the soldiers to water, and were constantly worn out with giving them assistance, we had only to tell them what to do, and they ran about to work for us. Their *ménage*, I must allow, was in a sad state. There was a want of everything. I could not help thinking with envy of the troublesome abundance I had often seen in sick-rooms, where there was

far less need for it. However, in a short time we got everything that he required; and I have the greatest comfort in recollecting that there was not one thing which he expressed a wish for that we did not procure. I sent a servant constantly to Brussels with a list of things we wanted; and once I recollect something was brought which he had been very anxious for. Naturally enough, he was disappointed when he found it not so good as he expected; but I was quite struck with his endeavour to praise it, for fear I should be sorry. There was a languid melancholy about him at the same time that he was calm and resigned, which would have made the most uninterested person grieved to see him suffering, and with such sweetness. Emma once gave him some drink, and she told me that the tone of voice and his smile when he thanked her, was like to break her heart, for he was in severe pain at the time.

He said the wound gave him no pain at all, but a little irritating cough caused excessive pain in his chest and side. As far as I could learn, the blow had affected the lungs, which produced inflammation and afterwards water in the chest, which was eventually the cause of his death. I suspect the surgeons had never much hope, but they said there was a chance if the inflammation could have been stopped. By constantly watching him, and gradually day after day observing the progress and increase of suffering and the elevated tone of his mind, along with fatigue and weakness, I was prepared for his final release in a manner that nothing but his firmness and composure could have effected.

He had at first been laid in the outer room, which had two large windows to the road, and everyone saw in. This he did not like, and made the people move him to a small room, about seven feet wide, with a bed across the end of it. They placed him so low and so awkwardly in the bed, that when I first went in his legs were bent, for he could not straighten his knees. After a day or two, he got shoved up by degrees, and then could stretch his limbs. The bed was wretched, merely a wooden frame fastened to the wall, so that it could not be moved, which rendered it extremely difficult to bleed him, or to assist him in any way, as he

could neither turn nor raise his head an inch from the pillow, or rather sack of chaff, upon which he was laid. This was so full of dust that it made him cough. I soon removed it, and got a cushion out of the carriage instead. We had a clean blanket from Brussels, and at first we put clean sheets on every day. But latterly he grew so restless that he preferred having only the blanket. I had purposely sent for a French cotton one, as I thought the flannel would tease him. The bed was made tolerable at last, and though I could not be pleased with it, *he* was. He repeated more than once, "What a thing it was for you being in this country!" and I had the delight of hearing him say that he did not know what he would have done without me. He said he was sure he would not have lived so long, for he would not have been so obedient to anyone else.

I found he had been the worse of seeing some friends who had called the first day I was at Waterloo, so I told the servant afterwards never to let anybody come into his room. I remember one day an officer called, and before he was out of sight I had his card converted into a teaspoon. Sir William never ate anything, except once or twice a morsel of toast out of the water. He drank a great deal of tea and lemonade. At first he had no milk to his tea, and he complained that it was very bad; but there was none to be got. I sent my servant to search, and he met some Prussian cows, and milked one, and brought a fine jug of milk. The different contrivances sometimes amused him. One day he wished to have the room fumigated. How was this to be done, without fire-irons, or fire indeed? We put some vinegar into a tumbler, and Emma went with a large pair of scissors, and brought a piece of burning charcoal, and put it into the vinegar, and that made a great smoke. Every time we wanted anything warmed, or water boiled, Emma had to cross a court and make a fire, and then watch it, or someone would have run away with what she was cooking. Meantime I would call her ten different times, and this in wet or dry. I now regretted having brought so few clothes.

The day I went to Waterloo, Sir William told me the Duke had visited him in the morning. He said he never had seen him so warm in his feelings: he had taken

leave of him with little hope of seeing him again, I fancy. The Duke told him he never wished to see another battle; this had been so shocking. It had been too much to see such brave men, so equally matched, cutting each other to pieces as they did. Sir William said there never had been such fighting; that the Duke far surpassed anything he had ever done before. The general opinion seemed to be that it had been a peculiarly shocking battle. Sir William said he never would try it again; he was quite tired of the business. In speaking of his wound he said this might be the most fortunate event that could have happened for us both. I looked at him for explanation. He said, "Certainly, even if I recovered completely, I should never think of serving again. Nobody would ask such a thing, and we should settle down quietly at home for the rest of our lives." The evening after I went to Waterloo, Sir G. Scovell said he would take something to eat, and then after seeing me fairly established he had to go to Headquarters. He wrote a copy of a return for rations, for which we were to send to Brussels; and also other provisions must be got there, for the village produced nothing. He left two sentinels, for fear there should be any disturbances, and we might feel unprotected. One night there was a great noise of people quarrelling in front of the house; the windows had no fastening whatever, but they passed away without noticing us. I was a little more seriously alarmed another day. Some report had reached us that the French were coming back, and were within nine miles. I thought it unlikely, but about eight in the morning all the wagons that had passed for two hours came back as fast as possible, with horses trotting and men running. I was uneasy on Sir William's account: his situation was so helpless. I leant forward, to prevent people looking in and seeing him. I waited without saying anything, to learn the cause of this bustle. I found afterwards that it was merely the wagons had gone several miles on the wrong road, and were hurrying back to make it up.

From the time Sir G. Scovell left us, we scarcely saw anybody but the surgeons. It must add very much to the fatigue of their business, having to do everything for

the wounded whom they attend. Mr. Powell, who attended most constantly to Sir William, and with evidently great anxiety for his recovery, was sometimes quite knocked up with walking many miles on the heavy road to the field and the cottages. He had some difficulty to consider me as a useful person. At first he used to ask me to tell the servant to come; but he learnt to employ me very soon.

The night I went, Sir William desired me to take some rest, for I looked ill. A portmanteau bed had been brought for me from Brussels. I left him reluctantly, for I grudged wasting any of such precious time, but he would not hear of my sitting up. I had just lain down with my clothes on—for there was no blanket, and the floor was damp tiles. I heard him call to his servant, who slept at the end of his room on a mattress. I jumped up and went to him, and did not leave him again. He wanted some drink, which I gave him, and then sat down beside him. He slept and woke every half-hour. He was not restless, nor had he any pain, but he was constantly thirsty.

On Wednesday he wished to have leeches applied to his side, where the bruise appeared. Mr. Powell had no objection, and desired me to send for him when the leeches were brought from Brussels. I did so; but in the meantime, not knowing why he was sent for, I began as a matter of course to apply them. When he came, he apologised, and thanked me. I was not at first aware of how I was obliging him. He said he was very tired, and when he attempted to fix the leeches, he did not do it so well as I did. Next time they were to be applied, I asked if I should send for him. He said I was as good at it as any hospital nurse could be, and as he had scarcely had an hour's rest any night since the battle, he would be greatly obliged to me to take the trouble. Sir William alleged that I grew quite vain of my skill in tormenting my poor husband with these animals. The same day Dr. Hume¹ called in passing to Brussels, for ten minutes. I was a little provoked with the gaiety of his manner; the gravity he assumed at Brussels would have been suitable to the present scene. Though Sir William never complained, he was serious, and seemed inclined to be quiet,

¹ John Robert Hume, M.D., of the Army Medical Service, Surgeon to the Duke of Wellington.

and neither to speak much nor to listen. He generally lay thinking, often conversed with me, but seemed oppressed with general conversation, and would not listen when anyone told him of the progress of the army. His thoughts were in a very different train. Dr. Hume's rapid, lively visit annoyed me much.

I did not feel the effects of having sat up on Tuesday night till next night, but was resolved to fight against it. Sir William desired me to go to rest, as he had done the night before; but I only remained away till I had an excuse to return, and he always forgot a second time to bid me go. This was the only night I had real difficulty to keep awake; the noise of the carts assisted me a little. I counted the rushes of the chair, for want of occupation. Some people said, why did I not let my maid sit up; but that showed they did not understand; for if twenty people had sat up, it would have made no difference to me. I frequently rejoiced that I had no friend there who could exert authority to make me take care of myself, when my only wish was to keep up as long as he needed me.

On Thursday he was not quite so well. Before this he had been making a gradual progress, and he could move about with more ease. He spoke much better than he did at first. His countenance was animated; but I fear this was the beginning of the most dangerous symptoms, and I saw that the surgeon now became uneasy at the appearance of the blood; and Mr. Woodridge, a very eminent surgeon, now constantly attended. He had come over once or twice before. General Dundas called this forenoon. He stayed only a minute, as Sir William was not well, and he was busy. After he was away, I recollected having neglected to ask him to send a blanket and some wine. I never had time to eat, and I always forgot to get wine—as I could take a glass of that and a bit of bread in a moment—and my strength was failing. I looked out and saw him still at the door. I went out, and there were a number of people, Sir H. Hamilton, etc. I told General Dundas I had no blanket. "Bless me!" everyone exclaimed, "no blanket!" I said it was not of much consequence, as I never lay down, but the floor was so damp I was afraid my maid would be ill, and her help

was very essential. Then I asked for wine. Both of which General Dundas sent down next day.

That night I had no difficulty to keep awake. Sir William was restless and uncomfortable; his breathing was oppressed, and I had constantly to raise him on the pillow. The pain in his chest increased, and he was twice bled before morning. He was very much better on Friday forenoon. Mr. Woodridge told us that every day since the battle the people of Brussels sent down carriages to take the wounded to the hospitals; from twenty to thirty private carriages came every day.

On Friday evening Sir William was very feverish, and the appearance of the blood was very inflammatory. I had learnt now to judge for myself, as Mr. Powell, seeing how anxious I was, sometimes had the kindness to give me a little instruction. About ten at night Mr. Powell and Mr. Woodridge came. While I told them how Sir William had been since their last visit, and mentioned several circumstances that had occurred, I watched them and saw they looked at each other. I guessed their thoughts. I turned away to the window and wept.

They remained a little time, and I recovered myself enough to speak to them cheerfully as they went out. They lingered, and seemed to wish to speak to me; but I was too well aware of what they had to say. I felt unable to hear it then, and I shut the door instead of going out. It was that night Mr. Powell asked Emma if she knew what I thought. He desired to be sent for on the first appearance of change. At one in the morning he was in great pain, and as I raised him that he might breathe more freely, he looked so fixed that I was afraid he was just expiring. His arms were round my neck to raise himself by, and I thought we should both have been killed by the exertion. He asked if Mr. Powell had not talked of bleeding him again. I said I had sent for him. He bled him then for the last time. From that moment all the fever was gone. Mr. Powell said it was of consequence to keep him quiet, and if he would sleep calmly it would do him good. At four in the morning I was called out to see a surgeon sent from Mr. Powell, who was ill in bed. He came to know how Sir William was. He had slept a little till three;

but the oppression was returning. This surgeon told me he had been anxious to speak to me several times, to tell me that it was he who had first seen him on the field, and who had given it as his opinion that he might live. He was grieved indeed to think that it should fall to his lot to tell me that it was the opinion of the surgeons that if I had anything particular to say to Sir William, I should not delay long. I asked, "How long?" He said they could not exactly tell. I said, "Days or hours?" He answered that the present symptoms could certainly not prove fatal within twelve hours. I left him. I went softly into my husband's room, for he was sleeping. I sat down at the other end of the room, and continued looking at him, quite stupefied; I could scarcely see. My mouth was so parched that when I touched it, it felt as dry as the back of my hand. I thought I was to die first. I then thought, what would he do for want of me during the remaining few hours he had to live. This idea roused me, and I began to recollect our helpless situation whatever happened, and tried to think whom I could inform of the circumstances. I was not long in deciding on General Dundas, if he could be found, and have time to come and take care of us both. I immediately wrote a long letter to him, telling him how I was situated, and begging that he would come after twelve hours. I said I hoped I should be calm and fit to act for myself; but as I had never been near such a scene before, I knew not what effect it might have upon me. I therefore explained what I wished might be done after all was over, with respect to everything. I then sent the servant with the letter and orders to find General Dundas, if he were within ten miles of Brussels. A few hours after, I had one line from him to say he would be at Waterloo in the evening.

After I had sent the letter I sat down to consider what I was to do next. Though Sir William was aware of his danger, I thought it my duty to tell him how immediate the surgeons seemed to think it. I knew he was far above being the worse of such a communication, and I wished to know if he had anything to say. I sat thinking about it, when he awoke and held out his hand for me to take my usual station by his bedside. I went and

told him. We talked some time on the subject. He was not agitated, but his voice faltered a little, and he said it was sudden. This was the first day he felt well enough to begin to hope he should recover! He breathed freely, and was entirely free from pain; and he said he had been thinking if he could be removed to Brussels, he should get well soon.

I then asked if he had anything to desire me to do, or anything to say to anyone. He reminded me of what he had told me had engrossed his thoughts when he imagined himself dying on the field. He said he felt exactly the same now. He felt at peace with all the world; he knew he was going to a better one, etc., etc. He repeated most of what he had told me were his feelings before—that he had no sorrow but to part with his wife, and no regret but leaving her in misery.

He seemed fatigued; and shutting his eyes, desired me not to speak for a little. I then determined not to introduce the subject again, nor to speak about it unless he seemed to wish it, as I had done all that was necessary.

In an hour or two he ate some breakfast, tea and toasted bread, with so much relish that it almost overcame me. He observed that I must have caught cold by sitting in a draught of air. I said I had. He felt so much better that I was anxious the surgeon should see him. He came in the evening. He was pleased to see Sir William free from pain, but said there was scarcely a possibility of its continuing so. He said he might linger a day or two, but that every symptom was bad. He advised me to keep him as quiet and composed as possible. I assured him no person had been in the room but the surgeons whom he had brought to consult; and I had sat beside him the whole day, scarcely speaking. I said I had told Sir William his opinion of his case. He said it had evidently not agitated him, for his pulse was quite calm. Mr. Woodridge called in the afternoon; he was going to Brussels, and would do anything there we wished. We had nothing for him to do, and he was going when he repeated the question. Sir William looked at me earnestly, and said, "Magdalene, love, General Dundas." I answered, "I wrote to him this morning," and nothing more passed.

Late in the evening, when we were as

calm and composed as could be, and I was sitting and looking at him, and holding his hand as usual, Mr. Powell and Dr. Hume came. He was even more cheerful than before, paid a rapid, noisy visit, and away again. It disturbed our tranquillity not a little, but he is reckoned so skilful that we ought to have been glad to see him. He bade Sir William rouse up, felt his pulse, and said it would bear another bleeding yet, if necessary.

The poor dying man raised his languid eyes, and said, "Oh, no, I do not need it now; I am quite cool."

Dr. Hume said he had no wish to bleed him, but would like to have his limbs fomented. He shook his head. I asked him if he knew what it was. He said No, and would like to try. I asked Dr. Hume if it would be advisable. He said he thought it might refresh him. He went out, and I followed to hear what he would say. He said to Mr. Powell, "Why do you give up a man with such a pulse? with such a good constitution, too! You make them all sad and useless. It does no harm to be trying something."

He named several things. "Put a blister on his breast, and leeches after, if the pain is great down the side."

I looked at Mr. Powell, doubting, as I depended most on his opinion, as his constant attention to the progress of the illness gave it most weight. I thought he looked sorry that my hopes should be renewed, but of course he said nothing.

Dr. Hume said, "Oh, don't fear, we won't desert the case."

I was angry at such nonsense, and said, "Be assured I do not think that Mr. Powell will desert us, but he said this morning there was no hope."

"Nay," said he, "not quite so much as that: I said there was little hope."

I went away, and left them to discuss it themselves.

Sir William said he wished to try what Dr. Hume was speaking of, and I went to order some boiling water to be prepared. I made the people understand that he wanted a great quantity in a tub. While I was speaking, Mr. Powell returned. He had taken a turn with Dr. Hume, and I fancy he had explained his opinion. He said he would go home and prepare a blister, and he believed we had leeches. I said, was it not a great pity to torment

him. He said he would not pretend to say that he thought it could be of much consequence, but for this reason he advised me to do it: I was not aware, he said, how I should feel afterward; and I might perhaps regret, when it was too late, not having done everything which a physician of Dr. Hume's eminence deemed advisable. He said that Sir William would not be at ease at any rate, and it would scarcely plague him; the fomentation would be pleasant to him, and I might take the blister off in six hours if he wished it.

When I went to foment his limbs, I could not find a morsel of flannel. At last I thought of the servant's blanket, and tore it in two. Sir William said this was a most delightful thing, and refreshed him very much. He expressed a great wish to have a vest on his chest. I did not know what to do for flannel. I regretted now excessively not having brought a change of clothes; for I could have taken a flannel coat. This put me in mind of the one I had on, and I instantly tore a great piece out of it and put it into the tub. The cottagers held up their hands, exclaiming, "Ah, madame!" He said it did him good, and was delicious, unconscious where we had found the flannel; indeed he never was aware of the difficulty, for the tub was placed in the other room.

General Dundas came. Sir William heard me speaking to him, and asked who it was. I told him, and he asked if he was going to remain. I said he was. Sir William seemed gratified, but did not say anything. Surely no earthly feeling can be superior to such perfect sympathy.

Sir William fell asleep, and I went out to see if there was anything for General Dundas to eat. He told me he had got a very good room upstairs, and was willing to remain as long as I wished. His only request was that I would not mind him any more than if he was not there, but send for him when I wanted him. I opened the door of Sir William's room and sat close to it, so as to hear if he moved or spoke. I sat down to coffee for the first meal I had, and talked over several things necessary to be settled with General Dundas. I could not speak above a whisper, my voice was so faint. He entreated me, if possible, to try and take some rest that

night, for fear I should be ill before my husband could spare me. I promised. He then told me that Lady Hamilton had asked him to take me to her house when I returned to Brussels; and also the Count de Lannoy had prepared rooms, which he begged I would occupy as long as I pleased. I preferred going to the house we had been in before, and I thought I could be more entirely alone there than at any other person's house, which was what I wished, and knew would be best for me. I was struck, when I did return to Brussels, with two marks of attention. I had a message from the Commissary to say that orders had been given that I was to draw rations and forage for as long as I stayed; and the other circumstance was this. On the letters I had sent from Antwerp I had neglected to write "private," which is necessary when writing to a person in office. I gave them up for lost, and was uncomfortable. After I had been three days at Brussels, they were all returned unopened from Headquarters.

Sir William called me. I sat a short time beside him, and after I had prepared drink for the night I told him I was so very tired I would go and lie down for a short time, if he would allow my maid to bring the medicine which he took every four hours. He agreed, and asked if I did not always take plenty of sleep. I said, "Oh yes," and was going, when he said the pain in his chest was returning, and perhaps leeches would do some good. This was the only time I hesitated to oblige him, for I really could scarcely stand; but of course I proceeded to apply the leeches, and in a few minutes the excessive drowsiness went off; so much so, that when after an hour I went to lie down, I could not sleep. I started every moment, thinking he called me. I desired Emma to waken me if he spoke or seemed uneasy. She gave him the medicine. He looked at her, and asked where I was; she told him I was sleeping. He said, "That's right, quite right."

The pain in his chest grew intolerable, and depending upon my being asleep he yielded to complaint, and groaned very much. Emma roused me and told me she feared he was suffering very much. I had slept half an hour. I went and stood near him, and he then ceased to complain, and said, "Oh, it was only a little twitch." I

felt at that time as if I was an oppression to him, and I was going away, but he desired me to stay. I sat down and rubbed it, which healed the pain, and towards morning I put on the blister. Between five and six he ate some toasted bread and tea, about two inches of bread. Before he began he entreated me to take off the blister only for ten minutes, that he might eat in tolerable comfort. I said I would take it away entirely, and he was pleased. The doctor came about nine. He was breathing then with great difficulty, and there was a rough sound in his throat. Mr. Powell said the only thing to be done was to keep him quiet as usual, and to prevent him speaking. He asked Mr. Powell if he might rise, for he might breathe easier at the window, and he was so tired of lying in that bed. Mr. Powell urged him not to think of it; it would hurt him very much, etc.

About eleven o'clock he sent me away for ten minutes, and with the help of his servant he rose and got to the other end of the room. I was terrified when I heard he was up, and called General Dundas, who went in and found him almost fainting. They placed him in bed again, and when I returned he was much exhausted. I opened the windows wide and shut the door, and sat by him alone, in hopes that he might go to sleep and recover a little. He seemed oppressed with the length of the day for the first time. He asked repeatedly what o'clock it was; he often asked if it was three yet. When I told him it was near five, he seemed surprised. At night he said he wished he could fall upon some device to shorten the weary long night; he could not bear it so long. I could not think of any plan. He said if I could lie down beside him it would cut off five or six hours. I said it was impossible, for I was afraid to hurt him, there was so little room. His mind seemed quite bent upon it. Therefore I stood upon a chair and stepped over him, for he could not move an inch, and he lay at the outer edge. He was delighted; and it shortened the night indeed, for we both fell asleep.

At five in the morning I rose. He was very anxious to have his wound dressed; it had never been looked at. He said there was a little pain, merely a trifle, but it teased him. Mr. Powell objected; he

said it would fatigue him too much that day. He consented to delay. I then washed his face and hands, and brushed his hair, after which I gave him his breakfast. He again wished to rise, but I persuaded him not to do it; he said he would not do anything I was averse to, and he said, "See what control your poor husband is under." He smiled, and drew me so close to him that he could touch my face, and he continued stroking it with his hand for some time.

Towards eleven o'clock he grew more uneasy; he was restless and uncomfortable; his breathing was choking, and as I sat gazing at him I could distinctly hear the water rattling in his throat. I opened the door and window to make a draught. I desired the people to leave the outer room, that his might be as quiet as usual; and then I sat down to watch the melancholy progress of the water in his chest, which I saw would soon be fatal.

About three o'clock Dr. Hume and Mr. Powell came. I must do the former the justice to say he was grave enough now. Sir William repeated his request to have the wound dressed. Dr. Hume consented, and they went away to prepare something to wash it with; they remained away half an hour. I sat down by my husband and took his hand; he said he wished I would not look so unhappy. I wept; and he spoke to me with so much affection. He repeated every endearing expression. He bid me kiss him. He called me his dear wife. The surgeons returned. My husband turned on one side with great difficulty; it seemed to give much pain.

After I had brought everything the surgeons wanted, I went into another room. I could not bear to see him suffering. Mr. Powell saw a change in his countenance; he looked out, and desired Emma to call me to tell me instantly Sir William wanted me. I hastened to him, reproaching myself for having been absent a moment. I stood near my husband, and he looked up at me and said, "Magdalene, my love, the spirits." I stooped down close to him and held the bottle of lavender to him; I also sprinkled some near him. He looked pleased. He gave a little gulp, as if something was in his throat. The doctor said, "Ah, poor De Lancey! He is gone." I pressed my lips to his, and left the room.

I went upstairs, where I remained, unconscious of what was passing, till Emma came to me and said the carriage was ready; and General Dundas advised me to go that evening to Brussels, but I need not hurry myself. I asked her if the room below was empty. She answered me it was; and I went down and remained some time beside the body. There was such perfect and placid calm sweetness in his countenance, that I envied him not a little. He was released: I was left to suffer. I then thought I should not suffer long. As I bent over him I felt as if violent grief would disturb his tranquil rest.

These moments that I passed by his lifeless body were awful, and instructive. Their impression will influence my whole life.

I left Waterloo with feelings so different from those I had on going to it. Then all was anxious terror that I would not be there in time to see one look, or to hear one word. Now there was nothing imaginary—all was real misery. There now remained not even a chance of happiness, but what depended on the retrospect of better days and duties fulfilled.

As I drove rapidly along the same road, I could not but recall the wretched state I had been in when I had been there before; and the fervent and sincere resolutions I then made, that if I saw him alive, I never would repine.

Since that time I have suffered every shade of sorrow; but I can safely affirm that except the first few days, when the violence of grief is more like delirium than the sorrow of a Christian, I have never felt that my lot was unbearable. I do not forget the perfection of my happiness while it lasted; and I believe there are many who after a long life cannot say they have felt so much of it.

As I expressed some uneasiness to General Dundas at having left the body with none but servants, Colonel Grant at his request went to Waterloo the same evening, and remained till it was brought up next day to Brussels. General Dundas then kindly executed all my orders with respect to the funeral, etc., which took place on Wednesday the 28th, in the cemetery of the Reformed Church. It is about a mile from Brussels, on the road to Louvain. I had a stone placed, with simply his name and the circumstances of his death. I

visited his grave on Tuesday, the 4th of July. The burying-ground is in a sweet, quiet, retired spot. A narrow path leads to it from the road. It is quite out of sight among the fields, and no house but the grave-digger's cottage is near. Seeing my interest in that grave, he begged me to let him plant roses round it, and

promised I should see it nicely kept when I returned. I am pleased that I saw the grave and the stone; for there were nearly forty other new graves, and not another stone.

At eleven o'clock that same day, I set out for England. That day, three months before, I was married. *M. De L.*



A SCULPTOR OF THE LABORER

CONSTANTIN MEUNIER

BY CHRISTIAN BRINTON

JUST a year ago (April 4, 1905) there died in Brussels, where he was born and where he lived and labored nearly all his days, one of the world's greatest sculptors. In his reticence and simple ruggedness and sincerity, Con-

stantin Meunier recalls the master-craftsmen of other, sturdier times. He passed away at seventy-four, in the fullness of effort, for he was one of those who mature but slowly. With the exception of a brief sojourn in Spain, he scarcely left



From the relief by Constantin Meunier

RETURNING FROM THE MINE

his native land. "I have never had any adventures," he once said; "I have only dreamed and worked." Though modern in feeling, his art is both Gothic and Greek, both restless and serene. It is, above everything, an art that typifies the

than Belgium. Within a few decades the meadows of Brabant, the leafy copses of Hainaut, and the valleys of the Meuse and the Sambre have been seamed and scarred by hundreds of collieries and iron-foundries. Everything, it would ap-



From a photograph

CONSTANTIN MEUNIER

spirit of the hour. All the fierce energy, the material progress, and inventive genius of to-day are reflected in Meunier's miners and foundrymen, his puddlers and glass-blowers. He was the first sculptor who saw plastic beauty in the workman, the first to give labor the precious baptism of art.

No country is more frankly industrial

pear, has conspired to annihilate art and the sense of beauty, yet both have survived and have even taken on new and deeper significance. The novels of Camille Lemonnier, the verse of Verhaeren, and the gentle mysticism of Maeterlinck have all flowered on this somber battlefield of industry. In painting Laermans and Frédéric reveal a penetrating



From the sculpture by Constantin Meunier

WATERING A COLLIERY HORSE

mastery, while the sculpture of George Minne embodies a dolorous and tender appeal.

It is not despite, but because of, existing conditions that such results have been achieved. The art of Belgium is uncompromisingly social. It has never been, and never can be, a mere matter of play or prettiness. Nowhere is the social function of art more clearly understood; nowhere is its expression more robust or more concrete. Around Charles de Groux, the apostle of the poor, the painter of the forlorn and famished, gathered a group of men whose creed was actuality, whose passion was not vapid, languid loveliness, but a truth that could enlist the deepest human emotions and aspirations. The supreme accent of this movement did not, however, manifest itself in painting or in letters. It was voiced in the vigorous yet resigned art of Constantin Meunier.

Born at Etterbeek, near Brussels, in 1831, the boy was early left in the care of his mother and his elder brother. He was a timid, pallid child with huge head and slender body. It is said that until he was nearly fifteen he used to weep every day toward sundown. His brother having previously taught him drawing, he was sent, at seventeen, to study modeling with the florid, academic Fraikin, where he acquired a loathing for the insipid elegance of the school then in vogue. Under the inspiration of de Groux, he soon renounced sculpture for painting, and, like that tragic, sedentary soul, was compelled to earn a meager livelihood by executing designs for stained glass. Insensibly his rigid, contemplative spirit was drawn toward the shadows of the cloister. He went to live, as Verhaeren afterward did, among the monks of La Trappe. In both cases the sojourn proved fruitful. The painter's "Burial of a Trappist" and "Stoning of St. Stephen" were curiously paralleled by the fervid exaltation of the poet's "Les Moines." Yet always Meunier must have vaguely felt that sacred art, however poignant and human, was not his final expression. It was inevitable that he should have sought to widen his sympathies, to enrich a somewhat sober, hectic palette. Just as Maeterlinck later turned from "Ruysbroek l'Admirable" to "Le Trésor des Hum-

bles," so Meunier drifted gradually from the passivity of monastic existence into a broader fellowship and brotherhood. Those twisted images of Christ on the wayside crosses of Flanders seemed, after all, less beseeching than the poor laborer who hurried by making the sign.

On his return from Spain, where he had been sent by the government to copy Campana's "Descent from the Cross," Meunier definitely left the monastery for the mine, definitely gave up color for clay and bronze. His brother-in-law, Camille Lemonnier, induced him to visit the "Black Country" in order to make certain sketches for his book, "La Belgique." Once there, he realized that he had found his true field. At first he drew and painted as before; but one day in the Borinage, as he was passing the entrance of a mine he happened to catch sight of a group of workmen, toil-stained and stripped to the waist, emerging from the depths into the glow of evening. He felt instinctively that the rhythm of their movements and the heavy, yet supple elasticity of their bodies could be translated only by sculpture. So strong was his conviction, and so implicit was his faith in himself, that this man of fifty suddenly gave up his career as a painter and began his artist life afresh. He proceeded to study the laborer in all his aspects and attitudes. He lived for a time at Val-Saint-Lambert, among the glass-blowers, and later among the foundry-men and puddlers of Seraing. All along that black, stifling belt which stretches from Liège to Charleroi and from Charleroi to Mons he watched those dogged sons of Cain fulfilling their sinister destiny. At Frameries and Pâturages he found them stunted, deformed, and stamped with tragic depression, but for the most part they displayed a silent heroism and a primitive energy which turned pity into admiration. He did not spend all his time indoors or underground, among creatures more like antique troglodytes than human beings. He also went abroad, in the sun, with the mower or the happy harvester. It was work that he chose for his theme, work and the workman in their every phase.

All the man's passion for form and contour, which had so long lain dormant,



From the sculpture by Constantin Meunier

AN ANTWERP DOCK-HAND





From the relief by Constantin Meunier

THE HARVEST

surged forward with resistless impetus. His early attempts, though crude, were rich in vital intensity. Within a few short years he achieved the accent of assured mastery. The "Hammerman" and the "Puddler" made a profound impression in Brussels and in Paris during 1885 and 1886. Other successes followed, certain of which were purchased for the Luxembourg and various museums. Yet Meunier was the last to realize that his majestic, submissive giants of the forge or furnace possessed any title to consideration. He was even puzzled by the praise of press and public, exclaiming frankly, "Why, what can they see in my poor stuff?" He had married young, and life thus far had been a bitter struggle. In 1887, having accepted the professorship of painting at the Academy of Louvain, he left his humble quarters in Brussels for the gray and quiet town of Father Damien. It was here that Constantin Meunier revealed the fullness of his power as an artist, and it was here that he proved his deep understanding of the sad, ennobling beauty of toil. He worked unremittingly, pausing only to attend his classes. Statue followed statue, and group succeeded group,

until he had almost completed that valiant hymn to labor which constitutes the ultimate message of his art.

The majority of these passive, cyclopean creatures, including the "Miner" and the "Glass-blower" as well as numerous busts and reliefs, were either planned or executed at Louvain. Now and then he modeled with searching tenderness a female figure, such as the buoyant "Mine Girl" or the mother crushed beneath a weight of anguish and fatality in that tragic episode entitled, "Fire-damp." Like Zola in "Germinal," he also felt drawn toward those sodden brutes condemned to plod dumbly amid suffocating darkness. With the "Old Mine Horse" he gave us another "Bataille" in all his spent and helpless decrepitude. Meanwhile the artist's observant sympathy was by no means confined to the "Black Country." He widened his circle of activity by adding the "Mower" and the "Plowman," the "Reaper" glancing at the noonday sun, and the "Sower" scattering his seed with an impressive, primeval sweep of the arm. The "Fisherman," too, he transferred to this drama of human endeavor, nor did he neglect the "Brickmaker" or the



From the sculpture by Constantin Meunier

THE HAMMERMAN



From the sculpture by Constantin Meunier

THE PORTER

"Dock-hand." Bit by bit, he enlarged his panorama, omitting the accidental and bringing into closer accord that which was general and typical. And little by little the varied elements began to show a certain affinity, as though obeying a single unifying impulse.

The studio in which this earnest, apostolic man worked from dawn until night-fall was situated on the outskirts of the town. It was known as the "Amphitheater," having for a long time served as the dissecting-room of a near-by medical college. It was a grim, sepulchral building, tower-shaped and pierced by high, arched windows. The place was dim even at midday, for the walls were darkened by the moisture of ages. In the seclusion of this sleepy Gothic town, the silence broken only by the sound of distant bells, Meunier remained almost a decade. He rarely had an assistant, preferring to execute even the most rudimentary tasks with his own hands. Pale, long-bearded, and wearing a *béret* and a plain gray blouse, he wrought with the solemn pre-occupation of one performing an almost sacred office. He appeared to be in constant communion with the great spirits of the past. The impress of things gone and the shadow of things to come seemed always upon him. "I am never alone here," he would say, quite simply. And this was cruelly true, for the hour his younger son was lost at sea he had a tragic presentiment of the event. This blow, coupled with the death a few months later of his elder son, Karl, turned Meunier's eyes once more toward the pensive consolation of Christian art. "Ecce Homo," the "Prodigal Son," and a "Pietà" are the mute record of his suffering and resignation.

A wish to leave the scene of his bereavement, as well as the necessity for better facilities in order to finish the monumental groups already under way, caused him to return to Brussels. In the old days of obscure, unregarded endeavor he had lived first in the Rue des Secours and afterward in the Rue de la Consolation. On this occasion he settled in the Rue Albert-Delattour, also in the suburb of Schaerbeek. Later he moved to 59 Rue de l'Abbaye. Once established, he renewed himself afresh to his art, commencing in succession "Watering a Col-

liery Horse" for the Square Ambiorix, and a "Trinity" for the Church du Sablon, besides several single figures and portrait-busts. The vast project that occupied his mature energies was, however, the "Monument to Labor," his crowning achievement and the synthesis of all that had gone before. Dominated by the colossal figure of the "Sower," flanked by the four reliefs entitled "Industry," "The Mine," "The Port," and "Harvest," with, about the base, groups depicting "Maternity" and the several "Trades," Constantin Meunier's canticle in praise of work ranks as one of the most impressive conceptions in the history of sculpture. It was this undertaking to which he consecrated the remaining years of his life; before the end came he had the supreme joy of knowing that it was purchased by the government and would eventually be placed in the rotunda of the new museum on the Mont des Arts.

As with every true craftsman, Meunier's task was left unfinished. The monument to Émile Zola for the Jardin des Tuileries is not in place. Other commissions were barely begun. Still, the message of his art remains full and complete. Those few enthusiasts who gathered about Constantin Meunier during the late eighties and early nineties, and those fortunate individuals who attended his first exhibitions in Brussels, Paris, and Dresden, to-day cherish unforgettable memories. They have seen gropings and hesitations end in a grand, though troubled triumph. They have watched a sustained and resolute beauty issue from that which was wild and rough. Above all, they have witnessed in the man and in his work the ascendancy of that which is spiritual over that which is material. For sincerity, intensity, and lyric fervor the bronzes of Meunier stand alone. Though explicit in subject, they share affinities with the eternally sculptural. Meunier's laborer is both local and immemorial. He taps at a vein or pauses before a pot of molten metal, yet he embodies universal dynamic laws. In the serene and buoyant days of Greece the wrestler and the athlete were the chief exponents of motion. Man was not a sullen, driven beast; he was acclaimed in the Stadium. Christian art taught him penance and renunciation, taught him not to immor-

talize, but to mortify the body. With Michelangelo he became a surly colossus full of grandiose inquietude, and with Clodion a white and wanton boy. In recent times sculpture has made him echo, somewhat sadly, a dim antiquity or chafe uneasily against a ruthless modernity.

The specific triumph of Constantin Meunier consists in having bridged over the past, in having adapted sovereign, immutable truths to actual conditions. Gods and gladiators have merely been put into harness. Infolding draperies, soft as sea foam from the Ægean, have been exchanged for a round cap and leather apron. Mercury has slipped his winged heels into sabots; the flexible Discobolus has learned to swing a sledge. It is not Venus, but Vulcan whom they now worship. There are numerous correspondences between this art, so definite and so concrete, and the generous symmetry of the ancient manner. That first drama of action, the Pergamum frieze, is the direct prototype of Meunier's reliefs. Each depicts struggle, the one simply epitomizing an earlier form of strife. Weeping Niobe has her counterpart in the grief-stricken mother of "Fire-damp"; the "Old Mine Horse" is but an abused and forlorn Pegasus. Coming down toward the Renaissance, the rider in "Watering a Colliery Horse" is none other than a Colleone of the people. Over all Meunier's groups, however tense and concentrated, lingers that static repose which is the priceless heritage of Hellas. Yet this art is not classic, nor Christian, nor modern: it is all three.

With the moral aspect of esthetics Meunier was never obviously concerned. Though his message remains profoundly human and social, he in no sense posed as a man with a mission. While every statue, every bit of bronze, bears in some degree the burden of toil and the burden of sorrow, this art in its essence is not a protest, but an acceptance. These miners are not suppliants: they are conquerors. They rejoice in labor well performed. As they themselves say, "Work and the Walloon are friends," and it was this note that Meunier strove to sound. A visionary as well as an observer, he made man broad and universal, rather

than narrow and individual. Still, while he modified life, he did not falsify life. He simply gave his heroes a touch more of heroism, a shade more of that somber, expressive splendor with which they are clothed. An august majesty accompanies each gesture. Work seems with them to have become a solemn, physical ritual. The "Sower" is biblical, the "Butcher" sacrificial, and that dark line of homeward-swinging figures in "Returning from the Mine" suggests a great recession of labor. It is not the mere performance of a given task which this art expresses, but the eternal continuity of endeavor. These men are not building for to-day alone: with each stroke they are strengthening the solidarity of the human race. There is a certain affinity between Meunier's miners and Millet's grave toilers in the fields about Barbizon. Though representing different conditions, they share, each of them, a similar community of inspiration. Each bears alike the stamp of that endless struggle of man against inevitable fatality. Millet's types are perhaps more pathetic and self-pitying; Meunier's, more heroic and self-reliant.

Although he labored until the very last, there was a gentle serenity about those few, lingering weeks. The studio was situated in a quiet suburb. All around was the green of springtime, the brightness of the sun. Pigeons cooed under the eaves, and from across the way floated snatches of song. As he strolled through the busy squares of Brussels or the dim streets of Louvain, there always seemed to be something evangelical about Constantin Meunier. He was tall, with massive head, deep-set gray eyes, and a brow furrowed with ceaseless thought and effort. His form was bent as by some heavy weight. His movements were brusque and swift; he might have been made only of nerves and bone. As a rule, he was silent and taciturn, speaking seldom, but invariably to the point. He revered the Italian Primitives, and had small love for the false sentiment of Raphael or the forced exuberance of Rubens. Meunier's art, like the man himself, is profound and reflective. It seems to palpitate with the benediction of a divine pity.

INDIVIDUALISM *VERSUS* SOCIALISM

BY WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN



THE words "individualism" and "socialism" define tendencies rather than concrete systems; for, as extreme individualism is not to be found under any form of government, so there is no example of socialism in full operation. All government being more or less socialistic, the contention, so far as this subject is concerned, is between those who regard individualism as ideal, to be approached as nearly as circumstances will permit, and those who regard a socialistic state as ideal, to be established as far and as fast as public opinion will allow.

The individualist believes that competition is not only a helpful but a necessary force in society, to be guarded and protected; the socialist regards competition as a hurtful force, to be entirely exterminated. It is not necessary to consider those who consciously take either side for reasons purely selfish; it is sufficient to know that on both sides there are those who with great earnestness and sincerity present their theories, convinced of their correctness and sure of the necessity for their application to human society.

As socialism is the newer doctrine, the socialist is often greeted with epithet and denunciation rather than with argument; but, as usual, it does not deter him. Martyrdom never kills a cause, as all history, political as well as religious, demonstrates.

No one can read socialistic literature without recognizing the "moral passion" that pervades it. The Ruskin Club of Oakland, California, quotes with approval an editorial comment which asserts that the socialistic creed inspires a religious zeal and makes its followers enthusiasts in its propagation. It also quotes Professor Nitto of the University of

Naples as asserting that "the morality that socialism teaches is by far superior to that of its adversaries"; and it quotes Thomas Kirkup as declaring, in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," that "the ethics of socialism are identical with those of Christianity."

It will be seen, therefore, that the socialists not only claim superiority in ethics, but attempt to appropriate Christ's teachings as a foundation for their creed. As the maintenance of either position would insure them ultimate victory, it is clear that the first battle between the individualist and the socialist must be in the field of ethics. No one who has faith in the triumph of the right (and who can contend with vigor without such a faith?) can doubt that that which is ethically best will finally prevail in every department of human activity.

Assuming that the highest aim of society is the harmonious development of the human race, physically, mentally, and morally, the first question to decide is whether individualism or socialism furnishes the best means of securing that harmonious development. For the purpose of this discussion, individualism will be defined as the private ownership of the means of production and distribution where competition is possible, leaving to public ownership those means of production and distribution in which competition is practically impossible; and socialism will be defined as the collective ownership, through the state, of all the means of production and distribution.

One advocate of socialism defines it as "common ownership of natural resources and public utilities and the common operation of all industries for the public good." It will be seen that the definitions of socialism commonly in use

include some things which cannot fairly be described as socialistic, and some of the definitions (like the last one, for instance) beg the question by assuming that the public operation of all industries will necessarily be for the general good. As the socialists agree in hostility to competition as a controlling force, and as individualists agree that competition is necessary for the well-being of society, the fairest and most accurate line between the two schools can be drawn at the point where competition begins to be possible, both schools favoring public ownership where competition is impossible, but differing as to the wisdom of public ownership where competition can have free play.

Much of the strength developed by socialism is due to the fact that socialists advocate certain reforms which individualists also advocate. Take, for illustration, the public ownership of waterworks. It is safe to say that a large majority of the people living in cities of any considerable size favor their public ownership,—individualists because it is practically impossible to have more than one water system in a city, and socialists on the general ground that the government should own all the means of production and distribution. The sentiment in favor of municipal lighting-plants is not yet so strong, and the sentiment in favor of public telephones and public street-car lines is still less pronounced; but the same general principles apply to them, and individualists, without accepting the creed of socialism, can advocate the extension of municipal ownership to these utilities.

Then, too, some of the strength of socialism is due to its condemnation of abuses which, while existing under individualism, are not at all necessary to individualism—abuses which the individualists are as anxious as the socialists to remedy. It is not only consistent with individualism, but is a necessary implication of it, that the competing parties should be placed upon substantially equal footing; for competition is not worthy of that name if one party is able arbitrarily to fix the terms of the agreement, leaving the other with no choice but to submit to the terms prescribed. Individualists, for instance, can consistently advocate usury laws which fix the rate of interest to be

charged, these laws being justified on the ground that the borrower and the lender do not stand upon an equal footing. Where the money-lender is left free to take advantage of the necessities of the borrower, the so-called freedom of contract is really freedom to extort. Upon the same ground, society can justify legislation against child labor and legislation limiting the hours of adult labor. One can believe in competition and still favor such limitations and restrictions as will make the competition real and effective. To advocate individualism it is no more necessary to excuse the abuses to which competition may lead than it is to defend the burning of a city because fire is essential to human comfort, or to praise a tempest because air is necessary to human life.

In comparing individualism with socialism, it is only fair to consider individualism when made as good as human wisdom can make it and then to measure it with socialism at its best. It is a common fault of the advocate to present his system, idealized, in contrast with his opponent's system at its worst, and it must be confessed that neither individualist nor socialist has been entirely free from this fault. In dealing with any subject, we must consider man as he is, or as he may reasonably be expected to become under the operation of the system proposed, and it is much safer to consider him as he is than to expect a radical change in his nature. Taking man as we find him, he needs, as individualists believe, the spur of competition. Even the socialists admit the advantage of rivalry within certain limits, but they would substitute altruistic for selfish motives. Just here the individualist and the socialist find themselves in antagonism. The former believes that altruism is a spiritual quality which defies governmental definition, while the socialist believes that altruism will take the place of selfishness under an enforced collectivism.

Ruskin's statement that "government and coöperation are, in all things and eternally, the laws of life; anarchy and competition, eternally and in all things, the laws of death," is often quoted by socialists, but, as generalizations are apt to be, it is more comprehensive than clear. There is a marked distinction between

voluntary coöperation upon terms mutually satisfactory, and compulsory coöperation upon terms agreeable to a majority. Many of the attempts to establish voluntary coöperation have failed because of disagreement as to the distribution of the common property or income, and those which have succeeded best have usually rested upon a religious rather than upon an economic basis.

In any attempt to apply the teachings of Christ to an economic state, it must be remembered that his religion begins with a regeneration of the human heart and with an ideal of life which makes service the measure of greatness. Tolstoy, who repudiates socialism as a substantial reform, contends that the bringing of the individual into harmony with God is the all-important thing, and that, this accomplished, all injustice will disappear.

It is much easier to conceive of a voluntary association between persons desiring to work together according to the Christian ideal, than to conceive of the successful operation of a system, enforced by law, wherein altruism is the controlling principle. The attempt to unite church and state has never been helpful to either government or religion, and it is not at all certain that human nature can yet be trusted to use the instrumentalities of government to enforce religious ideas. The persecutions which have made civilization blush have been attempts to compel conformity to religious beliefs sincerely held and zealously promulgated.

The government, whether it leans toward individualism or toward socialism, must be administered by human beings, and its administration will reflect the weaknesses and imperfections of those who control it. Bancroft declares that the expression of the universal conscience in history is the nearest approach to the voice of God, and he is right in paying this tribute to the wisdom of the masses; and yet we cannot overlook the fact that this universal conscience must find governmental expression through frail human beings who yield to the temptation to serve their own interests at the expense of their fellows. Will socialism purge the individual of selfishness or bring a nearer approach to justice?

Justice requires that each individual

shall receive from society a reward proportionate to his contribution to society. Can the state, acting through officials, make this apportionment better than it can be made by competition? At present official favors are not distributed strictly according to merit either in republics or in monarchies; is it certain that socialism would insure a fairer division of rewards? If the government operates all the factories, all the farms, and all the stores, there must be superintendents as well as workmen; there must be different kinds of employment, some more pleasant, some less pleasant. Is it likely that any set of men can distribute the work or fix the compensation to the satisfaction of all, or even to the satisfaction of a majority of the people? When the government employs comparatively few of the people, it must make the terms and conditions inviting enough to draw the persons needed from private employment; and if those employed in the public service become dissatisfied, they can return to outside occupations. But what will be the result if there is no private employment? What outlet will there be for discontent if the government owns and operates all the means of production and distribution?

Under individualism a man's reward is determined in the open market, and where competition is free he can hope to sell his services for what they are worth. Will his chance for reward be as good when he must do the work prescribed for him on the terms fixed by those who are in control of the government?

As there is no example of such a socialistic state as is now advocated, all reasoning upon the subject must be confined to the theory, and theory needs to be corrected by experience. As in mathematics no one can calculate the direction of the resultant without a knowledge of all the forces that act upon the moving body, so in estimating the effect of a proposed system one must take into consideration all the influences that operate upon the human mind and heart; and who is wise enough to predict with certainty the result of any system before it has been thoroughly tried? Individualism has been tested by centuries of experience. Under it there have been progress and development. That it has not been free from evil is not a sufficient condemnation. The

same rain that furnishes the necessary moisture for the growing crop sometimes floods the land and destroys the harvest; the same sun that coaxes the tiny shoot from Mother Earth sometimes scorches the blade and blasts the maturing stalk. The good things given us by our heavenly Father often, if not always, have an admixture of evil, to the lessening of which the intelligence of man must be constantly directed. Just now there are signs of an ethical awakening which is likely to result in reforming some of the evils which have sprung from individualism, but which can be corrected without any impairment of the principle.

The individualist, while contending that the largest and broadest development of the individual, and hence of the entire population, is best secured by full and free competition, made fair by law, believes in a spiritual force which acts beyond the sphere of the state. After the government has secured to the individual, through competition, a reward proportionate to his effort, religion admonishes him of his stewardship and of his obligation to use his greater strength, his larger ability, and his richer reward in the spirit of brotherhood. Under individualism we have seen a constant increase in altruism. The fact that the individual can select the objects of his benevolence and devote his means to the causes that appeal to him has given an added stimulus to his endeavors. Would this stimulus be as great under socialism?

Probably the nearest approach that we have to the socialistic state to-day is to be found in the civil service. If the civil service develops more unselfishness and more altruistic devotion to the general welfare than private employment does, the fact is yet to be discovered. This is not offered as a criticism of civil service in so far as civil service may require examinations to ascertain fitness for office, but it is simply a reference to a well-known fact—viz., that a life position in the government service, which separates

one from the lot of the average producer of wealth, has given no extraordinary stimulus to higher development.

It is not necessary to excuse or to defend a competition carried to a point where it creates a submerged fifth, or even a submerged tenth, to recognize the beneficial effect of struggle and discipline upon the men and women who have earned the highest places in industry, society, and government.

There should be no unfriendliness between the honest individualist and the honest socialist; both seek that which they believe to be best for society. The socialist, by pointing out the abuses of individualism, will assist in their correction. At present private monopoly is putting upon individualism an undeserved odium, and it behooves the individualist to address himself energetically to this problem in order that the advantages of competition may be restored to industry. And the duty of immediate action is made more imperative by the fact that the socialist is inclined to support the monopoly, in the belief that it will be easier to induce the government to take over an industry after it has passed into the hands of a few men. The trust magnates and the socialists unite in declaring monopoly to be an economic development, the former hoping to retain the fruits of monopoly in private hands, the latter expecting the ultimate appropriation of the benefits of monopoly by the government. The individualist, on the contrary, contends that the consolidation of industries ceases to be an economic advantage when competition is eliminated; and he believes, further, that no economic advantage which could come from the monopolization of all the industries in the hands of the government could compensate for the stifling of individual initiative and independence. And the individualists who thus believe stand for a morality and for a system of ethics which they are willing to measure against the ethics and morality of socialism.





PUBLIC SQUARES IN CITY AND VILLAGE

BY SYLVESTER BAXTER

WITH PICTURES BY JULES GUÉRIN

THE treatment of minor open spaces in village and city is one of the most interesting problems of civic art. The term applies to areas surrounded by a more or less compact population. They may range in extent from a few square rods to a few acres, perhaps even a few dozen acres, but are to be distinguished from what are technically known as parks, or parklike spaces, by the fact that the effects derived from scenery do not properly enter into consideration, except, perhaps, incidentally, instead of being the dominant motive. Such grounds come equally into the province of art, however, as involving questions of design, embellishment, and adaptation to local circumstance, whether a matter of what we call a "public square," a "breathing-spot," or a "playground."

These spaces offer room for a great diversity of treatment. The artistic designer can find few more attractive tasks than to shape an area of the kind. Too much pains cannot be taken to have the right thing in the right place; hence the necessity of studying carefully all the conditions of each particular locality. As in structural architecture, so in landscape design, one of the greatest dangers is that of making something that in itself seems beautiful, but which, being out of keeping with its environment, produces an unbeautiful, because unharmonious, impression.

If the traditions established in colonial

days had been perpetuated unbroken in the development of our American communities, there might perhaps to-day be little occasion to enlarge upon the desirability of suitable recreative open spaces. But when the latter half of the nineteenth century filled the land with populous cities and towns, the sentiment that developed the town commons and the quiet public squares of New England had been largely forgotten or ignored. Whatever municipal planning we have had has customarily been either after a stereotyped gridiron pattern, perhaps according to principles formulated in general State legislation, or has been entirely a matter of private real-estate development on the part of individuals or of speculative land companies. In either case the reservation of open spaces for recreative use has rarely been thought of, the great consideration being to realize upon every possible square foot of land. An abundance of urban open space, however, is a matter of hygienic necessity, as well as something esthetically desirable. Such spaces furnish episodes of rest and repose in a city's turmoil; here the excessive movement of life finds momentary relief from its tension; the conditions are more tranquil in these eddies of the urban stream; people may breathe purer air, may gather in friendly intercourse, may stroll and rest and enjoy the sunshine.

Then there is the absolute need of play-

ground space, essential to the normal development of the growing human being, mentally and morally, as well as physically. Hence certain of our great cities are making no better investment than in creating playgrounds in the midst of dense populations, always well worth the cost, even though it may mount to the million for a few precious acres.

With foresight this vast expense might have been avoided. The need of foresight now cannot be too strongly impressed upon growing villages and towns probably destined to become important centers of trade and industry, and even to expand into great cities.

The problem of creating and improving such open spaces must vary widely according to local circumstance. Granting their existence, the question is one of suitable treatment. While their main function may not be that of civic beauty, such open spaces invariably offer one of the best opportunities for embellishment. How to do this intelligently, how to secure the most satisfactory results with the greatest economy of effort and expense, is the question. No invariable rules can be laid down, but certain broad principles may be indicated, and certain desirable ends stated.

Good design is the first requisite, and it pays to consult some landscape-architect of established reputation. However much we may love the beautiful, if we attempt to make a beautiful thing without experience or training, the result is fairly certain to be unsatisfactory. There is a certain large city with numerous open spaces where the authorities in charge paid no attention to the need of design, but went ahead and did the work themselves. They simply wasted a deal of money in achieving much conspicuous ugliness. A slightly hillside, for example, was planted at random with trees and shrubs, producing a mottled and spotty effect. On a charming wooded lakeside the banks were cleared of the beautiful wild shrubbery to keep out fires, while the sloping ground was cut at the water's edge to give place for a retaining-wall, with the idea of preventing the washing of the banks. A very ugly, amputated effect was the result. The ends aimed at might have been gained very easily if professional advice had been sought; a landscape mutilation worse than almost any harm from fire or flood would have been

avoided, and heightened beauty might have been secured.

There is wide room for choice in the treatment of city or village open spaces, from the simple style of the old New England common, with only trees and turf, to the most elaborate phases of formal design. Trees and turf are always safe; for many purposes there can be nothing better. But age is necessary for the desired results: nearly a half-century, at least, must go by; meanwhile the effect is likely to be thin, tame, and monotonous until with years the stateliness of lofty trees overshadowing quiet grassy reaches is gained. The community may have a long time to wait.

Other methods, therefore, may be more appropriate. Either a picturesque or a purely formal development may be desirable, according to existing conditions. A picturesque style may be better adapted to a limited space, perhaps of irregular contour, where a certain largeness or breadth of effect is sought. On the other hand, a regularity or formality of environment may call for a corresponding regularity and formality in design. In formal design, while beautiful, simple results may be reached merely with turf and trees, at the other extreme may lie the most elaborate effects of carpet bedding, richly intricate in pattern and superb in diversified coloring. Bedding effects, however, almost invariably make a discordant intrusion upon picturesque or naturalistic gardening; under any circumstances, the greatest caution should attend their use. Unfortunately, however, they are apt to be the first recourse of both the unskilled amateur and the gardener who, though highly skilled, is untrained in the principles of design. In the hands of either they are responsible for the greater part of what is bad in the gardener's art, both in this country and in Europe.

Suppose a village improvement association is looking about for something useful to do. It may have attended to the streets and put them in satisfactory condition, while nothing has yet been done in the way of public grounds. If there is a neglected common or public square, it will well reward taking in hand; at all events, there is apt to be some little open space where streets intersect. Such street intersections, either in village or city, offer some of the finest opportunities for civic

embellishment. In Washington, for instance, they have given opportunity for the creation of beautiful circles and other decorative open spaces, offering particularly fine sites for monumental sculpture. These minor open spaces, properly embellished, form most agreeable accents in a scheme of civic adornment, emphasizing the beauty of a street scene at just the right place. The problem may be handled as simply or as elaborately as opportunity suggests or resources permit. In a rural community such sites present admirable locations for commemorative tablets, for fountains,—either for drinking purposes or for purely decorative effect,—or for some other monumental purpose. Particular pains should be taken to give even the simplest construction in such a place a genuinely artistic form. But let not the spirit of improvement, in zeal for adornment, make the mistake of striving to "beautify" a site of the kind in haphazard fashion, dotting in shrubs without discrimination, or breaking the turf with a scant flower-bed or two, suggesting nothing but a meager, scrumpy effort at decorative effect. If any public ground is kept quiet and simple, its aspect cannot go far wrong; the great fault lies in attempting to use in a small, cheap way materials that are adapted only for rich and elaborate effects. The results are invariably the same as when a person of scanty means attempts to follow the fashion by employing cheap dress materials in a style that demands the most costly fabrics.

In a suburb of a certain great city a wide avenue passes a large public garden. Here a long irregular space in the thoroughfare has been turfed over and the tracks for the electric cars run through the grass—a pleasant episode in a great highway. But in an attempt at decorative effect a few rustic flower-baskets have been placed at wide intervals along each side of the tracks. The impression made is that of a ludicrous effort to do something handsome. The baskets are too few to count for anything decoratively. Such adornments, if they have any beauty at all, make their appeal either by inviting the passer to stop and examine the flowers individually, or by their collective decorative effect. But in that position the flowers cannot be enjoyed in detail; standing several rods apart on a bare lawn space, the baskets merely

produce an impoverished impression. Such adornments belong only to formal gardening, as on a terrace or an esplanade. Since the area in question has an irregular contour, it could not easily be given a formal, geometrical design; neither would this accord with its main purpose as a feature in a street-car route. Probably the best treatment of the problem would be a picturesque massing of flowering shrubbery inclosing the tracks on each side. The effect would be always interesting; the changes in foliage and bloom would vary continually through the year, and charm the eyes of passers, either from the street-cars or from the road.

So very much has been found admirable in the outdoor art of a certain great American city that it is only fair to call attention to one thing in which the same municipality falls far short of the ideal. It may seem strange that while Boston has the noblest system of public parks possessed by any great city in the world, in its numerous minor open spaces, as a rule, it exhibits the most conspicuously bad art which, in that respect, is to be found on this continent. Perhaps one reason for this is that since the minor public grounds antedate the park system, their administration has rested in a separate department, and the old inartistic traditions have been preserved.

The Boston Public Garden has exerted a most demoralizing influence upon gardening art in the United States. Its lavish employment of rich and expensive material in a fashion unguided by any true principles of design is responsible for a wide perversion of taste.

The garden suffers primarily from a fundamentally bad design. In its plan, instead of the geometrical formality most suitable to a public ground of its intent, there is a meaningless irregularity. The paths are mostly crooked, rambling in vacillating fashion. There is a pond with affectedly irregular shores, and any naturalistic suggestion that irregularity might convey is barred by the granite curbing of the margins. Upon the lawns trees and shrubbery have been planted apparently wherever chance indicated a convenient place to dig a hole. Many of the trees have developed into beautiful individual specimens that consequently form so many obstacles in the way of bringing order out



Drawn by Jules Guérin. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

GRAND CIRCLE, WITH THE COLUMBUS MONUMENT, AT FIFTY-NINTH STREET AND
EIGHTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

The space about the Columbus Monument at the entrance to Central Park from Eighth Avenue illustrates the effectiveness of a formal decorative treatment of an open space at the conjunction of important streets

of the confusion. Then dabbled in here and there are the flower-beds, for the most part as shapeless as the whole garden, their edges cutting very neat lines in the turf. Some of these beds, however, have extraordinary forms, rising in or beside the paths in curious, bulging mounds, like huge cushions that bristle with gaudy bloom. The garden is populated with various statues and pieces of decorative sculpture. The statues are portraits of statesmen and soldiers. Two are exceedingly bad, and, with one exception, all are unsuitably placed. This exception, an impressive equestrian statue of Washington, is appropriately honored with a location worthy a monumental work of prime importance. The value of this noble site, facing the head of a magnificent avenue and in the transverse axis of the grounds, is belittled by the trivial effect of the elaborate carpet gardening about the base of the statue, diverting the gaze from a thoughtful contemplation of its stateliness and its high significance. The environment of a monumental work, of all things, needs to be simple and serious. Elaborate gardening effects are, to be sure, particularly in place in a ground of this sort, but they are particularly out of place in that particular part of the garden.

Annually there is in this garden a succession of elaborate bedding effects according to the season—tulip shows, hyacinth shows, pansy shows, etc. Then from the city greenhouses are brought an enormous quantity of exotics in pots and tubs,—palms and other luxuriant tropical species,—the containing-vessels concealed in the ground to give the effect of permanent growth.

The use of all these things is something by no means to be condemned; what is criticized adversely is the fundamental lack of design in the whole place, overlaid by a juxtaposition of inharmonious elements. Bedding effects, for instance, are brought into violent conjunction with shrubbery, as where clumps of rhododendrons are surrounded by fringes of showy foliage plants, giving an effect of coarse artificiality where there should be a quiet transition between shrubbery and turf, without any intermediary element to frame the shrubbery like a picture on a wall. Again, the strong, rich masses of such shrubbery are made an indifferent background for exotic

lilies, which show in feeble relief. Any delicacy of effect which the lilies might chance to produce is effectually killed by an arrangement of geraniums below them, their forms and colors in harsh conflict with the lilies.

The technical skill devoted to this work is of the highest order. The fault rests with the responsible authorities in assuming that the possession of technical skill—the talent of a thoroughly trained florist and gardener—implies a knowledge of design in gardening. We might as well take it for granted that because a person is a capable quarryman or stone-cutter he is therefore fitted to model a statue. For a like reason—the want of artist in the artisan—this country is full of hideous bridges designed by engineers untrained in art.

Why is it that these results are admired not only by the common multitude, but by many persons of notable refinement, known for a cultivated taste in other matters of art? The fact that the Boston Public Garden has been heartily praised by such persons has been cited as an all-sufficient warrant of artistic excellence. It may be answered that to have an intelligent judgment upon any matter of art one needs to have given particular consideration to that special subject. The persons cited have tastes untrained in that direction. They have been accustomed to regard things like flowers and plants simply as objects beautiful of themselves; hence in their eyes a work made up of these beautiful elements must necessarily be correspondingly beautiful as a whole. They do not see that the work as a whole has its own individual character, depending upon the quality of design, in which flowers, plants, shrubs, turf, trees, etc., are the materials, just as the painter's pigments are the materials for his picture. Many otherwise cultivated persons regard results in gardening much as the maker of an old-fashioned bouquet regards it—for the beauty of the individual flowers that compose it, examining and admiring each flower separately, without heed to the confused and jumbled effect of the whole floral bunch, in which every sort that grows in the garden is brought together at random.

Again, we are told that the public likes this sort of thing, and should therefore have what it wants. This same argument



Drawn by Jules Guérin. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

SQUARE AT BEVERLY, MASSACHUSETTS, VIEWED FROM THE RAILWAY-STATION

In this instance an agreeable entrance to a town has been secured by the artistic treatment of an open space adjoining a railway-station

would fill our museums with bad paintings and sculpture and our public libraries with meretricious literature. The public does not actually want such things; it likes them because it has not been trained to a knowledge of better things. Above all, the public is entitled, not to the gratification of untrained tastes in art, but to the opportunity for the cultivation of its tastes to the level of the most refined elements that are parts of itself. If the best is once set before the public, it will like the best with a keener relish of quality than it had for the bad art that formerly pleased it. Knowing no better, the public might have been pleased with vulgar architectural design in a great exposition; but once having beheld the glorious White City at Chicago, it would have found no pleasure at Buffalo if offered the bald architectural crudities of the Philadelphia Centennial.

With the great expenditures annually lavished upon a place like the Boston Public Garden, the best possible results should be forthcoming, primarily in fundamental design, and secondarily in

agreeable arrangements of materials. The annual displays of springtime flowers, like tulips and hyacinths, have indeed a sort of unrelated dazzling magnificence in their kaleidoscopic splendor; but the capacities of floral masses for superb effects of rich, broad, and delicate color, when artistically balanced, contrasted, and harmoniously blended, are far beyond this.

Again, to employ tropical growths as central features in a garden of the sort might convey to a stranger the impression that Massachusetts Bay has a tropical climate. Decoratively, in such a place the central stress might more appropriately be laid upon floral forms that would express the local climatic character. It is true that in the northern United States the summer climate permits many tropical plants to grow in the open during a succession of weeks, flourishing through that period as if at home in the soil. Hence it might be highly edifying to install at such a season, and in some special place, an outdoor tropical garden as complete as it could be made. But it does not seem ad-



Drawn by Jules Guérin. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

ANCIENT POWDER-HOUSE IN NATHAN TUFTS PARK AT SOMERVILLE, BOSTON

In this instance an historic landmark has been treated as the central feature in a public pleasure-ground. The pre-Revolutionary powder-house was given to the city, together with the surrounding hillside, for park purposes, in commemoration of the citizen whose name was given to the park. The picturesque opportunities of the site were taken excellent advantage of in its treatment with a terrace commanding a wide prospect, the tower forming the objective feature in the powder-house parkway, which is a "spur" from the Mystic valley parkway that occupies the course of the river near by.

visable to make a tropical display a highly conspicuous feature of the great central garden of a Northern metropolis. Such a garden should not be a sort of floricultural curiosity-shop for the exhibition of all sorts of pretty and novel things, but a truly decorative feature of the city.

A word here as to the comparative value of bedding plants and shrubbery in the adornment of civic open spaces. Bedding effects have their proper place in producing broad, full masses of rich color, and in furnishing splendid concentrations in decorative patterns at focal points. Such effects belong to elaborate formal gardening, and not to picturesque or naturalistic treatment. The most common offense consists in intruding them into work of the latter character. When not lavishly employed, bedding plants have a meager and parsimonious look.

For the decoration of public grounds

shrubbery, as a rule, is the most appropriate and economical material. A rich succession of bloom throughout the season is easily possible, and shrubbery has the merit of combining the charm of foliage with the beauty of flowers and often of brilliant fruitage. Its indefinite, feathery outlines blend harmoniously with its surroundings, whereas plants used in bedding present in their masses sharp, hard margins that easily do violence to a scene. Bedding effects therefore belong only to strictly formal gardening, but under certain conditions annuals and herbaceous perennials can be picturesquely employed with judicious blending, as in the "old-fashioned garden." The great secret of beauty in work of the latter kind lies in the commingling of forms and colors in a richly varied, indefinite mass. Bedding methods, on the other hand, demand sharply definite outlines, and the set effects are obtained

from elements of pure color, strong and brilliant as a rule, and without the harmonizing and unifying aid of quiet foliage masses. Extreme care has to be taken in design—outlines graceful and symmetrical, well-shaped figures (as in embroidery patterns), and artistically studied relations of color in masses and in details. It is no discredit to a gardener, highly skilled in making things grow, that he lacks the training in design necessary to these results, and of himself he should not be expected to achieve them.

Next to the Boston Public Garden as a

bad example stands Copley Square in that city. This open space is notable for its unique development, its fine possibilities, and its actual condition of marring awkward and ill-balanced design. Very curiously, the square has been an accidental growth. Originally it was merely a point where one of the great radial avenues of the city branched diagonally from another great thoroughfare. With the gradual development of the region, two important churches and a fine-arts museum were erected here, and between them intervened a large and a small triangular piece of



Drawn by Jules Guérin. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

TERRACE AT COPPS HILL BURYING-GROUND, BOSTON (OLMSTED, OLMSTED & ELIOT, LANDSCAPE-ARCHITECTS)

This ancient burying-ground is used as a breathing-spot for a congested tenement neighborhood. The small additional space for a new waterside pleasure-ground, secured by the removal of some old rookeries from the hillside and the taking of wharf property on the other side of the street below, was treated by the construction of architectural terraces with numerous seats overlooking the new playground, the North End Beach, with its recreation-piers and bath-houses.

ground. The need of an open square thus became evident; and it was formed by the taking of the two triangles—the minor one secured only with much difficulty, after it was seen that the threatened erection of a building upon it would hopelessly mar the spot. The most prominent side of the square became the site of one of the most beautiful buildings in America, the Boston Public Library. This made Copley Square one of the great focal points in the city, and one of the most notable urban open spaces in the country. Its importance, its peculiar evolution, and the exceptional character of its surroundings, have made it a subject for various striking expressions of civic spirit, beginning with the movement to complete the rectangular shape of the place by including the smaller triangle.

Following the erection of the Public Library, the Boston Society of Architects made the problem of a suitable plan for the square the subject for a remarkable competition, which resulted in several excellent designs and was the occasion of a beautiful public exhibition of plans and photographs of the notable public squares and formal gardens in many cities throughout the world. Again, when the erection of a huge "sky-scraper" at one corner of the square was projected, the popular protest against the threatened overshadowing and dwarfing of the public buildings in the vicinity was so strong that a law was enacted limiting the height of structures about and near the square. The validity of this law was affirmed in an important decision of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, making esthetic motives sufficient justification for such legislation, and establishing the right to protect the beauty of a public open space by going beyond its limits and imposing due restrictions upon the character and use of neighboring property.

Notwithstanding all this consideration for the aspect of Copley Square, nothing has yet been done to carry out any new design for it, essential as a good plan is to a worthy embellishment of the place. The Public Library, in particular, is marred by the twist askew given to its foreground by the large rectangular triangle in front of it and by the curiously frisky sort of gardening therein practised. The problem is made difficult by the existing conditions of the locality. The architectural surround-

ings have an extraordinary diversity. The tranquil façade of the library is flanked on one corner by the graceful campanile of a church, and on the other by a lumpy, though crudely picturesque, mercantile building. Opposite stands the Romanesque pile of Trinity Church, a famous work of the great Richardson, but presenting a sadly unsuccessful façade. The other two sides of the square have yet no permanent character: the Museum of Fine Arts is to move to another locality, and the miscellaneous construction opposite to it awaits a better architectural development.

A proper design for the place must enhance the effect of the library as the square's culmination; must reconcile, as far as possible, conflicting architectural elements; and must frankly recognize the necessity of maintaining the line of Huntington Avenue diagonally across the quadrangle. The chief obstacle to the execution of the design originally agreed upon—a charming sunken garden—lay in its interruption of this continuity. Hence a degree of irregularity in plan is essential, and at the same time an effect of balance, if not of symmetry, must be achieved, in agreement with the most conspicuous architectural feature. A rich formal treatment, with fountains and sculpture, is indicated by the monumental vicinage. As a harmonizing element for the architectural environment, probably nothing would be better than suitably disposed masses of foliage at certain carefully selected points.

In the Greater Boston municipality of Chelsea is an excellent example of a formal design in the central open space, Winnisimmet Square. The plan of the city has a diagonal and rectangular system in combination, and the space is formed by the conjunction of the two systems. The features of the design are two long triangles of turf and shrubbery, raised somewhat above the street level and retained within a high curbing of hewn stone surmounted by a decorative rail of iron. In these grounds are several Venetian masts, and between the two triangles, in the center of the square, is a stone fountain of gracefully simple form, the gift of a public-spirited citizen.

A notable development of a minor open space as a setting for a feature of historical significance occurs in the environment



Drawn by Jules Guerin. Halftone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

COENTIES SLIP, NEW YORK CITY

A small park formed by filling in an old dock on the East River front. Its treatment secures a restful effect of roominess in a limited area

which the city of Somerville, another Greater Boston municipality, has given to its ancient powder-house, a celebrated relic of pre-Revolutionary times. The structure is a tower built of rough stone, and stands near the verge of a rocky cliff. A broad main thoroughfare passes near. The old-time edifice, the site, its history, and the irregular shape and topography of the ground, invite a picturesque treatment. The rugged face of the cliff has been softened with herbaceous plants in pockets of earth, and there are well-disposed groups of trees and shrubbery about the grounds, all combining to produce a natural and pleasing impression in a simply composed piece of romantic landscape. This spot has very appropriately been made the objective point of a pleasure-drive that branches from the contemplated great metropolitan parkway in the Mystic valley near by and terminates at the powder-house in a road that winds up the hillside and makes a loop about the historic landmark.

In the Massachusetts city of Beverly a handsome new public square, laid out in front of the principal railway-station, gives an agreeable impression of the place at the moment of entrance, and also to passers in the trains. With its well-disposed masses of shrubbery, this square offers an effective illustration of the possibilities of such simple decoration. In Haverhill, Massachusetts, an attractive square of three acres has been developed from an ancient public landing on the river. It is in the business center and extends between the city's main thoroughfare and the water, overlooking the beautiful Merrimac from a terrace with a parapet. A part of the square was given to the national government as a site for a post-office. Unfortunately, the building was erected in one corner. The architectural effect would have been vastly better with the edifice placed centrally in the front.

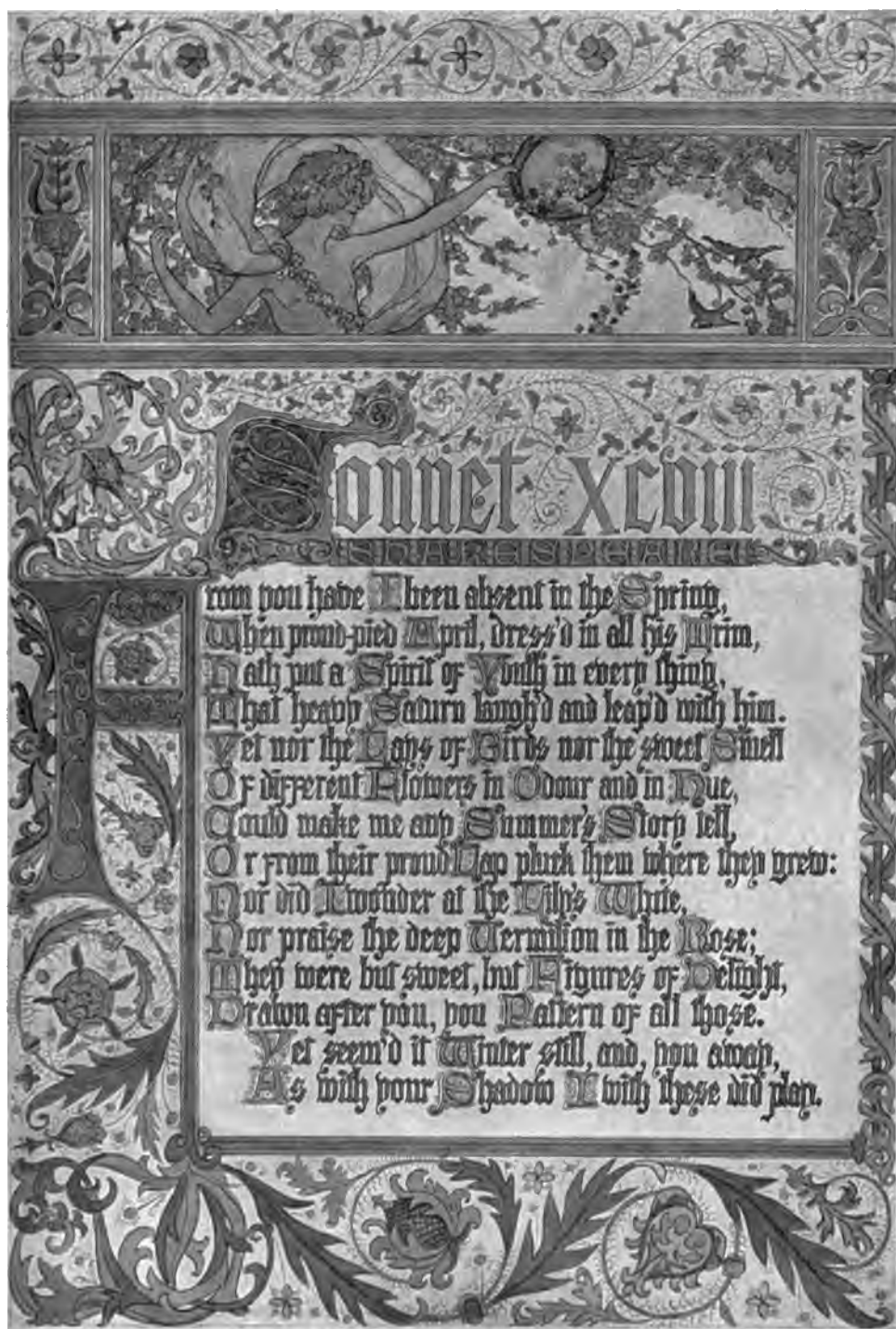
A suggestion made by Mr. C. K. Bush-Brown, the sculptor, for the decorative treatment of the end of a street at a high river-bank, with terraces and handsome steps of stone, having reference to a situation at Newburgh on the Hudson, illustrates the possibilities of many similar localities. One of the best actual examples of such work near the waterside is Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted's treatment of the Copps Hill

Terraces in Boston, an improvement that unhappily has been injured by the construction of an elevated railway at its base.

The public squares of New York City, or rather of Manhattan Borough, though altogether too few in number, are, as a rule, tastefully designed in a style of quiet informality. One of the best is that of Coenties Square, the small open space on the East River, a comparatively recent creation formed by filling in an old dock. With its marginal banks of shrubbery about an unbroken piece of turf in the center, an effect of the largest possible expanse is given to an exceedingly limited space. In certain localities—as, for instance, at Bryant Park in connection with the new Public Library—most appropriate would be a type of elaborate formal gardening, with sculpture, fountains, stone balustrades, and other decorative features.

In the treatment of urban public squares the local conditions should be thoughtfully studied. A plain neighborhood, for instance, suggests an informal simplicity, contributing an element of quiet beauty to the locality. Where the surroundings are more elaborate, and perhaps architecturally stately, a formal type of gardening might be appropriate. A quiet, formal charm may be economically obtained by the introduction of well-clipped hedges along the walks, and as margins or background for turf spaces, and perhaps with Italian cypresses where climate permits, or the employment of junipers or of Lombardy poplars. Where resources warrant it, the public taste for brilliant and elaborate color should be gratified by the concentration, at some important and central place where the surroundings do not conflict, of the richest possible arrangement of well-designed bedding effects.

Passing to the other extreme, the most necessary features of a city's open spaces, the public playgrounds, it may be said that an element of beauty should find due place in their designing. Therefore, besides shade-trees, the verdure of strips of turf and masses of shrubbery at the margins, where they would occupy no space needed for sports, are desirable. The slight care necessary to prevent defacement of these simple embellishments will teach a constant lesson of due respect for the integrity of public property—a respect in which, as a rule, our multitudes are sadly deficient.



DESIGNS BY BEATRICE STEVENS FOR SHAKESPEARE'S NINETY EIGHTH SONNET



"WHEN PROUD-PIED APRIL DRESS'D IN ALL HIS TRIM"



A DIPLOMATIC ADVENTURE

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL

Author of "Hugh Wynne," "Constance Trescot," etc.

PART III



ON the following morning I was at breakfast, when Alphonse said to me: "I made last night, sir, pretense of following monsieur, and discovered that another man was doing the same thing. Circumstances permitted me to observe that he was stupid, but monsieur will perceive that either I am mistrusted by the police, or that the affair of madame is growing more difficult and has so far baffled the detectives. The count must have mentioned your name to them." There he paused and busied himself with the coffee-urn, and, for my part, I sat still, wondering whether I had not better be more entirely frank with this unusual valet. He knew enough to be very dangerous, and now stood at ease, evidently expecting some comment on my part. I had asked Merton to breakfast, and a half-hour later he came in, apologizing and laughing.

"Well," he said, "I am late. I had Lieutenant West to see me, and, to my grief, Aramis is out of it and has explained, and so on; but Porthos is inexorable. I said at last I was so tired of them all that I should accept rapiers if the big man would give me time. The fact is, we must first dispose of this other business. A wound, or what not, might cripple me. I am not a bad hand with the sword, and I take lessons twice a day. But now about the other affair. This duel is a trifle to it."

Alphonse had meanwhile gone, at a word from me, and I was free to open my mind to Merton. He did not hesitate a moment. "Call him back," he said, "and let me talk to him."

Alphonse reappeared.

"I gave you three hundred francs," said Merton.

"Yes, monsieur."

"Where is it?"

"My mother has it."

"Very good. Are you for the emperor?"

The man's face changed. "M. le Capitaine knows that a man must live. I was of the police, but my father was shot in the coup d'état. I am a republican."

"If so," said Merton, "for what amount would you sell your republican body and soul?"

"As to my body, monsieur, that is for sale cheap."

"And souls are not dear in France," said Merton.

"Yes, monsieur; but the price varies."

"What would you say to—well, a thousand francs down and a thousand in three months?"

"If monsieur would explain."

I did not dislike his caution, but I still had a residue of doubt as to the man who was serving two masters. Merton had none. He went on:

"We mean to be plain with you. We are caught in the net of a big and dangerous business."

"I had thought as much," said Alphonse. "Would M. le Capitaine explain? No doubt there are circumstances—"

"Precisely. A woman has done what makes it necessary for us to recover a certain document despite the police and the government. Understand that if we succeed you get two thousand francs and run meanwhile risks of a very serious nature."

"And my master?"

"Oh, he may lose his position. You and I and madame may be worse off."

"As to my position," I said, "leave me out of the question. We shall all take risks."

"Then I accept," said Alphonse. "Monsieur has been most kind to my mother, and circumstances have always attracted me—monsieur will understand. What am I to do?"

"You are to examine the outside of Madame Bellegarde's villa by day and at night—to-night—and report to us to-morrow morning. I have a scheme for entering it and securing the document we want, but of that we will speak when we hear your report. I have already ridden around the place. I am trusting you entirely."

"No, monsieur, not quite entirely," said Alphonse, smiling.

Merton understood this queer fellow as I did not, for, as I sat wondering what he meant, my friend said quietly: "No, we have not told you where the papers are concealed nor what they are. And you want to know?"

A sudden panic seemed to fall on the valet. He winked rapidly, looked to right and left, and then cried in a decisive way, with open hands upraised as if to push away something: "No, monsieur, no. Circumstances make it not to be desired."

From that moment I trusted the man. "Is that all, monsieur?" he said.

"No. I do not want you to act without knowing that we, all of us, are about to undertake what is against the law and may bring death or, to you at least, the galleys."

"I accept." He said it very quietly. "What other directions has monsieur, or am I merely to report about the house and the guards? It is easy."

"Yes, that is all at present. The danger comes later. Let us hear at nine to-morrow morning."

His report at that time was clear and not very reassuring. There were guards at or near the gateway. At night a patrol moved at times around the outside. He saw a man enter the garden and remain within. He could not say whether there was another one in the house. It was likely. Madame Bellegarde had driven to the villa. She had been allowed to enter, and came out with a basket of flow-

ers. As no one went in with her, it was pretty sure that they trusted some one within to watch her.

Merton said: "And now, Alphonse, have you any plan, any means by which we can enter that house at night and get away safe without violent methods?"

"If there was no one within."

"But we do not know, and that we must risk."

"It would be necessary," said Alphonse, "to get the police away from the gate for a time, and, if I am not mistaken, their orders will be capture, dead or alive. They believe your papers are still hidden in that house and that an effort may be made to secure them. You observe, monsieur, that all this care would never be taken in an ordinary case. If monsieur proposes to enter the house and take away certain papers, the guard may resist, and in that case—"

"In that case," laughed Merton, "circumstances—"

"Monsieur does not desire me to enter the house."

I said promptly that we did not. Alphonse seemed relieved, and Merton went on to state with care his own plan. Alphonse listened with the joy of an expert, adding suggestions and twice making very good comments on our arrangements. It would be necessary, he thought, to wait for a stormy night, but already it was overclouded.

Alphonse went away to see his mother and to make his own preparations for the share assigned to him in an adventure to which I looked forward with keen interest and with small satisfaction.

Not so Merton. When the valet left us, the captain said: "We are utterly in the hands of that man."

"Yes," I returned thoughtfully.

"If he knew," said Merton, "he might—"

"No. That he did not want to know what these papers are was an expression of his own doubt concerning the extent to which he might trust himself. I think we must trust him."

"Yes," returned the captain. "Whether or not we have been wise to use him, I rather doubted, but now I do not. The limitations of the moral code of a man like Alphonse are strange enough. It is hard to guess beforehand what he will do

and what he will not. However, we are in for it. You have a revolver?"

"No."

"I will lend you mine."

I said I should be glad to borrow it, but I may say that I took care, before we set out, to see that the barrels were not loaded. I might use it to threaten, but was resolute not to fire on any one, even if not to do so involved failure of our purpose. I, too, had my moral limitations.

We lost a day, but on the following night there was such a storm as satisfied us to the full.

About eight o'clock we drove to a little restaurant in the Bois de Boulogne, dined quietly, and about nine set out on foot to walk to the villa. There was a brief lull in the storm, but very soon the rain fell again heavily, and as, of course, we took no umbrellas, we were soon wet to the skin.

Making sure that we were not followed, we approached the garden cautiously through the wood, the rain falling in torrents. At the edge of the forest, near a well-known fountain, beyond the house, we met by appointment my man, Alphonse. He was dressed as an old woman and had an empty basket on his arm. Together we moved through the wood and shrubbery until we were opposite the side of the garden and about a hundred feet from where the wall turned at a right angle.

Here, facing an avenue, the wall was broken midway by the arch of the entrance gateway. The wind blew toward us, and we could hear now and then the sound of voices.

Alphonse said: "Two; there are two at the gate."

"Hush," said I, as a man came around the angle and along the narrow way between us and the garden wall.

"Wait, monsieur; he will come again." In some ten minutes he reappeared, as before.

"Now," said Merton, and in a pour of wildly driven rain Alphonse disappeared. He found his way through the wood and into the main avenue, which in front of the gate turned to the left and passed around the farther side of the grounds. Then he walked up to the gate. Before long we heard words of complaint. Would the guards tell her— This was all glee-

fully related afterward. She had lost her way. Yes, a little glass of absinthe—only one. She was not used to it. And she had the money for her market sales, and alas! so she was all wrong and must go back. The guards laughed. No doubt it was the absinthe. The old woman was reeling now and then. Would n't one of them show her the way? No. And was it down the avenue? Yes. With this she set off unsteadily along the road to the left. They called out that it was the wrong way, and then, laughing, dismissed her.

When once around the remote angle of the wall, Alphonse slipped aside into the forest, got rid of gown and basket, and moving through the wood, took up his station on the side of the main avenue of approach to the villa, and out of sight of the guards. Here he waited until a few minutes later he was joined by the captain.

Meanwhile I stood in the wood with Merton. I think he enjoyed it. I did not. A first attempt at burglary is not in all its aspects heroic, and I was wet, chilled, and anxious.

"First actor on," murmured Merton. "Should like to have seen that interview. Can't be actor and audience both."

I hazily reflected that for myself I was both, and that the actor had just then a sharp fit of stage-scare. I let him run on unanswered, while the rain poured down my back.

At last he said: "I think Alphonse has had time enough."

"Hardly," said I. I did not want to talk. I was longing to do something—to begin. The punctual guard went by twenty feet away, the smoke of his pipe blown toward us.

"I never liked pipe-smoking on the picket-line," said Merton. "You can smell it of a damp night at any distance. Remind me to tell you a story about it. Heavens!" he cried, as a flash of lightning for an instant set everything in noon-day clearness, "I hope we shall not have much of that. Keep down, Greville. Ever steal apples? Strike that repeater." I did so. "It's a good deal like waiting for the word to charge. I remember that once we labeled ourselves for recognition in case we did not come out alive. Just after that I fell ill."

"Hush!" I said. "There he is again."

"All right; give him a moment," said Merton, "and now you have a full half-hour. Come."

We crossed the narrow road and stood below the garden wall. He gave me the aid of his bent knee and then his shoulder, and I was at once lying flat on the garden wall. My repeater rang 10:15, and then, as I lay, I heard voices. This time there were two men. They paused on the road just below me to light cigarettes. One of them consigned the weather to a place where it might have proved more agreeable. The other said Jean had a pleasanter station in the house. This was not very reassuring news, but I was in for it and wildly eager to be through with a perilous adventure.

As they disappeared, I dropped from the wall into the garden and fell with an alarming crash, rolling over on a pile of flower-pots. There was such a clatter as on any quiet night must have been surely heard. For a moment I lay still, and then, hearing no signals of alarm, I rose and groped along the wall to the door of the conservatory. It was not locked. Pausing on the step outside for a moment, I took off my shoes and secured them by tying them to a belt I wore for this purpose. Then I went in. I found the door of the house ajar, and entering, knew that I was in the drawing-room. I moved with care, in the gloom, through the furniture, and, aided by a flash of lightning, found my way into the hall. Before me, to left, across the hall, was a small room. The door was open. I smelled very vile pipe-smoke and heard footfalls overhead, but no sound of voices. I became at once hopeful that I should have to deal with but one man. I opened cautiously a window in the little room and sat down to listen and wait. I had been given a half-hour. My repeater at last struck 10:45. Meanwhile the clouds broke in places, and there were now gleams of unwelcome moonlight and now gusts of wind-driven rain.

I rose and shut to a crack the door of the room and waited. Beyond the wall, to my right, I heard of a sudden a wild shriek of "Murder! murder! Help! help!" shrill, feminine, convincing. Then came a pistol-shot, then another, and in a moment a third more remote, and, far away, the cries of men.

My time had come. That the gate guards would make for the direction of the sound we had felt sure, but what would happen in regard to the house guard was left to chance. At all events, he would be isolated for a time. To my relief, the ruse answered. I shut the window noiselessly as I heard my host running down the stairway.

He opened the hall door in haste and was dimly seen from my window hurrying toward the gate. I rushed into the hall, bolted the hall door, and ran upstairs. The old nurse had been prepared for my coming and met me on the first landing.

"Quick," I said. "You expected me. The boudoir." She had her good Yankee wits about her, and in a minute I was kneeling, wildly anxious, and groping in the ashes. Thrusting the package of paper within my shirt-bosom, I ran downstairs, and as she came after, I cried that I had locked the hall door, and to unlock it when I was gone. "Be quick," I added, "and lock the conservatory door behind me. No one has been seen by you. Go to your own room." Pausing to put on my shoes, I fled across the garden, neither hearing nor seeing the guard who must have joined his fellows outside.

I had an awful five minutes in my efforts to climb the wall. We had forgotten that. For a minute I was in despair, and then I fell over a garden chair. I dragged it to the wall and somehow scrambled up, and, panting, lay still for a moment, listening. I suppose that, becoming suspicious, they had returned, for two of the men passed by below me, talking fast, and if they had been less busy over the pistol-shots and had merely looked up from a few feet away, I should have been caught. I waited, breathing hard. A few minutes passed. They seemed to be hours. The noises ceased. I saw dimly through the torrents of rain my house guard returning to his post. He went in, and at once I turned over, dropped, and in a moment was deep in the wood. I was drenched and as tired of a sudden as if I had walked all day. I suppose it was due to the intense anxiety and excitement of my adventure. I went on for a half-mile, keeping my hand on the package. It was now after eleven, and I sat down in the wood and rested for a

while. I knew Paris well. I had been there two years. I walked on for nearly an hour, and then within one of the barriers, remote from the Bois, I caught a cab and drove to the Rue Rivoli, where I left the man and walked to our legation in the Rue de Presbourg. We kept there a night-watchman, and both he and the concierge must have been amazed at my appearance. I went up to my own room, had a roaring fire kindled, locked the door, found a smoking-jacket, and then, with a glass of good rye and a cigar, sat down, feeling a delightful sense of joy and security. Next I turned to examine the value of my prize. The ashes fell about as I laid the packet on the table.

I was by degrees becoming warm, and although wet, for I had had no complete change of garments, I was so elated that I hardly gave a thought to my condition. As I sat, the unopened papers before me, I began to consider, as others have done, the ethical aspects of the matter. A woman had stolen the documents now on the table. To have returned them would have convicted her. We were on the verge of war with two great nations. One of them had us in a net of spies. War, which changes all moral obligations, was almost on us. I would leave it to my chief. No more scrupulous gentleman was ever known to me. I undid the knotted ribbon with which Madame Bellegarde had hastily tied the papers together and turned to consider them.

My own doubts did, I fear, weaken as, turning over the documents, I saw revealed the secrets of my country's enemies. In the crisis we were facing they were of inestimable value. Some of the papers were original letters; others were copies of letters from the French embassy in London. Among them was a draft of a letter of Drouyn de Lhuys, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, and on this and on others were sharp comments in the emperor's well-known hand, giving reason's for acknowledging the Confederacy without delay. There were even hints at intervention by the European powers as desirable. I sat amazed as at last I tied up the papers, and placing them again within my waistcoat, lay down on a lounge before the fire to rest, for sleep was not for me. I lay quiet, thinking of what had become of Merton and Alphonse, and wondering

at the amazing good fortune of my first attempt at burglary.

At seven in the morning I sent a guarded note to our chief, and at eight he appeared. I need not dwell upon his surprise as he listened to the full relation of my encounter with Le Moyne, about which and our subsequent difficulty he already knew something. When I quietly told him the rest of the story and, untying the ribbon, laid the dusty package on the table, he became grave. He very evidently did not approve of our method of securing the papers, but whatever he may have felt as to the right or wrong of what we had done was lost in astonishment as he saw before him the terribly plain revelation of all we had been so long dreading. Here was the hatching of an international conspiracy. As he sat, his kindly face grew stern while I translated to him the emperor's comments.

"It is evident," he said, "that a résumé of certain of these papers should go to Berlin and Russia in cipher, but this may wait. The originals must as soon as possible reach our minister in London."

While Mr. Dayton considered the several questions involved, the first secretary, who had been sent for, arrived. The minister at once set before him the startling character of the papers on the table, and my story was briefly retold. Upon this there was a long consultation concerning the imminence of the crisis they suggested, and in regard to the necessity of the originals being placed as soon as possible in the hands of Mr. Adams, our able representative at the court of St. James. No one for a moment seemed to consider the documents as other than a lawful prize. We could not burn them. To admit of our having them was to convict Madame Bellegarde; and not to use them was almost treason to our country. So much I gathered from the rapid interchange of opinions. When the method of sending them to Mr. Adams came before us, the first secretary said shrewdly enough:

"If they were sure these papers were in the villa,—and they were, I fancy,—I wonder they did not accidentally burn the house."

"That would have been simple and complete," said the chief, smiling, "but there are original letters here which it was very desirable to keep, and I pre-

sume them to have felt sure soon or late of recovering them."

"Yes," said the first secretary, "that is no doubt true. Now the whole affair is changed. I am certain that the house will have again been searched and the scattered ashes seen. They will then feel sure that we have the papers."

I had to confess that, in my haste, I had taken no pains about restoring the ashes. My footprints in the garden soil and my want of care would help to make plain that the papers had been removed, and any clever detective would then infer what had been the purpose of the pistol-shots. I had been stupid and had to agree with the secretary that they would now know they had been tricked and see that the game so far had been lost. The legation and all of us would be still more closely watched, and I, for one, was also sure that the messenger to England would never see London with the papers still in his possession.

Meanwhile, as the secretary and our chief discussed the question, my mind was on Merton. About ten, to my relief, he sent in his card. He entered smiling.

"Good morning, Mr. Dayton. All right, Greville?"

I said: "Yes, the papers are here. These gentlemen all know. Had you any trouble?"

"A little. When I fired shot after shot in the air and our man was screaming murder, they all ran toward us like ducks to a decoy. I ran, too, and Alphonse. As I crossed a road, I came upon a big gendarme. I am afraid I hurt him. Oh, not much. After that I had no difficulty. And now perhaps I am in the way." He rose as he spoke.

The minister said: "No. Sit down, captain."

He resumed his seat, and sat a quiet listener to our statement of difficulties. At last he said: "Will you pardon me if I make a suggestion?"

"By all means," said the chief. "It is almost as much your concern as ours."

"I suppose," said Merton, "the despatches to Berlin and St. Petersburg may go in cipher by trusty messengers or any chance tourist, and that there is no need for haste."

"Yes, that is true."

There was a moment's pause in this in-

teresting consultation, the captain evidently waiting to be again invited to state his opinion. At last our chief said: "You have never seen these papers?"

"No, sir."

"Then I had better make clear to you, in strict confidence, that they reveal to us urgent pressure on the part of the emperor to induce England to intervene with France in our sad war. The English cabinet, most fortunately, is not unanimously hostile, and Lord John Russell is hesitating. Our friends are the queen and the great middle class of dissenters, and, strange to say, the Lancashire operatives. The aristocracy, the church, finance, and literature are all our enemies, and at home, you know, things are not altogether as one could wish. Just now no general, no, not the President, is of such moment to us as our minister in London. He has looked to us for information. We could only send back mere echoes of his own fears. And now"—he struck the pile of papers with his hand—"here is the whole story. Mr. Adams must have these without delay. I should like to see his interview with Lord John. You seemed to me to have in mind something further to say. I interrupted only to let you feel the momentous character of this revelation."

"As I understand it," replied Merton; "you assume that the Foreign Office here will be sure these papers are in your hands."

"We may take that for granted. They are not stupid, and the matter as it stands is for them, to say the least, awkward."

"Yes, sir, and they will know what a man of sense should do with these papers and do at once. I may assume, then, that the whole resources of the imperial police will be used, and without scruple, to prevent them from leaving Paris or reaching London."

"Yes," said the chief, "of that we may be certain."

"And if now," said Merton, "some one of note, or two persons, go with them to London, there is a fair probability of the man or the papers being—we may say mislaid, on the way."

"It is possible," said the minister, "quite possible."

"I think, sir," said I, "that it is probable, oh, quite certain, and we cannot ac-

cept the least risk of their being lost. No copies will answer."

"No. As you all are aware—as we all know, Captain Merton, affairs are at a crisis. The evidence must be complete, past doubt or dispute, such as to enable Mr. Adams to speak decisively—and he will."

"May I, sir," said Merton, "venture to further suggest that some one, say the first secretary, take a dummy envelop marked 'Important and confidential,' addressed to Mr. Adams, and be not too careful of it while he crosses the Channel?"

"Well," said the minister, smiling, "what next?"

"He will be robbed on the way, or something will happen. It will never get there."

"No. They will stop at nothing," said I.

"I ought to tell you," said the minister, "that now Madame Bellegarde is sure to be arrested" (as in fact did occur). "She will be subject to one of those cruel cross-examinations which are so certain to break down a witness. If this should happen before we can act, they will be so secure of what we shall do that—"

Merton interrupted him. "Excuse me. She will never speak. They will get nothing from her. That is an exceptional woman." The minister cast a half-smiling glance at him. He was deeply distressed, as I saw, and added: "You will, I trust, sir, stand by her. They can prove nothing, and she will hold her tongue and resolutely."

"I will do all in my power; rest assured of that. But what next? The papers! Mr. Adams!" He was anxious.

"Might I again venture?"

"Pray do."

"I have or can have an errand in Belgium. Give me the papers. They will reach their destination if I am alive, and, so far, I at least must be entirely unsuspected. My obvious reason for going will leak out and be such as to safeguard my real reason."

"May I ask why you go to Belgium?"

"Yes, I want it known. I have arranged to satisfy a gentleman named Porthos, who thinks himself injured."

"Porthos!" exclaimed the minister. "Why, that is a character in one of Dumas's novels."

"Yes, I beg pardon; we call him Porthos. Mr. Greville will explain later. He is the Baron la Garde. An absurd affair."

"I deeply regret it," said the minister. "I hoped it was settled. But you may be hurt, and, pardon me, killed."

"In that case my second, Lieutenant West of our navy, will have the papers and carry them to London. Count le Moyne is one of the baron's seconds. He will hardly dream that he is an escort of the papers he lost. But, sir, one word more. Madame Bellegarde is an American. You will not desert her?"

"Not I. Rest easy as to that. We owe her too much."

"Then I am at your service."

"I regret, deeply regret, this duel," said our chief, "but it does seem to me, if it must take place, a sure means of effecting our purpose." As he spoke, the secretary gathered up the various papers.

"I think, sir," said Merton, "it will be well if one, or, better, two responsible people remain here overnight." This seemed to us a proper precaution.

As we had talked I saw Merton playing with the dusty blue ribbon which, when he entered, lay beside the papers. As we rose I missed it, and knew that he had put it in his pocket. After we had arranged for our passports I left with Merton. As we walked away he said:

"I propose that you say at once to the baron's friends that we will leave for Belgium to-morrow. It is not unusual, and I have a right to choose. You must insist. Porthos is wild for a fight, and—confound it, don't look so anxious. This affair has hurried things a little; I wanted more practice. I should be a fool to say I am a match for Porthos, but he is very big. If I can tire him, or get a scratch such as stops these affairs—somehow it will come to an end, and, at all events, how better could I risk my life for my country? It must be lightly talked about in the clubs to-night." West and I took care that it was.

The next day early we were at the legation. The first secretary was preparing the dummy. "Pity," said Merton, "to leave the inclosure a blank." The secretary laughed and wrote on the inside cover:

Trust you will find this interesting.

Yours,

Uncle Sam.

We went out, Merton and I looking at our passports and talking loudly. At ten that morning the first secretary and an attaché started for London. To anticipate, he was jostled by two men on the Dover pier that afternoon, and until a few minutes later did not detect his loss of the papers. It was cleverly done. Of course he made a complaint and the police proved useless.

The duel had been duly discussed at the clubs, and it is probable that no one suspected Merton of any other purpose. The baron was eager and Belgium a common resort for duels. On the same day after the secretary's departure for London, Merton took the train for Brussels with Lieutenant West, the baron and his friends, Count le Moyne and the colonel. The captain had the papers fastened under his shirt, and, as I learned later, was well armed. Not the least suspicion was entertained in regard to our double errand, and, as I had talked freely of being one of the seconds, I was able to follow them, as far as I could see, unwatched, except by Alphonse, who promptly reported me to his other employers as having gone to Belgium as one of Merton's friends.

In the evening we met Le Moyne and the little colonel at the small town of Meule, just over the border, and settled the usual preliminaries. The next day at 7 A.M. we met on an open grassy space within a wood. The lieutenant had the precious papers. We stepped aside. The word was given and the blades met. Merton surprised me. It is needless to enter into details. He was clearly no match for Porthos, but his wonderful agility and watchful blue eyes served him well. Then, of a sudden, there was a quicker contest. The baron's sword entered Merton's right arm above the elbow. The seconds ran in to stop the fight, but as the baron was trying to recover his blade, instead of recoiling, Merton threw himself forward, keeping the baron's weapon caught in his arm, and thrust madly, driving his own sword downward through the baron's right lung. Then both men staggered back and Porthos fell.

I hurried Merton away to an inn,

where the wound his own act had made serious was dressed. Although in much pain, he insisted on our leaving him at once. Lieutenant West and I crossed the Channel that night. At noon next day Mr. Adams had the papers and this queer tale which, as I said, is unaccountably left out of his biography. I have often wondered where, to-day, are those papers.

The count remained with Porthos at a farm-house near by. He made a slow recovery, the colonel complaining bitterly that M. Merton's methods lacked the refinement of the French duel.

The papers contained, among other documents, a rough draft of a letter dated October 15, 1862, from M. Drouyn de Lhuys, proposing intervention to the courts of England and Russia. It appeared in the French journals about November 14, when the crisis had passed. Mr. Adams had acted on the manly instructions of Mr. Seward, and Mr. Gladstone lived to change his opinions on this matter, as in time he changed almost all his opinions. Madame Bellegarde, unknown to history, had saved the situation. The English minister declined the French proposals.

Soon after I returned, Madame Bellegarde reappeared, and, as soon as he was well enough, Merton went to see her. She had been released, as we supposed she would be, with a promise to say nothing of her examination, and she kept her word. I thought it as well not to call upon her, but when Merton told me of his visit I was malicious enough to ask whether he had returned to her the ribbon. To this he replied that I had a talent for observation and that I had better ask her. She had been ordered to leave France for six months. I am under the impression that he wrote to her and she to him. The thrust in his arm, which would otherwise have been of small moment, his own decisive act had converted into a rather bad open wound, and, as it healed very slowly, under advice he resigned from the army and for a time remained in Paris, where we were much together. In December he left for Italy. I was not surprised to receive in the spring an invitation to the marriage of the two actors in this notable affair. I ought to add that Le Moyne lost his place in the Foreign Office, but, being of an in-

fluent family, was later employed in the diplomatic service.

Circumstances, as Alphonse remarked, made it desirable for him to disappear. Merton was additionally generous, and my valet married and became the prosperous master of a well-known restaurant in New York.

Late in 1863 Merton rejoined the army, and I did not see him again until in 1869, when I was American minister at The Hague. In June of that year Colonel and Mrs. Merton became my guests. When I told Mrs. Merton that Count le Moyne was the French ambassador in Holland, she said to her husband:

"I told you we should meet, and really I should like to tell him how sorry I was for him."

"I fancy," said I, "that the count will hardly think a return to that little corner of history desirable."

"Even," said Merton, laughing, "with the belated consolation of the penitence of successful crime."

"But I am not, I never was penitent. I was only sorry."

"Well," said I, "you will never have the chance to confess your regret."

I was wrong. A week later the countess left cards for my guests, and an invitation to dine followed. If Merton hesitated, Mrs. Merton did not, and expecting to find a large official dinner, we agreed among us that the count had been really generous and that we must all accept. In fact, if Mrs. Merton might be embarrassed by meeting in his own house the man she had so seriously injured, Merton and I were at ease, seeing that we were entirely unknown to the count as having been receivers of the property which so mysteriously disappeared.

We were met by the count and Madame le Moyne with the utmost cordiality. To my surprise, there were no other guests. All of those thus brought together may have felt just enough the awkwardness of the occasion to make them quick to aid one another in dispersing the slight feeling of aloofness natural to a situation unmatched in my social experience.

The two women were delightful, the menu admirable, the wines past praise. It was an artful and agreeable *lever du rideau*, and I knew it for that when, at

a word from the count, the servants left us at the close of the meal. Then, smiling, he turned to Mrs. Merton and said:

"Perhaps, madame, you may have understood that in asking you all here and alone I had more than the ordinary pleasant reasons. If in the least degree you object to my saying more, we will consider that I have said nothing, and," he added gaily, "we shall then chat of Rachel and the June exhibition of tulips."

It was neatly done, and Mrs. Merton at once replied: "I wish to say for myself that I have for years desired to talk freely with you of what is no doubt in your mind just now."

"Thank you," he returned; "and if no one else objects,"—and no one did,— "I may say that, apart from my own eager desire to ask you certain questions, my wife has had, for years, what I may call chronic curiosity."

"Oh, at times acute!" cried the countess.

"Her curiosity is, as you must know, in regard to certain matters connected with that mysterious diplomatic affair in the autumn of 1862. It cost me pretty dear."

"And me," said the countess, "many tears."

Mrs. Merton's face became serious. She was about to speak, when the count added: "Pardon me. I am most sincere in my own wish not to embarrass you, our guests, and if, on reflection, you feel that our very natural curiosity ought to die a natural death, we will dismiss the matter. Tell me, would you prefer to drop it?"

"Oh, no. I, too, am curious." And, turning to her husband, "Arthur, I am sure you will be as well pleased as I."

Merton said: "I am entirely at your service, count. How is it, Greville?"

"But," said the count, interposing, "what has M. Greville to do with it, except as we know that his legation profited by madame's—may I say—interference?"

"I like that," laughed Mrs. Merton, "interference. There is nothing so amiable as the charity of time."

"Ah," said I, laughing, "I, too, had a trifling share in the business. Let us all agree to be frank and to consider as confidential for some years to come what we hear. I am as curious as the countess."

"And no wonder," said the count. "Of course enough got out to make every chancellerie in Europe wonder how Mr. Adams was able to report the opinions and even the words of the emperor and his foreign secretary to Lord John."

"Well," said Mrs. Merton, "I am still faintly penitent, but this is a delightful inquisition. Pray go on. I shall be frank."

"To begin with, I may presume that you took those papers."

"Stole them," said Mrs. Merton.

"Oh, madame! Why did you not take them at once to Mr. Dayton?"

"I was too scared. I was alarmed when I saw the emperor's handwriting. Was he cross?"

"Oh, I had later an evil quarter of an hour."

"I am sorry. And now you are quite free to tell me next—that I—well, fibbed to you. I did. But lying is not forbidden in the decalogue."

"What about false witness?" cried the countess, amused.

"That hardly covers the ground, but," said Mrs. Merton, "I do not defend myself."

The count laughed. "You did it admirably, and for a half-day I was in doubt. In fact, to confess, I was in such distress that I did not know what to do. The résumé I was to make for the emperor ought to have been made at the Foreign Office. I was rash enough to take the papers home."

"But why did you not arrest me at once?"

"Will madame look in the glass for an answer? You were—well, a lady, your people loyal, and I was frantic for a day. I hesitated until I saw you driving toward the Bois de Boulogne in a storm. What followed you know."

"Yes."

"You concealed the papers, and the police for a while thought you had burned them. You were clever."

"Not very," said Mrs. Merton. "I tried to burn all the big double envelops, but the men hurried me."

"I see," returned the count. "Your ruse, if it was that, deceived them, delayed things, and then the papers somehow were removed. And here my curiosity reaches a climax. It puzzled me for

years, and, as I know, has puzzled the police."

"But why?" asked I.

"The pistol-shots were, of course, believed to have been a means of decoying away the guard. The old caretaker was found in her room and the room locked. She was greatly alarmed at the cries and the shots, and for a while would not open the door."

Mrs. Merton laughed. "Ah, my good old nurse."

"But the man in charge of the house never left it, or so he said, and the doors, all of them, were locked."

"Indeed!" I exclaimed. "That dear old nurse."

"The police found no trace of what might have been present if a man had entered—I mean muddy footmarks in the house."

"No," I said; "that was pure accident. I took off my shoes when I went in, but with no thought of anything except the noise they might make."

"And," remarked Le Moyne, "of course any footprints there were outside had been partly worn away by the rain. None of any use were found, and besides for days the police had tramped over every foot of the garden."

"Not to leave you puzzled," said Merton, "and really it must have been rather bewildering, I beg that Greville tell you the whole story."

"With pleasure," I said. "Colonel Merton and I were the burglars"; and thereupon I related our adventure.

"No one suspected you," said the count; "but what astonishes me the most is the concealment under a blazing fire of things as easily burned as papers. I see now, but even after the ashes were thrown about by you, the police refused to believe they could have been used to safeguard papers. I should like to tell your story to our old chief of police. He is now retired."

"I see no objection," said I.

"Better not," said Merton. "My wife's share should not, even now, be told."

"You are right," said the countess, "quite right. But how did it occur to you, Madame Merton, to use the ashes as you did?"

"Let me answer," said the colonel. "Any American would know how com-

pletely ashes are non-conductors of heat. I knew of their use on one occasion in our Civil War to hide and preserve the safe-conduct of a spy."

"And," said I, "their protective power explains some of the so-called miracles when, as in Japan, men walk over what seems to be a bed of glowing red-hot coals."

"How stupid the losing side appears," said the count, "when one hears all of both sides!"

"But," asked the countess, "how did you get the papers to London? It seems a simple thing, but my husband will tell you that never have there been such extreme measures taken as in this case. The emperor was furious, and yet to the end every one was in the dark."

"You must have played your game well," said Le Moyne.

"Luck is a very good player," I said, "and we had our share."

"Ah, there was more than luck when no amount of cross-questioning could get a word out of Madame Merton."

"My husband insists that I have never been able to make up for that long silence."

We laughed as the count said: "One can jest over it now, but at the time the only amusement I got out of the whole affair was when your dummy envelop came back from London with a savage criticism of the police by our not overpleased embassy in England. I did want to laugh, but M. de Ihuys did not."

"And the original papers?" insisted the countess. "Paris was almost in a state of siege."

"Yes," said her husband, "tell us."

"Well," said I, laughing, "you escorted them to Belgium, when we had that affair with Porthos."

"I!" exclaimed the count.

"Yes; Colonel Merton insisted on fighting in Belgium merely to enable us to get the papers out of France."

"Indeed! One man did suspect you, but it was too late."

"But Porthos?" cried the countess. "Delightful! Is that the baron?"

"Yes," laughed the count. "My cousin is to this day known as Porthos. But who took the papers? Not you!"

"No, D'Artagnan—I mean, Merton took them as far as Belgium, and then Lieutenant West and I carried them to London. D'Artagnan's share was a bad rapier-wound."

"D'Artagnan?" cried the countess. "That makes it complete."

Merton merely smiled, and the blue eyes narrowed a little as the countess said:

"And so you are D'Artagnan. How delightful! The man of three duels. And pray, who was my husband?"

"That high-minded gentleman, Athos," said Merton, lifting his glass and bowing to the count.

"Gracious!" cried the countess. "What delightfully ingenious people! I shall always call him Athos."

"It was well, colonel," said the count, "that no one suspected you. The absence of secrecy in the duel put the police at fault. Had you been supposed to be carrying those papers, you would never have reached the field."

"Perhaps. One never can tell," said D'Artagnan, simply.

"Ah, well," said our host, rising, "I have long since forgiven you, Madame Merton, and no one is now more glad than I that you helped to prevent the recognition of the Confederacy."

"You must permit me to thank you all," said the countess; "my curiosity may now sleep in peace. You were vastly clever folk to have defeated our sharp police."

"Come," said the count, "you Americans will want a cigar. *On peut être fin, mais pas plus fin que tout le monde.*"



MUSA AND THE WILD OLIVE

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1. The first step is to identify the problem. This involves understanding the current situation and what needs to be changed.

[illegible]

1. The first step in the process is to identify the problem or issue that needs to be addressed. This involves gathering information and understanding the context of the situation.

2. Once the problem is identified, the next step is to define the objectives and goals of the project. This helps to clarify what needs to be achieved and provides a clear direction for the team.

3. The third step is to develop a plan or strategy to address the problem. This involves breaking down the problem into smaller, manageable tasks and determining the resources needed to complete them.

4. The fourth step is to implement the plan. This involves putting the strategy into action and monitoring progress regularly to ensure that the project is on track.

5. The final step is to evaluate the results of the project. This involves assessing the outcomes against the objectives and goals and identifying any areas for improvement.

[illegible]

"Along the shore of the sea we sat together
 under a spring morning sky, when
 a perfume rose for man and maid to
 speak."

She placed her hand on his shoulder at the young Egyptian in American dress who challenged her thus pleasantly. He had abstracted eyes and finely cut, honest features.

"I am Musa, nephew of Simon the
 bard trainer," added the young man, smil-
 ing.

"He gave me this," she ventured timidly, indicating the lotus bird on her finger.

"Oh, I am glad you know my uncle. He just left me at the corner and told me to walk alone."

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THE

1. The first of these is the fact that the United States has a large and growing population of people who are not citizens of the United States. This is a result of the large number of immigrants who have come to the United States in recent years, and the fact that many of these immigrants are not naturalized citizens.

1. The first of these is the fact that the
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And you are expected to be friendly to the railroad and the doctor who refuse to trade. Some day you will be expected to trade with the stock market.

He spoke with forced indignation and at the same time

colored - whether the principal charm
lay in her oval form or the smoothly
parted, silky hair filling the angles of
her low brow.

"Perhaps twenty-twenty stories—to the moon," she suggested, naively apologetic.

"*Bells*—perhaps. When my uncle put me in the architect's office six years ago, I thought it would be the greatest thing on earth to realize my child-work—building real pyramids and temples out of stone. But I soon found that in this land everything is made with steel skeleton and brick shell. Yes; so for a while I was tempted by the thought of getting rich by putting up tall office-buildings that people twist their necks to gaze at." He added smilingly, "As I have to gaze at you."

"I understand," she murmured, dropping her long-lashed brown eyes with the reddish glints in them. "There is more



Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"A YOUNG GIRL CAME OUT ON THE BALCONY"

money in pleasing people. We almost starved when we put the home gods in the laces. Now we put in the Goddess of Liberty and Marth' Washington,—red, white, blue,—and it sells quick."

"I have become educated since that time," said Musa, reverting to himself as zealots do, and slightly offended by the comparison of lace-making to architecture.

"I am educated also," she replied gleefully, with an upward side glance of girl-

ish coquetry. "Now when we go up-town to sell laces, I wear high-heeled boots and the steel jacket that cuts off the breath."

"A steel jacket! The greatest builders that ever lived were my ancestors," he said, disregarding her statement of progress. "This I know from thought and study. Instead of making office-buildings, they built works beautiful, massive, lasting for centuries, that have a soul in them."

"*Eywa na'am*—yes, to be sure," com-

ing to the girl, she asked her if she forgot that she was trothed to El Gezzar, the Butcher of Turks, the family benefactor, without whose aid they would still have been beggars in Cairo.

"The blame is all mine," he stammered, as the old lady paused for breath.

"Indeed, sir, you were very forward to speak to me," cried the Wild Olive, with a frown accentuated by the black kohl-streaks at the tails of her eyes, and twitched into the house with her mother.

Amazed, the young man wondered what frightful breach of etiquette he had committed. He rubbed his forehead in sheer perplexity. Then he was aware of a strange pang at learning of her connection with El Gezzar, that brawny and loud-mouthed Syrian of shady repute. Why had she played the coquette—at least listened to him with sympathetic interest? One moment smiles, and the next— He felt indignant.

As he started to walk away he heard the twitter of the lotus-bird and smelled a whiff of perfume. A lotus-flower floated down from the balcony to his cheek. He glanced up and saw her witching face looking down upon him with the pensive melancholy of the figures he loved so well to draw.

Uncle Siamon at home meanwhile was attending his birds, feeding and talking to them. They were mostly in rush cages on shelves, but the turtle-doves and pigeons dwelt in clay towers, and the *babaga* nodded his wise head, cerise-gray, from a free perch. The Egyptian lark, the wag-tail, and the scarlet-green flycatcher hobbnobbed together in an oasis of tissue-paper. The fortune-telling parrakeets and the love-birds flew about the room, sometimes lighting on their master's shoulder and chirping in response to his affectionate murmurs. A stuffed flamingo, one leg tucked under pink wing, stared down glassily at a sacred beetle in a tunnel dwelling and at little boxes containing leaf-insects, color-changing, which fair maidens of the colony prize as birthday gifts.

"Well, my children, my children," said the old man, hobbling about on his bow-legs, "think you I have made a match for my beloved nephew? K-r-r-e-e! Kure-e! Ula! Now I could not marry, being so ugly that my smile is like a frown; but

the gods were good enough to grant me the sister's orphan. Karala! Who is more than a son. Eh, babaga! And I pack the boy down the street on spring-smelling day, when Utuma comes out alone on the balcony. Kutchee! chee! What do you think of it?"

As he waved his arms, the birds chattered their opinions in a frenzy of glee, darting in and out of the tissue-paper foliage of the oasis.

When Musa came in, his uncle pretended to be very busy, though he watched him slyly. The young man lighted a cigarette, sat at a table in an adjoining room, and began to work at some architectural plans with compass, ruler, and colored inks. He toiled diligently for five minutes. Either because the birds twittered too much, or for some other reason, he could not get interested in the calculation of hallways and elevator space. He flung down the implements, ran a muscular hand through his black curly hair, and paced the rooms with an abstracted air. Then he went to a cupboard and took down a basket of stone cubes and slabs and drums. Squatting on the floor with these stones, as he had done many a time when a boy, he proceeded to construct the temples and tombs of the fatherland.

He built a pyramid with secret chambers in the interior and rightly laid out for stellar observation; a palace with lotus columns and Nilometer on the steps, and baths of porphyry, for some queenly Utuma of past ages; and then a massive temple devoted to the worship of the heavenly bodies. More than a poetic play of childhood, as it used to be, the young architect's mind brooded on the vast problems of these works, gloried in their eon-long endurance and majestic beauty, and dreamed of what might be accomplished of the same order in the New World.

But the little birds perched on the buildings as if they were the towering realities, and so they seemed to the old man's simple, mystic fancy uncomplicated with scientific knowledge.

"Where didst thou go when we parted at the street corner?" at length asked Siamon.

"Not so far. Scarcely any one was abroad."

"Yet it is the day for free-speaking."

"I met Amina the lace-maker," said



Had the plate engraved by Robert Vandy

"DOST THOU UNDERSTAND?" HE MURMURED, SUFFOCATING WITH EMOTION"

Musa, with an air of candor. "She had been to church."

"And her ugly, ill-tempered daughter, the Wild Olive?"

"Ugly!" cried Musa, leaping to his feet, and knocking over the palace and temple. "She is the most beautiful—"

However, looking at his uncle, he saw his mistake, and they laughed together in the repressed manner of their people. Siamon affectionately patted the reddening cheek and bade Musa observe the birds pick out his destiny, as they had done five times before. Arranging on a board a number of Arabic letters in seeds, he whistled to the little fortune-tellers, and they hopped down in turn and accurately swallowed the letters meaning, "He will love."

"You have trained them to do it," objected the young man, nevertheless thrilled by the prophecy.

"*Ma'alesh*—no matter. It is permitted to assist a miracle. Moreover, boy, I sent thee to meet the Wild Olive on the balcony, and it is not less wonderful that you should find her good to behold."

"I do not like it," grumbled Musa, in sulky anger at this revelation. "It is a match-making trick. My work is before me. It is my desire to raise a family of great buildings, not crying babes."

"Do not be angry," pleaded the old man, sadly set back. "I did but assist kismet a little. It grieved me to see you no longer caring for anything, neither working to be promoted in the American office nor interested in the life of compatriots, but wandering around to gaze at the bridges and the Obelisk. I thought it was the sickness of early manhood, that might be cured by the shining of eyes like Utuma's."

"You have been a father to me," said Musa in a softened tone. "Forgive me if I have neglected you, thinking too much of my great plans. Here is some money made extra. Take it for the rent and also to buy a new suit, so that when you show the birds on Fifth Avenue—"

"Do you not mean we should buy a silver cage for the lotus-bird already given to the Wild Olive?"

The young man frowned, locking hands above his head, and suddenly burst out:

"Her mother says she is engaged to El Gezzar. Is he not a desperate man?"

"Bah! a Syrian!" quoth Siamon, as he slapped his hands vertically together in token of contempt. "A shopkeeping bully who has killed more Turks in his dreams than on the field of battle. Listen! It is a matter of money with him. He helped the widow and her daughter to come to this country; once recompensed, he will have nothing more to say."

"The Wild Olive may—that is, she might prefer him."

For answer Siamon slapped his hands together in a brisk way, and seeing the lotus-flower nesting in the pocket of Musa's coat, he winked and laughed softly.

During the next three weeks Musa lived as many years, being exalted to dizzy heights of rapture and plunged into gulfs of woe. He drew olive-trees into office plans; he sketched the face of Utuma as the Sphinx; walking around the Obelisk, he read hieroglyphic poems to her beauty. He prowled at midnight through Morris street, reverently touching the balcony with his hand, or laying upon it secret offerings of flowers and almond-rose paste, which, indeed, seemed paltry gifts. Occasionally a shadow flitted to the edge of the balcony and hung the silver bird-cage among the leaves, and there was a delirious fragrance, and eye-beams seemed to penetrate the darkness. At return of busy day the young architect would fight against these feelings, remembering his large purposes and also minding his employer's reproofs for negligence. At night again he found himself eagerly asking Siamon for news—whether the lace-maker were more friendly, how the lotus-bird was getting on, and if Utuma had really brought a basketful of crumbs collected in the neighborhood by her own hands for feeding the aviary.

One night after this, during the street vigil, he deposited a scarab between the wires of the bird-cage on the balcony. The next morning he met her at his uncle's rooms, and she wore the scarab on her shapely wrist. It was merely an embalmed insect set in gold, but it tokened that she was a part of him and they were both a part of God.

"Dost thou understand?" he murmured, suffocating with emotion, and gazed into her eyes. She was silent, but her bosom rose and fell like the tides at the end of the pier.



Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"TOLD THE STORY OF HIS PATRIOTIC STRUGGLES"

And then Amina rushed into the room like an angry wildcat, cursed everybody, tore the scarab from Utuma's wrist and ground it underfoot, threw the silver cage across the room, knocked over several dove-towers, and, amid screechings of the aviary and expostulations of Uncle Siamon, departed with her daughter.

Musa, however, did not mind this, knowing it was in the day's courtship to be abused by a short-tempered old woman; and the girl had flung a poignant glance under her downcast eyelids as, before leaving, she deftly stooped and regained possession of the trampled scarab.

El Gezzar, the putative suitor, was another matter. Siamon reported that the man blandly refused to discuss the question of settling the debt of the lace-maker. Although a Syrian, the hint of pelf angered him; but he would be charmed to meet the nephew. Others also told Musa that El Gezzar would be pleased to see him, and it was told in a sinister way.

Therefore, one evening at the café he felt decidedly nervous and scorched his throat with hot coffee as there stalked toward him a pudgy man, shouldered like a horse, big-headed, seamed of brow, with up-tilted black mustaches, swagger gait, and a loud, loose voice. He was called "the Butcher" on his record of sixteen Turks slain in Syria. These sixteen were supposed to be full-grown soldiers made to bite the dust in open warfare; as for private feuds and minor ambushes, his reputation was cloudily vast. It was whispered that he had mysterious connections and activities. He always had plenty of money, although he spent most of his time lounging through the colony.

When this redoubtable character approached, Musa knew first a chill akin to fear, and the next moment the blood of courageous hatred caused him to leap to his feet with clenched fists. Slight and slender in comparison with the Syrian, he yet felt himself equal to any duel, whether

of wits or weapons. How he hated those cunning steel-blue eyes and Semitic features, indicative of the coast trading-ports rather than the honest localities of the desert! All the chattering folk in the café fell silent, the narghiles ceased to gurgle, and the dice-thrower paused with his box of cubes in midair.

"Welcome, Musa, welcome!" said El Gezzar, most cordially, and smiled with expansive frankness. "I hear you are doing great things in the architect's office, bringing honor to your family and to all

in the colony. I am glad to see you, my boy. I knew your father, who fought and fell at Tel-el-Kebir. Ah, he was a great man—"

"I do not care to know you," replied Musa, striving hard to maintain his feeling of hatred.

"Come, come!" laughed the other; "are you stuck up because of prosperity? Will you turn your back on your father's friends and compatriots?"

"It is said you are an enemy, El Gezzar."



Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"SITTING BEHIND THE BALCONY DRAPERIES WITH IMMOVABLE EYES"

"Bah! idle gossip! Are we not all strangers here together? Our enemies are in Stamboul, London, and Paris. It is foolish for us to quarrel."

The people in the café resumed their diversions with a sense of disappointment as they saw El Gezzar and Musa hobnobbing over coffee and cigarettes. It really was impossible for the young man to resist the elder's large friendliness, and soon he began to be ashamed of his hostile attitude. El Gezzar, dropping his voice to a confidential whisper, told the story of his patriotic struggles against the 'Turks, and of how many Egyptians he had befriended besides Amina, the lace-maker. His magnanimity had cost him family and fortune; to-day he was devoted only to the cause of patriotism, which occupied so much of his time that he had none left to court the Wild Olive, who had been affianced to him. He had aided her family, it is true; but he was too much the gentleman to insist upon a bargain in the old-fashioned Oriental way. If she had another fancy—

"I am a little unwell," said Musa, dazedly, and left the café.

In fact, he was struck to the heart by the appeal to honor and the necessity of renouncing Utuma, rightfully another's. He did not sleep for three days. Less bitter would have been his fate if he could have indulged jealous hatred, combated a rival, however unsuccessfully. But he could not help liking El Gezzar for his stalwart frame and venturesome history and open-hearted manner. Was he not, as he

said himself, an honest patriot maligned by envious tongues?

They met several times at the café, and El Gezzar displayed the most delicate sympathy, saying they were bound to become bosom friends. One day they vis-

ited the Obelisk and discussed Egyptian art and architecture.

"My friend," El Gezzar would remark occasionally, sighing, "you are more suitable to wed the lace-maker's daughter—"

"No, no! Do not speak of it," Musa would reply in smiling anguish, emulating magnanimity.

If he deprived him of love, the Syrian offered a substitute in the passion of patriotism. He gave him revolutionary pamphlets and newspapers, talked about the oppressed conditions of the Levantine countries, read letters of misery from correspondents, and exhorted Musa to study the history of Egypt and of other countries cursed by foreign rule. Musa flung himself with ardor into these studies, quenching his regret for the Wild Olive and almost forgetting his architectural dreams. Sometimes he fancied a rebirth of art among

a freed people and love's abnegation rising in majestic columns. Finally, one day El Gezzar took him into entire confidence, and he learned of the secret revolutionary society that existed in the colony for the purpose of achieving freedom in the Levant. His heart swelled at the thought of following in the footsteps of his father's militant patriotism.

Siamon was puzzled and much per-



Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"HURAH FOR EL GIRGIS
WASHEENGTON!"

turbed by his nephew's new infatuation. Innocent of revolutionary intrigue and looking on his adopted country as next door to paradise, he could not fathom the strange friendship with the ill-reputed Syrian. His gentle hints and inquiries being regularly rebuffed, the old man sought consolation with his birds, especially the two in the Nile dove-tower which he had named "Musa" and "Wild Olive." They picked seeds out of each other's beaks so lovingly that the sight caused him to shed tears.

Utuma had taken to living on *dourra*, the bread of sadness and poverty. She forgot her ideas of progress, and put aside the high-heeled shoes and the steel jacket that cut off the breath. Sitting behind the balcony draperies with immovable eyes staring, her cheek-bones grew sharp and her skin became thirsty and parched; her shoulders sagged forward like a consumptive's. Thus speechlessly she expressed woe in the stoical manner of her race. The lotus-bird was taught to hang its head in a plain wooden cage. Her mother jeered, saying she looked like a mummy.

During these weeks the young architect lived as he had never lived before. He rose before dawn to study revolutionary documents, a soldiers' manual of arms, and the political history of his country told in library books. After working in the office all the morning, he performed mysterious errands to different parts of the city in the luncheon hour; and in the evening, sometimes till after midnight, he was in conference with El Gezzar. He met strange men; he learned startling things. He dwelt in a new, palpitating atmosphere of spacious intrigue. In his feverish sleep he babbled phrases that astonished the simple-minded old Siamon leaning over his bedside. What had an architect to do with "freedom," "expeditions," "guns"?

One night there was a meeting of the society in the warehouse loft, presided over by El Gezzar.

Threescore swarthy Levantines, white of teeth and black of eye, gesticulated and spoke swiftly in the dim, candle-lit room. Their faces were made sinister and grotesque by the shadows that assimilated the traits of diverse races. The close air reeked with scented cigarettes and the spicy effluvium of Oriental merchandise.

El Gezzar, rapping with a camel-whip on a barrel of olives, tried to call the meeting to order.

"Brothers!" he shouted in stentorian tones, "the patriot Musa will speak to us—"

"I speak will!" cried a Swedish Jew in dialect indescribable. "I pay money to Yerusalem take. Why is she not something done?"

"I am an Armenian," shrilly wailed a lean, cadaverous man, throwing his arms upward. "I spilled all my blood at Van for the White Christ. Let me speak! Let me be chairman!"

"Woe! woe!" groaned a Cretan and a Damascan, sympathetically dropping their heads in their hands.

"Great is Allah, and Muhammad is his prophet!" exclaimed a Bedouin from Aden, affronted by reference to the White Christ.

Musa at length was able to deliver the fiery oration that he had prepared. He summed up the past glory of Egypt in terse imagery; he pictured her modern woes in a fashion to call forth groans and sobs and wild exclamations of rage.

"Our country is rich and beautiful and fruitful," he concluded. "God has not beggared it. He has not withdrawn his sun nor caused the Nile to dry up. Why do the fellaheen starve? Why do we lack power and liberty? The nations prey upon us! Turkey, France, and England have stolen our country, loaded us with debt, taxed our every palm-tree and kine, disgraced us and enslaved us! But we are freemen. We can fight for liberty as other great people. General Arabi—it is well you shout at his name!—showed the world in 1882 that we are not a dead, craven race. My father fell at his side. That revolution failed, but the next time—"

"Wonderful words!" declared El Gezzar above the tumult.

"What is Egypt to us?" exclaimed a Greek from Crete.

"Brothers!" roared El Gezzar, "all the states of the Levant are the branches of one tree. We must unite in a common cause against the Turk, the Frenchman, the Englishman, and the Russian. Soon there will come to us a leader who will mold the colonies into one republic. To-day it is our duty to strike at the Turk in Syria and prepare for the greater liber-

ation. I have a message from General Arabi, who is in exile in Ceylon—"

Amid the ensuing confusion a bow-legged old man climbed on a bale of matting and commanded the attention of the assembly.

"I am Siamon the bird-trainer," he announced, "and I came here by an accident. I have heard foolish words. What have we Egyptians to do with a Syrian conspiracy? At home the English are our friends, and here in the United States there is freedom for every man. Let our dissatisfied compatriots come here and be happy. That 's what I think." He paused and added in English, "Huraha for El Girgis Washeengton!"

"There are traitors present," shouted somebody. "I see a Turkish spy!"

"*Asi! asi!*" Like the hissing of snakes, a dozen men pronounced the word for spy.

"Feuer! Politsch!" cried the Swedish Jew, throwing open a window.

Every one jumped to his feet. A loud noise was heard on the stairs. Knives flashed as the candles were puffed out. The more timorous fled to crouching positions of safety behind barrels and bales. There was a lively scuffle, mingled with echoing thuds on the door.

As the light vanished, Musa saw a knife-armed hand aimed toward his heart, and instinctively whirling his fist about, he knocked the knife from the hand and struck its owner between the eyes. Then he found himself led by the hand of Siamon through the maze of merchandise to an exit in the rear, just as three Irish policemen broke in the door under the impression that they were raiding "another of thim hasheesh joints."

Events rushed on rapidly after this. Musa, resenting his uncle's interference, would not have anything to do with the old man, and spent all his time in the café. He noticed that the Syrian had a lump on the forehead between the eyes, such as tight knuckles might have caused, but refused to accept the inference so damaging to a great patriot and fellow-revolutionist. It was better to think that some one had mistaken him for the spy, and that El Gezzar's bruise was due to an accident.

A month later a fruit-ship, manifested for the return voyage to a Syrian port, lay at a West-side dock with steam up. Her cargo of oil and machinery had been care-

fully packed in the hold. With special care were packed many long cases listed as pitchforks and lawn-mowers—peculiar tools, inasmuch as they were to be operated by means of smokeless powder. Among the passengers were a large number of dark people returning to their home, each equipped with at least two passports.

Musa, having engaged passage on this ship, could not deny himself a farewell stroll through the street of the balcony. The September moon shone over the elevated road and the office-buildings eastward; a damp, salty smell came from the river. There reigned the deep silence of the lower city at night, widely separated from the noise of day, only broken by an echoing footfall, the tinkle of a horse-car bell, or the distant whistle of river craft. The young man stood in the shadow of the balcony, and his heart was dull with unfathomed pain. He would stand here awhile and catch a whiff of perfume. Afterward, forgetfulness—The shutters above seemed to creak, and there was a sleepy twitter as of the lotus-bird. His eyes glowed; he groaned.

"Why dost thou linger at the tomb?"

These words, like a wail of the breeze, burned his ears. Was it delirious fancy? She came forth, white-robed, and the moon shone on the battered scarab at her wrist.

"Ah, Utuma!" he gasped, "if indeed it is thyself and not an effigy, let me say what is in my heart—since we shall never meet again."

"For me, I have loved thee from the first day," she replied, hollow-voiced, terribly impersonal, as one petrified by ancient grief.

"It was patriotism—and I thought thou didst belong to him. If thou didst not belong to him—"

"My mother kept me shut. I have ever hated El Gezzar. I will never marry him. He is evil. But I thought thou didst leave me because I am ignorant—and yet I meant to learn—"

"No, no, Utuma; thy knowledge is of the heart, the greatest. Oh, that I had known! But why say the Syrian is evil?"

"I have heard him talk with my mother. Musa, if thou must go on the expedition, wear this either around the neck or sewn into the flesh of the arm."

"Is it a charm—a keepsake?"

"The *yekkh* symbol—the soul that lives



Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick.

"AS THEY STOOD HAND IN HAND AMONG THE BIRDS."

after death and flies to the bosom of the beloved. It protects from knives and bullets."

"Rather give me what will invite those weapons!"

"Wear it for my sake. Perhaps it has less virtue than people say, but then it will be a reminder. I tremble lest some treachery harm thee."

"Do not slander the patriot who loves thee, O Wild Olive!"

"He is nothing to me." She made an angular gesture, hand to bosom, and resumed in a voice less drearily mournful: "See, here is a letter he sent to my mother this night. I cannot read pen-marks. Do thou read it, and perchance arm thyself against crafty deeds."

"It is not well to mistrust a patriot," demurred Musa, "and violate confidence."

"Between the kid and the crocodile honor is unequal," she replied with sudden vehemence.

"*Eyua, na'am*—yes, to be sure. Yet it would shame us both in case—"

Finally he took the letter and read it at a near-by street lamp. It ran:

I stay aboard ship to watch the rifles. Do not fear that I will neglect this pestiferous young architect. A simple fool! As I told you, I nearly administered kismet to him at the big meeting.

Something will happen on the voyage. When I return in the spring with the profits of the expedition, there will be a great wedding, and neither you nor your daughter will ever work at lace-making again.

"What mean the pen-marks?" cried Utuma, alarmed at his wild face.

He kept silent, having many quick thoughts. Anger shook him; he was shamefully humiliated. Patriotism was insulted, life itself seemed outraged. For a moment the very skies of faith and aspiration seemed to tumble down in ruin. Should one depose the traitor and take charge of the expedition? For the sake of the "profits"? Seek revenge! Wait until on the battle-field!

"Utuma!" he burst out in a half sob, "dost thou believe in the cause of our country—and the resurrection of her temples? Is it a dream?"

"Thy beliefs, Musa, are mine. Thy knowledge is my knowledge."

"God does not grant us great thoughts," he exclaimed, with joyous conviction, "to

pass away like the breeze. It is not a dream. We are awake, but the sordid are snoring. We shall keep these things in mind and work for them more wisely hereafter—thou and I. This country has been good to us both. Some day we shall, perhaps—"

"It is time for the ship to go!" wailed the Wild Olive, seeing the grayness of dawn in the western sky.

"*La, ya Rohce*—no, my Soul, but time thou didst come down," he replied, putting his shoulder under the balcony.

Marveling, she obeyed and stepped on his shoulder with her little sandaled feet and stood beside him. He lifted her in his arms and carried her swiftly along the street. Her lips were sealed, being close to his neck; and, moreover, his grip was as tight as the breath-cutting steel jacket. So she was relieved from all responsibility, which seemed good. She had a vague idea of being carried to a high place, whence, perchance, they would plunge together to a realm of eternal bliss. It made no difference, only to be united. She felt the beating of his heart against hers.

The journey was only too short. Soon they arrived at Uncle Siamon's rooms, and as they stood hand in hand among the birds, the bow-legged old man, rubbing the sleep out of his eyes, thought that a miracle had occurred. He tried to drape a green quilt around his rebellious legs, which made him look like one of the twelve disciples in a Coptic lithograph. He blinked and stammered inept inquiries. Then he embraced the young couple by turn, and shouted in ecstasy of joy the betrothal cry:

"Zihi! Farrah, farrah!"

And the birds, excited by the call, and seeing the dawn glow in the windows, began to chirp and twitter and sing their congratulations. The lark danced in the oasis of tissue-paper, and the little fortune-tellers hopped from their perch to devour all the conjugations of the verb "to love."

Musa was no longer in the mood to carry out the grim revenge which he had contemplated against El Gezzar. Instead, he sent to him by messenger the letter and passports. The Syrian did not tarry for a personal interview, but sailed away on the fruit-ship. A few months afterward it was reported that the sixteen Turks had been avenged.



THE OFF DAY OF AN AUTOMOBILE

BY PHILIP VERRILL MIGHELS

Author of "Bravver Jim's Baby"

WITH PICTURES BY FREDERIC R. GRUGER



WHEN pug-nosed Linky Rodgers, erstwhile printer's devil in the office of the Alderville "Gazette," appeared one beautiful Sunday morning in his native town with the first real automobile that had ever been seen in all that rough-shod country, he created something mighty like a stir.

Linky it was in very fact—the freckled, bragging Linky who, on beginning to go forth into the world and become an auto "shover" if it cost him his life and all his fifteen dollars of capital. Linky indeed! And why should he tell that, with a trusty horse, he had towed the brick-red auto here from thirty miles away because of his fervent wish to assure its safe arrival on the scene?

Why should he tell his townsmen anything about it? He was in fact the real owner's roustabout, or "shover"—with seven exciting days' experience behind him; he *had* taken genuine rides in the thing, observing its *modus operandi* shrewdly, if not comprehensively; he *had* agreed to guard the car while its owner went off for a two days' climb on a burro to the mines; and he *had* intend to show it very harmlessly in Alderville and then tow it back, with his horse, as he had come, under cover of the night. But also

he meant to excite, meanwhile, an innocent sensation.

Therefore it was that, with his chief's leather cap, his goggles, and his gloves all duly donned and adjusted, he hung about the dusty car—when the horse had been spirited away—till the town's expected awakening, under the impetus of his much-tooted horn, had duly come to pass.

And now the group of citizens about the machine was increasing in size momentarily. Half a score of red-faced cow-punchers, some of them mounted and some afoot, together with three sturdy miners, come to town for provisions, a teamster, the blacksmith, the sheriff, and four others, non-committal as to occupation, stood gazing at the strange affair, over which freckled Linky was tinkering with vast importance and much assumed unconcern.

"By garn!" said the blacksmith, rolling up his sleeves by force of habit, "shoe me with iron if it ain't an auterbiler big as life. Linky, on the square, did you run her here all alone?"

"Did y u think I fetched her over in my pocket?" Linky answered, examining the steering-wheel with microscopic particularity. "You ack like you never seen a first-class car before."

"Yep, Bill; you do, fer a fact," agreed

the sheriff; and lying with ready intent to identify himself with the newest wonder, he added: "I heard her puffin' and tootin' when Linky steered her into camp. Might have saw her comin' if I had n't been too lazy to go to the winder."

"I 've saw six or seven and studied 'em close, in picture books, myself," claimed the traveled teamster. "They 're gittin' real common."

"Take the place of hosses pretty soon," remarked a man who hated all the equine family, having recently been kicked in the stomach by a mule. "Heap sight quieter than hosses, anyhow."

"Wall, take off her blinders and turn her loose," suggested one of the cow-boys. "Broke pretty gentle, ain't she, Link?"

"She would n't let no bronco-buster ride her sassy and keerless," Linky made impudent reply. "Ten-horse-power engine 's what she 's got."

"Yep," agreed the sheriff; "I 've read

all about 'em. Jest like ridin' ten wild, buckin' broncos all to once when she starts."

"Nearer like fifteen of these poor little cattle-ponies," corrected Linky, polishing at the already glistening brass and feeling the tires with professional curiosity. "Ten-horse engines don't mean ten little skinny cayuses."

"I 'd like to see one first time she was rid, 'fore she was broke in gentle," insisted the cow-boy, thirsting for excitement. "This one looks to me like her spirit is busted. Link, you ain't got the sand to show her off."

To Linky, never heretofore so honored as to be addressed otherwise than as "Kid," and never before accepted in a style that made him an equal, the situation added elements of charm with every new accession to his audience. And beholding now the broad, stocky form of his one-time employer, Post B. Nicholls, editor



F. R. CARRER.

"OH—JUST C-H-U-F-F-E-R"

and owner of the Alderville "Gazette," who was almost come upon the scene, he felt the gorge of boastfulness and temerity rise in his breast.

"Well, showin' this off reminds me of runnin' a little old Gordon press, a-printin' cards," he said—"it 's so different."

This was a joke, and the men all laughed—all, that is, save Nicholls.

"Oh—hullo, Post," said the shover, carelessly. "Did n't notice it was you."

"Hullo, Kid. Poisoned your face?" responded the editor. "Sorry to see they 've got you for a stable-boy so soon."

"It 's a ten-horse autermorebiler," the sheriff informed him, gravely. "No stable-boy can curry one of them, much less make her go."

"Link never makes the second-hand blunderbuss go," answered Nicholls, in calm contempt of the shover's vaunted prowess. "Link would have to read his printed directions three times over before he could fall off a log."

Linky suddenly burned with a dangerous pique and resolution. He glanced about, and, as fate preferred complications, he discerned the buxom figure of Ellen Brown in a doorway up the street. And Ellen was Post B. Nicholls's one admiration.

"Batts," said the shover to the sheriff, "just see that none of the women is drivin' around in the streets with scary horses, after breakfast, 'cause I 'm goin' to try the engine on a little twenty-mile spin or so around the town." He shot a glance of malice and defiance at his former chief, and added unconcernedly, "Perhaps I 'll take a friend of mine along."

The friend he had in mind was Ellen Brown. That honored young lady was tremendously excited when he asked her, after breakfast, if she cared to take a spin. He had eaten the meal in his goggles and he looked exceedingly impressive.

"Oh, Linky!" she said, "to think you 're really and truly an automobile shover! How do you spell it, in case I should write to cousin Jane?"

Linky swallowed air and told her, "Oh—just c-h-u-f-f-e-r."

"And where 'll we go?" she demanded ecstatically. "I don't really care, though, do you? They can see us longer if we just keep gliding round in town. When do we do it? You don't think the boys

might start it off? They 're all around it yet, to see how it 's made."

Linky glanced from the window at the men, as thick as flies on a cooky, glued by wonder and awe to the spot where the auto was standing.

"Naw," said he. "You 've got to know a whole bookful of tricks before you can git her to budge. They could n't start up nothin' but a scared greased pig."

His hand was shaking with nervousness as he rolled a cigarette and gave a wretched imitation of a man calmly lighting up to smoke.

"No partic'lar hurry," he added to Ellen, who was as eager as a child to be tasting the fun. "We 've got all day, if we want to keep it goin'."

"Well, don't you suppose the early morning 's best?" inquired Ellen. "Mr. Nicholls—sort of wanted me to go for a buggy-ride with him; and there he is."

Linky looked with alacrity where the editor was once more coming down the street.

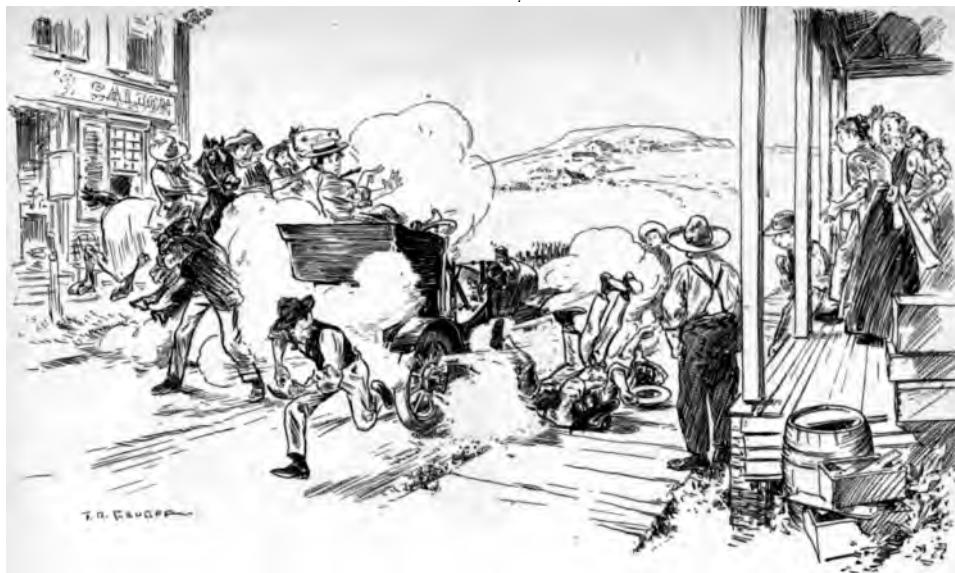
"Oh, I 'd just as lief go now as ever," he said, intent on having his sharp ex-chief consume himself with jealous rage. "You won't need nothin' but your hat. Come on."

They strolled toward the waiting automobile together, he with all his attention studiously concentrated on his cigarette, Ellen pale and red by turns, and ready to collapse with excess of joy about the heart.

The audience, consisting—in addition to the men—of half a dozen women, some with children, gathered in a group on the porch of the general store, gasped with admiring awe to see Miss Ellen actually coming with the shover. The news that she and Linky were going for a spin had spread throughout the town like a brand-new gale of wind.

"I did n't think she 'd do it—not with Linky wearin' them engine headlights," panted Mrs. Batts, holding tighter to a little Batts, who diligently snarled her hair. "I would n't trust myself in that—Now, what 's that blacksmith up to next?"

The blacksmith, who had newly described himself as a "sort of all-round macheenic and inventor," was directing his own and the teamster's attention to the parts of the auto to be seen by getting down in the dust and looking up under the body. He was joined by four or five



"A SHARP EXPLOSION CRACKED LIKE A SMALL CANNON"

cow-boys, whose horses were held near by with those of a number of friends. The rough-riders, having concluded they belonged in the class with all and any ten-horse-power devices of deviltry, had prepared their broncos for business.

Two men who were trying the seats of the motionless machine, together with those who were "feeling its legs" and "guessing its age" and "looking at its teeth," made way for the shover and Ellen with a courtesy and deference unusual.

"I'll help you in, Miss Ellen," volunteered the sheriff, while his wife was heard to make some biting remarks; "and, boys, git away and give us air and elbow-room, if you please."

"Do I get in now?" inquired Ellen of Linky, her knees all a-tremble beneath her.

"Might as well," answered Linky, in a desperate guess at a thousand details to be observed with women and the mechanism at the beginning of a ride. "I've got to start her up from the front."

"Ain't you going to be in when it starts?" demanded Ellen, half-way up in the seat. "You have n't got any reins or anything I can hold while you're climbing inside."

"I don't throw in the clutch till I'm sittin' and ready," answered Linky, his pride rising swiftly to par once again. "She won't go off without me, don't you fear."

The sheriff nodded to the group with a sober I-told-you-so expression of countenance. Post B. Nicholls, meantime, had gone to the porch, with the women, and taken a seat on its edge.

All the women and some of the men, including Linky, now forgot, temporarily, to breathe. Linky was adjusting gloves and goggles with all the airs of a veteran auto tourist. At length, when there was nothing further to do to himself, except to strive for a good big breath, he pumped the teaser of the gasolene, and grasping the starting-crank in front, gave the engine a violent wrench.

"Oh!" gasped Ellen.

But nothing happened—nothing of importance.

"Not 'nough juice," observed the shover.

He pumped at the teaser with greater energy, then ground at the crank like a demon, till it kicked back and nearly broke his wrist, the engine meantime as unresponsive as the dead.

"Gee!" said Link, "I guess she ain't got no compression; or maybe her spark-plug 's sprung a leak."

He raised the hood and looked inside at the engine. So did all the men.

"Don't he know the business, though?" inquired Sheriff Batts, admiringly. "Hear him operate the autermorebiler languages."

"Now she's fixed O. K.," declared the shover, having twisted at a thumb-screw



"THE CAR HIT THE PORCH WITH A PLANK-SPLITTING THUMP"

of no significance whatsoever. "Put her down." He lowered the hood and ground again at the crank, to no avail.

"Leave me give her a rattle myself," requested the blacksmith. He thereupon turned the crank till he was redder than the auto.

Linky was sweating. The smith was equally warm. Man after man had a turn at the crank. A smell of gasoline, pumped through the engine and out at the muffler, began to assert itself.

"I don't pretend to know it all," remarked the teamster, "but I reckon there's something out of whack with this thing under the wheels. You can hear her gruntin' back in here."

"This thing" was the muffler. Half a score of men bent down to look, while the teamster, with his lighted cigarette, indicated just what he meant by thrusting his hand against the port of exhaust.

Instantly a sharp explosion cracked like a small cannon, the teamster throwing a back somersault. Miss Ellen jumped no less than three feet high. The squatting men all fell violently backward to the dust in a wriggling and fiercely scrambling heap. The women screamed and the broncos reared, snorted, and attempted

a private stampede. All who could, ran swiftly away, expecting the thing to burst at once.

Linky was frightened half to death, while the sheriff leaped three ways at once, to see who was doing the shooting.

"I want to get out! I want to get out!" cried Ellen, with a great deal of strength.

"Mercy! stay where you are—anyways fer a minute; it's safer!" cried Mrs. Batts, whose baby was bawling in terror.

"Sounds like running a small Gordon press, printing cards," called Nicholls from the porch.

That nettled Linky, who still had sense sufficient to know that a small explosion in the muffler was one of the auto's prerogatives and not fatal, after all.

"That's nothin'. She does that once in a while before she gits ready to start," said he. "Don't amount to nothin'."

Then abruptly a brilliant idea occurred to his mind. A spark had ignited the gas—and a spark, in fact, was necessary to the customary functions of the engine. He switched on his batteries, heretofore neglected, and pumping the teaser once again, gave the crank a mighty lesson in revolutions.

With a snort and a spat the engine took a start at last, and ran with a hum and a puffing and force that shook the red car like a husker. Every one, save Linky, started aback in dread. This was almost more terrible than the simple explosion.

"What 's happened now?" cried Ellen, from her seat. "I wish I was out! I don't—I don't like it a bit!"

"Ten-horse engine 's got to work, running like bread and molasses," replied the shover, grinning reassuringly. "All we got to do is ride, and throw dust in people's faces, and look all round at the scenery."

"Did n't I say I knowed he 'd do it pretty soon?" said the blacksmith, who had just predicted to the contrary. "Smart young feller, Linky is, fer I learned him a few little tricks 'bout horse-shoein' and other machin'ry myself."

The roaring monster, which the automobile had now become, had ten feet of space on every side and a clear, broad path to the fore. Snorting and plunging, the cow-boys' ponies were swiftly mounted for the race that all conceived was a cow-puncher's due. They were closely bunched at the rear of the car.

Linky got up to his place—and stared at the levers in a dizzying doubt that caved in the walls of his stomach. Which was the one to handle first?

He hesitated. The man who hesitates is the rag-doll of fate. In desperation, then, he laid his hand on a lever. Oh, if there were no one here to see—no Ellen, no Nicholls, no any one at all! If only he had tried it by himself the night before! But the game he had started he must play to the end.

He pulled back a lever. Nothing happened. The engine continued to race and to shake the car atrociously. Then Linky grasped the clutch and nervously thrust it home.

The car, as if suddenly assaulted on the nose by a bolt of lightning, paused and leaped to the rearward with a growl of meshing gears that was terrible to hear. It darted backward toward a dozen men and horses who were toppling and falling away in confused retreat and scrambling in every direction. It gathered speed and made for the porch, backing like a badly deranged juggernaut with a horrible excess of enthusiasm.

The men all yelled and the women shrieked, and Ellen stood up for a jump. Post Nicholls leaped from his seat and fled for his life.

In fear, poor Linky thought of a thousand wrong things to do and promptly enacted the last. Instead of releasing his clutch, he jambed the first of his levers far ahead, just as the car hit the porch with a plank-splitting thump—and Ellen sat down. Then forward the mad thing shot and off it rocketed, straight for Boyd's saloon.

In panic and horror, the shover grasped the wheel. He threw all his strength into an effort to steer—and the car plunged madly on a brand-new tack and raced full tilt at a watering-trough, of solid and portentous dimensions.

With a lusty yell the cow-boys joined in the fun, chasing behind the uncontrolled machine as if it had been a herd of crazy cattle gone amuck.

Just as its nose was about to collide with the trough full of water, Linky wrenched at the steering-device anew and headed his meteor to starboard again, till Post B. Nicholls's printing-shop, filled to the brim with iron machines, was looming straight in his track.

He toiled in frenzy. The machine slewed about. She raced on her off wheels, then on her nigh. She scalloped the highway diabolically, scattering cow-boys hither and yon in her flight.

Back of the cow-boys raced the men; and back of the men came the women, all of them screaming, while their children bawled and toddled in pursuit, and dogs ran in all the procession, barking in joyful emulation of the coughing machine.

Down through the street and out in the rocks and sagebrush just beyond the serpentine course of the car was laid. Then by some madness of the thing's manœuvering, combined with Linky's partial paralysis of resource, the red demon swung about, in an orbit fraught with awe-compelling possibilities, and, coming back, streaked once more for the shops along the street.

With both hands frozen to the steering-wheel, which he dared not for a moment abandon, the white-faced Linky bethought him of a lever he could kick with his foot. He kicked it. The thing was a muffler cut-out, ingeniously contrived to give the



"HE STRUCK THE ROAD AT LEAST TWENTY-SEVEN TIMES WITHIN A MILE"

car an increase of power and a multiplied capacity for making noise. She responded. She took on new life at a bound, puffing with stab-like staccatos and adding ten miles more per hour to her gait.

From her path the dogs, the men, the boys, the cow-boys, and the women fled, horses and all leaping up on the sidewalks laid before the shops, while men crushed flatly up against the walls and the doors, in pitiful efforts to make themselves insignificant.

Scalloping now with a wilder glee, the red comet scorched up the length of the town, and, darting through the hay-yard, with its open, catty-cornered ends, stampeded twenty head of freighting mules and drove them before it, forth to the road across the valley.

Ellen, now, had caught the half of a breath at last, and with it she screamed out her wishes.

"I want to get out! You let me out!" she shrilled at the top of her lungs.

But she dared not leap, while Linky, having never a moment to stop the machine, or even to think, was loath to assist her to alight. He struck the road at least twenty-seven times within a mile. He wrestled with the wheel like a sailor in a storm, and the engine did the rest. They crushed down the brush and they bumped on the rocks, while cow-boys,

whooping in their wake, came crazily on in pursuit.

Then, two miles from town, to Linky's unspeakable delight, the awful contrivance began at last to decrease its speed. Something was happening, no matter what, that put a slowing quietus on the plunging of the car, though the ten-horse engine appeared to cough with increasing force. Still steering wildly to right and left, poor Linky drove the red machine against a bank of gravel. She climbed it as a great red cat might ascend the side of a house. And then the clutch at last was jolted entirely out, and she ceased to move, though the engine raced like mad.

Jack and Jill came down the hill. They rolled out, mindless and powerless as a pair of peas in a suddenly inverted dipper, and Ellen arose to her feet and ran for home as fast as she could travel.

Linky was stunned for the moment. He heard the cow-boys say so, when they galloped their terrified and quite unwilling ponies to the scene.

"Knocked as senseless as a justice of the peace," announced the first arrival; and Linky was glad—so glad he could have cried.

But instead he lay there, "playing possum," while the crowd increased about him rapidly. Then the moment came when cow-boy hands upraised him from the earth and carried him home, the while he

maintained his serene imitation of unconsciousness.

Meantime, there at the gravel bank, the geniuses of Alderville stood by in awe as the engine ran and filled the circumjacent with smell and vicious jabs of sound. They watched and waited for two solid hours, till at length the thing slowed down and down and spat less atrociously and finally died where it stood. Then, with their courage keen at once, the men plied all their strength and wits to stir the thing again to life. It was all of no avail. It therefore came to pass, at last, that broncos were hitched to the stubborn device and hauled it back to town once more, where any one who had the bravery could go up and pat it on the back and wonder at its vitiated prowess. And every one developed courage, now that the ten-horse engine was defunct. Indeed the five women, laboring to restore the dubious intellect of Linky, and scolding so sharply that he dared not revive, were tempted at length to go forth themselves and look at the beast that, while it lived,

had put the prehistoric dragon and the minotaur to the blush for their babe-like innocence.

They gazed long and fearfully, those five good wives of Alderville, and when they returned to reassault poor Linky with spirits and scoldings, as before—behold, the shover was gone!

Having "come to" the instant he was left alone, he had slipped through a window, crawled through the brush, waded through the ditch, and scuttled through a field of grain and so across a mighty reach of valley till the friendly hills had hidden him from sight, beyond all peradventure—and still he was going.

Post Nicholls, meanwhile, printed some black-bordered obituary notices concerning the lamented and untimely demise of the red machine,—which nothing on earth, apparently, could reënliven,—and to all of this he appended a pleasant invitation to all the world to come and see the monster "lying in state" in the middle of the street.

One man came, on the following day.



"AND RAN FOR HOME AS FAST AS SHE COULD TRAVEL"

He owned the car and he was very wroth. But when he had heard all the annals of the day, and when he had toiled for fifteen minutes to start his recreant engine, he was, if possible, wrother.

At length he bethought him to look in

tomobilist, aware how little means a name. "Or maybe you call it benzine."

"Got benzine—all you want, I reckon," said a cow-boy, readily enough. "About how much do you need?"

"Oh, a couple of gallons will do," re-



F. R. RUGER.

"WHAT 'S WENT WRONG?"

the tank wherein his fuel was supposed to be contained. The place was completely emptied.

"No wonder she would n't get a move," he said. "Here, sheriff, say, is there any gasolene in your blooming little town?"

"Boys," said the sheriff, "have we got gasolene?"

"Search me," answered one, as spokesman for the boys.

"Or naphtha?" queried the touring au-

plied the stranger, eagerly. "Just bring me all you can spare."

He looked to his clutch, to his lubricating-cups, to his batteries and everything else, while he waited. Then at last came his man. He carried three great demi-johns, from Boyd's saloon, and inside of each were two or more gallons of the very worst whisky ever made.

"There y' are," said the fellow, in hospitable cheer. "I knowed she must use

something mighty powerful and quick to git to business—but don't she take a lot!"

The auto owner smelled at the stuff and was staggered.

"Benzine?" he said. "*Benzine!* Why, that—"

"That 's the benziest benzine in two hundred miles," interrupted the friendly cow-puncher. "What 's went wrong?"

"Nothing—oh, nothing," said the helpless traveler, "only—boys, I 'll stand for a treat."

He stood for the treat, and the fiery stuff that must certainly have strangled his ten-horse engine, quite beyond hope of recovery, was poured down the throats of the crowd without a wink. Then Post B. Nicholls came to the fore with a

five-gallon can of the monster's regular diet.

"Benzine," he said, "is what the missing Linky used to use in washing rollers for a little Gordon press. That 's where he got in the habit of running an automobile."

And when, at last, the owner moved away, in a quiet, orderly fashion, his modern monster fully in control, there were Ellen and Nicholls together in a cart, and cow-boys ready for escort again, and blacksmith, sheriff, and miners at attention, while babes and dogs and housewives watched, with regret, to see the circus go.

"No more buckin' and cavortin' there; she rides like a tame old cow," said one of the punchers. "Don't tell me—young Link he busted her spirit all the same."



THE SINGER

BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES

HE came to us with dreams to sell—
Ah, long ago it seems!
From regions where enchantments dwell,
He came to us with dreams to sell,—
And we had need of dreams.

Our thought had planned with artful care,
Our patient toil had wrought,
The roomy treasure-houses where
Were heaped the costly and the rare,—
But dreams we had not bought:

Nay; we had felt no need of these,
Until with dulcet strain,
Alluring as the melodies
That mock the lonely on the seas,
He made all else seem vain;

Bringing an aching sense of dearth,
A troubled, vague unrest,
A fear that we, whose care on Earth
Had been to garner things of worth,
Had somehow missed the best.

Then, as had been our wont before,—
Unused in vain to sigh,—
We turned our treasure o'er and o'er,
But found in all our vaunted store
No coin that dreams would buy.

We stood with empty hands: but gay
As though upborne on wings,
He left us; and at set of day
We heard him singing, far away,
The joy of simple things!

He left us, and with apathy
We gazed upon our gold;
But to the world's ascendancy
Submissive, soon we came to be
Much as we were of old.

Yet sometimes when the fragrant dawn
In early splendor beams,
And sometimes when, the twilight gone,
The moon o'er-silvers wood and lawn,
An echo of his dreams

Brings to the heart a swift regret
Which is not wholly pain,
And, grieving, we would not forget
The vision, hallowed to us yet,—
The hope that seemed so vain.

And then we envy not the throng
That careless passes by,
With no remembrance of the song;
Though we must listen still, and long
To hear it till we die!

THE MACHINATIONS OF OCOEE GALLANTINE

BY GRACE MacGOWAN COOKE



AW, did you ever take notice to Delissa Whitsett? She's a mighty pretty-spoken gal, now ain't she?"

The mother's heart gave a little clutch, and then set off beating furiously. "I don't know, Race; I can't say as I ever took any particular notice to Delissa's walk and favor," she managed to reply in a fairly steady voice. They were returning from quarterly at Brush Arbor, Ocoee and Race Gallantine, mother and son, driving slowly through the odorous forest, where sifted light, piercing the greenery of the tall trees, spattered and checkered the travelers with shadow and shine, and printed five-pointed stars of the sweet-gum foliage all over Ocoee's gray frock.

"I b'lieve I never saw anybody that had such a pretty way of lookin' up as Delissa's got," the boy reflected softly.

His mother, widowed Ocoee, just sixteen years older than her big, swart, manly-looking son of nineteen, stole a look at his profile. He was not flushed or embarrassed: but then, he would not be in speaking to her, whatever the subject-matter; for the two had lived alone together since his birth, the mother declining all offers of a suitable partner, to devote herself to her child—or so her rejections of Turkey Track eligibles were worded.

In point of fact, the reason for the continuance of her widowed estate—though she guessed it not, and the reason himself was far from seeing it—lived in a cabin across the gulch from the small farm Straley Gallantine had left her. John Tamplin had been devoted to Ocoee Gallantine since she was little, bright-eyed

'Coee Dame, going to the old field hollerin' school with himself and Straley Gallantine. The two boys were equally emulous of her favor, and she took the one who spoke first. But Straley being gone, it was easier to keep John her possession, absolutely her property, and refuse him marriage, than it was to disappoint the tradition of the mountains, which esteems the unconsolated widow a pious example, considering a genteel spiritual suttee an edifying spectacle.

John was well-to-do; a dozen times over he might have married, but his small world understood that there was nobody for him so long as Ocoee Gallantine was not. So he planned the crops on the little Gallantine farm; he made Ocoee's bargains for her, advised her, agreed with her, furnished a most appreciative audience for tales of young Race's prowess, and came to be well loved by the boy, who called him Uncle John. But, most of all, Ocoee flew to him with every worry; and the worries of such a nature as hers are not few. He always saw her exactly right in everything; he not infrequently boxed the compass completely, and saw her right—before the matter was over—in two absolutely opposed courses.

Now, as she looked at Race, and realized that he was a young man grown and had cast an eye of approval upon a maiden, panic fear was in her heart. She wanted John's counsel. She longed to cast the matter stormily upon him. She would have spoken out to the boy at once, but she was held dumb by the fear that, if she opened her mouth at all, she would pour forth the whole wild revolt of jealous opposition which boiled within her; and

this she knew must alienate her son entirely.

"Delissa's eyes is right blue," murmured the young fellow, musingly, as he brushed his long sapling gad over the nag's ears to drive away the flies.

Ocoee could have wept. Her own eyes were black. And Race was his mother over again, except that where she was lithe and dark, he was big and brown. Could she not accept, once for all, the time-worn saying that we admire our opposites? Could she not remember the blue eyes of Race's father, Straley Gallantine, or take note of the yellow hair of the one man who had been much to her since her widowhood?

"I sort er thought you might he'p me out on what would please a gal like that—you used to be a gal yourse'f, you know," looking somewhat humorously at his mother, as though the coupling of her with such a flower of maidenhood as Delissa Whitsett were in the nature of a jest.

"It 's a mighty long time ago," she found voice to answer, finally. And her son nodded gravely, as though he agreed that the period was now indeed very remote.

"I never did hold with a light-complected person wearing red. They used to say I looked mighty pretty with red ribbons—long ago," muttered Ocoee, as, the house reached, she sprang down over the wheel and hurried in to set out the cold meal which she had left prepared. When the boy came in, he found that she had brought out some honey, of which he was extremely fond. Thereafter, with tremulous eagerness, she urged upon him the best of her preserves, watching the while with fear-stricken eyes when he was not looking, questioning what it was that she might do to hold him, to win him back.

When he went directly from the table to his little loft bedroom, her heart misgave her. But when he came back, the scarlet necktie which he had bought last week in Hephzibah slipped inside his collar, and asked her to tie it for him, then she knew the worst. Her fingers trembled so that she could scarcely form the loops; her eyes were so blurred that she could not see the result of her handiwork.

"I thort it would look better than the black one for—for—" began Race, with

his first approach to embarrassment. "I 'm a-goin' over to see the Whitsett boys 'bout gettin' their coon-dog for next week."

He bent and kissed his mother suddenly, a boy's kiss, with an honest, explosive force about it. "Ain't you right well, maw? You look kind of peaked."

Ocoee achieved a laugh. It was a very shaky one, but it answered for a son of nineteen who was setting forth on his first courting expedition. "You look mighty fine," she breathed, giving a jealous touch to the rings of damp hair above Race's ear. "You 're like me; red 's jest the thing fer you. Got sweet-smellin' town truck on your handkercher, hain't you?"

"Bought it when I bought this here necktie," returned Race, innocently, squaring his shoulders with an attempt at manly carelessness. "Eb Frazee bantered me to." Frazee was the village storekeeper, and full of dry jests. "He said he thought I was old enough to be a-walkin' with the gals. He vowed that nothing he'ped ye along with the gals like town truck on yer handkercher. He says this here 's p'intedly the finest they is." Race sniffed it luxuriously; to Ocoee it had taken on an odor of mortality, from which she flinched.

The unconscious Mr. Frazee had doubtless been only looking to make trade brisk with a bit of artful banter; but the widow could have ground him to powder in her wrath.

She watched the tall figure down the glen, and saw Race lay a hand upon the worm-fence and vault lightly over, in sheer youthful bravado and light-hearted disregard of such a thing as draw-bars. Then she flung a small shawl over her head, in place of the sunbonnet which she could not find, and set off down the rocky path that led across the gulch to John Tamplin's. She scarcely knew what it was she wished from John; she only longed unbearably for some one to whom she could explain the frightful chaos into which her world had fallen. She hurried: Ocoee had a soul which always ran, and her feet generally tried to keep pace.

As she neared the cabin, a plan began to shape itself in her mind, inchoate, somewhat wild, but yet a plan. John must and should make this thing right, as he had made so many other things for her. The

unwonted emotion flushed her dark cheeks; the little shawl loosened refractory curls of black hair about her feverishly bright eyes. To John Tamplin, as he met her on the cabin porch, a foaming pail of milk in each hand, she looked a wilful young gipsy.

"Why, 'Coe," he began helplessly, "whar's Race? What 's the matter?"

Ocoee flung herself into one of those strange board chairs which the mountain people make for the trying of their guests—they themselves never sit in them. "Race 's gone over to Delissa Whitsett's," Race's mother burst out. "That 's what—it 's—I want to speak with you about it. I won't have it. I—"

The man looked at her, amazed. He said doubtfully: "Jest you wait a minute, 'Coe, till I set this milk by, and I 'll come talk to you," and carried his pail to the spring-house. When he returned a few moments later, wiping his hands, he began smilingly: "Race come a-past here and gave me the time of day; but he never named Delissy. He said he was a-goin' to borrow Carter Whitsett's coon-dog; yit I did take notice that he had on a red necktie," and John smiled significantly.

"Don't—don't you dare!" Ocoee burst out. "Oh, you men are all alike! Eb Frazee was a-puttin' him up to sech notions, and now you—"

She dashed her hand across her eyes to brush away the wrathful tears.

John, from his seat on the step below her, looked up apprehensively. "Why, you told me yourself Race was a-goin' to see Delissy; air ye mad about it?"

Was she mad! Ocoee longed, as many a woman has longed before, to take the big, stupid male creature by his two broad shoulders and shake him—shake some sense into his empty head. Was she mad! "You know Race 's all I 've got," she began argumentatively. "It ain't like I was jest jealous and—and—but Race 's all in the world I 've got. I can't set down and see no fool gal take him from me—an' I won't!"

"'Coe," said the man, softly, "'t ain't no use fightin' ag'in' nater. Ef you land in and show Race how mad ye air, and say that he shain't have Delissy, hit 'll plumb harden him in the notion." His voice dropped lower; he looked at her timidly. "I know how 't was with my own self

when you would n't have me, which nor whether; jest seemed like—well, ef you talk to Race that away, he 'll be bound to have Delissy ef he can git her."

"Don't I sense that?" inquired Ocoee, scornfully. "But s'pose somebody else comes along and courts the gal away from him—cuts him out? I reckon he knows there ain't nobody a-gwine to cut him out with his mother; he 'll come back to me then."

"Umm," murmured John, "but who 's a-gwine to court Delissy fer ye?"

"You air!" cried the woman, leaning forward and clutching his shoulder to look close into his face, her great black eyes fairly blazing with eager fire. "Who is it always he'ps me out? You, John; and now you 're a-goin' to do this for me."

It is unusual for a mountain woman to display emotion, to lay a hand upon her masculine friend or relative. Tamplin had been deeply moved to see his old love sitting upon the porch of his cabin. It was the first time she had sat there since the death of his mother, three years before. He had hoped that it was a good omen. And this was the outcome!

With characteristic selfishness, where he was concerned, Ocoee observed not at all the fallen countenance with which he said: "Lord love ye! Delissy would n't have me. I 'm old; and I never was one to please women. You would n't have me (and I was a chap o' twenty then) when you was her age; and you 've never seen a change of heart in the matter sence."

His tyrant threw herself back in her chair and sighed, knowing as well as John did that her point was already made, her battle won. "Oh, you need n't to name me nor my doings," she remonstrated. "My heart 's in the grave. But this here Delissa Whitsett—why, John, you 're well off; and as for being old, you 're a sight prettier man now than you was then."

Tamplin looked thoughtfully down. "Truly spoken," he said; "she might take me fer what I 've got—or her parents might make her take me."

"Take you?" inquired the somewhat dashed strategist, in a wavering tone. It had not quite occurred to her that the matter would ever really come to marrying and giving in marriage.

"It mought be did," admitted John, unenthusiastically; "but I ain't so sure."

"Course she 'll take you!" asseverated Ocoee, having got her breath a bit. "John Tamplin, she never looked to have sech a chance as you air. Why, there ain't a man in the Turkey Tracks to be named 'longside of you. Anybody but me—a person that ye might say had buried her heart twenty years ago and has jest been a-livin' on for the sake of her child—would be proud to wed ye. You 're the sort that does please women better 'n anybody; you ain't got no call to say the contrary. You 're big and strong and still—jest the kind of man I always—I always—that any gal 's sure to like."

Tamplin rose and stood looking down at her smilingly; she was so salient, so active, so fiery a creature, beside his slow bulk and mild passivity. "Well, what you 've got your heart sot on, you mostly git, 'Coe," he said kindly. "Hit 's a quare askin' you 've come to me with this time. But I 'll do my best. Ef Delissy don't like me and won't have me, why then I cañ't he'p it. But my best I 'll do, and no man can do more."

Ocoee thanked him with fervor. In bidding him good-by she clung to his hand and pressed it, showering encouragements upon him. "Delissa Whitsett—huh! Delissa" she repeated, with strange gleams in her bright dark eyes, "she 's a-goin' to be jest crazy about you."

A dangerous attitude this for a woman like Ocoee Gallantine, one who thought well of her own opinions, who heartily admired her own good taste. Could she say all of these things without being convinced, or at least much affected, by them herself? Her lover wondered at her; he marveled at the feverish glow of her face, the eager unction of her bearing; but then, he had been wondering at her for twenty years—and doing, without remonstrance, whatever she suggested to him.

Half-way home again,—with a sense of defeat lying cold at her heart instead of the triumphant swell which should have been there,—like a qualm of deadly sickness came to Ocoee the remembrance that not once had John objected to her portioning him out to another wife—a beautiful young girl. With a pang she reflected that he had seemed to find his only difficulty in believing that the girl would accept him. But she was not one to make a housemate of defeat; in the days that

followed she beat down the ever-recurring fear that she had set in motion forces she could not control, and drew a sense of power from the facility with which she had coerced John Tamplin, putting her imperious will upon him.

A week later John walked up the rocky trail which led past Ocoee's cabin and to his own home, and beside him was Race Gallantine. Ocoee, watching them, noted with mingled emotions that they were deeply engrossed in talk, and that John appeared more moved than she had ever seen him. Within ear-shot of her little vine-veiled window, they halted to part. "You do what I say!" she heard Race burst out in an exasperated tone, yet a carefully suppressed voice, and with a glance toward the house. She was proud of her boy, of the masterful way he took with John, even although it might mean the overthrow of her plans.

Tamplin looked at the younger man and shook his head slowly. "You 're too over-crowin' and too sure, boy," he said, but not angrily. "I want her,—” Ocoee's limbs trembled,—“the Lord knows I want her; and I 'm sure old enough to know my mind. But—you—you 're like your mammy—too sure of gettin' your own way, I expect."

Ocoee, grasping the window-ledge, could no longer stand. She sank to her knees and laid her forehead upon her clenched hands. Her mind was a trampled field of battling emotions—thoughts they could not be called. For the first time in twenty years she doubted her own wisdom where John Tamplin was concerned.

Race came into the other room and called her name. She could not bear to face him, and she feigned not to hear. She heard him go to the cupboard and set out food; he was as neat and handy as a woman about such matters. Her Race—her own boy—no, she had been right to dare anything that she might keep him with her. So she shored and propped the leaning edifice of her resolve.

When she slipped through another door, and came in from the outside with a pail of spring water in her hand, she found the boy seated at table, with a dark look on his young face. He lifted his brooding eyes to her uneasy countenance. "Maw," he began, "don't you think Uncle John is

too old to study about gals, and marryin', and sech as that?"

The red flashed into Ocoee's pale cheeks, and her eyes snapped. "I don't know as there 's any law on the subject," she answered tartly. "And if there is, I don't know that John Tamplin is over legal age." It was not what she had intended to say; she did not often speak to her boy thus, and he regarded her with surprise.

"Why, maw, Uncle John must be older than you-air," he urged gravely.

"My land! Well, hit 's plumb scandalous fer him to be a-livin' and walkin' around ef he 's older than I am—now ain't it?" she inquired, with a poor pretense of a laugh.

Race looked at her. A boy's mother may be the dearest thing on earth, but she is certainly old; and why she should resent mention of the fact will always be a surprise to the boy. "Well, you 're younger than Uncle John, and you would n't think it was fittin' or proper for you to marry," he went on heavily.

"Marry! Isay—marry!" snorted Ocoee, bouncing up from the supper which she had not tasted. "Who put sech fool talk in yo' mouth? Who put sech fool notions in yo' head? I ain't got the patience to set and listen at it. Marry!"

And yet, though she vowed she had not the patience to pursue the subject, no other attracted her; and during the entire evening she returned to it; obliquely, directly, coaxingly, and with biting asperity, she talked to Race upon the subject of love and marriage. She even told him the story of that long-past time, her girlhood, and of her two lovers, mentioning carelessly the patient devotion John Tamplin had given her ever since, and the number of times he had begged her to reconsider her rejection of his suit.

"Well, he won't do it no more," commented the boy, gloomily, as he lighted his candle and prepared to ascend the ladder-like stairway. "He may of been lettin' on that away, but he 's had other notions here lately."

And Ocoee, for very fear's sake, did not ask what those notions were.

Now came a time of trouble to the little cabin on Straight Creek. Reports reached Ocoee from all sides—of course they did: what are friends for, if not to bear timely information of this sort?—

concerning John Tamplin's devotion to Delissa Whitsett. Certain it was that he came no more, as of custom, to the Galantine cabin; he was too busy even to respond to Ocoee's request to act as middleman in the sale of a cow, but sent the cattle-buyer to her direct. Ocoee was so choked by tears that she could scarcely conduct the negotiations. She was minded at one moment to refuse to sell, and at another to accept the starveling price with which, as a matter of form, the man opened his parley. Race saved the situation by appearing opportunely and taking that place which John Tamplin had always held in such matters. Ocoee turned resentfully and left the two men to their bargaining. Her temper was always uncertain now; she, who used to sing like any girl about her work, went heavily and sighing.

As for Race, a settled gloom had come upon his frank young face. He spoke little, and then often to complain of John Tamplin. Had Ocoee consistently held to making small of his disappointment and upholding the older man in his course, it would have been the first time in his life that she had ever been indifferent to her son's suffering. But she did not. She was consistent in nothing. One day she railed upon John Tamplin for thinking any girl would have him; the next she was inclined to weep and remind Race that she was a poor widow and he her only son; that they had no friends, and that the Lord himself seemed to have deserted them. All this without any peculiar relevance, and interlarded between discouraged speeches of Race's own.

Matters culminated somewhat abruptly two weeks later when, the presiding elder coming through the district, there was a special meeting at Little Shiloh. Race sat in his place on the men's side, his dark hair sleek and shining from conscientious applications of a wet brush, his attire laboriously uncomfortable, as became the day. Ocoee was in her usual modified mourning, a black-and-gray frock, above which her cheeks did not, as usual, contradict the somber garb. Race had not lost flesh,—the troubles of the young are not deep-rooted,—but his mother was looking thin and pale. Up the aisle, between these two, came John Tamplin, with Delissa Whitsett clinging to his arm—De-

lissa, wearing a white lawn with cherry ribbons; and for one agonizing moment Ocoee thought they were going up to be wed. Then John relaxed his stiffly crooked elbow, and with a bow resigned his smiling companion to the women's side—such a demonstration as Little Shiloh did not often see, even in those shortly to be wed.

Ocoee was aware that there were more eyes on her face than upon the faces of the protagonists; yet for the life of her she could not hold the ebbing color in her lips and cheeks. She stole a look at Race: his head was bent; he seemed to be struggling with his emotions. She glanced at the back of John Tamplin's head; he was seated by this time, but the flutter of his entrance had not entirely receded. The sight of his yellow hair, soaked to a mild drab and plastered down meekly, showing the ring where his hard Sunday hat had sat upon it, brought a sudden rush of rage, which warmed her and made her careless of appearances. She lifted her head and looked about the church with bright, unseeing eyes: nobody should pity Ocoee Gallantine! But before that terrible hour and a half was lived through,—they preach long sermons in the mountains,—she had run the gamut of every emotion save that of joy or satisfaction.

Service over, Ocoee would fain have hurried away; yet she dared not; her friends would say she was afraid to face the situation. So she lingered, listening to neighborly greetings, exchange of information concerning crops and weaving, the health of the chaps, and the state of one's domestic work, till she had seen John Tamplin, very serious, very tall, very important-looking, hand Delissa Whitsett her long black calico riding-skirt, which being safely buttoned on over the white dress and cherry ribbons, he lifted the light figure to the saddle, found the stirrup for her, arranged her dress, placed the reins in her hand, all with slow, careful solicitude, then mounted his own nag and rode away beside her. Ocoee looked after the pair in helpless rage, as she climbed over the wheel into her own small, rickety wagon, and Race picked up the lines over the old horse.

Ah, the ride home through the still autumn woods, with the yellowing leaves dropping down upon them like the falling of their own hopes! This was the price at

which she had kept her boy. She had hardly heart to talk to him at all; but finally, when they were seated at table, she began with sudden heat: "Don't you mind what old John Tamplin does, honey. He—we—you ain't no call to care."

No call to care! The boy looked at her with heavy eyes. "I 'm a-thinkin' of gettin' a place on the railroad," he said. "I know a feller down to Hep'zibah that went over to Garyville and hired. He named it to me one day."

The mother's terrified eyes were glued to the brooding young face—so like her own, so full of her own high, imperious temper. At thought of Race gone to work on the railroad—that terror of all mountain-dwellers, which is supposed to eat off an arm or a leg with the relish and familiar habit of a boy eating a spring onion—and John Tamplin lost to her, married,—at thought of this, she groaned.

"Never mind, maw; don't you take on," said Race, making a very good meal in spite of his grief. "I jest feel as if I could n't stay around here after they 're wed. But I 'll come back and see you sometimes—or maybe you 'd like to go down and live to Garyville."

Did Race forget his mother's expressed horror of the valley and the settlements? Or did he, in his own suffering, long to make the case blacker, to make her feel worse? If this latter impulse was his, he succeeded well.

"I ain't a-gwine to stand it!" she announced with decision. "Don't you be a-layin' out to hire to no railroad, neither; mammy 'll fix things so that her boy 'll want to stay here, that 's what she 'll do."

"You can't, maw," with a little gleam of hope in his dark eyes.

Ocoee passed over the reflection upon her ability; she ignored the suggestion that she cut so small a figure in her son's life—indeed, it scarcely reached her.

"Go on, son," she said abruptly. "Whar was it you said you was a-gwine?"

Race had not said he was going anywhere; but he accepted the hint and answered listlessly: "Down the gulch a piece. What are you a-fixin' to do, maw?"

"Never you mind. I 'm a-gwine to do what I 'm a-gwine to do," his mother announced enigmatically.

"Air you aimin' to speak to Uncle John?"

Hit won't do no good. When an old man gits out on weddin' with a young gal like --like my Delissa--he won't listen to reason. I 've heard say. They 's no fool like an old fool."

Ocoee did not deny that she was going to speak to John Tamplin. She watched her son move slowly down the gulch, then went, with that restless, fluttering gait characteristic of her, to an old trunk, from which she took a white dress that had not seen the light since Race was a little fellow, young enough to beg his mother to "dress pretty." It had never been worn beyond the cabin. Ocoee searched for something from which she could make cherry ribbons—simple soul, she had set out to beat Delissa upon her own ground.

Sunday as it was, she brought forth the ironing-board and set the irons to heat in the great cavernous fireplace. With a sort of furtive haste, and with many backward glances, Ocoee pressed out the white dress (a salt tear slipping down her cheek to hiss on the hot iron), then let down all the wealth of her black hair and curled it about trembling fingers, starting guiltily at every fancied sound the while. Had Race stood suddenly in the doorway now, and asked her what she was a-fixin' to do, there would have been no saucy answer about "a-gwine where I 'm a-gwine." No bright ribbons being obtainable, a belated rose from the monthly rose-bush was found to adorn the curls when they were looped back in place. It was a pale and frightened Ocoee who looked back from the bit of wavering mirror. "But I 'll sort er color up time I git thar," she breathed.

When, just seven weeks before, she had trod that way across the gulch to John Tamplin's house, her plans were vague; now her mind was clear. She must get the man to let that girl alone. And she was tortured by visions of his refusal, of his saying that he loved Delissa and would not give her up. "Men folks is that way," she groaned, "lured by a pretty face. Oh, Lord, what shall I do?" And she wiped carefully away a few bitter tears.

She had walked blindly, so blindly that she did not see the tall form at the draw-bars till John stepped through and greeted her gaily. Together they moved on toward the cabin. The man did not seem to notice her unusual attire, or to note the

agitation in her manner. He found her a chair, and when she was seated, got her a gourd of fresh water. Then he stood looking down at her with that look about the eyes which was so kind that it was almost a smile, waiting for her to begin.

She found it cruelly hard: the words which she had conned on her way over would not come. "How you—how you come on, Johnny?" she asked at last, faintly.

"In a ginerall way, or with my co'tin'?" inquired her host as he seated himself on the porch-edge below her.

"With the—with your—has Delissa said she 'll have you?" burst out the woman.

"Not adzackly; but she—well, she—oh, I 'm comin' on. You seed us at the meetin'."

Ocoee shivered a little; then she said: "But the day ain't sot?"

"No. No—the day hit ain't rightly sot. I could n't truly say that Delissy had named any particular day to me; but—well, I 'm comin' on."

Ocoee gripped her hands together in her lap and turned her face away till all that Tamplin could see was a bit of pale profile and a tangle of dark curls with the red rose tucked in among them. "You got to give that there gal up, John," she whispered. "I jest cain't stand it—the way Race looks, I mean. I—I tried to act for the best; but Race he—he says—I cain't stand it—that 's all."

"Aw, you never mind Race," said the big man, comfortably. "Race he 's mighty young. Young folks takes on a heap, but they soon forget."

Ocoee turned upon him. "Men persons forget easy, old or young—that I find," she gasped. "You used to say you loved me,—you asked me to marry you more than six times,—and now see you! The first foolish gal that takes a notion to look sweet at you, and wear a white frock and red ribbons, can have you."

Tamplin raised his head and listened for a moment to the sound of steps upon the path. The excited woman did not hear them. A curious look was in his face—fear, doubt, and, could one have credited it, hope. He took her hand. "Coe," he began softly, "I did n't do nothin' but jest what you told me to do. And now look like we 've got to consider



Drawn by Herman Pfeifer. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"ME—ME, 'COEE? CAIN'T GIVE ME UP? WHY, HONEY, YOU WOULD N'T HAVE ME."



Delissy and her feelin's. But, also, ef Delissy don't really keer fer me and would jest take me fer what I 've got, why then she ain't no fit wife fer Race. Honey, we 've got to consider a many a thing."

"No!" said defiant Ocoee. "I won't consider nary thing but one. Them two chil'en got to make out best they can. But, John, I—jest—cain't—give you up!"

"Me—me, 'Coe? Cain't give *me* up? Why, honey, you would n't have me; you never took me; you hain't got me to give—have ye?"

The widow turned her face away. "Oh!" she sighed, "I 'm an ugly old woman—and nobody loves me!"

John Tamplin, trembling through all his great frame, crept nearer to his one-time sweetheart. His hand was stretched out toward the unseeing Ocoee, and withdrawn. Desperate resolution finally took the place of all hesitation. "Yes, they does, 'Coe," he began in a shaking voice, and the words themselves were a caress. "They 's one person that always has loved you—and always will."

One dark eye came round in range and inspected him suspiciously. He did not see it; once more he was listening eagerly to the faint sound of approaching steps.

"They don't—nobody could love me—I 'm that *contrairy*, as well as ugly," she whispered.

It was too piteous. John's soft heart yearned over her. But it might seem that Ocoee had for over-many years played, cat-like, with her mouse, and, moreover, John was under an obligation now; so, though his blond face whitened beneath the veil of tan, he answered:

"Yes, they is one. A boy will love his mother as long as there 's breath in him. Race he loves you—"

"Race!" cried Race's mother, leaping to her feet like a goaded thing. The red, the lack of which she had lamented, flamed now to her very hair. With a tragic movement she sank once more into the seat,

crouched there, trembling, pulled her dark curls about her face, and wept aloud. The wayward heart broke, with the cry:

"Oh, I 'm so 'shamed—oh, I 'm so 'shamed! Here I diked out like a fool girl and come over to charm you, and you 'll tell me that I—that I 've got Race left—when my heart 's jest broke to think how easy you was took away from me—you, John—you!"

"Me—took from you, 'Coe? Nothin' could never do that." The deep voice shook with emotion, as he drew her up to his breast. "Here they air to answer for themselves," turning to confront her son and Delissa, who had stolen around the cabin. "But you 've done got to have me now, honey. You cain't never put me off again."

One look told Ocoee all. Race was smiling as his mother had not seen him do for many weeks, swelling with happiness and masculine importance. Delissa, blushing and dimpling, clung to him, and looked timidly and doubtfully at Ocoee.

"Was n't I right, Uncle John?" demanded the boy. "Did you say it to her—that what I told you to? Did you tell her that she had me left to love her?"

"Race," said his mother, with a kindling look, "I never did whoop you in all yo' life; but I 'm a great min' to do it right this minute, you sassy—"

She broke down, between laughter and tears, waved the two children away with her hand, and turned to hide her rosy embarrassment in the ready arms that had been waiting so many years for her.

"Hit like to 'a' killed me—hit p'intedly did like to 'a' plumb killed me," murmured the big man, pleadingly. "But, honey, you know how you 've done me, year after year—tole me on, ef ye thort I was fergittin', an' then tell me yer heart was in the grave time I got up courage enough to ast ye once more. You 'd a-never 'a' had me this time, topside o' this earth, ef I 'd 'a' left ye a place size of a rye straw to crawl outen."



A MATTER OF ECONOMY

BY ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

Author of "The Reformation of Uncle Billy"



THE house stood close to the street—so close that between the front porch, which extended its entire breadth, and the fence, there was room for only a few feet of soil; but this, beaten hard by the drippings from the porch roof, was swept clean every morning by Mrs. Gusta Muller. The house itself was bright and clean in new paint; for paint, preserving the wood, is an economy. Heiney Muller had painted the house himself. The rich yellow of the walls was relieved by the sky-blue of the door- and window-frames, and the door itself glowed in a warm red. The picket-fence repeated the blue of the door-frame, for the can of blue paint could not be wasted.

"He iss so nice like anythings," Gusta had said, when she viewed the completed work. "Nobody thinks how fine it is to be for so few moneys"; and Heiney, looking the job over critically, admitted it.

"I likes him putty vell myselfs," he said modestly.

Mrs. Gusta Muller was rosy and round, and so plump that when she wore an apron the strings were lost to view in a crease that alone told where her waist had been. As wooden shoes are laughed at in America, she commonly went about her household duties with bare feet. Leather wears out so quickly!

Heiney Muller, twelve years in America, had the air of a German professor. His long, lank figure and dreamy eyes would have graced a chair in a German university, and his shoulders bore the stoop of a scholar's back. Four years of labor as an immigrant in the lumber-yard of a sawmill, at wages averaging eighty cents a day, had given him the bent back

and a keen appreciation of the value of a cent, and Gusta and Heiney had literally purchased their little home penny by penny. It was the neatest and yellowest house in the sawmill district—Slough-town, as it was nicknamed.

When Mrs. Muller bought a steak, she always asked the butcher for the small pieces of waste fat. These bits she put, with other fat scraps, in a large keg in the cellar, and when the keg was full, she made a fire in the back yard, and with potash strained from the wood-ashes she had carefully preserved during the winter, she made soap. By hard work and careful saving of fat scraps, Mrs. Muller often made as much soap during a winter as could be bought for seventy-five cents at the store.

Economy was Mrs. Muller's failing. She economized from pure love of saving, and one of her greatest sorrows was that she had grown so stout that a new dress for her ample form now demanded two yards more of material than were required five years before. Even the fact that her worn-out dresses now cut up into more carpet rags did not compensate for the extra twenty-five cents required for the additional two yards of calico. So she wore her dresses until they were mere shreds, and thus satisfied her soul.

With all her closeness, Mrs. Muller was cheerful. She had a good husband, a good home, and good health, and her husband was a kindred spirit in economy. They had lived together happily for twenty years, loving each other better each year, and yearly devising new economies.

Every one knows that the economical way to buy soap is by the quantity. If you buy a quantity and set it on the shelf in the wash-house, the cakes will dry and

harden, and will not waste away so quickly in the dish-pan or the wash-tub. Mrs. Muller, when she had to buy soap, bought a quantity, unwrapped the bars, and put them on the shelf. The wrappers she put in the wood-box; they were useful to start the fire in the morning. They burned greasily and reluctantly, but they enabled her to save the newspapers for shelf-covers.

Mr. Muller, coming to the wood-box one morning to start the fire, picked up a handful of the soap-wrappers, and chanced to read the words that were printed on them. "For two hundred wrappers the soap company gives a chenille table-cover!" As he read this, he felt a sickly, sinking sensation. He recalled how many wrappers he had burned. He had been burning something of value. Then he had a feeling of anger that his wife should have carelessly thrown away the valuable papers without first reading them; but as he recalled how many times she had out-economized him, he glowed with pleasure. Here was his opportunity for a sweet revenge! He would save the wrappers, and when he had two hundred, he would confound Augusta by presenting her with the chenille table-cover—the table-cover that she had so blindly and carelessly thrown away!

The winter wore away, and so did many cakes of soap, and Mr. Muller counted his increasing hoard of soap-wrappers with the avidity of a miser. He watched the soap disappear from the shelf, and saw it replaced by more, fretting because it disappeared so rapidly, but somewhat pleased because his pile of wrappers grew with corresponding celerity.

One warm February day—it was one of those balmy days that come as an advance sample of spring—Mrs. Muller, at the breakfast-table, dropped a bombshell into Mr. Muller's lap.

"Heiney," she said, "I guess I don't wait by spring this year to make my soap. I guess I make her to-day. The keg iss full, and when this warm wedder keeps on, it sours quick. Please und get up the soap-kettle."

"Gusta," said Mr. Muller, gently, "this ain't no time to make soap alretty. It's better you wait by April. What comes by the fat you gets from now until hot wedder? He goes for nothings, yes?"

"He don't goes for nothings when we don't gets any, does he?" asked Mrs. Muller. "We have sausages awhile, und ham und eggs. I got a feeling like I must make soap to-day, Heiney. I ain't happy to-day unless."

"Such foolish business," Mr. Muller exclaimed in disgust, "to make soap in Februar'!"

He saw his cherished revenge postponed for many months—"on account of the weather," as the base-ball managers say, and for the third time in their married life he openly quarreled with Augusta.

"You don't make some soap to-day," he said firmly.

Mrs. Muller eyed him critically.

"No?" she said. "Yes, I do, too, make soap. I bet you I do!"

"I don't get up soap-kettles in Februar'," said Mr. Muller, doggedly. "I ain't so loony."

"I gets him up myself, then," Mrs. Muller rejoined, with a well-assumed air of carelessness. "You ain't no boss here, Heiney Muller."

Mr. Muller finished his breakfast in moody silence, and wandered out to the barn with his hands meditatively under his coat-tails. From a rafter in the hay-loft he took down his soap-wrappers and counted them. He had ninety-eight. For a long time he gazed thoughtfully at the wrappers. When he returned to the house, Augusta was not in the kitchen nor in the sitting-room. He pulled on his overcoat and went out, not noticing that the velvet collar was turned in at the back. At the cellar door he stopped. He could hear Augusta dragging the soap-kettle across the cement floor.

"Gusta," he called down the cellar-way, "I bet you, you *don't* make some soap to-day!"

Half an hour later, as Mrs. Muller was piling wood under the soap-kettle, the grocer's boy trundled a wheelbarrow into the yard, and in the wheelbarrow lay a full box of soap—one hundred cakes.

"What iss?" asked Mrs. Muller, from where she knelt beside the soap-kettle.

"Soap," said the boy, laconically.

Mrs. Muller bent over her work again.

"You makes mistake," she said carelessly. "Iss not for here."

"Oh, yes, it is," the boy replied saucily.

"I don't 'makes mistake.' Your husband said you 'd try to send it back, but he said to tell you he had paid cash for it already. so it would n't be any good sending it back. Here it is."

He turned the barrow over, dumping the box out on the grass, and retired, whistling.

Mrs. Muller arose and stood over the box.

"Yess!" she said angrily. "You do this to me, Heiney Muller! You go und waste goot moneys on soap we ain't some needs for, yust to make me mad! So much you care for me! What goot iss it I work und save, und you go throw away our goot moneys on soap we ain't some needs for? 'T ain't some use in livin' when money gets throwed away for soap we ain't some needs for. You makes me sick!"

Leaving the soap and the kettle where they stood, Mrs. Muller, her chin trembling and her eyes tear-filled, entered her house and climbed the stairs to her bedroom.

"It ain't some use in livin'," she kept repeating to herself, and suddenly the full meaning of the words came to her. She sat by the window, looked out at the slushy road, and considered her case. Heiney did not love her, or he would not have so insulted her. She was a useless burden to him. He held her attempts to be a good and careful housewife as naught, scoffing at them by sending home whole boxes of soap. Doubtless she ate more than she saved, anyway. Doubtless he would be better off without her. Doubtless he would be happier without her, but he would be sad enough if he should come home and find her dead. What had she to live for, if her husband was to scatter money like water, to be a spendthrift of her careful savings? Better dead than tied to such a man!

"You makes me sick, Heiney Muller!" she repeated to his working-trousers, which hung against the door.

Twice before they had quarreled, and Heiney had been at fault both times. Once he had brought her home a new gingham wrapper, when the one she was wearing was still capable of mending. And only last summer, against all her arguments, he had insisted on planting melons in the lot, where she had told him, again and again, melons would never

grow. There was good ground wasted that might have been put in radishes; but she forgave that. But when the vines came up, sickly and thin, only to fall prey to the ravenous melon-worms, and Heiney rebelliously insisted on spending real money for Paris green to scatter on the hopelessly blighted leaves, she had become angry and they had quarreled.

"Him!" she now said, with stubborn anger—"him! All times making for expenses what iss no use for! Him mit his Paris greens! Ain't she money throwed away? Ain't she wasted? Ain't I got half them Paris greens left yet, und no usefulness for her? Und nefer will be!" she added positively.

She looked out of the window and up the road toward the store corner, but no Heiney appeared.

"Und nefer will be!" she repeated. "No, sir. Twenty-five cents throwed by the dogs. All them Paris greens wasted. 'T ain't some use in livin'!"

Suddenly her eyes brightened, even while her dejection increased. She arose and steadied herself by putting one hand on the bed-post, and gave the room a last sweeping glance.

"I guess, Heiney," she murmured, "I make out to save them Paris greens. She don't be wasted no more now."

There was something like elation in her breast at the thought of turning another of Heiney's extravagances into an economy, of rescuing from uselessness the only useless thing the house held; but her heart was heavy, and her tireless, strong limbs trembled as she groped her way down the back stairs to the kitchen.

She took the package of poison from the top shelf of the tin-paneled cupboard and set it on the kitchen table. She carefully untied the string, rolling it around her finger and placing it in the cupboard drawer, where many other carefully hoarded bits of string lay. Then she went into the dining-room for a tumbler.

When she returned she stopped in the doorway, surprised and momentarily abashed. Heiney was standing by the table, his eyes staring at her with fright, his mouth wide open.

"Well," she said lifelessly, "what iss? You comed back; you could yust so well go away once more."

"Gusta!" he gasped. "Gusta!"



Drawn by Charlotte Harding. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"'NO, GUSTA!' HE CRIED, WITH ANGUISH. 'NO! NO! DON'T DID IT!'"

He could not speak the question, but his hand pointed tremulously to the poison, and his eyes questioned her.

"So iss it!" she said firmly. "Get along out mit your soap-buyings. I go my own ways. Let be!"

The man, long and lank, fell on his knees and clasped his hands.

"No, Gusta!" he cried, with anguish. "No! no! Don't did it!"

He seized her around the knees, and buried his face in her torn skirt, pressing her convulsively to him, so that she staggered and had to support herself by the door-frame.

"Let be!" she said again, without emotion. "I save you the Paris greens."

Her husband glanced up at her set, stern face. All he saw there was the resolution, firm and cruel, and again he grasped her knees, and the weather-faded back of his coat shook with his sobs.

"Gusta," he moaned, "don't did it! I lofe you; don't did it!"

She passed her free hand across her brow, tears welled into her eyes, and, looking down, she saw in the long, unkempt hair of the back of his head that touch of familiarity and daily contact that sometimes condenses, in a single common object, long years of close association and love. She dropped on her knees beside him and wrapped her strong arms around him, laying her head on his shoulder, and wept.

"Heiney," she cried, "what for you make me feel so bad? When you do so then can I not do it. Go away, Heiney! go away!"

"No," he wept; "no, Gusta! That will I not. Give it up! Don't did it!"

"Yess," she moaned; "Yess, Heiney!"

Suddenly he took her hands and leaned back until he could look into her eyes.

"Gusta!" he said sternly, "ain't you love me some more?"

"Yess, Heiney," she answered.

"Then don't did it," he pleaded.

"My mind she iss make up, Heiney," she said sadly. "It iss to do."

"But, Gusta," he urged, "you love me und I love you, und what iss the use? It costs me a lot by your funerals. I don't save nothings!"

"Sometimes you got to have my funerals, anyhow, Heiney," his wife replied, smoothing his hair gently. "You got plenty money in the bank for him now." She let him capture her hand, and then added: "I ain't want to did it much, myself, Heiney."

"Then don't," he exclaimed. "I ain't want you to, any."

"I got to," she said simply.

Her husband dropped her hand in exasperation.

"Why? Why? Why? Why?" he shouted.

"Because," she replied, "I make up my mind I save them Paris greens, Heiney Muller; und I save them! So!"

Heiney's head fell forward in hopeless despair. He knew well that when his wife made up her mind to save anything it was useless to argue, and for a brief moment his mind wandered to the unmarried women of his acquaintance. It was not disloyalty: he had been managed so long that he was merely seeking a manager to succeed Gusta.

Quite suddenly a broad smile spread across his face.

"Gusta," he exclaimed, "'T ain't some use! 'T ain't worth dying! The drug-store he 'll take them Paris greens back."

Gusta, from her place on the floor, considered the proposition a moment, and then heaved a mighty sigh.

"All right, Heiney," she said; "I 'm glad for it." Then she added: "You can yust take them Paris greens in the paper. You don't needs some strings. I save them strings."



HISTORIC PALACES OF PARIS

IV. HÔTEL DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD-DOUDEAUVILLE¹

BY CAMILLE GRONKOWSKI



HE Hôtel de La Rochefoucauld-Doudeauville is located on the Rue de Varennes in the very heart of the Faubourg St. Germain.

This special world of the faubourg, very retired, very much shut in, a little worn with age, but with a good deal of an air, really constitutes a kind of organism which lives a life apart, one rendered abnormal by circumstances. In order to accentuate this isolation and silent disdain the most uncompromising of its members have remained jealously within a clearly circumscribed quarter, in the halo of a reputation for supreme elegance, but threatened and mined by modern progress.

The representatives of the great names of the past no longer constitute one of the wheels that move the state, since at present they are kept away from high public office. But this ostracism is of recent date, as is proved by the lofty dignities which the Duc de La Rochefoucauld-Doudeauville was still enjoying during the early years of the Third Republic. The only official functions which remain to them (to those at least who consent to occupy themselves therewith) are diplomacy and the army. Even these two careers, in which "one does not derogate from one's rank," will remain open to them less and less. As to politics, it is not for one who happens to wish to participate, since the deputies are appointed solely according to the wishes of the voters. Some princes and dukes still sit in parliament; but for the most part they owe their seats to some great ownership of land and to ancient local attachments. However,

they are few in number; and their position depends in no wise on government. What then remains for the descendants of the ancient chevaliers? Prince Henri of Orléans, son of the Duc de Chartres, great-grandson of King Louis Philippe, and a republican, it is said, gave an illustrious example to others, crossed Tibet in heroic fashion and exercised a happy diplomatic influence in Abyssinia. Some others followed this example of adventure and fared forth to learn, and to widen their minds in contact with distant lands and strange customs. So, very lately, the Prince de La Tour d'Auvergne explored the plateaus of the Himalayas, and the Prince de Léon, elder son of the Duc de Rohan, requested and obtained the honor of being the standard-bearer of General Voyron, commander of the French forces during the expedition to China. But one must acknowledge that this is very rare. And almost all of them, to use the expression of Alfred de Vigny, inclose themselves "in their ivory tower"—energies without employment, scornful spectators of the happenings of the day.

From that period onward one need to be no great prophet to foresee the consequences of this state of things. An organism prospers only by assimilation and activity. In this case the vital factors are absent. Whence it results that many activities mark time, discouraged and turned aside by puerile fashions of the world, which have become the real affair of their lives. On the other hand, just because these persons feel themselves fenced off and in a certain sense put under the ban of official society and its favors, they have

¹ As in the previous articles in this group, the photographs reproduced have been made by special permission and are the first to be published.—THE EDITOR.

court of honor, fine in its proportions, at the end and on the sides of which the palace rises. The building is of the style of the Regency, and is raised only between ground floor and roofs; it shows high, regular windows ornamented with mascarons and sober moldings. A general "grand air" emanates from the whole; but the actual display of luxury begins with the great marble vestibules to the right and left of the courtyard. For here, contrary to usage, the hôtel includes two great halls of entry, utilized on days of grand receptions. They were rearranged according to the plans of the living La Rochefoucauld-Doudeauville, the most magnificent grand seigneur of the Faubourg St. Germain, whose ambassadorship in London has left there a recollection of such unheard-of luxury that his receptions more than once gave the tone to the British court.

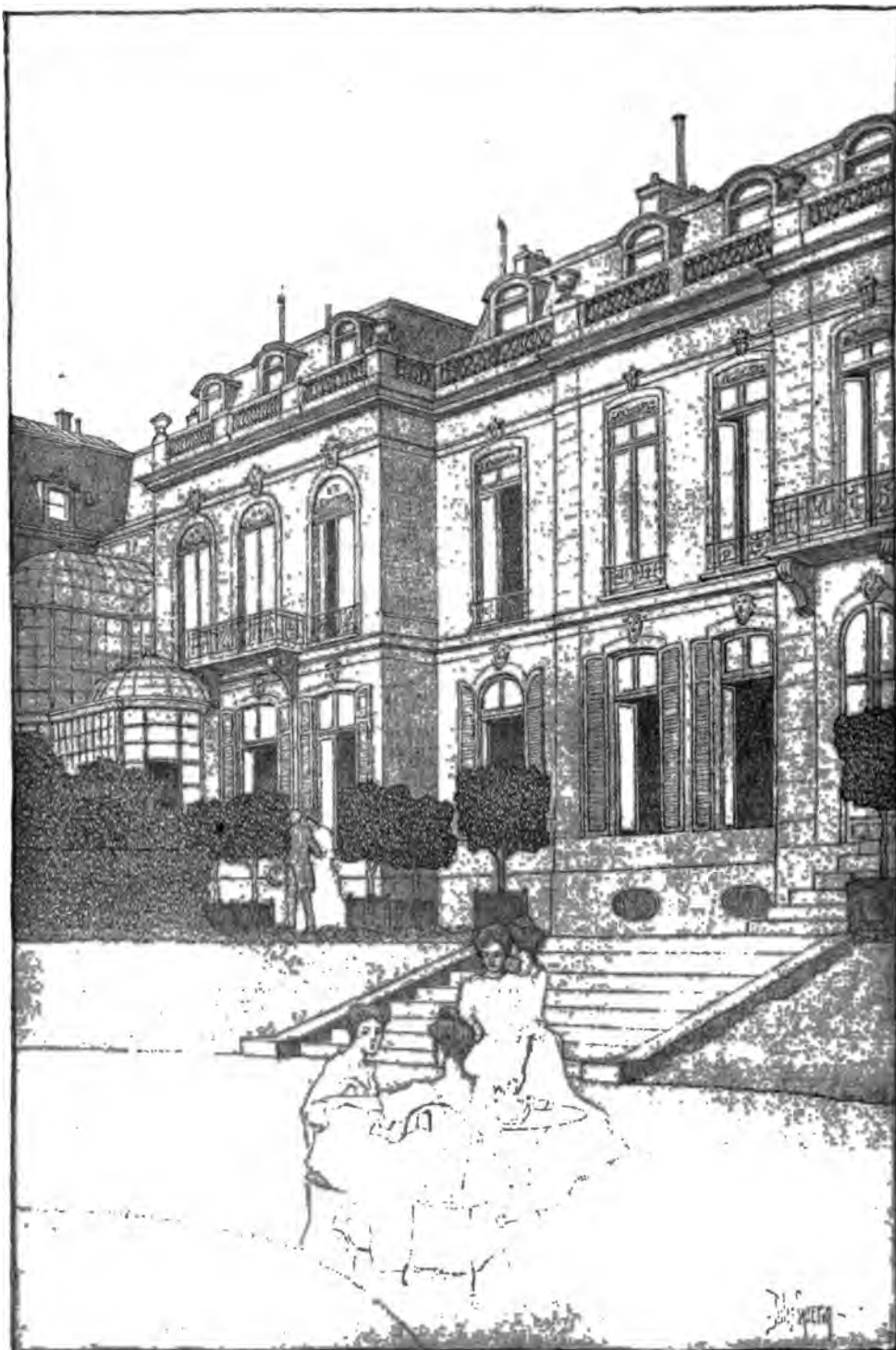
That by which one usually enters, the vestibule to the right, reproduces faithfully enough the marble stairway at the Château de Versailles. It is also in marble of a fine dark red, and all the ramp of the stair is red up to half the elevation where the splendid tapestry panels begin to sound their trumpets of art—those of the "Esther Suite," celebrated products of the Gobelins looms, the cartoons for which were made at Rome from 1737 to 1740 by de Troy. Also of marble are the floors of the vestibule, the broad and low steps of the stairway throwing into relief by their whiteness the rich tones of the thick Oriental carpet; likewise of marble and of rarest stone is the immense red ramp which runs along the steps, but the elegant curve of which seems particularly destined to bring out like a background that marvel of statuary, the figure of Louis XV as Apollo.

The King is modeled standing, half nude, holding in the right hand a crown of laurels, while the left lies carelessly on a rest. The work is signed, and dated 1777. The sculptor Mouchy has not merely travestied the "Well-beloved" as a god: he has done more and better. He has succeeded in divesting this genre and this transposition of man to god of whatever there is that is somewhat false and conventional in it; and the merit of such an accomplishment is not small. It is much to have known how to find once

more the calm, serene beauty of the antique in a period when "manner" formed the law in sculpture, and especially with regard to a model who undoubtedly was seductive in his youth, but whose somewhat frail and tired beauty never had any save a distant resemblance to that of the son of Jupiter.

As a pendant to this luxurious vestibule, a second, also entirely in marble, and again recalling the marble vestibule of Versailles, opens to the left of the court of honor by high glassed window-doors. Here again the panels of tapestry offer us episodes in the story of Esther. That in the center has the signature, "de Troy, Rome, 1745." Admirably preserved—as also are those other well-known examples of the Académie de France at Rome, of the Museo Nazionale at Florence, and the Garde-meubles in Paris—these tapestries are a joy to the eye, and so sumptuous, so frank in tones of decoration, that one forgets their stilted and theatrical, and, from a religious standpoint, even scandalous conception. They are truly far from the mystic evocations of the Middle Ages in their naïve, tender and pious tapestries with high warp. But let us not complain of this somewhat theatrical side; we are here in the full tide of the eighteenth century, a period of enjoyment and luxury, when faith was deeply shaken and the great scenes of religious history were used in decoration only as a pretext for a grandiloquent, luxurious and somewhat perverse, though very refined style. Besides, these panels are no longer, like those of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, destined to figure in the national and popular festivals, to exalt the sufferings of Christ or the heroic acts of the prophets. No; what de Troy proposed to do, just like his colleagues Oudry, des Portes, and Audran, was merely to decorate splendidly an apartment, a gallery, a vestibule of honor; so as to have it suit in a dignified way the fine feathers of magnates and dames on evenings of festivity. And let us confess that their excess was and still is perfect. So great was their decorative power, that even to-day, notwithstanding the ugly black costumes of men, the receptions within these frames possess a magnificent air under the glistening splendor of the marbles and tapestries.

When the Duc de La Rochefoucauld-



Drawn for the occasion. Half tone plate engraved by K. Varley

GARDEN FAÇADE OF THE HÔTEL DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD-DOUDEAUVILLE

Doudeauville opens wide the portals of his hôtel, it is by the second vestibule that the guests enter first. They then pass to a second antechamber all in white, ornamented with fine wood-carvings in Louis XV style, tone upon tone. Here and there upon the sconces flutter the gleams from great vases in old Chinese porcelain—that luxury very often found and very numerous represented in our old hôtels of the Faubourg St. Germain. From this room the crowd of elegant women, of brilliant officers, of diplomats and academicians (also, alas! with black coats), takes its way toward the first vestibule and the marble stairs to reach the grand salons of the first floor, or else spreads out through the five drawing-rooms of the ground floor. In the former case, the guests of the duke pass immediately from one antechamber to the other by the grand gallery along the court of honor which connects the two vestibules in marble. This huge and long apartment, a gala room, is entirely decorated with white and gold woodwork and with mirrors. The mirrors, which are opposite the windows, are on rollers, and may be pushed into the depth of the sculptured and gilded wall which plainly divides the palace into two very long rectangles, one of the two forming the communicating gallery, the other divided into reception-rooms.

These reception-salons, if we remember that we are here during a festal function, are all seen in perspective as soon as one enters the door of the grand gallery, and they glitter under the glare of thousands of electric lamps attached to the crystal and amethyst chandeliers, or else to the sconces and light-holders in bronze-gilt of authentic dates—the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. If the reception is completed by a nocturnal garden-party, at their first arrival the guests have, beyond the gallery and the salons, the fairylike spectacle of the park, lighted as brilliantly as day, with its deep lawns and its enormous cedars. All this offers itself as a background of decoration through the great windows which lead from the salons into the park down one broad step of marble.

The first salon of the ground floor attracts attention at once by its wood-carvings in high relief, gilded on a white ground. The ornamental motive chosen

by the artist consists of the signs of the zodiac in the midst of a very rich composite background, where, picturesquely mingled round the conventional "shell" of Louis XV, are emblems of music, fruits, grotesques, owlets, caducei, and even Chinese fantasies, all presented in the most graceful arrangement one can imagine. Carved ribbons seem to hold up these medallions, which are inserted in a long and narrow panel framed in gold, the rounded angles of which give a place for that other ornamental "shell," somewhat less conventionalized, which was dear to the school of Meissonier and Slodet—a ceaseless spring of floral linework and fine arabesques. Our illustration will give an idea of the sumptuous setting of the "mirror without tinfoil," which is seen in the next salon, and the ingenious blossoming of the original motive—simple flutings about which garlands are wreathed.

Not less richly framed are the painted window-piers representing classic scenes—the shepherds all rosy and perfumed, the shepherdesses powdered and wearing mouches. All the doors on the ground floor are surmounted by allegories of the kind, an irrefutable witness of the all-potent influence of Boucher on the unknown artists who decorated this palace. What is the use of describing those pictures? The reader knows the kind, the type. It is a trifle flat and mannered; it is very untrue to nature: but it is exquisite by reason of its art and its refinement. The young peasant seems to have stepped out of a salon at Versailles; the damsel is more furbelowed than a marquise; and the sheep, the dogs, the landscape, all the obligatory properties, are seen as if through a prism—even as, to tell the truth, is all the art of the eighteenth century. And then, how can one prove a harsh critic before such an outspoken wish to satisfy the eyes and senses, to show life in a happy, easy light, with the plain intention of glorifying commonplace love and its games? The young person will not resist these advances; virtue is a mere expression; pleasure is everything. Such naïveté is disarming. The whole legend of a frivolous century reveals itself in these pastorals.

The same joyous thoughtfulness appears in all the furniture of the period: it is precisely that which constitutes the unity



From a photograph

A SALON OF THE GROUND FLOOR

of the style, that indefinable impalpable thing which floats about certain objects and gives to all a moral paternity—or at any rate an artistic one. Consider, in fact, without leaving the salon which we are just now examining, the other pieces of furniture. On the clock above the hearth, which is a pure masterpiece from the end of the reign of Louis XV, is Saturn in gilt bronze brandishing his scythe, symbol of the quickly falling years. But a smiling Cupid is close beside him, and turns the lethal weapon aside. Other sons of Venus frolic on the shaft of the column, while a new group supports the side chandeliers, and still others, in reliefs heightened by gold, run along the cornices. Thus, awaiting the end of all things and the final victory of Saturn, the deep sofas carved by Crescent, the thick

rugs from the looms of La Savonnerie call forgetful and careless mortals to an ample and soft existence.

A smaller salon opens to the left, likewise flush with the park, and serves as a summer office for the Duc de Doudeauville. It is hung with crimson "lampas" of Chinese silk, and decorated with a few good pictures of the Dutch school.

Then one steps into the former bedroom of the duchess (born a Princesse de Ligne, died in 1898), which is now used as a summer bedroom by the duke before his departure for his châteaux of Bonnétable or of Eselimont. An enormous bed occupies a large part of the big apartment. It is entirely gilt, surmounted by a huge baldachin in wood, sculptured like lace, which extends to the foot of the bed. This piece of furniture is in truth royal.

The rest of the room is worthy of it; the Louis XVI clock is very handsome, surmounted by the Gallic cock, wreathed about by a round of Cupids. It is surrounded by bronze chandeliers, gilt and carved in openwork, and also by large vases of porphyry richly mounted in bronze. This completes the set. On the walls a Giorgione—"Suzanna and the Elders"—and a St. John the Baptist after Murillo. On festal nights the gala bed is dismounted and the bedroom is turned into a drawing-room, in order to continue the suite.

The suite of apartments bordering the park on the ground floor includes also three salons. The farthest one serves as a lunch-room on gala occasions, and at other times in summer as a dining-room for the duke. The walls—all white, but lightly heightened with gold—are decked with family portraits; the pearl of this little collection being the exquisite likeness of the grandmother of the Duc de Doudeauville, painted by Madame Vigée-

Lebrun, a marvel of grace and ingenuous, pensive youth under her wreath of roses and her flowing blonde hair.

Here, too, is a little boudoir hung with tapestries, an intimate spot full of precious bric-à-brac, where the chairs from the weaving-studios of Beauvais display to us the eternal love-making of shepherds and shepherdesses. It leads to the "Cozette" salon, named thus because of two superb oval portraits in tapestry signed, "Cozette," and dated 1778. One represents the Maréchal de Saxe, and the opposite shows a lady in magnificent surroundings. Notwithstanding the primary mistake, consisting of the attempt to contend with oil-painting by means which are intended for quite another usage, it must be recognized that these portraits say the last word as to illusion. In fact, it is too perfect, and therein I see a striking example of admirable decadence. In truth, through the strength of the coloring and the sheeny quality of the tones, these tapestry portraits harm the other like-



From a photograph

WAITING-ROOM OF THE MAIN FLOOR



Drawn by A. Castaigne. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

THE MARBLE STAIRCASE ON A RECEPTION-DAY IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

nesses which decorate the room, although the latter are by the hand of an excellent pupil of Largillière.

Such, then, are the salons of the ground floor in the Hôtel de La Rochefoucauld-Doudeauville. I like to describe them on a festal occasion, in the brilliant flood of light and gilding. I have mentioned the almost fairylike impression felt by a guest as he issues from the marble vestibule when the splendid procession is unrolled in a single stream across the window-openings of the grand gallery, following the arrangement adopted at Versailles for the apartments of Louis XIV and the Gallery of Mirrors. But an additional charm here is due to the park being so near. One opens the glassed bays; three steps, and one is surrounded by verdure without any neighboring buildings, trees as far as one can see—to the left and right, everywhere, a background of foliage. And this is in mid-Paris on the threshold of the twentieth century! That is a luxury rarer than any other; and I know of enormously rich financiers who would consent to a heavy sacrifice to have that spring-festival and that green horizon round their hôtels on the Champs Elysées or the Plaine Monceau.

In order to reach the first story, where other large reception-rooms are found, without speaking of the intimate private apartments of the duke for the winter, one may choose between the grand gallery which leads to the marble stair, or else, sacrificing to modern comfort, ascend by the elevator. But what an elevator it is! Far in the back of the gallery you perceive a kind of gala coach painted and gilt—a coach that might be an enormous sedan-chair of the eighteenth century, on which one describes the arms of the La Rochefoucaulds on a scarlet ground. This is the apparatus for an elevator imagined by the duke—modern as to means, but very *ancien régime* as to form and decoration, and in any case not at all discordant with this seigniorial interior.

But we will take the stairs in order to remain more in the key, and also for the pleasure of seeing again, as we pass, the admirable statue of Louis XV and the "symphony in reds" of the marbles and tapestries and the coffered ceilings, modeled on that of the Hercules Salon at Versailles.

A short gallery will take us into the salon of the Robert Huberts, which forms an antechamber for the apartments of the first story. It is entirely white, and is decorated with fine wood-carvings. Those that border the mirror and form the cornices are specially charming in workmanship. Among them behold two architectural pictures by the "painter of ruins," stamped with a soft and sad poesy—as usual, depicting Italian palaces in a noble setting of big woods and lakes. The furniture of this salon is somewhat composite, as may be permitted in a waiting-room,—a piece in tapestry, Louis XVI style, showing delightful mythological and rustic scenes; a Louis XV bureau in marquetry; a big Louis XIV arm-chair; a clock in gilt bronze of Louis XVI (what old clocks has not this hôtel, all beautiful, all authentic!); big Chinese porcelain vases of the "rose family"; antique rugs from Persia; pier-tables in gilt wood from the reign of the Great King; a Louis XIII cabinet with inlay. And all this, diverse but beautiful in itself, makes a very fine entrance to the grand salons.

In these, again, there is the same arrangement as on the ground floor. To the left there is a grand white-and-gold gallery; in front is the first salon, indicating a new suite of rooms for grand receptions; to the right are the "winter garden" and the dining-room.

I shall not say much about the gallery, since it repeats the one underneath, except that it preserves four window-piers and casings that belonged to the old Château de Bercy. The furniture is Louis XVI—red-silk "lampas" on a silver ground. Enormous hanging chandeliers drop from the ceiling and, with the gilded side-lights, give the impression of a salon for gala purposes. Here again the doors, arranged as at Versailles, are furnished with rolling slots in order to facilitate communication and add to the beauty of the general view. One of these conducts us into the grand salon.

The decoration of this magnificent apartment has been known to all Parisians since 1904. Yet admittance to these hôtels, and particularly to this one, is jealously guarded. In the picture-salon of 1904, however, the painter Jean Béraud exhibited a canvas in which were seen collected round the Duc de La Rochefou-



From a photograph

GRAND DRAWING-ROOM, MAIN FLOOR

cauld-Doudeauville all the members of his family, down to the babies in the arms of their nurses. The subject of the picture caused the greater sensation because the artist had grouped these thirty La Rochefoucaulds in the marvelous salon clad in carved woods from Bercy, along with the famous miniatures and show-cases about which there was much talk, but which the public had never seen. I beg my readers to regard the illustration given here. Without the slightest doubt, they will admire the elegant ordering of these panels, simple in appearance, but carved by singularly delicate hands—panels the sobriety of which causes the ceiling to appear all the richer, with its medallions and sconcecons glittering with gold. The portrait of the late duchess by Bonnat is placed in one corner of the salon. A drapery of red velvet and some palms surround it, where it holds the chief place among a crowd of miniatures prettily arranged on a screen of old silk—

miniatures showing the Rochefoucaulds of the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth, and even the twentieth century.¹

Other miniatures, framed or mounted in box-covers, constitute an incomparable collection, and are kept in the glassed cases of this salon. Notably worth mention are two Van Blarenbergs, astonishing in execution: the "Inauguration of the Place Louis XV" and the "Fête given to Dampierre at the Marriage of the Duchesse de Montmorency"—hundreds of figures in a charming landscape covering a square five centimeters high and six long! Then there is a snuff-box on which Louis XIV is depicted with his family; another on which Madame Elizabeth holds an oval portrait of the King in her hand; a third, in red gold with inlays, which at a sale was fought for by the Empress Eugénie against the Duc de Doudeauville, but was finally knocked down to the latter. Still more boxes—a delightful figure of Marie Antoinette, a Psyche, an Anne

¹ The picture of the "grand drawing-room," above, shows on the right a painting by Jacquet of the Vicomte de La Rochefoucauld, second son of the duke, in a fancy dress.



From a photograph

DRAWING-ROOM, MAIN FLOOR (CONNECTING WITH THE GRAND DRAWING-ROOM)

of Austria, a Fête at Vaux, a Fête at Maisons—boxes in sardonyx, boxes in Vernis-Martin, some incased in gold, others rimmed with precious stones. Here and there are pieces of old Dresden and old Sèvres, among which are an exquisite little cup bought at the sale of effects of the last lady of the bedchamber of Madame Elizabeth, and a doll's tea-service in soft-paste porcelain, with a decoration of monkeys. And in the neighboring salon are other glassed cases which continue this unrivaled collection. Here is a whole series of Saint Cloud pottles, Mennecey and Chantilly ware, urns, statuettes and small equestrian groups, and teapots and sugar-bowls decorated with flowers. Among these porcelain pieces there is also a delightful clock in gold imitating a temple, the columns of which are of lapis lazuli, with a golden bird on the roof, the whole set with pearls, while the dial shows an enameled dolphin pouring pearls from its mouth.

But this marvelous piece, as large as

one's hand, must not make us forget the grand clock in Louis XVI style which decorates the chimneypiece. It is mounted in gilt bronze, and is in the shape of an urn held in place by allegorical figures at its base. The chief originality in this timepiece consists in the portraits on soft-paste Sèvres porcelain which are let into it—King Louis XV in one grand medallion above the dial, the royal initials and the crown on the drapery beneath the bracket, and all along the base the portraits of the royal family. Two larger urns with similar decoration complete this chimney-set: on one, the portraits of Louis XVI and the dauphin, on the other, Marie Antoinette and her daughter. This splendid suite was given to the Duchesse de Polignac by the Queen. All the furniture in this salon—as, in fact, that of the preceding room—is up to the level of these masterpieces: Louis XVI clothes-presses in Chinese lacquer and Vernis-Martin, old crackle vases in their original mounts of gilt bronze; a chest signed *h. m.*

Carlin; another chest, extremely rich in decoration, signed by Boulle; a small bureau in marquetry; portrait of Fouquet by Mignard; the "Return from Egypt" by Massimo; ivories; sculptured wooden pieces; rugs from La Savonnerie, one bearing the arms of the Rohans; etc.

A third salon follows this, oval in shape and wainscoted with wood-carvings from the Château de Bercy. The chairs are in Beauvais tapestry and depict the Fables of La Fontaine. And the furniture? Here again they are real museum pieces, but with something more than that—the beauty of being placed according to the natural disposition of such things. I would like to mention here an important chest of drawers in Chinese lacquer, covered with gilt bronzes, and the little clock in Sèvres biscuit on which Daphnis and Chloe flirt lovingly. In truth, they merely imitate the rapturous transports seen on certain transom decorations in this salon, designed in a very gallant, not to say frisky, style, which are due to the school of Boucher. In a corner of the room a shallow wall-case contains precious manuscripts of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

But now we are at last in the dining-room, certainly one of the most perfect apartments in this palace, which has so many finished rooms. It presents two essential characteristics: in the first place, richness, and, in the second, gaiety and elegance, with the high and bright tone of its white wood-carvings and the double vista offered to the sight of diners. On one side, through the big windows, one sees the leafy alleys of the English park; on the other, through the mirrors without tinfoil, one looks into the winter garden, a great hall glassed in and filled with palms, shrubs, and rare Oriental plants.

The furniture of the banquet-chamber is in Louis XIV style, gilt wood and Genoa velvet. The sumptuous pier-tables, also in gilt carved wood, come from Bercy, where they were reckoned among the most notable objects. In truth it is difficult to imagine more movement and expressiveness in decorative carving than this. The tapestries, with designs in red on a yellow ground, woven with gold and silver thread, were made after the cartoons of Bérain. On the

chimneypiece are two priceless works: the great porphyry urns, the covers, pedestals and garlands of which, in gilt bronze, bear the famous signature Gouthière. These also are relics from Bercy.

In order to give some idea of the seigniorial luxury which reigns at the entertainments given by the Duc de Doudeauville, I need simply mention this: the table-service used for the gala dinners is a set of Sèvres porcelain, complete and all of a piece, called the "cabbage-leaf design," rimmed with blue spangled in gold and decorated with garlands of roses. It comprises one hundred and seventy plates, fifty platters, two large soup-tureens, and ten large assorted vases for natural flowers. All is unbroken and genuine and belongs to the family. Can one see such a collection every day?

A large glass double door is the connection between the dining-room and the winter garden. But, according to the whim of the moment, the Duc de Doudeauville, while dining, may wish to give himself the pleasure of another view. For instance, he may take a fancy to see, as in a kind of mirage, the scintillation of the chandeliers, the picture of his priceless works of art as it were softened and pushed far into the distance. To make this change there are slides on rollers operating in grooves hidden in the walls, which support certain large mirrors. These can be pushed out to cover the transparent windows, and thus a kind of new decoration takes the place of the old, and the Oriental vision of the winter garden vanishes for a vision of Louis XIV art.

This winter garden also serves as a smoker after the big dinners. At one end a flower-bordered stair descends to the ground floor, where on one side it opens into the summer dining-room, and on the other leads directly to the park. Useless to add that numerous electric lamps, ingeniously hidden behind the foliage, add to the splendors of the reception on festal occasions. The private chapel of the duke opens on the winter garden.

Having at first entered the grand salon by the gallery, we have passed in review only the reception-rooms—that is to say, the rooms placed to the right of the grand salon. There remains to be seen all the portions to the left—the private apart-



From a photograph

DINING-ROOM, MAIN FLOOR

ments. Being of a more intimate kind, they have less of the "museum" and much more of the "home" about them.

These apartments, in the first place, include the Red Boudoir of the duchess, following on the grand salon and also looking out on the park. Here again the woodwork comes from the Château de Bercy, as well as some of the Boulle furniture. But on the panels are portraits of the family, as one might expect when entering into this new suite of intimate apartments. Undoubtedly the most striking is that very curious "Interior View," in which four persons are seen taking tea in a delicious interior with green and red hangings—persons whose destiny was to be either harsh or tragic. The Duchesse de Bourbon, mother of the Duc d'Enghien, and the Vicomtesse de Montmorency-Laval are gracefully seated at three-quarters length before a little table crowded with cups and cakes, and talk in an animated fashion. At their feet two children at play are watching the goodies; one is Mathieu de Montmorency and the

other is the little Hippolyte who was destined to be guillotined on the Place Louis XV. And since I am speaking of these two famous families, I must be sure not to forget an interesting miniature here representing the wedding of Mathieu de Montmorency with the heiress of the Laval—in the twelfth century! That is something that takes one far enough back from the Revolution and its bloody scenes.

The bedroom of the Duchesse de La Rochefoucauld has been scrupulously kept in the same condition as when she was alive, with its big religious Italian paintings, its writing-desk in Chinese lacquer, and its precious chimneypiece suite in "royal blue Sèvres" decked out with historic medallions.

The private apartments of the duke for the winter season follow on the grand salon on the first story. They include three work-rooms and the bedroom. Here everything speaks of study and family souvenirs. On the tables and pier-tables, behind the glass of the book-shelves, are masses of papers, letters, historical files:

and in quantities everywhere are ancestral portraits, miniatures, and an endless number of photographs. Among all these things I wish to notice only the beautiful portrait of Eliza de Montmorency-Laval, Vicomtesse de La Rochefoucauld, by Gérard, and also the elegant and sorrowful likeness, by Gérôme, of the eldest son of the Duc de La Rochefoucauld, who died years ago in Madeira and is ever regretted. But things of this sort are outside the domain of description or art criticism, and it would be indiscreet to enter on an enumeration; for here we are, in a way, in a museum of souvenirs, and among these dynastic relics several recall old sorrows, the La Rochefoucauld family having been the victim of very sad events during recent years.

It is well known that the name La Rochefoucauld is one of the most illustrious in France. This great feudal house goes back to the Sires de Lusignan, whose first authentically proved ancestor was Foucauld I, Seigneur de La Roche, who died in 1040. At present the family is divided into two branches: the sept de La Rochefoucauld, including the dukes of that name and the Ducs d'Estissac, and the branch de Doudeauville. Their common ancestor is François de La Roche, who served as godfather to François I in 1494. In memory of that honor the chief of the house always bears the name of François. The present duke is named François-Alfred-Gaston de La Rochefoucauld, Duc de La Rochefoucauld, Duc de Liancourt, Prince de Marcillac, Duc d'Anville. He is an officer in the hussars, and in 1892 married an American, Miss Mitchell.

Note, as we go, that the first Doudeauville was Louis de La Rochefoucauld, Marquis de Surgères (about 1500), created a grandee of Spain of the first class with the title of Duc de Doudeauville in Calvados. The title remains attached to this branch in the order of primogeniture.

The La Rochefoucaulds have filled the annals of history with the renown of their name, and many are their exploits and the services they have rendered France. It would be tiresome to recall them. I shall mention only two or three anecdotes—for instance, with respect to François III, Comte de La Rochefoucauld, Prince de Marcillac (1531–72), who was one of the most important Protestant leaders. He

caused the banner of the Calvinists to float along the whole west coast, from the mouths of the Charente to the river Gironde; then went to Paris in order to be present at the marriage of the King of Navarre. The King, who held him in great esteem and affection, wished to keep him near his person during the terrible night of St. Bartholomew; but he, brave and careless, declined and returned to his lodgings. Just as he was going to sleep he saw some masked men, armed with daggers, running toward his bed. Believing it was a joke on the part of the King and the other roystering comrades he had just left, he began to laugh at the supposed joke; and it was in the midst of this fit of laughter that he died, pierced by the steel of the fanatics.

François de La Rochefoucauld, on the contrary, a French prelate (1558–1645), refused energetically to submit to Henri IV so long as that prince had not abjured Protestantism. He took a leading part in the Council of Trent.

But that one of the family who was famous beyond all others was certainly François VI, Duc de La Rochefoucauld, Prince de Marcillac (1613–80), the celebrated author of the "Maximes" and the "Mémoires." He had appeared at court in his childhood, and understood so perfectly its seamy side and its rascalities that he employed his talents and his malicious wit, at a very early age, against the Cardinal de Richelieu, in order to amuse himself and train his hand. This attitude of his resulted in his exile. In 1658 he threw himself into the revolution of the Fronde for love of the Duchesse de Longueville, fought valiantly, and lost an eye in the skirmish of the Faubourg St. Antoine.

His son, the duke François VII, was a better courtier and became one of the favorites of Louis XIV, who appointed him governor of Berry. A practical side was lacking to him, so that debts overwhelmed him all his life. One day, when his face appeared cloudier than usual, the Roi-Soleil inquired affectionately as to the reason. "Sire," he replied, "I know not how to face my creditors." "Why don't you talk it over with your friends?" answered the King. And as a sequel to that pleasant speech he caused fifty thousand écus to be sent him.


LINCOLN THE LAWYER

BY FREDERICK TREVOR HILL

Author of "The Case and Exceptions," "The Accomplice," etc.

XIX

LINCOLN THE JURY LAWYER

T is conceded by all his contemporaries that Lincoln was the best all-round jury lawyer of his day in Illinois. Undoubtedly his knowledge of human nature played an important part in his success. He possessed another quality, however, which is almost, if not quite, as essential in jury work, and that is clearness and simplicity of statement.

It will be remembered that in his Sangamon River argument—his first boyish attempt at pleading a case—he had displayed unusual ability in presenting his facts, and with age and experience he developed a perfect genius for statement. His logical mind marshaled facts in such orderly sequence, and he interpreted them in such simple language, that a child could follow him through the most complicated cause, and his mere recital of the issues had the force of argument.

Many people suppose that there is only one way of telling the truth, and that, given honesty, no art is required to make a frank and fair statement of matters in dispute; but this is a popular delusion. "A truth which is badly put," says Mr. Wells in his "Mankind in the Making," "is not a truth, but an infertile, hybrid lie," and every lawyer of experience knows that not one man in a thousand can make facts speak for themselves. Certainly the average practitioner does not master his material. He is controlled by it, and presents his cause in such a manner as to necessitate contradiction, invite confusion, or challenge belief. He has neither the confidence nor the skill to state the truth,

the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and his omissions and perversions naturally reflect on his honesty or sincerity.

Lincoln, on the contrary, relied on truth, knew how to tell it, and "with perfect sincerity often deceived the deceitful." "A stranger going into a court when he was trying a case," says Mr. Arnold, one of his constant associates, "would after a few minutes find himself instinctively on Lincoln's side and wishing him success."

This lucidity of expression, persuasive clarity, and convincing simplicity is, of course, the distinctive mark of Lincoln's literary style, in so far as his writing can be said to have a style; and of this habit, nurtured and matured in the court-room, came some of the ablest state papers ever drawn by an American, and some of the acknowledged masterpieces of English prose.

Lincoln not only spoke a language which jurors could understand, but he also took them into his confidence and made them feel, as one of his contemporaries says, that he and they were trying the case together. He was likewise continually the friend of the court who thought it "would be only fair" to let in this, or "only right that that should be conceded," and who "reckoned he must be wrong," when the court overruled him, but who, nevertheless, took a quiet and tactful exception whenever the occasion required it.

"Now about the time he had practised through three quarters of the case in this way," observes Leonard Swett, "his adversary would wake up to find himself beaten. He was as wise as a serpent in

the trial of a case, and what he so blandly gave away was only what he could n't get and keep."

Of course these comments were merely intended to emphasize the fact that Lincoln did not try both sides of his cases, as some of his eulogists would have us believe; but unfortunately they have been distorted into an implication that he indulged in tricks of the trade, and that his apparent fairness was nothing better than a device by which he lured the unwary to destruction.

Mr. E. M. Prince, who is now living in Bloomington, Illinois, and who heard Lincoln try over a hundred cases of all sorts, is a competent authority on any question of this kind, and his testimony is direct and convincing. "The truth is," Mr. Prince remarked while talking with the writer, "that Mr. Lincoln had a genius for seeing the real point in a case at once, and aiming steadily at it from the beginning of a trial to the end. The issue in most cases lies in very narrow compass, and the really great lawyer disregards everything not directly tending to that issue. The mediocre advocate is apt to miss the crucial point in his case and is easily diverted with minor matters, and when his eyes are opened he is usually angry and always surprised. Mr. Lincoln instinctively saw the kernel of every case at the outset, never lost sight of it, and never let it escape the jury. That was the only trick I ever saw him play."

But the best possible proof that Mr. Lincoln was an unusually fair practitioner and generous opponent is the fact that he made no enemies in the ranks of his profession during all his active and varied career. Forbearance is often mistaken for timidity, and tact for weakness, and it not infrequently happened that Lincoln's professional opponents misinterpreted his attitude toward them; but they were always speedily disillusioned. Mr. Swett remarked that "any one who took Lincoln for a simple-minded man [in the courtroom] would very soon wake up on his back in a ditch"; and although he seldom resorted to tongue-lashing, and rarely displayed anger, there is abundant evidence that no one ever attacked him with impunity. Judge Weldon told the writer that on one occasion a lawyer challenged

a juror because of his personal acquaintance with Mr. Lincoln, who appeared for the other side. Such an objection was regarded as more or less of a reflection upon the honor of an attorney in those days, and Judge Davis, who was presiding at the time, promptly overruled the challenge; but when Lincoln rose to examine the jury he gravely followed his adversary's lead and began to ask the talesmen whether they were acquainted with his opponent. After two or three had answered in the affirmative, however, his Honor interfered.

"Now, Mr. Lincoln," he observed severely, "you are wasting time. The mere fact that a juror knows your opponent does not disqualify him."

"No, your Honor," responded Lincoln, dryly. "But I am afraid some of the gentlemen may *not* know him, which would place me at a disadvantage."

A successful jury lawyer must needs be something of an actor at times, and during his apprentice years Lincoln displayed no little histrionic ability in his passionate appeals to the juries. Indeed, his notes in the Wright case show that he occasionally reverted to first principles even after he had reached the age of discretion. This case was brought on behalf of the widow of a Revolutionary War soldier whose pension had been cut in two by a rapacious agent, who appropriated half of the sum collected for his alleged services. The facts aroused Lincoln's indignation, and his memorandum for summing up to the jury ran as follows: "*No contract. Not professional services. Unreasonable charge. Money retained by defendant—not given by plaintiff. Revolutionary War. Describe Valley Forge privations. Icc. Soldiers' bleeding feet. Plaintiff's husband. Soldier leaving home for army. SKIN DEFENDANT. Close.*"

Mr. Herndon, who quotes this memorandum, testifies that the soldiers' bleeding feet and other pathetic properties were handled very effectively, and that the defendant was skinned to the entire satisfaction of the jury. It was only occasionally, however, that Lincoln indulged in fervid oratory, and his advice to Herndon shows his belief in simplicity and reserve.

"Don't shoot too high," Herndon reports him as saying. "Aim lower, and

the common people will understand you. They are the ones you want to reach—at least they are the ones you ought to reach. The educated and refined people will understand you, anyway. If you aim too high, your ideas will go over the heads of the masses and only hit those who need no hitting."

To interest the jurors and make them understand is, of course, the chief endeavor of every jury advocate, and Lincoln constantly employed his great gifts as a story-teller to illustrate, simplify, and reinforce his arguments, which is another proof that he did not waste this valuable ammunition on tavern loiterers. Stories are more interesting than logic and far more effective with the average audience, and Lincoln's juries usually heard something from him in the way of an apt comparison or illustration which impressed his point upon their minds.

On one occasion when he was defending a case of assault and battery it was proved that the plaintiff had been the aggressor, but the opposing counsel argued that the defendant might have protected himself without inflicting injuries on his assailant.

"That reminds me of the man who was attacked by a farmer's dog, which he killed with a pitchfork," commented Lincoln.

"What made you kill my dog?" demanded the farmer.

"What made him try to bite me?" retorted the offender.

"But why did n't you go at him with the other end of your pitchfork?" persisted the farmer.

"Well, why did n't he come at me with his other end?" was the retort."

Lincoln not only made effective use of stories with the jury, but frequently employed them in arguing to the court, and he once completely refuted a contention that custom makes law with an anecdote drawn from his own experience.

"Old Squire Bagley from Menard," he began, "once came into my office and said, 'Lincoln, I want your advice as a lawyer. Has a man what's been elected a justice of the peace a right to issue a marriage license?' I told him he had not. 'Lincoln, I thought you was a lawyer,' he retorted. 'Bob Thomas and me had a bet on this thing, and we agreed

to let you decide it; but if thet is your opinion, I don't want it, for I know a thunderin' sight better. *I've been squire now eight years, and I've done it all the time!*'"

Even the attorney whose argument for custom was thus answered must have smiled at this good-natured disposal of his claims, and Lincoln's humor generally freed his criticisms of all offense. "He can compress the most words into the smallest ideas of any man I ever met," was, perhaps, the severest retort he ever uttered; but history has considerably sheltered the identity of the victim.

Wit and ridicule were Lincoln's weapons of offense and defense, and he probably laughed more jury cases out of court than any other man who practised at the bar.

"I once heard Mr. Lincoln defend a man in Bloomington against a charge of passing counterfeit money," Vice-President Stevenson told the writer. "There was a pretty clear case against the accused, but when the chief witness for the people took the stand, he stated that his name was J. Parker Green, and Lincoln reverted to this the moment he rose to cross-examine. *Why J. Parker Green? . . . What did the J. stand for? . . . John? . . . Well, why did n't the witness call himself John P. Green? . . . That was his name, was n't it? . . . Well, what was the reason he did not wish to be known by his right name? . . . Did J. Parker Green have anything to conceal; and if not, why did J. Parker Green part his name in that way?* And so on. Of course the whole examination was farcical," Mr. Stevenson continued, "but there was something irresistibly funny in the varying tones and inflections of Mr. Lincoln's voice as he rang the changes upon the man's name; and at the recess the very boys in the street took it up as a slogan and shouted 'J. Parker Green!' all over the town. Moreover, there was something in Lincoln's way of intoning his questions which made me suspicious of the witness, and to this day I have never been able to rid my mind of the absurd impression that there was something not quite right about J. Parker Green. It was all nonsense, of course; but the jury must have been affected as I was, for Green was discredited and the defendant went free."

XX

LINCOLN THE CROSS-EXAMINER

THERE were no official shorthand writers in the courts while Lincoln practised,¹ and the lawyers took their own notes of the testimony during the trial; and these, together with such memoranda as the judge entered on his minutes, formed the data for the record. Lincoln himself, however, rarely took any notes, claiming that it distracted his attention; and as his memory was excellent and his reputation for honesty well established, he experienced no difficulty in supporting his version of what happened at the trial when the records were necessary for the appellate courts.²

None of the bar ever attempted, however, to secure a verbatim report of the questions and answers, and therefore it is impossible to obtain any official illustrations of Lincoln's methods of handling witnesses. There is abundant proof, nevertheless, of his skill in this particular, and it is conceded by all his contemporaries that as a cross-examiner he had no equal at the bar.

"In the trial of a case he moved cautiously," said Judge Weldon, "and never examined or cross-examined witnesses to the detriment of his own side. If the witness told the truth, he was safe from his attacks; but woe betide the unlucky or dishonest individual who suppressed the truth or colored it."

Another of his associates testifies that he would not tolerate the evasions of his own witnesses when they were being questioned by his opponents, and more than once he openly reproved his own clients for dodging and sulking in the witness-chair.

"He was a great cross-examiner," Mr. James Ewing remarked to the writer, "in that he never asked an unnecessary question. He knew when and where to stop with a witness, and when a man has learned that he is entitled to take rank as an expert questioner."

"I shall never forget my experience

with him," observed Mr. James Hoblit of Logan County, Illinois, one of the few men now living who ever faced him in the witness-chair. "I was subpoenaed in a case brought by one Paullin against my uncle, and I knew too much about the matter in dispute for my uncle's good. The case was not of vital importance, but it seemed very serious to me, for I was a mere boy at the time. Mr. Paullin had owned a bull which was continually raiding his neighbor's corn, and one day my uncle ordered his boys to drive the animal out of his fields, and not to use it too gently, either. Well, the boys obeyed the orders only too literally, for one of them harpooned the bull with a pitchfork, injuring it permanently, and I saw enough of the occurrence to make me a dangerous witness.

"The result was that Paullin sued my uncle, the boys were indicted for malicious mischief, Mr. Lincoln was retained by the plaintiff, who was determined to make an example of somebody, and I was subpoenaed as a witness. My testimony was, of course, of the highest possible importance, because the plaintiff could not make my cousins testify, and I had every reason to want to forget what I had seen, and though pretty frightened, I determined, when I took the stand, to say as little as possible. Well, as soon as I told Mr. Lincoln my full name he became very much interested, asking me if I was not some relative of his old friend John Hoblit who kept the half-way house between Springfield and Bloomington; and when I answered that he was my grandfather, Mr. Lincoln grew very friendly, plying me with all sorts of questions about family matters, which put me completely at my ease, and before I knew what was happening, I had forgotten to be hostile and he had the whole story. After the trial he met me outside the court-room and stopped to tell me that he knew I had not wanted to say anything against my people, but that though he sympathized with me, I had acted rightly and no one could criticize me for what I had done. The

¹ The Hon. Robert R. Hitt, the distinguished representative from Illinois in Congress, advised the writer "that in 1858, at the time of the Lincoln-Douglas debates, I knew of no other shorthand writer residing in Illinois. There were no court shorthand writers or official stenographers in the State, and no provision of law for anything of the kind."

² In making up an appellate record in those days, each lawyer stated the substance of what he thought the testimony had been, and the judge supplemented or corrected the two versions and certified the result to the higher court.

whole matter was afterward adjusted, but I never forgot his friendly and encouraging words at a time when I needed sympathy and consolation."

Cross-examination makes greater demands upon a lawyer than any other phase of trial work, and it has been rightly termed an art. To succeed in it the practitioner must be versed in the rules of evidence; he must be familiar with all the facts in his case, and keep them continually in his mind; he must think logically, be far-sighted, tactful, and a keen judge of human nature. All these qualities Lincoln possessed to an unusual degree, and, in addition, he exerted a remarkable personal influence upon every one with whom he came into contact. Men who were openly opposed to him became fascinated when they met him, and few ever retained their hostility. This result was effected without any seeming effort on his part, and Lincoln was singularly free from all the arts and graces, natural or cultivated, which are usually associated with personal charm. He was direct, simple, and unaffectedly frank, and the conclusion is irresistible that he was endowed with psychic qualities of extraordinary power. Nothing except this can properly explain his wonderful control of witnesses and juries, and every experienced lawyer knows that strong individuality, commanding presence, and personal magnetism are essential factors in the equipment of all great cross-examiners. More than one man has described the effect of Lincoln's eyes by saying that they appeared to look directly *through* whatever he concentrated his gaze upon, and it is well known that during his frequent fits of abstraction he became absolutely oblivious to the bustle and confusion of the court-room and saw nothing of the scene before him.

But although there was something mysterious in Lincoln's personality which played an important part in his success as a cross-examiner, his mastery of the art was acquired in the only way it can be acquired, and that is by constant daily practice in the courts. He was a natural logician, and by slow degrees he cultivated this gift until he could detect faulty reasoning, no matter how skilfully it was disguised. In almost every instance he saw the logical conclusion of an answer

long before it dawned upon the witness, and was thus able to lead him without appearing to do so. It will be seen in another chapter how effectively he once employed this art.

Mr. Arnold, comparing Douglas and Lincoln, says: "Both were strong jury lawyers. Lincoln was, on the whole, the strongest we ever had in Illinois. Both were distinguished for their ability in seizing and bringing out distinctly and clearly the real points in a case. Both were happy in the examination of witnesses, but I think Lincoln was the stronger of the two in cross-examination."

This is valuable testimony, coming as it does from a professional associate of many years' standing; and a careful reading of the great debates demonstrates that Lincoln was not only a more effective questioner, but in every other way a better equipped lawyer than Douglas. Indeed, it was Douglas's errors of law quite as much as his errors of statesmanship which cost him the Presidency.

Lincoln's skill as a cross-examiner effected some of his most dramatic triumphs, and his *cause célèbre* is undoubtedly the trial of William Armstrong for the killing of James Metzker, where his talents in this particular saved the day for his client.

The story of this now famous case has often been recounted, and its dramatic features have been skilfully utilized in at least one volume of fiction,¹ but the distortions wrought by many versions justify a complete retelling of the facts gathered directly from the records themselves and from an interview with Judge Lyman Lacey, who was associated with Mr. Walker, the defendant's attorney, and is still living in Mason County.

In the days when Lincoln was working as a clerk in Offutt's New Salem store he had won the respect and admiration of the rough element in the community by flooring one Jack Armstrong, the leader of the Clary's Grove boys, in a wrestling-match, and the fallen champion instantly became his stanch friend and ally. Armstrong afterward married, and Lincoln, who knew his wife, could not resist her appeal when she sought him out during the great debate with Douglas and begged him to come to the rescue of her son, who

¹See Edward Eggleston's "The Graysons."

was charged with murder and was on the point of being tried. Mr. William Walker, a skilful lawyer, had been retained for the defense, but as the case against his client was exceedingly serious, he was only too willing to have expert assistance, and Lincoln therefore laid aside his pressing political engagements and plunged at once into the trial of the case.

The defendant, William Armstrong, popularly known as "Duff," was a youth of bad habits, and on August 29, 1857, while under the influence of liquor, he had quarreled with another young man by the name of Metzker, and had beaten him severely. This occurred during the afternoon; but when the quarrel was renewed late at night, one Norris joined in the fracas, and, between him and Armstrong, Metzker received injuries which resulted in his death. Popular indignation against the accused was so violent in Mason County that Armstrong's lawyer moved for a change of venue, claiming that his client could not receive a fair trial in the local court; and the judge was apparently of the same opinion, for he removed the case to Beardstown, the county-seat of Cass County. Meanwhile Norris, the other defendant, was brought to trial before the home tribunal, where it was clearly shown that he had assaulted the deceased with a cart-rung; but it was not demonstrated that his blows had caused death, and the body showed other wounds not necessarily made by such a weapon. Under these circumstances the jury brought in a verdict of manslaughter, and the defendant was sentenced to eight years' imprisonment.

This was the situation when Hannah Armstrong appealed to Lincoln; but despite the gloomy outlook, he took a hopeful view and reassured the anxious mother. Not only were the facts against his client, but the Illinois law of that day did not permit a defendant to testify in his own behalf, so that Armstrong was precluded from giving his own version of the story and denying the testimony of the accusing witnesses. The assistant prosecuting attorney was Mr. J. Henry Shaw, and Caleb J. Dillworth, another able lawyer, was associated with him, but Lincoln scored against them at the start by securing a jury of young men whose average age was

not over twenty-five. Most of the witnesses were also young, and these Lincoln handled so skilfully on cross-examination that their testimony did not bear heavily against the accused. Almost all of them were from the neighborhood of New Salem, and whenever the examiner heard a familiar name he quickly took advantage of the opening to let the witness know that he was familiar with his home, knew his family, and wished to be his friend. These tactics succeeded admirably, and no very damaging testimony was elicited until a man by the name of Allen took the stand. This witness, however, swore that he actually saw the defendant strike the fatal blow with a slung-shot or some such weapon; and Lincoln, pressing him closely, forced him to locate the hour of the assault as about eleven at night, and then demanded that he inform the jury how he had managed to see so clearly at that time of night. "By the moonlight," answered the witness, promptly. "Well, was there light enough to see everything that happened?" persisted the examiner. The witness responded "that the moon was about in the same place that the sun would be at ten o'clock in the morning and was almost full,"¹ and the moment the words were out of his mouth the cross-examiner confronted him with a calendar showing that the moon, which at its best was only slightly past its first quarter on August 29, had afforded practically no light at eleven o'clock and that it had absolutely set at seven minutes after midnight. This was the turning-point in the case, and from that moment Lincoln carried everything before him, securing an acquittal of the defendant after a powerful address to the jury.

There is a singular myth connected with this case, to the effect that Mr. Lincoln played a trick on the jurors by flashing an old calendar before them instead of the one for the year of the murder, and virtually manufacturing the testimony which carried the day. How such a rumor started no one can say, but it goes far to prove the impossibility of ever successfully refuting a lie; for though repeatedly exposed, it still persists on the Illinois circuit to-day. The facts are, of course, that the calendar for August 29, 1857, shows the position of the moon precisely

¹ This is the witness's answer as reported by Mr. Henry Shaw, the District Attorney.

as Lincoln claimed it,¹ and every one who understands anything of trial work knows that an important exhibit of that sort would be examined by the judge and the opposing lawyers as well as by the jury, besides being marked for identification if submitted in evidence. Therefore Lincoln would have been a fool, as well as a disreputable trickster, if he had resorted to the asinine practice outlined in this silly tale, which practically disproves itself.

XXI

LINCOLN IN THE CRIMINAL COURTS. HIS
LEGAL ETHICS

DESPITE his success in the Armstrong and other capital cases, Lincoln was not well qualified for work of this character, and he avoided the practice of criminal law as far as possible.

There is a tradition in the old Eighth Illinois Circuit that he once defended a murderer who was convicted, sentenced, and hanged; but as capital cases resulting in conviction are almost invariably appealed to the highest tribunal, and as the Supreme Court reports do not record any murder case with which he was associated, the rumor probably has no foundation in fact.

He did, however, occasionally appear in homicide cases,² and his defense of "Peachy" Harrison, grandson of his old political rival Peter Cartwright, the circuit-riding preacher, though less dramatic than the Armstrong case, is perhaps one of the best illustrations of his remarkable power with a jury.

Young Harrison and a youth by the name of Greek Crafton quarreled over a question of politics, and a fight ensued in which Crafton received a knife-thrust resulting in his death. The case attracted considerable attention, and both the prosecution and the defense were ably represented, John M. Palmer, afterward Governor of Illinois, and John A. McClernand, who became a distinguished general in the

Civil War, appearing for the people, and Lincoln, Herndon, Judge Logan, and Shelby M. Cullom, the present United States senator and an ex-Governor of Illinois, being retained for the defendant. There was some conflict of testimony over the facts leading up to the killing, but the defense did not make much impression until Lincoln put the defendant's grandfather, Peter Cartwright, on the stand, and with touching solicitude drew from the old man the story of his last interview with the deceased, in which he expressed his reconciliation with his assailant, whom he prayed would not be held responsible for his death. Then, with virtually no facts to support his plea, Lincoln began his address to the jury, exhorting them to heed the dying victim's words and abstain from visiting further sorrow and affliction upon the venerable preacher who had delivered them a message almost from the other world; and so powerfully did he move his auditors that the efforts of the prosecution were unavailing and a verdict of acquittal followed.

Lincoln was not considered a formidable opponent in the criminal courts, however, unless he thoroughly believed in the justice of his cause. Mr. Whitney reports that on one occasion when he was defending a man charged with manslaughter, the testimony demonstrated that his client ought to have been indicted for murder in the first degree, whereupon Lincoln instantly lost all interest in the case. He did not actually abandon the defense, but he could not cooperate effectively with his associates, who were endeavoring to acquit the defendant, and one of them states that when Lincoln addressed the jurors he disparaged the effort which had been made to work upon their feelings and confined himself to a strictly professional argument along conventional lines, with the result that the defendant was found guilty and sentenced to three years' imprisonment. This fairly disgusted Mr. Whitney, who was anxious to have the murderer ac-

¹ In September, 1905, the United States Naval Observatory, answering an inquiry, reported that on August 29-30, 1857, the moon set at 7 minutes 5 seconds after midnight, and at culmination, during the preceding twenty-four hours, "was 2 days 9 hours and 46.1 minutes past the first quarter."

² Lincoln acted as prosecutor in at least one murder case. He was appointed by the court to conduct the people's case against one Wyant, who

was represented by Leonard Swett, and a battle royal followed between the two lawyers which is vividly remembered by many of the residents of Bloomington, Illinois, with whom the writer talked. After a trial lasting many days the jurors brought in an irregular verdict, which virtually committed the defendant to the lunatic asylum, but finally they acquitted him under what was equivalent to a court direction.

quitted, and he does not hesitate to characterize Mr. Lincoln's conduct as "atrocious."

But Lincoln was guilty of many other "atrocities" of the same character. It is well known that he virtually abandoned his client in another capital case when he discovered that he was defending a guilty man. "You speak to the jury," he said to Leonard Swett, his associate counsel; "if I say a word, they will see from my face that the man is guilty and convict him." On another occasion, when it developed that his client had indulged in fraudulent practices, he walked out of the court-room and refused to continue the case. The judge sent a messenger, directing him to return, but he positively declined. "Tell the judge that my hands are dirty and I've gone away to wash them," was his disgusted response.

This conduct in the court-room was in entire keeping with his office practice, where he declined time and again to undertake doubtful causes, discouraged litigation, and discountenanced sharp practices.

"Yes," Mr. Herndon reports him as advising a client, "we can doubtless gain your case for you; we can set a whole neighborhood at loggerheads; we can distress a widowed mother and her six fatherless children, and thereby get for you six hundred dollars to which you seem to have a legal claim, but which rightfully belongs, it appears to me, as much to the woman and her children as it does to you. You must remember, however, that some things legally right are not morally right. We shall not take your case, but we will give you a little advice for which we will charge you nothing. You seem to be a sprightly, energetic man. We would advise you to try your hand at making six hundred dollars in some other way."

At another time he was very anxious to secure delay in a certain case, and Herndon drew up a dilatory plea which would effectually postpone the trial for at least one term of court. It was the sort of thing which is condoned in almost every law office, but Lincoln repudiated it the moment it came to his notice. "Is this founded on fact?" he demanded of his partner, and Herndon was obliged to admit that it was not, urging, however, that it would save the interests of their client,

which would otherwise be imperiled. But Lincoln was not to be persuaded. "You know it is a sham," he answered, "and a sham is very often but another name for a lie. Don't let it go on record. The cursed thing may come staring us in the face long after this suit has been forgotten." Herndon complied with this instruction and the paper was withdrawn.

These and similar actions have been characterized by one highly respectable authority as "admittedly detracting from Lincoln's character as a lawyer," but no member of the profession who has the best interests of his calling at heart will accept such a conclusion. On the contrary, it is because he had the courage and character to uphold the highest standards of the law in daily practice that Lincoln is entitled to a place in the foremost rank of the profession. He lived its ideals and showed them to be practical, and his example gives inspiration and encouragement to thousands of practitioners who believe that those things which detract from the character of the man detract from the character of the lawyer.

Some of Lincoln's biographers apparently disregard his legal history because he never succeeded in making much more than a bare living from his practice, and they seemingly conclude from this fact that he is not entitled to high rank in the profession. This view, of course, misses one of the most vital points in Lincoln's character both as a man and a lawyer, for he placed principle beyond price and lived out the idea that it is "better to make a life than a living."

Before he had won his place at the bar he had stated his theories on the subject. "*The matter of fees is important, far beyond the mere question of bread and butter involved,*" he wrote in his notes for a law lecture. "*Properly attended to, fuller justice is done to both lawyer and client. An exorbitant fee should never be charged. As a general rule, never take your whole fee in advance, nor any more than a small retainer. When fully paid beforehand, you are more than a common mortal if you can feel the same interest in the case as if something was still in prospect for you as well as for your client.*"

This was largely the advice of a theorist; but Lincoln carried it into practice so completely that the profession was scan-



Drawn by A. I. Keller. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

LINCOLN ADDRESSING THE JURY IN THE ARMSTRONG MURDER TRIAL

dalized. Indeed, one of his associates relates an incident where Lincoln's scruples proved exceedingly embarrassing. He had been retained to oppose the removal of a conservator, or legal guardian, of a woman whose mind was deranged. The estate involved about ten thousand dollars, and the man who was attacking the conservator evidently desired to have him removed so that he could marry the lunatic and obtain possession of her funds. Lincoln made short work of this nefarious business; but when he learned that the attorney who had retained him had charged two hundred and fifty dollars for their joint services, he refused to take any share of the money until the fee had been reduced to what he deemed a reasonable amount.

When Judge Davis heard of this, he was highly indignant. "Lincoln, you are impoverishing the bar by your picayune charges," he is said to have remarked; and the lawyers thereupon tried the offender by what was called on the circuit an "orgmathorical" (mock) court, but he stood trial, and being found guilty, paid the fine with the utmost good-nature.

Judge Weldon describes another episode which perfectly illustrates Lincoln's attitude toward more than one aspect of the law. A Portuguese by the name of Dungee married a girl named Spencer, and later there was a family quarrel between the bridegroom and his relatives-in-law which became so bitter that the girl's brother referred to her husband as "a nigger," and followed this up by describing him as "a nigger married to a white woman." Dungee thereupon retained Lincoln and sued his brother-in-law for slander. The defendant was represented by Mr. Moore and Judge Weldon, and when the case was moved for trial in Clinton County, Judge Weldon demurred to Lincoln's complaint on technical grounds, and the demurrer was sustained. Lincoln was not too pleased that his papers were rejected as faulty, but he redrew them, merely remarking to his opponents, with significant determination, "Now I *will* beat you!" When the case reappeared for a hearing, he was as good as his word, attacking the defendant with great severity for his scandalous utterances.

"His thoughts were clothed in the sim-

plest garb of expression," said Judge Weldon, "and his words were understood by every juror in the box."

After a two days' battle, the jury decided for the plaintiff, and the verdict amounted to what was a large sum in those days. But although he had won the fight, Lincoln was not satisfied with the result. "*As a peacemaker the lawyer has a superior opportunity of being a good man,*" he had written as a theorist, and in practice he was still able to see that money damages do not heal family feuds. Thereupon he persuaded his client not to insist upon the payment of the verdict, and the matter was finally adjusted by the defendant agreeing to pay the costs and lawyers' fees. Lincoln stipulated that his adversaries should fix the amount of his fee; but when they declined to do so, he remarked: "Well, gentlemen, don't you think I have honestly earned twenty-five dollars?"

Certainly there are good grounds for criticizing Lincoln as a business man, and no one will dispute the charge that he was utterly lacking in all the essentials of commercial genius.

XXII

LINCOLN'S GREAT CASES. HIS LEGAL EXPERIENCE AND REPUTATION

ONE of Lincoln's latest biographers, in expressing admiration for his statesmanship, enumerates his disadvantages, and asserts that before he went to Washington "he had had no experience in diplomacy and statesmanship; as an attorney he had dealt only with local and State statutes; he had never argued a case in the Supreme Court and he had never studied international law."

There is very little inspiration in the career of a man whose achievements are inexplicable or whose natural endowments are the despair of ordinary mortals, and eulogies which tend to rob Lincoln of human interest and incentive are usually based on misinformation.

Certainly the wondering tribute above quoted displays no convincing acquaintance with the facts, for it entirely misrepresents the extent and value of Lincoln's legal education. His three and twenty years' active practice in the courts supplied him with the best of diplomatic training. It did not, of course, familiar-



Owned by Robert T. Lincoln

FACSIMILE OF A PART OF LINCOLN'S MEMORANDUM BRIEF IN THE CASE OF
LEWIS *v.* LEWIS IN THE UNITED STATES SUPREME COURT

ize him with the etiquette and forms of international relations, but it gave him a thorough knowledge of men and taught him "to see behind the smiling mask of craft." Much the same experience qualified a recent Secretary of State to cope successfully with the most skilful diplomats of Europe during the Spanish War, and to confer high distinction upon our modern statesmanship.

Again, Lincoln's knowledge of law was not confined to local or State statutes. He was acquainted with the great principles of the English common law, and if he was not familiar with "the waves and tides of legal authority," he was still well grounded in all the fundamentals of his profession, and it would be absurd to deny him recognition as a lawyer merely because he "never had had a case in the United States Supreme Court." But even in this small particular the biographer is at fault, for Lincoln did have a case before that tribunal, known as *Lewis v. Lewis*¹ (reported in 7 Howard, 776), and the original of his brief in that action is in existence to-day.

It would not be difficult to quote passages from other biographers in proof of the fact that Lincoln's work as a lawyer has never been scrutinized with any care, and doubtless the trivial anecdotes con-

cerning his life on the circuit which have done duty for the last forty-five years have contributed to the general misconception of his professional standing. The once funny story about "the pig-and-crooked-fence" case, "the old-sledge-and-seven-up" trial, and similar time-worn yarns, have been accepted as characterizing his legal experience; and under such circumstances it is not at all surprising that serious historians have regarded his legal training as a negligible quantity. Fortunately, however, the records are accessible, and they speak very largely for themselves.

In his twenty-three years at the bar, Lincoln had no less than one hundred and sixty-nine cases before the highest court of Illinois, a record unsurpassed by his contemporaries; he appeared before the United States circuit and district courts with great frequency; he was the most indefatigable attendant on the Eighth Circuit and tried more cases than any other member of that bar; he was attorney for the Illinois Central Railroad, the greatest corporation in the State, and one which doubtless had its choice of legal talent; he was also counsel for the Rock Island Railroad, and other corporations and individuals² with important legal interests at stake; he was sought as legal arbitrator

¹ It is an interesting fact that Judge Taney, of *Dred Scott* fame, delivered the prevailing opinion of the court in this case.

² Mr. W. W. Thomas, a lawyer who retained Mr. Lincoln as counsel in an important litigation,

wrote him in December, 1859, as follows: "Judge Catton has the Record and he told me that he had not decided what to do and that he was in doubt, etc. I want you and Logan to assist me in presenting this case in such form as to *undoubt* the J-----"

in the great corporation litigations of Illinois¹ and he tried some of the most notable cases recorded in the courts of that State.

Perhaps the most important cause he ever handled was that known as *The Illinois Central Railroad v. McLean County*, reported in 17 Illinois, 291.² This was an action brought against McLean County to restrain the collection of certain taxes alleged to be due from the railroad, growing out of the fact that the Illinois legislature had granted the corporation exemption from all State taxes on condition that it pay seven per cent. of its gross earnings into the State treasury. The county authorities, however, claimed that this provision did not preclude them from taxing so much of the railroad's property as lay within their respective jurisdictions, and a great legal battle ensued. The issue was a vital one for the corporation, for the claims of the county threatened it with bankruptcy, and railroading in Illinois was then in its experimental stage. Lincoln conducted the defense with rare skill but lost in the first court. He instantly appealed the case to the Supreme Court, however, and there it was twice argued before a final decision was recorded in favor of the road at the end of two years' litigation.

This celebrated case was provocative of another which has become even more famous with the passing of years, for the Illinois Central declined to pay Lincoln's bill of two thousand dollars for services rendered in the tax matter, and he promptly withdrew his account and sued his ungrateful client for six thousand. On the trial of the action all the leaders of the Illinois bar—O. H. Browning, N. B. Judd, Isaac Arnold, Grant Goodrich, Archibald Williams, Judge Norman Purple, and Judge Logan—testified that Lincoln's amended bill

was reasonable, and the jury promptly brought in a verdict of five thousand dollars and costs.

It is interesting to note Lincoln's attitude and conduct in this irritating litigation. When the case was first called for trial, no one appeared on behalf of the railroad, and judgment was awarded to the plaintiff by default; but notwithstanding the treatment he had received from the company, Lincoln agreed that the case might be reopened, thus allowing the defendant to have its day in court without penalty; and when the above-mentioned verdict was rendered, he agreed to have it set aside because he had forgotten to introduce proof of two hundred dollars which had been given him as a retainer, and the final verdict was recorded at forty-eight hundred dollars and costs. Incidentally it may be mentioned that the services for which Lincoln was obliged to sue would to-day cost the corporation *not five, but fifty, thousand dollars*.

It is only fair to state that within the last few years the Illinois Central Railroad has issued an elaborate pamphlet giving its side of this case, and undertaking to show that Lincoln's bill was not certified out of deference to the board of directors, who might have been censured for voluntarily paying so large a charge against their company, and that the trial was merely a formality. Lincoln's unusually careful brief on the law and the facts, however, does not bear out the contention that the litigation was friendly, and this suggestion came as a complete surprise to a number of those who were present when the jury brought in their verdict, and who gave the writer the benefit of their personal recollections of the trial.³

While Lincoln was traveling the circuit with Judge Davis, he was retained in the now famous case of *McCormick v. Manny*,⁴ an action brought by the plaintiff, who

I ought to and must gain this case. If you can be the means of success you will almost bring me under obligation to support the Black Republicans."

(From original letter in possession of General Orendorff.)

¹ The following telegram, original of which is in General Orendorff's collection, speaks for itself:

"CHICAGO, Oct. 14, 1853.

"To ABRAHAM LINCOLN,

"Springfield Ill.

"Can you come here immediately and act as arbitrator in the crossing case between the Illinois

Central and Northern Indiana R. R. Companies if you should be appointed? Answer and say yes if possible.

"(Signed) J. F. Joy."

² Lincoln was opposed in this noted case by both his old law partners, Judge Logan and John T. Stuart. The decision has been cited at least twenty-three times by judges of other courts.

³ Almost all the papers in this action are in existence to-day.

⁴ Reported in McLean's U. S. Reports, vol. vi, p. 539.



From photographs

HON. JAMES T. HOBLIT

Mr. Hoblit is probably the only man now living who was cross-examined as a witness by Lincoln.

HON. ROBERT R. HITT

Mr. Hitt was the first official stenographer in Illinois. Some of Mr. Lincoln's legal arguments were reported by him.

owned valuable patents for reaping-machines, to enjoin the defendant from manufacturing similar contrivances and to recover four hundred thousand dollars damages for infringements. Lincoln was engaged by a Mr. Watson, who was in charge of the defense, and the original plan was to have him conduct the forensic part of the argument. Mr. E. H. Dickerson, a well-known patent solicitor, had been retained by McCormick to make the technical argument, and Reverdy Johnson, the noted Baltimore advocate, and one of the most distinguished lawyers in the country, was to oppose Lincoln, who was naturally very anxious to measure himself against a man of such wide reputation. But Mr. Watson also saw fit to retain Mr. Harding, a patent solicitor, and Edwin M. Stanton, who then resided at Pittsburg, but who was well and favorably known in Cincinnati, where the trial was to take place, and whose personal influence with the court was relied upon to offset the great reputation of Reverdy Johnson. When the lawyers met in Cincinnati, it was decided in consultation that only two counsel should be heard on each side, and that the defense should be represented by Harding and Stanton. This was undoubtedly a bitter disappointment to Lincoln,

who had carefully prepared himself to make the argument, and who had never had an equal opportunity of meeting a lawyer of national reputation. He accepted the decision as gracefully as possible, however, furnishing Mr. Harding with all the notes and other material he had collected for the argument, and had Stanton treated him with consideration, the situation would have been freed of all embarrassment. But Stanton was utterly devoid of tact, and took no trouble to conceal his contempt for his Illinois associate. "Where did that long-armed creature come from, and what does he expect to do in this case?" he inquired of the other lawyers, and this and similarly offensive comments reached Lincoln's ears. Discourtesy was absolutely foreign to his nature, and it is no wonder that it embittered and disgusted him. Yet the greatness of the man enabled him to suppress his personal resentment, and when the nation had need of Stanton's undoubted talents, Lincoln laid aside his own feelings and tolerated his overbearing Secretary until he conquered him with kindness.

Lincoln was recognized as a good jury lawyer long before he won any reputation in other lines of legal work. Judge Logg

Retainer.

Wrayman & Joy's letter, with proof of their signatures, and that they were the active agents of the company—

That I did the service, arguing the case twice.

Logan & Strait.

What was the question. How decided— & on what point.

The record— the final order— & the opinion—

That I, and not Joy, made the point & argument on which the case turned—

Logan & Strait.

The company own near two million acres, & their revenues though twenty-six counties—

That half a million, put at interest, would scarcely pay the tax—

As to the amount of labor, the ~~complexity~~ ^{complexity} of the question, the degree of success in the remedy, and the amount of pecuniary interest involved, most nearly in the particular case, but covered by the principles already stated, and thereby referred to the client, as all proper elements, by the custom of the profession, ^{to consider} the determination of what is a reasonable fee in a given case.

That \$5000 is not an unreasonable fee in this case—

From General Alfred D. Bradford's Collection.

Facsimile of part of Lincoln's trial brief in his case against the Illinois Central Railroad, showing his careful preparation of the issues.

first noted his effectiveness in arguments addressed to the bench; but despite his excellent record in the Supreme Court, where he won a large majority of his cases, he did not gain any marked recognition as a court lawyer until well into the fifties. He was, however, eminently qualified for work of this character. His power of analysis, pitiless logic, and comprehensive mental grasp of large subjects

all combined to make him a formidable opponent in legal discussions and a powerful influence with the court. He could split the ears of the groundlings when passionate appeals were in order, but he was not naturally emotional; on the contrary, he was cool, calm, and temperate in word, thought, and action. Patent cases, with their nice problems in mechanics and engineering, interested him intensely, and

more than once he constructed models with his own hands to aid him in trying actions of this sort which demanded close reasoning and afforded him practical experience in exact scientific deductions.¹

He took no interest in the ordinary legal abstractions discussed in court-rooms, and the quibbles of practice bored him; but when there was any real principle involved in a question of law, he studied it with the closest attention, and his arguments were usually so original that they presented the subject in a new light, no matter how often it had been discussed. Thus, when the steamboats and the railroads were struggling for commercial supremacy in the Mississippi valley, and the right to bridge the river was in dispute, new and vital questions of law arose, which he handled in a masterful manner on behalf of the Rock Island Railroad. In one of these bridge cases which he tried in Chicago, a steamboat had struck a pier of the railroad's bridge, and its owners brought a suit for damages involving propositions never before presented to the courts and requiring clear and original thought. Some idea of the bitterness of this contest may be gathered from the fact that the railroad charged the steamboat captain with being bribed to run his vessel against the bridge and thus make a case of obstructing navigation. This accusation was, of course, angrily denied; but when the bridge was accidentally burned, all the river craft gathered at the spot and let their whistles loose in sheer joy at

the disaster. Under these circumstances it required a cool head and an even temper to carry the day, and Lincoln was equal to the occasion. His argument, one of his few legal speeches which have been preserved, was reported by the Hon. Robert Hitt, and it demonstrates Lincoln's conspicuous ability in presenting close questions of law, and indicates his notable development as a lawyer.²

Another notable civil cause in which he was engaged was known as the "sand-bar case,"³ involving certain accretions to the shore of Lake Michigan of vast importance to the Illinois Central Railroad, and his discussion of the law on behalf of his client displayed high ability and resourcefulness.

Much of Lincoln's effectiveness in this class of work was due to his mental independence. Precedents did not make him over-confident, and they never balked him. Back of the recorded adjudication he sought the reason, and if it did not satisfy his mind, he would not accept it. Very few lawyers possess sufficient independence and originality for research of this character, and the average brief, though it often displays great ingenuity in reconciling divergent authorities, rarely indicates any really creative thought. Legal argument calls for a higher order of ability than jury work, and it developed Lincoln's talents for logical reasoning until it perfected him to meet and refute the most ingenious debater of his, or possibly of any other, day.

¹ It will be remembered that Lincoln himself was something of an inventor and obtained a mechanical patent, the model for which is preserved in Washington.

² The writer is indebted to the courtesy of the editors of the Chicago "Tribune" for a full copy of Mr. Hitt's report of this speech. The case was entitled *Hurd et al. vs. Railroad Bridge Co.*, and it was tried in the United States Circuit Court, Hon. John McLean presiding, September, 1857.

Colonel Peter A. Dey, one of the engineers of the old Mississippi and Missouri Railroad, now living in Iowa, was present at this trial, and advises the writer that "Mr. Lincoln's examination of witnesses was very full and no point escaped his notice. I thought he carried it almost to prolixity,

but when he came to his argument I changed my opinion. He went over all the details with great minuteness, until court, jury, and spectators were wrought up to the crucial point. Then drawing himself up to his full height, he delivered a peroration that thrilled the court-room and, to the minds of most persons, settled the case."

³ This case, entitled *Johnson vs. Jones et al.*, was tried in the United States Circuit Court before Judge Drummond and a jury, in Chicago, March 19, 1860 (about two months before Lincoln's nomination for the Presidency), and it is the last cause of importance in which he appeared. Messrs. Buckner S. Morris, John A. Wills, and Isaac N. Arnold represented the plaintiff, and the defendants' counsel were Abraham Lincoln, Samuel L. Fuller, Van H. Higgins, and John Van Arman.



Drawn by Albert Sterner. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"HE WAS STANDING WITH ONE HAND LIGHTLY RESTING ON THE TABLE,
HIS EYES FIXED ON FENWICK" (SEE PAGE 967)

FENWICK'S CAREER¹

BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

Author of "The Marriage of William Ashe," "Lady Rose's Daughter," "Eleanor," etc.

x



UGÉNIE DE PASTOURELLES was sitting on the terrace at Versailles, or rather she was established in one of the deep embrasures between the windows, on the western side.

The wind was cold, but again a glorious sun bathed the terrace and the château. It was a day of splendor, a day when heaven and earth seemed to have conspired to flatter and to adorn the vast creation of Louis Quatorze, this white, flaming palace, amid the gold and bronze of its autumn trees, and the blue of its waters. Superb clouds, of a royal sweep and amplitude, sailed through the brilliant sky; the woods that girdled the horizon were painted broadly and solidly in the richest color upon an immense canvas steeped in light. In some of the nearer alleys which branch from the terrace, the eye traveled through a deep magnificence of shade, to an arched and framed sunlight beyond, embroidered with every radiant or sparkling color; in others, the trees, almost bare, met lightly arched above a carpet of intensest green, a *tapis vert* stretching toward a vaporous distance, and broken by some god, or nymph, on whose white shoulders the autumn leaves were dropping softly one by one.

Wide horizons, infinitely clear,—a blazing intensity of light, beating on the palace, the gardens, the statues, and the distant water of the "Canal de Versailles," each tint and outline sharp and vehement, full-bodied and rich,—the greenest greens, the bluest blues, the most dazzling gold,—this was Versailles as Eugénie saw it on

this autumn day. And through it all the blowing of a harsh and nipping wind sounded the first approach of winter, still defied, as it were, by these bright woods decked for a last festival.

It was the 5th of October, the very anniversary of the day when Marie Antoinette, sitting alone beside the lake at Trianon, was startled by a page from the château bringing the news of the arrival of the Paris mob and the urgent summons to return at once; the day when she passed the Temple of Love, gleaming amid the quiet streams, for the last time, and fled back through the leafy avenues leading to Versailles, under a sky, cloudy and threatening rain, which was remembered by a later generation as blending fitly with the first act of that most eminent tragedy, "The Fall of the House of France."

Madame de Pastourelles had in her hand a recent book in which a French man of letters, both historian and poet, had told once again the most piteous of stories: a story, however, which seemed then, and still seems, to be not even yet ripe for history, so profound and living are the sympathies and the passions which to this day surround it in France.

Eugénie had closed the book, and her eyes, as they looked out upon the astonishing light and shade of the terrace and its surroundings, had filled unconsciously with tears, not so much for Marie Antoinette as for all griefs!—for this duped, tortured, struggling life of ours,—for the "mortalia" which grip all hearts, which none escape,—pain and separation and remorse, hopes deceived and promise mocked, decadence in one's self, change in others, and that iron gentleness of death which closes all.

For nearly a year she had been trying

¹ Copyright, 1906, by Mrs. Humphry Ward.

to recover her forces after an experience which had shaken her being to its depths. Not because, when she went to nurse his last days, she had any love left, in the ordinary sense, for her ruined and debased husband; but because of that vast power of pity, that genius for compassion, to which she was born. Not a tremor of body or soul, not a pang of physical or spiritual fear, but she had passed through them, in common with the man she upheld,—a man who, like Louis the Beloved, former master of the building beneath whose shadow she was sitting, was ready to grovel for her pardon when threatened with a priest and the last terrors, and would have recalled his mistress, rejoicing, with the first day of recovered health.

He and she had asked for respite in vain, however; and M. de Pastourelles slept with his fathers.

Since his death her strength had failed her. There had been no definite illness, but a giving way for some six or seven months of nature's resisting powers. Also—significant sign of the strength of all her personal affections!—in addition to the moral and physical strain she had undergone, she had suffered much about this time from the loss of her maid, an old servant and devoted friend, who left her shortly after M. de Pastourelles's death—incited, forced thereto by Eugénie—in order to marry and go out to Canada. Eugénie had missed her sorely; and, insensibly, the struggle to get well had been the harder. The doctors ordered travel and change, and she had wandered from place to place, only half conscious, as it often seemed to her, the most docile of patients, accompanied now by one member of the family, now by another; standing as it were, like the bather who has wandered too far from shore, between the onward current which means destruction, and that backward struggle of the will which leads to life. And little by little the tide of being had turned. After a winter in Egypt, at Haifa, in May strength had begun to come back; since then Switzerland and high air had quickened recovery; and now, physically, Eugénie was almost herself again.

But morally she retained a deep and lasting impress of what she had gone through. More than ever was she a creature of tenderness, of the most delicate

perceptions, of a sensibility, as our ancestors would have called it, too great for this hurrying world. Her unselfishness, always one of her cradle-gifts, had become almost superhuman; and had she been of another temperament, the men and women about her might have instinctively shrunk from her as too perfect, now, for human nature's daily food. But from that she was saved by a score of most womanish, most mundane qualities. Nobody knew her, luckily, for the saint she was,—she herself least of all. As her strength renewed itself, her soft fun, too, came back, her gentle, inexhaustible delight in the absurdities of men and things, which gave to her talk and her personality a kind of crackling charm, like the crispness of dry leaves upon an autumn path. Naturally, and invincibly, she loved life and living; all the high forces and emotions called to her, but also all the patches, stains, and follies of this queer world; and there is no saint, man or woman, of whom this can be said, that has ever repelled the sinners. It is the difference between St. Francis and St. Dominic!

How very little, all the same, could Eugénie feel herself with the saints on this October afternoon! She sat, to begin with, on the threshold of Madame de Pompadour's apartment; and in the next place, she had never been more tremulously steeped in doubts and yearnings, entirely concerned with her friends and her affections. It was a rebirth, not of youth—how could that be, she herself would have asked, seeing that she was now thirty-seven?—but of the natural Eugénie, who, "intellectual" though she were, lived really by the heart, and the heart only. And since it is the heart that makes youth and keeps it, it *was* a return of youth—and of beauty—that had come upon her. In her black dress and shady hat, her collar and cuffs of white lawn, she was very discreetly, quietly beautiful; the passer-by did not know what it was that had touched and delighted him till she had gone, and he found himself, perhaps, looking after the slim yet stately figure: but it was beauty none the less. And the autumn violets, her sister's gift, that were fastened to-day in profusion at her waist, marked in truth the reawakening of buried things, of feminine instincts long repressed. For months her maid Fanchette had dressed

her, and she had worn obediently all the long crape gowns and veils dictated by the etiquette of French mourning. But to-day, she had chosen for herself; and in this more ordinary garb she was vaguely, sometimes remorsefully, conscious of relief and deliverance.

Two subjects filled her mind. First, a conversation with Fenwick that she had held that morning, strolling through the upper alleys of the park. Poor friend, poor artist! Often and often, during her wanderings, had her thoughts dwelt anxiously on his discontents and calamities; she had made her sister, or her father, write to him when she could not write herself,—though Lord Findon, indeed, had been for long much out of patience with him; and during the last few months she herself had written every week. But she had never felt so clearly the inexorable limits of her influence with him. This morning, just as of old, he had thrown himself tempestuously upon her advice, her sympathy; and she had given him counsel as she best could. But a woman knows when her counsel is likely to be followed or no. Eugénie had no illusions. In his sore, self-tormented state, he was, she saw, at the mercy of any passing idea, of anything that seemed to offer him vengeance on his enemies, or the satisfaction of a vanity that writhed under the failure he was all the time inviting and assuring.

Yet, as she thought of him, she liked him better than ever. He might be perverse, yet he appealed to her profoundly. The years of his success had refined and civilized him, no doubt, but they had tended to make him like anybody else; whereas this passionate accent of revolt—as of some fierce, helpless creature struggling blindly in bonds of its own making—had perhaps restored to him that more dramatic element which his personality had possessed in his sulky, gifted youth. He had expressed himself with a bitter force on the decline of his inspiration and the weakening of his will. He was going to the dogs, he declared; had lost all his hold on the public, and had nothing more to say or to paint. And she had been very, very sorry for him, but conscious all the time that he had never been so eloquent, and never in such good looks, what with the angry energy of the eyes, and the sweep of grizzled hair across the powerful

brow, and the lines cut by life and thought round the vigorous, impatient mouth. How could he be at once so able and so childish! Her woman's wit pondered it; while at the same time she remembered with emotion the joy with which he had greeted her, his eager, stammering sympathy, his rough grasp of her hand, his frowning scrutiny of her pale face.

Yet, he was a great friend, and, somehow, she *must* help him! Her lips parted in a sigh of aspiration. If only this unlucky thing had not happened!—this meeting of Arthur and of Fenwick, before the time, before she had prepared and engineered it.

And so she came to her second topic of meditation. Gradually, as her mind pursued it, her aspect seemed to lose its new and tremulous brightness; the face became once more a little gray and pinched. They had, somehow, missed all the letters which should have warned them. To find Arthur established here, with his poor invalid wife—nothing had been more unexpected and, alack, more unwelcome, considering the relations between them and John Fenwick,—Fenwick, who was practically her father's guest and hers.

Did Arthur think it strange, unkind? Would n't he really believe that it was pure accident? If so, it would be only because Elsie was there, influencing him against his old friends,—poor, bitter, stricken Elsie. Eugénie's lips quivered. There flitted before her the image of the girl of eighteen, muse of laughter and delight. And she recalled the taciturn woman whom she had seen on her sofa the night before, speaking coldly, in dry, sharp sentences, to her husband, her cousin, her maid,—evidently unhappy and in pain.

Eugénie shaded her eyes from the light of the terrace. Her heart seemed to be sinking, contracting. Mrs. Welby had been already ill, and therewith jealous and tyrannical, for some little time before Madame de Pastourelles had been summoned to the death-bed of her husband. But now!—Eugénie shrank aghast before what she saw and what she guessed.

And it was, too, as if the present state of things—as if the new hardness in Elsie's eyes, and the strange hostility of her manner, especially toward the Findons and her cousin Eugénie—threw light on

earlier years, on many a puzzling trait and incident of the past.

There had been a terrible confinement, at the end of years of childlessness,—a still-born child,—and then, after a short apparent recovery, a rapid loss of strength and power. Poor, poor Elsie! But why—why should this trouble have awakened in her this dumb tyranny toward Arthur, this alienation from Arthur's friends?

Eugénie sharply drew herself together. She banished her thoughts. Elsie was young, and would get well. And when she recovered, she would know who were her friends and Arthur's.

A figure came toward her, crossing the Parterre d'Eau. She perceived her father, just released, no doubt, from two English acquaintances with whom he had been exploring the "Bosquet d'Apollon."

He hurried toward her, a tall Don Quixote of a man, gaunt, active, gray-haired, with a stride like a youth of eighteen, and the very minimum of flesh on his well-hung frame. Lord Findon had gone through many agitations during the last ten or twelve years. In his own opinion, he had upset a ministry, he had recreated the army, and saved the colonies to the empire. That history was not as well aware of these feats as it should be, he knew; but in the memoirs, of which there were now ten volumes privately printed in his drawer, he had provided for that. Meanwhile, in the rush of his opinions and partizanships, two things at least had persisted unchanged: his adoration for Eugénie, and his belief that if only man—and much more woman—would but exchange "gulping" for "chewing,"—would only, that is to say, reform their whole system of mastication, and thereby of digestion, the world would be another and a happier place.

He came up now, frowning and out of temper.

"Upon my word, Eugénie, the blindness of some people is too amazing!"

"Is it? Sit down, papa, and look at that!"

She pushed a chair toward him, smiling, and pointed to the terrace, the woods, the sky.

"It's all very well, my dear," said Lord Findon, seating himself, "but this place tries me a good deal."

"Because the ladies in the restaurant

are so stout?" said Eugénie. "Dear papa—somebody must keep these cooks in practice!"

"Never did I see such spectacles," said Lord Findon, fuming. "And when one knows that the very smallest attention to their diet, and they might be *symples* again, as young as their grandchildren!—it's really disheartening."

"It is," said Eugénie. "Shall we announce a little *conférence* in the salon? I'm sure the ladies would flock."

"The amount the French eat is appalling!" exclaimed Lord Findon, without noticing. "And they have such ridiculous ideas about us! I said something about their gluttony to M. de Villeton this morning, and he fired up!—declared he had spent this summer in English country-houses, and we had seven meals a day, all told; and there was n't a Frenchman in the world had more than three, counting his coffee in the morning."

"He had us there," said Eugénie.

"Not at all! It does n't matter *when* you eat—it's what and how much you eat. We *can't* produce such women as one sees here. I tell you, Eugénie, we *can't*. It takes all the poetry out of the sex."

Eugénie smiled.

"Have n't you been walking with Lady Marney, papa?"

Lord Findon looked a little annoyed.

"She's an exception, my dear—a hideous exception."

"I would n't mind her size," said Eugénie, softly, "if only the complexion were better done."

Lord Findon laughed.

"Paint is on the increase," he declared; "and gambling too. Villeton tells me there was baccarat in the Marneys' apartment last night, and Lady Marney lost enormously. Age seems to have no effect on these people. She must be nearly seventy-five."

"You may be sure she'll play till the last trump," said Eugénie. "Papa,"—her tone changed,—"*is that Elsie's chair?*"

The group to which she pointed was still distant, but Lord Findon, even at seventy, had the eyes of an eagle, and could read an *affiche* a mile off.

"It is," Lord Findon looked a little disturbed, and, turning, he scanned the terrace up and down before he bent toward Eugénie.

"You know, darling, it 's an awkward business about these two men. I don't believe Arthur's patience will hold out."

"Oh, yes, it will, papa. For our sakes, Arthur would keep the peace."

"If the other will let him! I used to think, Eugénie, you had tamed the bear; but upon my soul!"—Lord Findon threw up his hands in protest.

"He 's in low spirits, papa. It will be better soon," said Eugénie, softly, and as she spoke she rose and went down the steps to meet the Welbys.

Lord Findon followed her, tormented by a queer, unwelcome thought. Was it possible that Eugénie was now, with her widowhood, beginning to take a more than friendly interest in that strange fellow, Fenwick? If so, *he* would be tolerably punished for his meddling of long ago! To have snatched her from Arthur, in order to hand her to John Fenwick! Lord Findon crimsoned hotly at the notion, all his pride of race and caste up in arms.

Of course she ought now to marry. He wished to see her, before he died, the wife of some good fellow, and the mistress of a great house. Why not? Eugénie's distinctions of person and family—leaving her fortune, which was considerable, out of count—were equal to any fate. "It 's all very well to despise such things, but we have to keep up the traditions," he said to himself, testily.

And in spite of her thirty-seven years, a suitable bridegroom would not be at all hard to find. Lord Findon had perceived that in Egypt, where they had spent the winter and early spring. Several of the most distinguished men then in Cairo had been her devoted slaves, ill as she was and at half-power. Alderney, almost certain to be the next Viceroy of India, one of the most charming of widowers, with an only daughter,—it had been plain both to Lord Findon and his stupid wife that Eugénie had made a deep impression upon a man no less romantic than fastidious. Eugénie had but to lift her hand, and he would have followed them to Syria. On the contrary, she had taken special pains to prevent it. And General F——, and that clever fellow X——, who was now reorganizing Egyptian finance, and several more,—they were all under the spell.

But Eugénie had this quixotic liking for the "intellectuals" of a particular sort,

for artists and poets, and people in difficulties generally. Well, he had it himself, he reflected, frowning, as he strolled after her; but there were limits. Marriage was a thing apart; in that quarter, at any rate, it was no good supposing you could escape from the rules of the game.

Not that the rules always led you right—witness De Pastourelles and his villainies. But matrimonial anarchy was not to be justified, any more than social anarchy, by the failures and drawbacks of arrangements which were, on the whole, for people's good. *Passe encore!*—if Fenwick had only fulfilled the promise of his youth!—were at least a successful artist, instead of promising to become a quarrelsome failure!

Now if Arthur himself were free! Supposing this poor girl were to succumb?—what then?

At this point Lord Findon checked himself roughly, and a minute afterward was shaking Welby by the hand and stooping with an old man's courtesy over the invalid carriage in which Mrs. Welby lay reclined.

Euphrosyne, indeed, had shed her laughter! A face with sunken eyes and drawn lips, and with that perpetual suspicious furrow in the brow, which meant a terror lest any movement or jar should let loose the enemy, pain; an emaciated body, from which all the soft moldings of youth had departed; a frail hand, lying in mute appeal on the shawl with which she was covered,—this was now Elsie Welby, whose beauty in the first years of her marriage had been one of the adornments of London.

Eugénie was bending over her, and Mrs. Welby was pettishly answering.

"It 's so stiff and formal. I don't admire this kind of thing. And there is n't a bit of shade on this terrace. I think it 's ugly!"

Welby laid a hand on hers, smiling.

"But to-day, Bébe, you like the sun?—in October?"

Mrs. Welby was very decidedly of opinion that even in October there was a glare, and in August—she shuddered to think of it! It was so tiresome, too, to have missed the *Grandes Faux*. So like French red tape, to insist on stopping them on a particular date. Why should they be stopped? As to expense, that was non-

sense. How could water cost anything! It was because the French were so *doctrinaire*, so tyrannical, so fond of managing for managing's sake.

So the pettish voice rambled on, the others tenderly and sadly listening, till presently Lord Findon shook his gaunt shoulders.

"Upon my word, it begins to get cold. With your leave, Elsie, I could do with a little more sun. Arthur, shall we take a brisk walk round the canal before tea?"

Welby looked anxiously at his wife. She had closed her eyes, and her pale lips, tightly shut, made no movement.

"I think I promised Elsie to stay with her," he said uncertainly.

"Let me stay with Elsie, please," said Eugénie.

The blue eyes unclosed.

"Don't be more than an hour, Arthur," said the young wife, ungraciously. "You know I asked Mrs. Westmacott to tea."

The gentlemen walked off, and a sharp sensation impressed upon Madame de Pastourelles that Arthur was allowed to go with Lord Findon only because *she* was not of the party.

A sudden color rose into her cheeks. For the hour that followed she devoted herself to her cousin. But Mrs. Welby was difficult and querulous. Among other complaints she expressed herself bitterly as to the appearance of Mr. Fenwick at Versailles. Arthur had been so taken aback—Mr. Fenwick was always so atrociously rude to him! Arthur would never have come to Versailles had he known; but of course, as Uncle Findon and Eugénie liked Mr. Fenwick,—as he was their friend,—Arthur could n't now avoid meeting him. It was extremely disagreeable.

"I think they need n't meet very much," said Eugénie, soothingly; "and papa and I will do our best to keep Mr. Fenwick in order."

"I wonder why he came," said Elsie, fretfully.

"He has some work to do for the production of this play on Marie Antoinette. And I suppose he wanted to meet us. You see, we did n't know about Arthur."

"I can't think why you like him so much."

"He is an old friend, my dear, and just now very unhappy and out of spirits."

"All his own fault, Arthur says. He had the ball at his feet."

"I know," said Eugénie, smiling sadly. "That 's the tragedy of it!"

There was silence. Mrs. Welby still observed her companion. A variety of expressions, all irritable or hostile, passed through the large, languid eyes.

The afternoon faded; on the blue surface of the distant "canal," the great poplars that stand sentinel at the western edge of the park, one to right, and one to left, last *gardes-du-corps* of the House of France, threw long shadows on the water; and across the opening which they marked, drifted the smoke of burning weeds, the only but sufficient symbol, amid the splendid scene, of that peasant France which destroyed Versailles. It was four o'clock, and to their left, as they sat sheltered on the southern side of the château, the visitors of the day were pouring out into the gardens. The shutters of the lower rooms, in the apartments of the dauphin and of *mésdames*, were being closed, one by one, by the *gardiens* within. Eugénie peered through the window beside her. She saw before her a long vista of darkened and solitary rooms, dim portraits of the marshals of France—for the alterations of M. de Nolhac were not yet made—just visible on their walls. Suddenly, under a gleam of light from a shutter not yet fastened, there shone out amid the shadows a bust of Louis Seize! The Bourbon face, with its receding brow, its heavy, good-natured lips, its smiling incapacity, held—dominated—the palace.

Eugénie watched, holding her breath. Slowly the light died, the marble withdrew into the dark, and Louis Seize was once more with the ghosts.

Eugénie's fancy pursued him. She thought of the night of the 20th of January, 1793, when Madame Royale, in the darkness of the Temple, heard her mother turning miserably on her bed, sleepless with grief and cold, waiting for that last rendezvous of seven o'clock which the King had promised her,—waiting—waiting—till the great bell of Notre Dame told her that Louis had passed to another meeting, more urgent, more peremptory still.

"Oh, poor soul!—poor soul!" she said aloud, pressing her hands on her eyes.

"What on earth do you mean!" said

Mrs. Welby's voice beside her, startled, stiff, a little suspicious.

Eugénie looked up and blushed.

"I beg your pardon! I was thinking of Marie Antoinette."

"I 'm so tired of Marie Antoinette!" said the invalid, raising a petulant hand and letting it fall again, inert. "All the silly memorials of her they sell here—and the sentimental talk about her! Arthur, of course, now—with his picture—thinks of nothing else."

"Naturally!"

"I don't know. People are bored with Marie Antoinette. I wish he 'd taken another subject. And as to her beauty—how could she have been beautiful with those staring eyes and that lower lip! I say so to Arthur, and he raves, and quotes Horace Walpole and all sorts of people. But one can see for one's self. People are much prettier now than they ever were then! We should think nothing of their beauties."

And the delicate lips of this once lovely child, this flower withered before its time, made a cold gesture of contempt.

In Eugénie's eyes, as they rested upon her companion, there was a flash—was it of horror?

Was she jealous even of the dead woman whom Arthur painted, no less than of his living friends?

Eugénie came close to her, took the irresponsible hand in hers, tucked the shawls closer round the wasted limbs, bent over her, chatting and caressing. Then, as the sun began to drop quickly, Madame de Pastourelles rose and went to the corner of the château to see if the gentlemen were in sight. But in less than a minute Mrs. Welby called her back.

"I must go in now," she said fretfully. "This place is really *too* cold!"

"She won't let me go to meet them," thought Eugénie, involuntarily,—sharply reproaching herself, a moment afterward, for the mere thought.

But when Elsie had been safely escorted home, Eugénie slipped back through the darkening streets, taking good care that her path should not lead her across her father and Arthur Welby.

She fled toward the western flight of the Hundred Steps, and ran down the vast staircase toward the Orangerie and the still shining lake beyond, girdled with va-

porous woods. A majesty of space and light inwrapped her, penetrated, as everywhere at Versailles, with memory, with the bitterness and the glory of human things. In the distance the voices of the children still playing beside their nurses on the upper terrace died away. Close by, a white Artemis on her pedestal bent forward, eager, her gleaming bow in air, watching, as it were, the arrow she had just sped toward the windows of Madame de Pompadour; and beside her, a nymph, daughter of gods, turned to the palace with a free, startled movement, shading her eyes that she might gaze the more intently on that tattered tricolor which floats above the palace of "Le Roi Soleil."

"Oh, poor Arthur—poor Arthur! And I did it!—I did it!"

It was the cry of Eugénie's inmost life.

And before she knew, she found herself enveloped in memories that rolled in upon her like waves of storm. How long it had been before she would allow herself to see anything amiss with this marriage she had herself made! And indeed it was only since Elsie's illness that things dimly visible before had sprung into that sharp and piteous relief in which they stood to-day. Before it, indications, waywardnesses, the faults of a young and petted wife. But since the physical collapse, the inner motives and passions had stood up bare and black, like the ribs of a wrecked ship from the sand. And as Eugénie had been gradually forced to understand them, they had worked upon her own mind as a silent, yet ever-growing accusation, against which she defended herself in vain.

Surely, surely she had done no wrong! To have allowed Arthur to go on binding his life ever more and more closely to hers would have been a crime. What could she give him that such a nature most deeply needed? Home, wifely love, and children,—it was to these dear, inwrapping powers she had committed him in what she had done. She had feared for herself, indeed. But is it a sin to fear sin—the declension of one's own best will, the staining of one's purest feeling?

On her part, she could proudly answer for herself. Never, since Welby's marriage, either in thought or act, had she given Arthur's wife the smallest just cause of offense. Eugénie's was often an anxious and a troubled conscience; but not

here, not in this respect. She knew herself true.

But from Elsie's point of view? Had she, in truth, sacrificed an ignorant child to her impetuous wish for Arthur's happiness, a too scrupulous care for her own peace? How "sacrifice"? She had given the child her heart's desire. Arthur was not in love; but Elsie Bligh would have accepted him as a husband on any terms. Tenderly, in good faith, trusting to the girl's beauty and Arthur's rich and loving nature, Eugénie had joined their hands.

Was that in reality her offense? In spite of all the delicacy with which it had been done, had the girl's passion guessed the truth? And having guessed it, had she then failed—and failed consciously—to make the gift her own?

Eugénie had watched, often with a sinking spirit, the development of a nature masked by youth and happiness, but essentially narrow and poor, full of mean ambitions and small antipathies. Arthur had played his part bravely, with all the chivalry and the conscience that might have been expected of him. And there had been moments, intervals, of apparent happiness, when Eugénie's own conscience had been laid to sleep.

Was there anything she might have done for those two people that she had not done? And Elsie had seemed—she sadly remembered—to love her, to trust her, till this tragic breakdown. Indeed, so long as she could dress, dance, dine, and chatter as much as she pleased, with her husband in constant attendance, Mrs. Welby had shown no open discontent with her lot; and if her caresses often hurt Eugénie more than they pleased, there had been no outward dearth of them.

Alack! Eugénie's heart was wrung with pity for the young maimed creature; but the peevish image of the wife was swept away by the more truly tragic image of the husband. Eugénie might try to persuade herself of the possibility of Elsie's recovery; her real instinct denied it. Yet life was not necessarily threatened, it seemed, though certain fatal accidents might end it in a week. The omens pointed to a long and fluctuating case, to years of hopeless nursing for Arthur, and complaining misery for his wife.

Years! Eugénie sat down in a corner of the Orangerie garden, locking her

hands together in a miserable pity for Arthur. She knew well what a shining pinnacle of success and fame Welby occupied in the eyes of the world; she knew how envious were the lesser men—such a man as John Fenwick, for instance—of a reputation and a success they thought overdone and undeserved. But Arthur himself! She seemed to be looking into his face, graven on the dusk, the face of a man tragically silent, patient, eternally disappointed; of an artist conscious of ideals and discontents, loftier, more poignant far than his fellows will ever know; of a poet, alone at heart, forbidden to "speak out," blighted, and in pain.

"Arthur—Arthur!" She leant her head against the pedestal of a marble vase, wrestling with herself.

Then, quick as fire, there flew through her veins the alternate possibility—Elsie's death, freedom for herself and Arthur, the power to retrace her own quixotic, fatal step. . . .

Madame de Pastourelles rose to her feet, rigid and straight in her black dress, wrestling as though with an attacking Apollyon. She seemed to herself a murderess in thought, the lowest and vilest of human beings. In an anguish she looked through the darkness, in a wild appeal to Heaven to save her from herself—this new self, unknown to her!—to shut down and trample on this mutiny of a sinful and selfish heart—to make it impossible—*impossible!*—that ever again, even without her will, against her will, a thought so hideous, so incredible, should enter and defile her mind. It was the intolerable recoil of a lofty and beautiful soul.

She walked on blindly toward the water and the woods. Her eyes were full of tears, which she could not stop. Unconsciously, to hide them, she threw round her head a black-lace scarf she had brought out with her against the evening chill, and drew it close round her face.

"How late you are!" said a joyous voice beside her.

She looked up. Fenwick, emerging from the wood toward the shelter of which she was hurrying, stood before her, bare-headed, as he often walked, his eyes unable to hide the pleasure with which he beheld her.

She gave a little gasp.

"You startled me!"

In the dim light he could only see her slight, fluttering smile, and it seemed to him that she was or had been in agitation. But at least it was nothing hostile to himself; nay, it was borne in upon him, as he turned his steps, and she walked beside him with a quick yet gradually subsiding breath, that his appearance had been a relief to her, that she was glad of his companionship.

And he—miserable fellow!—to him it was peace after struggle, balm after torment. For his thoughts, as he wandered through the Satory woods alone, had been the thoughts of a hypochondriac. He hastened to leave them, now that she was near.

They wandered along the eastern edge of the "Swiss Water," toward the woods amid which the railway runs. Through the gold and purple air the thin autumn trees rose lightly into the evening sky, marching in ordered ranks beside the water. Young men were fishing in the lake, boys and children were playing near it, and sweethearts walking in the dank grass. The evening peace, with its note of decay and death, seemed to stir feeling rather than soothe it. It set the nerves trembling.

He began to talk of some pictures he had been studying in the palace that day, —Nattiers, Rigauds, Drouais,—examples of that happy, sensuous, confident art produced by a society that knew no doubts of itself, which not to have enjoyed—so the survivors of it thought—was to be forever ignorant of what the charm of life might be.

Fenwick spoke of it with envy and astonishment. The *pleasure* of it had penetrated him, its gay, perpetual *festa*, as compared with the strain of thought and conscience under which the modern lives.

"It gives me a perfect hunger for fine clothes, and jewels, and masquerades, and '*fêtes de nuit*,' and every sort of theatricality and expense! Nature has sent us starvelings on the scene a hundred years late. We are like children in the rain, flattening our noses against a ballroom window."

"There were plenty of them then," said Eugénie. "But they broke in and sacked the ballroom."

"Yes. What folly!" he said, bitterly. "We are all still groping among the ruins."

"No, no! Build a new Palace of Beauty, and bring everybody in—out of the rain."

"Ridiculous!" he declared, with sparkling eyes. Art and pleasure were only for the few. Try and spread them, make current coin of them, and they vanished like fairy gold.

"So only the artist may be happy?"

"The artist is never happy!" he said roughly. "But the few people who appreciate him and rob him enjoy themselves. By the way, I took one of your ideas this morning, and made a sketch of it. I have n't noted a composition of any sort for weeks—except for this beastly play. It came to me while we talked."

"Ah!" Her face, turned to him, received the news with a shrinking pleasure.

He developed his idea before her, drawing it on the air with his stick, or on the sand of the alleys where the arching trees overhead seemed still to hold a golden twilight captive. The picture was to represent that fine metal-worker of the *ancien régime* who, when the Revolution came, took his ragged children with him and went to the palace which contained his work,—work for which he had never been paid,—and hammered it to pieces.

Fenwick talked himself at last into something like enthusiasm; and Eugénie listened to him with a pitiful eagerness, only anxious to lead him on, to put this friendship, and the pure sympathy and compassion of her feeling for him, between her and the ugly memory which hovered round her like a demon thing. These dreams of the intellect and of art, as they gradually rose and took shape between them, were so infinitely welcome! Clean, blameless, strengthening, they put the ghosts to flight, they gave her back herself.

"Oh, you must paint it!" she said,—
"you must."

He stopped, and walked on abruptly. Then she pressed him to promise her a time and date. It must be ready for a new gallery and a distinguished exhibition just about to open.

He shook his head.

"I probably sha'n't care about it to-morrow."

She protested.

"Just now you were so keen!"

He hesitated, then blurted out: "Be-

"come I was talking to you! When you're *not* there—I know very well—I shall fall back to where I was before."

She tried to laugh at him for a too dependent friend, who must always be fed on vagar-plums of praise; but the silence with which he met her checked her. It was too full of emotion, and she ran away from it.

She ran, however, in vain. They reached the end of the lake, and went to look at the moldering statue of Louis Quatorze at its further end,—fantastic work of the great Bernini,—Louis on a vast, curly-maned beast, with flames bursting round him,—flung out into the wilderness and the woods, because Louis, after adding the flames to Bernini's composition, finally pronounced the statue unworthy of himself and of the sacred inclosure of the park. So here, on the outer edge of Versailles, the crumbling failure rises, in exile to this day, without so much as a railing to protect it from the scribbling tourist who writes his name all over it. In the realm of art, it seemed, the King's writ still ran and the King's doom stood.

Fenwick's rhetorical sense was touched by the statue and its history. He examined it, talking fast and well, Eugénie meanwhile winning from him all he had to give, by the simplest words and looks, — he the reed, and she the player. His mind, his fancy, worked easily once more, under the stimulus of her presence. His despondency began to give way. He believed in himself—felt himself an artist—again. The relief, physical and mental, was too tempting. He flung himself upon it with reckless desire, incapable of denying himself or of counting the cost. And, meanwhile, the effect of her black scarf, loosened and eddying round her head and face in the soft night wind, defining their small oval and the beauty of the brow, enchanted his painter's eye. There was a moment, just as they reëntered the park, when, as she stood looking at a moon-touched vista before them, the floating scarf suddenly recalled to him the outline of that lovely hood in which Romney framed the radiant head of Lady Hamilton as "The Sempstress."

The recollection startled him. Romney! Involuntarily there flashed across him Phoebe's use of the Romney story—her fierce comments on the deserted wife, the

lovely mistress. Perhaps, while she stood looking at the portrait in his studio, she was thinking of Lady Hamilton, and all sorts of other ludicrous and shameful things!

And *this*, all the while, was the reality—this pure, ethereal being, in whose presence he was already a better and a more hopeful man, who seemed to bring a fellow comfort, and moral renewal, in the mere touch of her kind hand.

The shock of inner debate still further weakened his self-control. He slipped, hardly knowing how or why, into a far more intimate confession of himself than he had yet made to her. In the morning he had given her the *outer* history of his life during the year of her absence. But this was the inner history of a man's weakness and failure—of his quarrels and hatreds, his baffled ambitions and ideals. She put it together as best she could from his hurried, excited talk,—from stories half told, fierce charges against "charlatans" and "intriguers," mingled with half-serious, half-comic returns upon himself, attacks on all the world, alternating with a ruthless self-analysis,—the talk of a man who challenges society one moment with an angry "*J'accuse!*"—and sees himself the next—sardonically—as the chief obstacle in his own way.

Then suddenly a note of intense loneliness—anguish—inexplicable despair. Eugénie could not stop it, could not withdraw herself. There was a strange feeling that it brought her the answer to her prayer.

They hurried on through the lower walks of the park, plunging now through tunneled depths of shade, and now emerging into spaces where sunset and moonrise rained a mingled influence on glimmering water, on the dim, upturned faces of Ceres or Flora, or the limbs of flower-crowned nymphs and mermaids. It seemed impossible to turn homeward, to break off their conversation. When they reached the Bassin de Neptune they left the park, turning down the Trianon Avenue in the growing dark, till they saw to their right, behind its iron gates, the gleaming façade of the Petit Trianon; woods all about them, and to their left, again, the shimmer of wide water. Meanwhile the dying leaves, driven by the evening wind, descended on them in a soft and ceaseless

shower; the woods, so significant and human in their planned and formal beauty, brought their "visionary majesties" of moonlight and of gloom to bear on nerve and sense, turned all that was said and all that was felt, beneath their spell, to poetry.

Suddenly, at the Trianon gate, Eugénie stopped.

"I'm very tired," she said faintly. "I am afraid we must go back."

Fenwick denounced himself for a selfish brute, and they turned homeward. But it was not physical fatigue she felt. It was rather the burden of a soul thrown headlong upon hers, the sudden appeal of a task which seemed to be given her by God, for the bridling of her own heart and the comforting and restoring of John Fenwick. From all the conflicting emotion of an evening which changed her life, what remained—or seemed to remain—was a missionary call of duty and affection. "Save him!—and master thyself!"

So, yet again, poor Eugénie slipped into the snare which Fate had set for one who was only too much a woman.

The Rue des Réservoirs was very empty as Fenwick and Madame de Pastourelles mounted the paved slope leading toward the hotel. The street lamps were neither many nor bright, but from the glazed gallery of the restaurant a broad cheerful illumination streamed upon the passers-by. They stepped within its bounds. And at the moment a woman who had just crossed to the opposite side of the street stopped abruptly to look at them. They paused a few minutes in the entrance, still chatting; the woman opposite made a movement as though to recross the street, then shook her head, laughed, and walked away. Fenwick went into the restaurant, and Eugénie hurried through the courtyard to the door of the Findons' apartment.

But in her reflections of the night, Eugénie came to the conclusion that the situation, as it then stood at Versailles, was not one to be prolonged.

Next day she proposed to her father and sister a change of plan. On the whole, she said, she was anxious to get back to London; the holiday was overspreading its due limits, and she urged pressing on and home. Lord Findon was puzzled, but submissive; the bookish sister, Theresa,

now a woman of thirty, welcomed anything that would bring her back to the London Library and the British Museum. But suddenly, just as the maids had been warned, and Lord Findon's man had been set to look out trains, his master caught a chill, going obstinately, and in a mocking spirit, to see what "Faust" might be like as given at the municipal theater of Versailles. There was fever, and a touch of bronchitis; nothing serious; but the doctor who had been summoned from Paris would not hear of traveling. Lord Findon hoarsely preached "chewing" to him through the greater part of his visits; he revenged himself by keeping a tight hold on his patient in all that was not his tongue. Eugénie yielded with what appeared to Theresa a strange amount of reluctance, and they settled down for a week or two.

In the middle of the convalescence, the elder son Marmaduke came over to see his father. He was a talkative Evangelical, like his mother; a partner in the brewery owned by his mother's kindred; and recently married to a Lady Louisa.

After spending three days at the hotel, he suddenly said to Lord Findon, as he was mounting guard one night, while Eugénie wrote some letters:

"I say, pater, do you want Eugénie to marry that fellow Fenwick?"

Lord Findon turned uneasily in his bed.

"What makes you say that?"

"Well, he's dreadfully gone on her—never happy except when she's there; and she—well, she encourages him a good bit, father."

"You don't understand, Marmie. You see, you don't care for books and pictures; Eugénie does."

"I suppose she does," said Marmaduke, doubtfully; "but she would n't care so much if Fenwick was n't there to talk about them."

"His talk is admirable!" said Lord Findon.

"I dare say it is, but he is n't my sister's equal," replied the son, with stolidity.

"A good artist is anybody's equal!" cried Lord Findon, much heated.

"You don't really think it, papa," said Marmaduke, firmly. "Shall I give Eugénie a talking to—as you're not in a condition?"

Lord Findon laughed, though not gaily. "You 'd better try! Or rather, I don't advise you to try!"

Marmaduke, however, did try,—with the only result that Eugénie soon grew a little vexed and tremulous, and begged him to go home. He might be a master of brewing finance, and a dear, kind, well-meaning brother, but he really did not understand his sister's affairs.

Marmaduke went home, much puzzled, urgently commanding Theresa to write to him, and announcing to Arthur Welby, who listened silently as he talked, that if Fenwick did propose he should think it a damned impertinence.

Lord Findon meanwhile held his peace. Every day Eugénie came in from her walk with Fenwick to sit with or read to her father. She always spoke of what she had been doing, quite naturally and simply, describing their walk and their conversation, giving the news of Fenwick's work, bringing his sketches to show. Lord Findon would lie and listen, a little suspicious and ill at ease, sometimes a little sulky. But he let his illness and his voicelessness excuse him from grappling with her. She must, of course, please herself. If she chose, as she seemed about to choose,—why, they must all make the best of it! Marmaduke might talk as he liked. Naturally, Arthur kept away from them. Poor Arthur! But what a darling she looked in her black, with this fresh touch of color in her pale cheeks!

The Welbys certainly had but little to do with the party at the Réservoirs. Welby seemed to be absorbed in his new picture, and Mrs. Welby let it be plainly understood that at home Arthur was too busy, and she too ill, to receive visitors; while out of doors they neither of them wished to be thrown across Mr. Fenwick.

Every evening, after taking his wife home, Welby went out by himself for a solitary walk. He avoided the park and the woods; chose rather the St. Cyr road or the Avenue de Paris. He walked, wrapped—a little too picturesquely, perhaps—in an old Campagna cloak, relic of his years in Rome, with a fine collie for his companion. Once or twice in the distance he caught sight of Eugénie and Fenwick, only to turn down a side street—out of their way.

His thoughts meanwhile, day by day,

—his silent, thronging thoughts,—dealt with his own life—and theirs. Would she venture it? He discussed it calmly with himself. It presented itself to him as an act altogether unworthy of her. What hurt him most, however, at these times was the occasional sudden memory of Eugénie's face trembling with pain under some slight or unkindness shown her by his wife.

ONE day Welby was sitting beside his wife on the sheltered side of the Terrace, when Eugénie and Fenwick came in sight, emerging from the Hundred Steps. Suddenly Welby bent over his wife.

"Elsie!—have you noticed anything?"

"Noticed what?"

He motioned toward the distant figures. His gesture was a little dry and hostile.

Elsie in amazement raised herself painfully on her elbow to look.

"Eugénie!" she said breathlessly—"Eugénie—and Mr. Fenwick!"

Arthur Welby watched the transformation in her face. It was the first time he had seen her look happy for months.

"What an *excellent* thing!" she cried, all flushed and vehement. "Arthur! you know you said how lonely she must be!"

"Is he worthy of her?" he said slowly, finding his words with difficulty.

"Well, of course *we* don't like him!—but then Uncle Findon does. And if he did n't, it's Eugénie that matters, is n't it?—only Eugénie! At her age, you can't be choosing her husband for her! Well, I never, never thought—Eugénie's so close!—she'd make up her mind to marry anybody!"

And she rattled on, in so much excitement that Welby hastily and urgently impressed discretion upon her.

But when she and Eugénie next met, Eugénie was astonished by her gaiety and good temper, her air of smiling mystery. Madame de Pastourelles hoped it meant real physical improvement, and would have liked to talk of it to Arthur. But all talk between them grew rarer and more difficult. Thus Eugénie's walks with Fenwick through the enchanted lands that surround Versailles became daily more significant, more watched. Lord Findon groaned in his sick-room, but still restrained himself.

It was a day—or rather a night—of late October, a wet and windy night, when the autumn leaves were coming down in swirling hosts on the lawns and paths of Trianon.

Fenwick was hard at work in the small apartment which he occupied on the third floor of the Hôtel des Réservoirs. It consisted of a sitting-room and two bedrooms looking on an inner *cour*. One of the bedrooms he had turned into a sort of studio. It was now full of drawings and designs for the sumptuous London "production" on which he was engaged—rooms at Versailles and Trianon, views in the Trianon gardens, fragments of decoration, designs for stage grouping, for the reproduction of one of the famous *fêtes de nuit* in the gardens of the "Hameau"—studies of costume, even.

His proud ambition hated the work; he thought it unworthy of him; only his poverty had consented. But he kept it out of sight of his companions as much as he could, and worked as much as possible at night.

And here and there, among the rest, were the sketches and fragments—often the grandiose fragments—which represented his "buried life," the life which only Eugénie de Pastourelles seemed now to have the power to evoke. When some hours of other work had weakened the impulse received from her, he would look at these things sadly and put them aside.

To-night, as he drew, he was thinking incessantly of Eugénie—pierced often by intolerable remorse. But whose fault was it? Will you ask a man perishing of need to put its satisfaction from him? The tests of life are too hard. The plain, selfish man must always fail under them. Why act and speak as though he were responsible for what Nature and the flesh impose?

But how was it all to end?—that was what tormented him. His conscience shrank from the half-perceived villainies before him; but his will failed him. What was the use of talking? He was the slave of an impulse, which was not passion, which had none of the excuse of passion, but represented rather the blind search of a man who, like a child in the dark, recoils in reckless terror from loneliness and the phantoms of his own mind.

Eleven o'clock struck. He was busying

himself with a cardboard model, on which he had been trying the effect of certain arrangements, when he heard a knock at his door.

"*Entrez.*" he said in astonishment. At this season of the year the hotel kept early hours, and there was not a light to be seen in the *cour*.

The door opened. On the threshold stood Arthur Welby. Fenwick gazed at him open-mouthed.

"You?—you came to see me?"

He advanced—head foremost—hand outstretched.

"I have something important to say to you." Welby took no notice of the hand. "Shall we be undisturbed?"

"I imagine so!" said Fenwick, fiercely retreating; "but, as you see, I am extremely busy!" He pointed to the room and its contents.

"I am sorry to interrupt you,"—Welby's voice was carefully controlled,—"but I think you will admit that I had good reason to come and find you." He looked round to see that the door was shut, then advanced a step nearer. "You are, I think, acquainted with that lady?"

He handed Fenwick a card. Fenwick took it to the light. On it was lithographed, "Miss Isabel Morrison"; and a written address, "Corso de Madrid, Buenos Ayres," had been lightly scratched out in one corner.

Fenwick put down the card.

"Well," he said sharply—"and if I am—what then?"

Welby began to speak, paused, and cleared his throat. He was standing with one hand lightly resting on the table, his eyes fixed on Fenwick. There was a moment of shock, of mutual defiance.

"This lady seems to have observed the movements of our party here," said Welby, commanding himself. "She followed my wife and me to-day, after we met you in the park. She spoke to us. She gave us the astonishing news that you were a married man—that your wife—"

Fenwick rushed forward and gripped the speaker's arm.

"My God! Tell me!—is she alive?"

His eyes starting out of his head—his crimson face—his anguish, seemed to affect the other with indescribable repulsion. Welby wrenched himself free.

"That was what Miss Morrison wished

to ask you. She says that when you and she last met you were *not* on very good terms; she shrank, therefore, from addressing you. But she had a respect for your wife; she wished to know what had become of her, and her curiosity impelled her to speak to us. She seems to have been in Buenos Ayres for many years. This year she returned—as governess—with the family of a French engineer who have taken an apartment in Versailles. She first saw you in the street nearly a month ago."

Fenwick had dropped into a chair, his face in his hands. As Welby ceased speaking, he looked up.

"And she said nothing about my wife's whereabouts?"

"Nothing. She knows nothing."

"Nor of why she left me?"

Welby hesitated.

"Miss Morrison seems to have her own ideas as to that."

"Where is she?" Fenwick rose hurriedly.

"Rue des Ecuries, 27. Naturally, you can't see her to-night."

"No," said Fenwick, sitting down again, like a man in a dream—"no. Did she say anything else?"

"She mentioned something about a debt you owed her," said Welby, coldly—"some matter that she had only just discovered. I had no concern with that."

Fenwick's face, which had become deathly pale, was suddenly overspread with a rush of crimson. More almost than by the revelation of his long deception as to his wife was he humiliated and tortured by these words relating to his debt to Morrison on Welby's lips. This successful rival, this fine gentleman!—admitted to his sordid affairs.

He rose uncertainly, pulling himself passionately together.

"Now that she has reappeared, I shall pay my debt to Miss Morrison— if it exists," he said haughtily; "she need be in no fear as to that. Well, now then,"—he leant heavily on the mantelpiece, his face still twitching, "you know, Mr. Welby, by this accident, the secret of my life. My wife left me, for the maddest, emptiest reasons, and she took our child with her. I did everything I could to discover them. It was all in vain; and if Miss Morrison cannot enlighten me, I

am as much in the dark to-night as I was yesterday whether my wife is alive—or dead. Is there anything more to be said?"

"By God, yes!" cried Welby, with a sudden gesture of passion, approaching Fenwick. "There is everything to be said!"

Fenwick was silent. Their eyes met.

"When you first made acquaintance with Lord Findon," said Welby, controlling himself, "you made him—you made all of us—believe that you were an unmarried man?"

"I did. It was the mistake, the awkwardness, of a moment. I had n't your easy manners! I was a raw country fellow, and I had n't the courage, the mere self-possession, to repair it."

"You let Madame de Pastourelles sit to you," said Welby, steadily, "week after week, month after month; you accepted her kindness—you became her friend. Later on, you allowed her to advise you—write to you—talk to you about marrying when your means should be sufficient—without ever allowing her to guess for a moment that you had already a wife and child!"

"That is true," said Fenwick, nodding. "The second false step was the consequence of the first."

"The consequence! You had but to say a word—one honest word! Then, when your conduct, I suppose,—I don't dare to judge you,—had driven your wife away—for twelve years,"—he dragged the words between his teeth,—“you masquerade to Madame de Pastourelles; and when her long martyrdom as a wife is at last over, when in the tenderness and compassion of her heart she begins to show you a friendship which—which those who know her”—he labored for breath and words—"can only—presently—interpret in one way—you, who owe her everything—everything!—you *dare* to play with her innocent, her stainless life—you *dare* to let her approach—to let those about her approach—the thought of her marrying you—while all the time you knew—what you know! If there ever was a piece of black cruelty in this world, it is you—you that have been guilty of it!"

The form of Arthur Welby, drawn to its utmost height, towered above the man he accused. Fenwick sat, struck dumb. Welby's increasing stoop, which of late had marred his natural dignity of gait;

the slight touches of affectation, of the *petit-maitre*, which were now often perceptible; the occasional note of littleness, or malice, such as his youth had never known,—all these defects, physical and moral, had been burnt out of the man, as he spoke these words, by the flame of his only, his inextinguishable passion. For his dear mistress—in the purest, loftiest sense of that word—he stood champion, denouncing with all his soul the liar who had deceived and endangered her; a stern, unconscious majesty expressed itself in his bearing, his voice; and the man before him, artist and poet like himself, was sensible of it in the highest, the most torturing degree.

Fenwick turned away. He stooped mechanically to the fire, put it together, lifted a log lying in front of it, laid it carefully on the others. Then he looked at Welby, who on his side had walked to the window and opened it, as though the room suffocated him.

"Everything that you say is just," said Fenwick, slowly. "I have no answer to make—except that— No!—I have no answer to make."

He paced once or twice up and down the length of the room, slowly, thoughtfully; then he resumed:

"I shall write to Madame de Pastourelles to-night, and by the first train to-morrow, as soon as these things"—he looked round him—"can be gathered together, I shall be gone!"

Welby moved sharply, showing a face still drawn and furrowed with emotion. "No! she will want to see you."

Fenwick's composure broke down. "I had better not see her," he said—"I had better not see her!"

"You will bear that for her," said Welby, quietly. "The more completely you can enlighten her, the better for us all."

Fenwick's lips moved, but without speaking. Welby's ignorance of the whole truth oppressed him; yet he could make no effort to remove it.

Welby came back toward him.

"There is no reason, I think, why we should carry this conversation further. I will let Miss Morrison know that I have communicated with you."

"No need," said Fenwick, interrupting him. "I shall see her first thing in the morning—"

"And," resumed Welby, lifting a book and letting it fall uncertainly, "if there is anything I can do—with Lord Findon—for instance—"

Fenwick had a movement of impatience. He felt his endurance giving way.

"There is nothing to do!—except to tell the truth—and to as few people as possible!"

Welby winced. Was the reference to his wife?

"I agree with you—of course."

He paused a moment, irresolute, wondering whether he had said all he had to say. Then, involuntarily, his eyes rested questioningly, piercingly on the man beside him. They seemed to express the marvel of his whole being that such an offense could ever be,—they tried to penetrate a character, a psychology, which in truth baffled them altogether.

He moved to the door, and Fenwick opened it.

As his visitor walked away, Fenwick stood motionless, listening to the retreating step, which echoed in the silence of the vast, empty hotel, once the house of Madame de Pompadour.

He looked at his watch. Past midnight. By about three o'clock, in the midst of a wild autumnal storm, he had finished his letter to Madame de Pastourelles, and he fell asleep at his table, worn out, his head on his arms.

BEFORE ten on the following morning Fenwick had seen Bella Morrison. A woman appeared—the caricature of something he had once known, the high cheekbones of his early picture touched with rouge, little curls of black hair plastered on her temples, with a mincing gait, and a manner now giggling and now rude. She was extremely sorry if she had put him out,—really, particularly sorry! She would n't have done so for the world; but her curiosity got the better of her. Also, she confessed, she had wished to see whether Mr. Fenwick would acknowledge his debt to her. It was only lately that she had come across a statement of it among her father's papers. It was funny he should have forgotten it so long; but there—she was n't going to be nasty. As to poor Mrs. Fenwick—no, of course she knew nothing. She had inquired of some friends in the North, and they also knew

nothing. They had only heard that husband and wife could n't hit it off, and that Mrs. Fenwick had gone abroad. It was a pity, but a body might have expected it, might n't they?

The crude conceit and violence of her girlhood had given place, under the pressure of a hard life, to something venomous and servile. She never mentioned her visit to Phœbe; but her eyes seemed to mock her visitor all the time. Fenwick cut the interview short as soon as he could, hastily paid her a hundred pounds, though it left him overdrawn and almost penniless, and then rushed back to his hotel to see what might be waiting for him.

An envelop was lying on his table. It cost him a great effort to open it.

I have received your letter. There is nothing to say, except that I must see you. I wish to keep what you have told me from my father—for the present, at any rate. There would be no possibility for our talking here. We have only one sitting-room, and my sister is there all the time. I will be at the Bosquet d'Apollon by 11.30.

Only that! He stared at the delicate, almost invisible writing. The moment he had dreaded for twelve years had arrived; and the world still went on, and quiet notes like that could still be written!

Long before the hour fixed he was in the Bosquet d'Apollon, walking up and down in front of the famous grotto, on whose threshold the white Apollo, just released from the chariot of the Sun, receives the ministrations of the Muses, while his divine horses are being fed and stalled in the hollows of the rock to either side. No stranger fancy than this ever engaged the architects and squandered the finances of the Builder-King. Reared in solid masonry on bare, sandy ground now entirely disguised, the artificial rock that holds the grotto towers to a great height, crowned by ancient trees, weathered by wind and rain, overgrown by leaf and grass, and laved at its base by clear water. All round, the trees stand close, the lawns spread their quiet slopes. On this sparkling autumn morning, a glory of russet, amber, and red begirt the white figures and the gleaming grotto. The immortals, the champing horses, locked behind their grilles lest the tourists should insult them,—all the queer, crumbling romance of the statuary, all the natural beauty of leaf

and water, of the white clouds overhead and their reflections below,—combined to make Fenwick's guilty bewilderment more complete, to turn all life to dream, and all its figures into the puppets of a shadow-play.

A light step on the grass. A shock passed through him. He made a movement, then checked it.

Eugénie paused at some distance from him. In this autumnal moment of the year, and on week-days, scarcely any passing visitor disturbs the quiet of the Bosquet d'Apollon. In its deep dell of trees and grass they were absolutely alone; the sunlight which dappled the white bodies of the Muses, and shone on the upstretched arm of Apollo, seemed the only thing of life beside themselves.

She threw back her veil as she came near him,—her long widow's veil, which to-day she had resumed. Beneath it, framed in it, the face appeared of an ivory rigidity and pallor. The eyes only were wild and living, as she came up to him, clasping her hands, evidently shrinking from him, yet composed.

"There is one thing more I want to know. If I have ever been your friend!—if you have ever felt any kindness for me, tell me—tell me frankly—why did your wife leave you?"

Fenwick's face fell. Had she come so soon to this point—by the sureness of her own instinct?

"There were many troubles between us," he said hoarsely, walking on beside her, his eyes on the grass.

"Was she—was she jealous?"—she breathed with difficulty—"of any of your models,—I know that sometimes happens,—or of your sitters—of *me*, for instance?" The last words were scarcely audible; but her gaze enforced them.

"She was jealous of my whole life—away from her. And I was utterly blind and selfish—I ought to have known what was going on—and I had no idea."

"And what happened? I know so little." Her voice, so peremptorily strange, so remote, compelled him. With difficulty he gave an outline of Phœbe's tragic visit to his studio. His letter of the night before had scarcely touched on the details of the actual crisis, had dwelt rather on the months of carelessness and neglect on his own part, which had prepared it.

She interrupted.

"That was she—the mother in the 'Genius Loci'?"

He assented mutely.

She closed her eyes a moment, seeing, in her suffering, the face of the young mother and her child.

"But go on! And you were away? Please, please go on! When was it? It must have been that spring when—"

She put her hand to her head, trying to remember dates.

"It was just before the Academy," he said reluctantly.

"You were out?"

"I had gone to tell Watson and Cunningham the good news." His voice dropped.

Her hands caught each other again.

"It was that day—that very day we came to you?"

He nodded.

"But why—what was it made her do such a thing?—go—forever—without seeing you—without a word? She must have had some desperate reason."

"She had none!" he said with energy.

"But she must have thought she had. Can't—can't you explain it to me any more?"

He was almost at the end of his resistance.

"I told you—how she had resented—my concealment?"

"Yes—yes! But there must have been something more—something sudden—that maddened her?"

He was silent. She grew whiter than before.

"Mr. Fenwick—I—I have much to forgive. There is only one course of action—that can ever—make amends—and that is—an entire—an absolute frankness!"

Her terrible suspicion, her imperious will, had conquered. Anything was better than to deny her, torture her, deceive her afresh.

He looked at her in a horrible indecision. Then, slowly, he put his hand within the breast of his coat. "This is the letter she wrote me. I found it in my room."

And he drew out the crumpled letter from his pocket-book, which he had worn thus almost from the day of Phœbe's disappearance.

Eugénie fell upon it, devoured it. Not

a demur, not a doubt, as to this!—in one so strictly, so tenderly scrupulous. Even at that moment it struck him pitifully. It seemed to give the measure of her pain.

"The picture?" she said, looking up. "I don't understand—you had sent it in."

"Do you remember—asking me about the sketch—and I told you—it had been accidentally spoilt?"

She understood. Her lips trembled. Returning the letter, she sank upon a seat. He saw that her forces were almost failing her. And he dared not say a word or make a movement of sympathy.

For some little time she was silent. Her eyes ranged the green circuit of the hollow,—the water, the reeds, the rock, and that idle god among his handmaidens. Her attitude, her look, expressed a moral agony, how strangely out of place amid this setting! Through her, innocent, unconscious though she were, the young helpless wife had come to grief, a soul had been risked—perhaps lost. Only a nature trained as Eugénie's had been, by suffering and prayer and lofty living, could have felt what she felt and as she felt it.

Fumbling, Fenwick put back the letter in his pocket-book, thrust it again into his coat. Never once did the thought cross Eugénie's mind that he had probably worn it there through these last days, while their relation had grown so intimate, so dear. All recollection of herself had left her. She was possessed with Phœbe. Nothing else found entrance.

At last, after much more questioning, much more difficult or impetuous examination, she rose feebly.

"I think I understand. Now—we have to find her!"

She stood, her hands loosely clasped, her eyes gazing into the sunny vacancy of sky above the rock.

Fenwick advanced a step. He felt that he must speak, must grovel to her, repeat some of the things he had said in his letter. But here, in her presence, all words seemed too crude, too monstrous. His voice died away.

So there was no repetition of the excuses, the cry for pardon, he had spent the night on, and she made no reference to them.

They walked back to the hotel, talking

coldly, precisely, almost as strangers, of what should be done. Fenwick, whose work indeed was finished, would return to England that night. After his departure Madame de Pastourelles would inform her father of what had happened; a famous solicitor, Lord Findon's old friend, was to be consulted; all possible measures

were to be taken once more for Phœbe's discovery.

At the door of the hotel Fenwick raised his hat. Eugénie did not offer her hand; but her sweet face suddenly trembled afresh, before her will could master it. To hide it she turned abruptly away, and the door closed upon her.

(To be continued)



TOPICS OF THE TIME

ATTENTION

THE fact that the mind of man is easily distracted from any subject in contemplation accounts for the slowness of the development of most minds, and for the extreme slowness of the development of the human mind collectively. There are historical periods when general enlightenment seems to have advanced by leaps and bounds; but when one takes cognizance of the tens of thousands of years that man has been at play in the Kindergarten of Creation, one is aware of the very gradual and deliberate character of human progress as a whole; and this deliberateness of growth, and the remains of ignorance and superstition even in minds regarded as educated, come largely from the inability of men to keep their thoughts employed steadfastly on the various objects and problems of matter, mind, and life. The faculty of attention is strikingly lacking in the savage man; it increases as civilization increases, and is a large factor in the advance of civilization and of culture.

When the power of attention is exceptional in the individual, he is set apart from his fellows: he is a genius in the business world, or perhaps a poet, artist, inventor, discoverer, philosopher, reformer, statesman, or conqueror. When the power of attention in a community has been stimulated by one attentive mind, or by a group of attentive minds, the world passes through periods of great mental activity; *great reforms* take place; there is great

material or intellectual advance; or there are revivals in letters and in the plastic arts.

The supreme object of the teacher is to cultivate attention in his or her charges. When a child has learned how to pay attention, he has learned how to study and to learn. "Object-lessons" are favorite devices for fixing attention. According to the orthodox theologies, religion has been taught to mankind largely through object-lessons, in the form sometimes of "progressive revelations"; and the systems of symbols in all religions may be called simply devices for fixing the wandering attention of souls, for their sustenance and lasting benefit.

We see, year in and year out, the coming and going of beliefs, customs; popular heroes or mere popular pets; best sellers among books; sports, movements, and fads of all kinds, which figure prominently only as long as they are able to claim the attention of large groups or of the entire community. The whole system of business advertising, and the infinite number of publicity departments,—publicity as to all sorts of wares and all manner of causes,—are nothing but means of securing attention; of spreading information, and inducing action through suggestion. As a phenomenon in connection with public awakenings through revelations that bring reforms, we referred lately to the degree of heat, so to speak, required for an explosion of the gases which permeate the ground beneath the social structure. This is only a way of

indicating that public attention must be attracted before public action takes place.

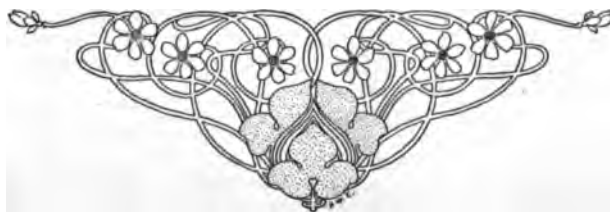
In military drill the first order is "Attention!" After that come the definite orders leading to the actions required. One great unnamed force adhering to the Presidential office is its power of commanding attention to every public utterance of an incumbent of that office. In Mr. Cleveland's famous tariff message he intentionally concentrated this attention upon a single theme, with enormous effect. Lincoln used this force notably in the direction of public opinion throughout his Presidency. No President has understood it better, nor used it more constantly, than President Roosevelt. Not only the statesman and the wise reformer understand the uses of attention, but also the headlong fanatic and the unscrupulous agitator. Assassinations are frequently excused by their perpetrators as means of attracting wide attention to grievances.

Which brings us to the remark that a large part of the world's activity, good and bad alike, resolves itself into attempts to gain the attention needed for the further prosecution of a given work. Some attract attention for themselves or their causes by the simple device of wearing the hair in an unusual manner—a favorite form of originality being brought about through the avoidance of the shears. Others, whose energies are directed toward social success, find that architecture draws attention and attracts guests; they build themselves into society. Others say things. They say them in a way to attract attention; that is, they deliberately shock the public mind into attention. Such self-advertisers are happiest when misunderstood; for then attention is admirably intensified.

Attention works wonderful results in

every department of life and thought. If a preacher of religion can win attention, he is pretty sure to obtain converts. A "sinner" goes through life in a reckless sort of way; when suddenly, by seeming accident, his attention is caught by some utterance of the "word of God," and the man turns a short corner in his life, putting into pious enterprises the energies hitherto expended in acts of pure selfishness. To some the most interesting and suggestive of all of Tissot's drawings, in illustration of the New Testament, is that one in which groups of Orientals are sitting about, with, at first glance, little in progress. A member of one of the groups is speaking to his neighbor, and a man sitting near, but who is not addressed, turns leisurely to listen. The Biblical injunction is fulfilled: he has given ear. The listener hears, gives attention—attention for the first time—to the words of him who spake as never man spake. One seems, in looking at this picture, to be witnessing the foundation of the Christian church.

"Knowledge," it is said, "begins in wonder." But wonder is the result of attention, and by attention the world is moved, beneficently, or madly as in the blind and bloody turmoils of the Russian people, attentive at last to their wrongs and the possibilities of liberty. Without the attention of individual and collective minds, nothing goes forward on an earth so full of objects and ideas that selection must be forced from the outside, or deliberately exercised from the inside, before anything good or bad can be done. It is the business of the good man to study means of attracting attention to good causes, to necessary betterments, and to all that is fair and lovely and wholesome in this distracting, distracted, and multitudinous universe.



● ● IN LIGHTER VEIN ● ●

King Solomon was a Black Man

PROFESSOR GADSDEN PROVES THE CASE AGAINST HIM

I MET the professor on Broad street a few days after my interview with him on the subject of the trolley. The old man was sunning himself in the window-sill of the office that he has cleaned out every morning and locked up every evening "sence freedom come een" for the sum of one dollar per week, payable in as many instalments as collectable. He was clad in his "Gin'ral Shumman" overcoat, and he wore upon his ebony features an air of dignified reserve and imperturbable serenity.

"Hello, professor!" I said. "How do you find yourself this morning? Glad to see you looking so spry. What 's the news? Have you received that little appointment from President Roosevelt yet?"

"I ain't tarrogated de gent'mun dat totes his letters furrum dis mawnin'," he replied, "but 't would n't knock me off dis winder-sill ef de 'Publikin 'ministration *wuz* to notification me tuh-day. Dey said in dat letter dey wrote me atter de 'lection dat dey had me on a file, an' jest as soon as de udder fellers stopped pushin' dem so hahd, dey wuz gwine to he'p deir frien's een de Sout'. I tell *yuh*," he said, shaking his head at me, "yuh Dimocrats is gwine to have to boad wid yuh frien's mighty soon. I don't call no names, but some o' dese sassy people better biggin to git deir stummicks een trainin', fuh hom'ny is gwine to be mighty sca'ce wid some buckras. Yuh can't fool ol' man Roosevelt, I tell yuh. He 's de wisest man de Lawd put eento dis wurl sence old man Solomuns lef it. Onderstan' me good; I don't class um een de same class wid Solomuns, 'cause Solomuns wuz a cullud gentulmun, an' I don't t'ink Mr. Roosevelt is cullud—leastways, he face stan' w'ite een he pictuh. But ef he face been black, Solomuns hisse'f blige to gi'e way tur-rum."

"Excuse me, professor." I said, "but did I understand you to say that Solomon was colored?"

"Cullud? Of co'se he wuz cullud. I like to know who say he w'ite. De Bible don't say so. De Bible say he wuz black. Ain't yuh never read yuh Bible? Yuh better go home an' set down an' study um right *now*, 'fo' ol' man Nick come roun' wid his baskit an' stow yuh 'way in it. Yuh won't git any mo' chances w'en de toastin' biggins—I tell yuh dat, my frien'!"

"I am sorry I overlooked that part of the Scriptures at Sunday-school," I said, "but if you have got a copy handy, I wish you would show it me where it says King Solomon was black."

The professor looked very sorry for me. Then he slid down off the window-sill, and, without a word, made for the office door and left me to follow him. He led me to a little room at the rear where he kept a piece of a broom stored, and an old shoe-box full of odds and ends, from among which he dug out a very greasy and very dirty and very much tattered copy of the Holy Scriptures.

Then he fished out from the same receptacle a pair of cracked spectacles with rusty frames and cotton strings, which he tied behind his ears, and then began to turn the pages of the Bible, mumbling to himself. Finally he struck it:

"Fust chapter Songs o' Solomuns, de fif verse: 'I am black, dough comely.'" The professor regarded me with a triumphant air. "I like to see yuh wash *dat* away! Dat mean he is black, don't it? Dat 's too strong for yuh. Yuh can't git 'way from dat!"

"Yuh 's anudder verse," he continued: 'Look not upon me, dough I am black.' W'at? Yuh don't b'lieve dat? Well, w'at yuh t'ink o' dis, een de sixty-eight chapter o' de t'irty-fus verse? 'Princes shill come out o' Egypt, an' Ethiopia shill stretch out his hands todes God!'

"Now I like to know w'at yuh call dat? Yuh can't wipe dat out. Dat 's got de onderholt on yuh. 'Umph! yuh chillun t'ink yuh know summuch sence de Nunion come een, an' yuh don't know *nuttin*'. Yuh better go back to yuh grumma an' ax him 'bout ol' man Solomuns."

"W'at, yuh satizfy Solomuns wuz a w'ite man? Well, I satizfy he black. jes de same way you satizfy he w'ite. Ef he been w'ite, den I w'ite. Ef I black, he got de bery same complexion. All two o' us paint wid one bresh."

Saying which, the professor crammed his Bible vigorously back into the shoe-box, untied his glasses and put them into his hat, slammed it on his head, and stumped off out of the office, sniffing the air contemptuously, and pounding the floor triumphantly with his stick.

St. Julien Grimké.

"Step Lively, Please!"

AS up and down this world I fare,
And try to get to anywhere,
This startling cry assaults the air:
"Step lively, please!"

If on the trolley-car I seek
My way to find by question meek,
With strident voice conductors shriek:
"Step lively, please!"

If from the ferry-boat I go
To pick my way through mud or snow,
Loud the policeman shouts his "Ho!"
"Step lively, please!"

Then into upper air I fly,
To take the "L" and with it try
To flee from that pursuing cry:
"Step lively, please!"

At last I turn my weary feet
Down subway stairs beneath the street—
To hear, alas! the guard repeat:
"Step lively, please!"

I wonder will it be my fate
To hear St. Peter at the gate
Say: "Come, you are a little late.
Step lively, please!"

Edith H. Allen.

A Primer of Success in Letters

LESSON I

Breathlessness at Any Cost: A Study in Climax

THE sun shot up from the lake. The lake flushed red, turned pale. The wind blew, died down, blew again. The windmill creaked, stopped, creaked again, shuddered, stopped with an ominous jar. I listened to the stillness till I could no longer stand the strain. It was the calm that ushers in a storm. I stirred uneasily, rose from my tumbled couch, fell back in helpless foreboding. That which I had dreaded was upon me. An unearthly clamor smote my quivering ear. The neighboring hills resounded. The hideous din echoed down the fateful valley. My shattered nerves could bear no more. Sultry as it was, I seized a blanket and feverishly wrapped it round my head. The speckled hen had laid an egg.

Margaret Cooper McGiffert.

The Yarn of Captain Bill

BY ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

With pictures by Frederic R. Gruger

"Now, blast my buttons!" swore the mate,
"and likewise blast my eyes!
There 's one thing I don't never do, and
that is tell no lies:

I never don't prevaricate, and when this
yarn you 've heard,
If it ain't all exactly true, why—you can
doubt my word."



F. R. GRUGER.

"'NOW, BLAST MY BUTTONS!' SWORE THE MATE"



T. J. GAVIN

"THE FORTUNE-TELLER MAN"

"I do not doubt your word the least, so kindly go ahead
And spin the truthful, moral yarn of Captain Bill," I said.

"Well," said the mate, "this Captain Bill he had a sailor's mind,
And unto signs and oracles he mightily inclined;
So every time he made a port, fust thing ashore he rolled
And hunted a' astrologist to git his fortune told.

"And whatsoever," said the mate, "the stars and moon and sun
Predicted unto Captain Bill, that same the captain done.
He done whatever was advised, and done it straight and true,
And when the signs was some unclear, he done the best he knew.

"Well, once when Bill he had his ship tied up at Singapore,
A-takin' pepper on to it as he had did before,
He went on land to find some one, as was his general way,
To post him on to what the stars an' Zodiac might say.

"When Bill come back he shore was glum.
The fortune-teller man

Had told Bill how his end was nigh. 'T was thus the fortune ran—

That this next cruise to Liverpool the good ship *Susan Peck*
Would smash into another ship and be a rotten wreck;

"And how pore Bill would shore be killed while he was homeward bound

In this here same collisioning by being wrecked and drowned,
Unless he took another ship—
The mate here caught my eye—

"This yarn," he said, "is gospel-true. I never learned to lie."

"Go on," I cried impatiently; "I do not doubt your word;
It sounds as true as any yarn that I have ever heard."

"Well, Captain Bill he was n't one to quit his ship that way,
He knowed his duty and he done his duty day by day,

But then he thought that 'strologist was right about it, too;
Says Bill, 'What shall a man that wants to do his duty do?'

"Well, Bill he thought about that thing, and by and by he said:

'By ginger, I will sail this ship and not be drowned dead!

I 'll sail this ship to Liverpool, and I have got a plan
To sail her so she 'll not be wrecked and will not lose a man!'

"Then Captain Bill he called all hands on deck to hear the news

Of how he figured out to make a harmless homeward cruise,
And all agreed—"but here the mate looked sternly in my eye

And said, "Shipmate, you 'd ought to know a man like me can't lie."

"I know you would not tell a lie, and if I smile, I pray

You will excuse it, for," I said, "my face is built that way."

"Some people's is," the mate agreed. "Well, Bill he went ashore

An' hunted high an' hunted low all over Singapore,

An' purchased up about a gross of these here rubber wheels

Like them that you see frequent-like on big
red aut'mobiles.

"He had the ship pulled up on land, and all
along her keel
He rigged them wheels that he had got on
axles made o' steel:
Our carpenter he done it all,—he was a
handy hand,—
And there the good old *Susan Peck* was
fixed to sail on land!

"By ginger," swore old Cap'n Bill, "I guess
them stars I 'll fool;
I 'll sail this boat from Singapore spang
into Liverpool.
I 'll sail her home my bloomin' self, as I
have did before;
I won't bunt into many ships a-sailin' her
ashore."

"So Bill he figured out the course he reck-
oned he would run—
First north, then east by north, then east,
a-follerin' the sun;
He charted it particular, which led us all
to hope
We 'd have a quiet, peaceful cruise through
Asia and Eu-rope.

"Well, on the fourteenth
day of June, the wind
was blowin' gales,
So we up anchor, an'
we up an' set the old
boat's sails,
An' scudded out o'
Singapore, an', ship-
mate, blast my eyes!
If—" Here the mate
asked anxiously,
"You don't think
this is lies?"

"Go on and spin the
yarn," I said; "by
your frank truthful
eye,
I plainly see you are a
man who could not
tell a lie."

"Just so," he said.
"Well, Cap'n Bill,
when he was out
three days
An' sailin' calm across
the land in our old
square-rigged chaise,
He called all hand to
lower sail, an' unto
me he said

(Me bein' mate), 'Make things all fast;
there 's rough times on ahead.'

"'Rough times?' says I. 'Big waves,' says
he; 'I feel it in the air
There 'll be a big tumultuousness, an' we
will git our share.'
'Aye! aye!' I said, but winked my eye,
a-thinkin' Captain Bill
Was crazy, for the land was flat an' did not
have one hill.

"Well, shipmate, it was not an hour before
an earthquake came
A-heavin' an' a-tossin', and the land it riz
the same
As waves does in a gale at sea, but worse,
for, blast my eye!
Them land waves was continuous an' each
one mountain-high!

"For purty nigh two days and nights they
rolled the ship about,
An' spattered so much land aboard we had
to bail it out,
An' at the worst a mighty wave of land it
fell acrost
The deck and washed the bo'sun off, an' he,
pore soul, was lost.



"WASHED THE BO'SUN OFF"

"Well, after that we had a calm, for weeks
a-sailin' fair,
A-makin' our ten knots an hour through
Asia's balmy air,
When cap'n took a reckonin' to find where
we were at,
An' says he, 'Boys, that hill ahead is old
Mount Ararat!'

"Says he, 'I guess this is the first boat Ara-
rat has met
Since Noah on the ragin' flood went sailin'
o'er the wet.'
Says he, 'If Noah hit that peak, the waters
was quite deep;
And,' says he, 'steer around the base—the
upslant is too steep.'

"With that Bill went off down below, for
havin' laid our path
Around the base, he felt secure, and went
to take a bath.
He was a cleanly man, was Bill, an' did n't
like to lose
His daily bath—this bein' a especial dusty
cruise.

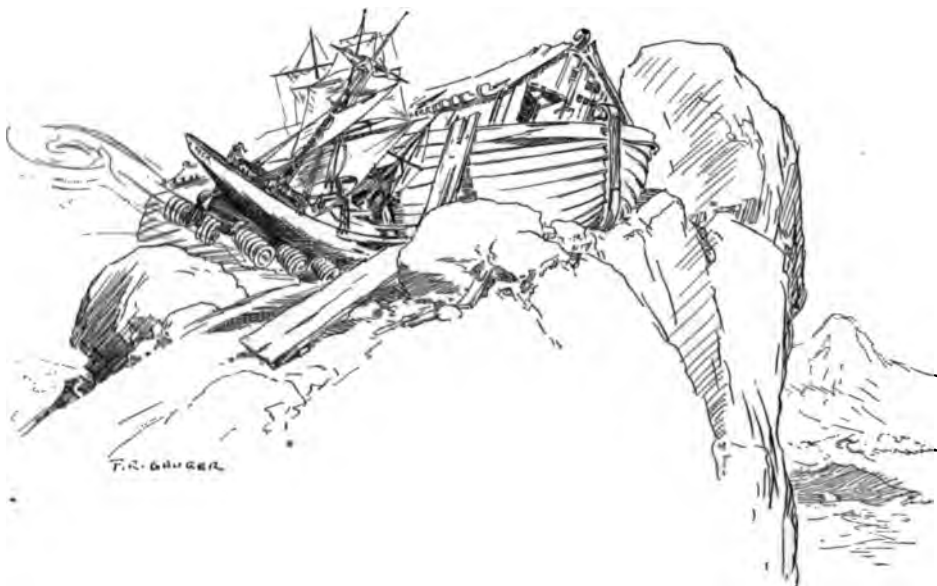
"No more had Bill gone down below then
up there came a squall.
It blowed full ninety miles an hour or did n't
blow at all;
It swung the old ship clean around, an'
'fore you could say 'Scat,'
The *Susan Peck* was dashin' on straight up
Mount Ararat!

"Port! Port!' I yelled. It was too late!
No one cared what I said;
The lookout up aloft sung out, 'Ahoy! A
ship ahead!'
There was a crack! A ripping roar! A
sound of timber smashed!
And *spang, bang* into Noah's ark the *Susan
Peck* she crashed!

"Some jumped into the ragin' land, and some,
like me, held fast.
The shock had broke the ship in two and
cracked off every mast—
A lot of smashed-up wood and iron that
once was *Susan Peck*
Was all it left! I never see so thorough
bad a wreck!

"As soon as things had settled down an' got
a little still,
I went below to tell the news to pore old
Captain Bill.
Alas! Alas! That pore old man! dead,
dead, alas! I found!
Crushed down into his tin bath-tub, he lay
quite peaceful, drowned!"

The mate here wiped his honest eyes.
"Two lessons that learned me:
To keep away from bath-tubs when I 'm
sailin' land or sea;
And, secondly, to be prepared 'most any
time to die—
And that 's one reason, shipmate, that I
never tell a lie."



"SPANG, BANG INTO NOAH'S ARK"





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